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"Good Samaritans."

"Good Superstition."

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XV.

SAMARITANS.

THE children trotted up to their friend with outstretched hands and their usual smiles of welcome. Philip patted their heads, and sate down with very wobegone aspect at the family table. "Ah, friends," said he, "do you know all?"

"Yes, we do," said Laura, sadly, who has ever compassion for others' misfortunes.

"What! is it all over the town already?" asked poor Philip.

"We have a letter from your father this morning." And we brought the letter to him, and showed him the affectionate special message for himself.

"His last thought was for you, Philip!" cries Laura. "See here, these last kind words!"

Philip shook his head. "It is not untrue, what is written here: but it is not all the truth." And Philip Firmin dismayed us by the intelligence which he proceeded to give. There was an execution in the house in Old Parr Street. A hundred clamorous creditors had already appeared

there. Before going away, the doctor had taken considerable sums from those dangerous financiers to whom he had been of late resorting. They were in possession of numberless lately-signed bills, upon which the desperate man had raised money. He had professed to share with Philip, but he had taken the great share, and left Philip two hundred pounds of his own money. All the rest was gone. All Philip's stock had been sold out. The father's fraud had made him master of the trustee's signature: and Philip Firmin, reputed to be so wealthy, was a beggar, in my room. Luckily he had few, or very trifling, debts. Mr. Philip had a lordly impatience of indebtedness, and, with a good bachelor-income, had paid for all his pleasures as he enjoyed them.

Well! He must work. A young man ruined at two-and-twenty, with a couple of hundred pounds yet in his pocket, hardly knows that he is ruined. He will sell his horses—live in chambers—has enough to go on for a year. "When I am very hard put to it," says Philip, "I will come and dine with the children at one. I daresay you haven't dined much at Williams's in the Old Bailey? You can get a famous dinner there for a shilling—beef, bread, potatoes, beer, and a penny for the waiter." Yes, Philip seemed actually to enjoy his discomfiture. It was long since we had seen him in such spirits. "The weight is off my mind now. It has been throttling me for some time past. Without understanding why or wherefore, I have always been looking out for this. My poor father had ruin written in his face: and when those bailiffs made their appearance in Old Parr Street yesterday, I felt as if I had known them before. I had seen their hooked beaks in my dreams."

"That unlucky General Baynes, when he accepted your mother's trust, took it with its consequences. If the sentry falls asleep on his post, he must pay the penalty," says Mr. Pendennis, very severely.

"Great powers! you would not have me come down on an old man with a large family, and ruin them all?" cries Philip.

"No: I don't think Philip will do that," says my wife, looking exceedingly pleased.

"If men accept trusts they must fulfil them, my dear," cries the master of the house.

"And I must make that old gentleman suffer for my father's wrong? If I do, may I starve! there!" cries Philip.

"And so that poor Little Sister has made her sacrifice in vain!" sighed my wife. "As for the father—oh, Arthur! I can't tell you how odious that man was to me. There was something dreadful about him. And in his manner to women—oh!——"

"If he had been a black draught, my dear, you could not have shuddered more naturally."

"Well, he was horrible; and I know Philip will be better now he is gone."

Women often make light of ruin. Give them but the beloved objects, and poverty is a trifling sorrow to bear. As for Philip, he,

as we have said, is gayer than he has been for years past. The doctor's flight occasions not a little club talk: but, now he is gone, many people see quite well that they were aware of his insolvency, and always knew it must end so. The case is told, is canvassed, is exaggerated as such cases will be. I daresay it forms a week's talk. But people know that poor Philip is his father's largest creditor, and eye the young man with no unfriendly looks when he comes to his club after his mishap,—with burning cheeks, and a tingling sense of shame, imagining that all the world will point at and avoid him as the guilty fugitive's son.

No: the world takes very little heed of his misfortune. One or two old acquaintances are kinder to him than before. A few say his ruin, and his obligation to work, will do him good. Only a very, very few avoid him, and look unconscious as he passes them by. Amongst these cold countenances, you, of course, will recognize the faces of the whole Twysden family. Three statues, with marble eyes, could not look more stony-calm than aunt Twysden and her two daughters, as they pass in the stately barouche. The gentlemen turn red when they see Philip. It is rather late times for uncle Twysden to begin blushing, to be sure. "Hang the fellow! he will, of course, be coming for money. Dawkins, I am not at home, mind, when young Mr. Firmin calls." So says Lord Ringwood, regarding Philip fallen among thieves. Ah, thanks to Heaven, travellers find Samaritans as well as Levites on life's hard way! Philip told us with much humour of a rencontre which he had had with his cousin, Ringwood Twysden, in a public place. Twysden was enjoying himself with some young clerks of his office; but as Philip advanced upon him, assuming his fiercest scowl and most hectoring manner, the other lost heart, and fled. And no wonder. "Do you suppose," says Twysden, "I will willingly sit in the same room with that cad, after the manner in which he has treated my family! No, sir!" And so the tall door in Beaunash Street is to open for Philip Firmin no more.

The tall door in Beaunash Street flies open readily enough for another gentleman. A splendid cab-horse reins up before it every day. A pair of varnished boots leap out of the cab, and spring up the broad stairs, where somebody is waiting with a smile of genteel welcome—the same smile—on the same sofa—the same mamma at her table writing her letters. And beautiful bouquets from Covent Garden decorate the room. And after half an hour mamma goes out to speak to the housekeeper, *vous comprenez*. And there is nothing particularly new under the sun. It will shine to-morrow upon pretty much the same flowers, sports, pastimes, &c., which it illuminated yesterday. And when your love-making days are over, miss, and you are married, and advantageously established, shall not your little sisters, now in the nursery, trot down and play their little games? Would you, on your conscience, now—you who are rather inclined to consider Miss Agnes Twysden's conduct as heartless—would you, I say, have her cry her pretty eyes out about a young man who does not care much for her, for whom she never

did care much herself, and who is now, moreover, a beggar, with a ruined and disgraced father and a doubtful legitimacy? Absurd! That dear girl is like a beautiful fragrant bower-room at the Star and Garter at Richmond, with honeysuckles mayhap trailing round the windows, from which you behold one of the most lovely and pleasant of wood and river scenes. The tables are decorated with flowers, rich wine-cups sparkle on the board, and Captain Jones's party have everything they can desire. Their dinner over, and that company gone, the same waiters, the same flowers, the same cups and crystals, array themselves for Mr. Brown and *his* party. Or, if you won't have Agnes Twysden compared to the Star and Garter Tavern, which must admit mixed company, liken her to the chaste moon who shines on shepherds of all complexions, swarthy or fair.

When, oppressed by superior odds, a commander is forced to retreat, we like him to show his skill by carrying off his guns, treasure, and camp equipages. Doctor Firmin, beaten by fortune and compelled to fly, showed quite a splendid skill and coolness in his manner of decamping, and left the very smallest amount of spoils in the hands of the victorious enemy. His wines had been famous amongst the grave epicures with whom he dined: he used to boast, like a worthy *bon vivant* who knows the value of wine-conversation after dinner, of the quantities which he possessed, and the rare bins which he had in store; but when the executioners came to arrange his sale, there was found only a beggarly account of empty bottles, and I fear some of the unprincipled creditors put in a great quantity of bad liquor which they endeavoured to foist off on the public as the genuine and carefully selected stock of a well-known connoisseur. News of this dishonest proceeding reached Dr. Firmin presently in his retreat; and he showed by his letter a generous and manly indignation at the manner in which his creditors had tampered with his honest name and reputation as a *bon vivant*. *He* have bad wine! For shame! He had the best from the best wine-merchant, and paid, or rather owed, the best prices for it; for of late years the doctor had paid no bills at all: and the wine-merchant appeared in quite a handsome group of figures in his schedule. In like manner his books were pawned to a book auctioneer; and Brice, the butler, had a bill of sale for the furniture. Firmin retreated, we will not say with the honours of war, but as little harmed as possible by defeat. Did the enemy want the plunder of his city? He had smuggled almost all his valuable goods over the wall. Did they desire his ships? He had sunk them: and when at length the conquerors poured into his stronghold, he was far beyond the reach of their shot. Don't we often hear still that Nana Sahib is alive and exceedingly comfortable? We do not love him; but we can't help having a kind of admiration for that slippery fugitive who has escaped from the dreadful jaws of the lion. In a word, when Firmin's furniture came to be sold, it was a marvel how little his creditors benefited by the sale. Contemptuous brokers declared there never was such a shabby lot of goods. A friend of the house and

poor Philip bought in his mother's picture for a few guineas; and as for the doctor's own state portrait, I am afraid it went for a few shillings only, and in the midst of a roar of Hebrew laughter. I saw in Wardour Street, not long after, the doctor's sideboard, and what dealers cheerfully call the sarcophagus cellaret. Poor doctor! his wine was all drunken; his meat was eaten up; but his own body had slipped out of the reach of the hook-beaked birds of prey.

We had spoken rapidly in under tones, innocently believing that the young people round about us were taking no heed of our talk. But in a lull of the conversation, Mr. Pendennis junior, who had always been a friend to Philip, broke out with—"Philip! if you are so *very* poor, you'll be hungry, you know, and you may have my piece of bread and jam. And I don't want it, mamma," he added; "and you know Philip has often and often given me things."

Philip stooped down and kissed this good little Samaritan. "I'm not hungry, Arty, my boy," he said; "and I'm not so poor but I have got—look here—a fine new shilling for Arty!"

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" cried mamma.

"Don't take the money, Arthur," cried papa.

And the boy, with a rueful face but a manly heart, prepared to give back the coin. "It's quite a new one; and it's a very pretty one: but I won't have it, Philip, thank you," he said, turning very red.

"*If* he won't, I vow I will give it to the cabman," said Philip.

"Keeping a cab all this while? Oh, Philip, Philip!" again cries mamma the economist.

"Loss of time is loss of money, my dear lady," says Philip, very gravely. "I have ever so many places to go to. When I am set in for being ruined, you shall see what a screw I will become! I must go to Mrs. Brandon, who will be very uneasy, poor dear, until she knows the worst."

"Oh, Philip, I should like so to go with you!" cries Laura. "Pray, give her our very best regards and respects."

"*Merci!*" said the young man, and squeezed Mrs. Pendennis's hand in his own big one. "I will take your message to her, Laura. *J'aime qu'on l'aime, savez-vous?*"

"That means, I love those who love her," cries little Laura; "but, I don't know," remarked this little person afterwards to her paternal confidant, "that I like *all* people to love my mamma. That is, I don't like *her* to like them, papa—only you may, papa, and Ethel may, and Arthur may, and, I think, Philip may, now he is poor and quite, quite alone—and we will take care of him, won't we? And, I think, I'll buy him something with my money which aunt Ethel gave me."

"And I'll give him my money," cries a boy.

"And I'll div him my—my——" Psha! what matters what the little sweet lips prattled in their artless kindness? But the soft words of love and pity smote the mother's heart with an exquisite pang of gratitude

and joy: and I know where her thanks were paid for those tender words and thoughts of her little ones.

Mrs. Pendennis made Philip promise to come to dinner, and also to remember not to take a cab—which promise Mr. Firmin had not much difficulty in executing, for he had but a few hundred yards to walk across the Park from his club; and I must say that my wife took a special care of our dinner that day, preparing for Philip certain dishes which she knew he liked, and enjoining the butler of the establishment (who also happened to be the owner of the house) to fetch from his cellar the very choicest wine in his possession.

I have previously described our friend and his boisterous, impetuous, generous nature. When Philip was moved, he called to all the world to witness his emotion. When he was angry, his enemies were all the rogues and scoundrels in the world. He vowed he would have no mercy on them, and desired all his acquaintances to participate in his anger. How could such an open-mouthed son have had such a close-spoken father? I daresay you have seen very well-bred young people, the children of vulgar and ill-bred parents; the swaggering father have a silent son; the loud mother a modest daughter. Our friend is not Amadis or Sir Charles Grandison; and I don't set him up for a moment as a person to be revered or imitated; but try to draw him faithfully, and as nature made him. As nature made him, so he was. I don't think he tried to improve himself much. Perhaps few people do. They suppose they do: and you read, in apologetic memoirs, and fond biographies, how this man cured his bad temper, and t'other worked and strove until he grew to be almost faultless. Very well and good, my good people. You can learn a language; you can master a science; I have heard of an old square-toes of sixty who learned, by study and intense application, very satisfactorily to dance; but can you, by taking thought, add to your moral stature? Ah me! the doctor who preaches is only taller than most of us by the height of the pulpit: and when he steps down, I daresay he cringes to the duchess, growls at his children, scolds his wife about the dinner. All is vanity, look you: and so the preacher is vanity, too.

Well, then, I must again say that Philip roared his griefs: he shouted his laughter: he bellowed his applause: he was extravagant in his humility as in his pride, in his admiration of his friends and contempt for his enemies: I daresay not a just man, but I have met juster men not half so honest; and certainly not a faultless man, though I know better men not near so good. So, I believe, my wife thinks: else why should she be so fond of him? Did we not know boys who never went out of bounds, and never were late for school, and never made a false concord or quantity, and never came under the ferule; and others who were always playing truant, and blundering, and being whipped; and yet, somehow, was not Master Naughtyboy better liked than Master Goodchild? When Master Naughtyboy came to dine with us on the first day

of his ruin, he bore a face of radiant happiness—he laughed, he bounced about, he caressed the children; now he took a couple on his knees; now he tossed the baby to the ceiling; now he sprawled over a sofa, and now he rode upon a chair; never was a penniless gentleman more cheerful. As for his dinner, Phil's appetite was always fine, but on this day an ogre could scarcely play a more terrible knife and fork. He asked for more and more, until his entertainers wondered to behold him. "Dine for to-day and to-morrow too; can't expect such fare as this every day, you know. This claret, how good it is! May I pack some up in paper, and take it home with me?" The children roared with laughter at this admirable idea of carrying home wine in a sheet of paper. I don't know that it is always at the best jokes that children laugh:—children and wise men too.

When we three were by ourselves, and freed from the company of servants and children, our friend told us the cause of his gaiety. "By George!" he swore, "it is worth being ruined to find such good people in the world. My dear, kind Laura"—here the gentleman brushes his eyes with his fist—"it was as much as I could do this morning to prevent myself from hugging you in my arms, you were so generous, and—and so kind, and so tender, and so good, by George. And after leaving you, where do you think I went?"

"I think I can guess, Philip," says Laura.

"Well," says Philip, winking his eyes again, and tossing off a great bumper of wine, "I went to her, of course. I think she is the best friend I have in the world. The old man was out, and I told her about everything that had happened. And what do you think she has done? She says she has been expecting me—she has; and she has gone and fitted up a room with a nice little bed at the top of the house, with everything as neat and trim as possible; and she begged and prayed I would go and stay with her—and I said I would, to please her. And then she takes me down to her room; and she jumps up to a cupboard, which she unlocks; and she opens and takes three-and-twenty pounds out of a—out of a tea—out of a tea-caddy—confound me!—and she says, 'Here, Philip,' she says, and—Boo! what a fool I am!" and here the orator fairly broke down in his speech.

CHAPTER XVI.

In which Philip shows his Mettle.

WHEN the poor little sister proffered her mite, her all, to Philip, I daresay some sentimental passages occurred between them which are much too trivial to be narrated. No doubt her pleasure would have been at that moment to give him not only that gold which she had been saving up against rent-day, but the spoons, the furniture, and all the valuables of the house, including, perhaps, J. J.'s bricabrac, cabinets, china, and so forth. To perform a kindness, an act of self-sacrifice;—are not these the most delicious privileges of female tenderness? Philip checked his little friend's enthusiasm. He showed her a purse full of money, at which sight the poor little soul was rather disappointed. He magnified the value of his horses, which, according to Philip's calculation, were to bring him at least two hundred pounds more than the stock which he had already in hand; and the master of such a sum as this, she was forced to confess, had no need to despair. Indeed, she had never in her life possessed the half of it. Her kind dear little offer of a home in her house he would accept sometimes, and with gratitude. Well, there was a little consolation in that. In a moment that active little housekeeper saw the room ready; flowers on the mantel-piece; his looking-glass, which her father could do quite well with the little one, as he was always shaved by the barber now; the quilted counterpane, which she had herself made:—I know not what more improvements she devised; and I fear that at the idea of having Philip with her, this little thing was as extravagantly and unreasonably happy as we have just now seen Philip to be. What was that last dish which Pætus and Arria shared in common? I have lost my Lempriere's dictionary (that treasure of my youth), and forget whether it was a cold dagger *au naturel*, or a dish of hot coals *à la Romaine*, of which they partook; but, whatever it

was, she smiled, and delightedly received it, happy to share the beloved one's fortune.

Yes: Philip would come home to his Little Sister sometimes: sometimes of a Saturday, and they would go to church on Sunday, as he used to do when he was a boy at school. "But then, you know," says Phil, "law is law; study is study. I must devote my whole energies to my work—get up very early."

"Don't tire your eyes, my dear," interposes Mr. Philip's soft, judicious friend.

"There must be no trifling with work," says Philip, with awful gravity. "There's Benton the Judge: Benton, and Burbage, you know."

"Oh, Benton and Burbage!" whispers the Little Sister, not a little bewildered.

"How do you suppose he became a judge before forty?"

"Before forty who? law, bless me!"

"Before *he* was forty, Mrs. Carry. When he came to work, he had his own way to make: just like me. He had a small allowance from his father: that's not like me. He took chambers in the Temple. He went to a pleader's office. He read fourteen, fifteen hours every day. He dined on a cup of tea and a mutton-chop."

"La, bless me, child! I wouldn't have you do that, not to be Lord Chamberlain—Chancellor what's his name? Destroy your youth with reading, and your eyes, and go without your dinner? You're not used to that sort of thing, dear; and it would kill you!"

Philip smoothed his fair hair off his ample forehead, and nodded his head, smiling sweetly. I think his inward monitor hinted to him that there was not much danger of his killing himself by over-work. "To succeed at the law, as in all other professions," he continued, with much gravity, "requires the greatest perseverance, and industry, and talent; and then, perhaps, you don't succeed. Many have failed who have had all these qualities."

"But they haven't talents like my Philip, I know they haven't. And I had to stand up in a court once, and was cross-examined by a vulgar man before a horrid deaf old judge; and I'm sure if your lawyers are like them I don't wish you to succeed at all. And now, look! there's nice loin of pork coming up. Pa loves roast pork; and you must come and have some with us; and every day and all days, my dear, I should like to see you seated there." And the Little Sister frisked about here, and bustled there, and brought a cunning bottle of wine from some corner, and made the boy welcome. So that, you see, far from starving, he actually had two dinners on that first day of his ruin.

Caroline consented to a compromise regarding the money, on Philip's solemn vow and promise that she should be his banker whenever necessity called. She rather desired his poverty for the sake of its precious

reward. She hid away a little bag of gold for her darling's use whenever he should need it. I daresay she pinched and had shabby dinners at home, so as to save yet more, and so caused the captain to grumble. Why, for that boy's sake, I believe she would have been capable of shaving her lodgers' legs of mutton, and levying a tax on their tea-caddies and baker's stuff. If you don't like unprincipled attachments of this sort, and only desire that your womankind should love you for yourself, and according to your deserts, I am your very humble servant. Hereditary bondswomen! you know, that were you free, and did you strike the blow, my dears, you were unhappy for your pain, and eagerly would claim your bonds again. What poet has uttered that sentiment? It is perfectly true, and I know will receive the cordial approbation of the dear ladies.

Philip has decreed in his own mind that he will go and live in those chambers in the Temple where we have met him. Vanjohn, the sporting gentleman, had determined for special reasons to withdraw from law and sport in this country, and Mr. Firmin took possession of his vacant sleeping chamber. To furnish a bachelor's bed-room need not be a matter of much cost; but Mr. Philip was too good-natured a fellow to haggle about the valuation of Vanjohn's bedsteads and chests of drawers, and generously took them at twice their value. He and Mr. Cassidy now divided the rooms in equal reign. Ah, happy rooms, bright rooms, rooms near the sky, to remember you is to be young again! for I would have you to know, that when Philip went to take possession of his share of the fourth floor in the Temple, his biographer was still comparatively juvenile, and in one or two very old-fashioned families was called "young Pendennis."

So Philip Firmin dwelt in a garret; and the fourth part of a laundress and the half of a boy now formed the domestic establishment of him who had been attended by housekeepers, butlers, and obsequious liveried menials. To be freed from that ceremonial and etiquette of plush and worsted lace was an immense relief to Firmin. His pipe need not lurk in crypts or back closets now: its fragrance breathed over the whole chambers, and rose up to the sky, their near neighbour.

The first month or two after being ruined, Philip vowed, was an uncommonly pleasant time. He had still plenty of money in his pocket; and the sense that, perhaps, it was imprudent to take a cab or drink a bottle of wine, added a zest to those enjoyments which they by no means possessed when they were easy and of daily occurrence. I am not certain that a dinner of beef and porter did not amuse our young man almost as well as banquets much more costly to which he had been accustomed. He laughed at the pretensions of his boyish days, when he and other solemn young epicures used to sit down to elaborate tavern banquets, and pretend to criticize vintages, and sauces, and turtle. As yet there was not only content with his dinner, but plenty therewith; and I do not wish to alarm you by supposing that Philip will ever have to

encounter any dreadful extremities of poverty or hunger in the course of his history. The wine in the jug was very low at times, but it never was quite empty. This lamb was shorn, but the wind was tempered to him.

So Philip took possession of his rooms in the Temple, and began actually to reside there just as the long vacation commenced, which he intended to devote to a course of serious study of the law and private preparation, before he should venture on the great business of circuits and the bar. Nothing is more necessary for desk-men than exercise, so Philip took a good deal; especially on the water, where he pulled a famous oar. Nothing is more natural after exercise than refreshment; and Mr. Firmin, now he was too poor for claret, showed a great capacity for beer. After beer and bodily labour, rest, of course, is necessary; and Firmin slept nine hours, and looked as rosy as a girl in her first season. Then such a man, with such a frame and health, must have a good appetite for breakfast. And then every man, who wishes to succeed at the bar, in the senate, on the bench, in the House of Peers, on the Woolsack, must know the quotidian history of his country; so, of course, Philip read the newspaper. Thus, you see, his hours of study were perforce curtailed by the necessary duties which distracted him from his labours.

It has been said that Mr. Firmin's companion in chambers, Mr. Cassidy, was a native of the neighbouring kingdom of Ireland, and engaged in literary pursuits in this country. A merry, shrewd, silent, observant little man, he, unlike some of his compatriots, always knew how to make both ends meet; feared no man alive in the character of a dun; and out of small earnings managed to transmit no small comforts and subsidies to old parents living somewhere in Munster. Of Cassidy's friends was Finucane, now editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette;* he married the widow of the late eccentric and gifted Captain Shandon, and Cass. himself was the fashionable correspondent of the *Gazette*, chronicling the marriages, deaths, births, dinner-parties of the nobility. These Irish gentlemen knew other Irish gentlemen, connected with other newspapers, who formed a little literary society. They assembled at each other's rooms, and at haunts where social pleasure was to be purchased at no dear rate. Philip Firmin was known to many of them before his misfortunes occurred, and when there was gold in plenty in his pocket, and never-failing applause for his songs.

When Pendennis and his friends wrote in this newspaper, it was impertinent enough, and many men must have heard the writers laugh at the airs which they occasionally thought proper to assume. The tone which they took amused, annoyed, tickled, was popular. It was continued, and, of course, caricatured by their successors. They worked for very moderate fees: but paid themselves by impertinence, and the satisfaction of assailing their betters. Three or four persons were reserved from their abuse; but somebody was sure every week to be tied up at

their post, and the public made sport of the victim's contortions. The writers were obscure barristers, ushers, and college men, but they had omniscience at their pen's end, and were ready to lay down the law on any given subject—to teach any man his business, were it a bishop in his pulpit, a Minister in his place in the House, a captain on his quarter-deck, a tailor on his shopboard, or a jockey in his saddle.

Since those early days of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when old Shandon wielded his truculent tomahawk, and Messrs. W—rr—ngt—n and P—nd—nn—s followed him in the war-path, the *Gazette* had passed through several hands; and the victims who were immolated by the editors of to-day were very likely the objects of the best puffery of the last dynasty. To be flogged in what was your own schoolroom—that, surely, is a queer sensation; and when my Report was published on the decay of the sealing-wax trade in the three kingdoms (owing to the prevalence of gummed envelopes,—as you may see in that masterly document), I was horsed up and smartly whipped in the *Gazette* by some of the rods which had come out of pickle since my time. Was not good Dr. Guillotin executed by his own neat invention? I don't know who was the Monsieur Samson who operated on me; but have always had my idea that Digges, of Corpus, was the man to whom my flagellation was entrusted. His father keeps a ladies'-school at Hackney; but there is an air of fashion in everything which Digges writes, and a chivalrous conservatism which makes me pretty certain that D. was my scarifier. All this, however, is naught. Let us turn away from the author's private griefs and egotisms to those of the hero of the story.

Does any one remember the appearance some twenty years ago of a little book called *Trumpet Calls*—a book of songs and poetry, dedicated to his brother officers by Cornet Canterton? His trumpet was very tolerably melodious, and the cornet played some small airs on it with some little grace and skill. But this poor Canterton belonged to the Life Guards Green, and Philip Firmin would have liked to have the lives of one or two troops at least of that corps. Entering into Mr. Cassidy's room, Philip found the little volume. He set to work to exterminate Canterton. He rode him down, trampled over his face and carcase, knocked the *Trumpet Calls* and all the teeth out of the trumpeter's throat. Never was such a smashing article as he wrote. And Mugford, Mr. Cassidy's chief and owner, who likes always to have at least one man served up and hashed small in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, happened at this very juncture to have no other victim ready in his larder. Philip's review appeared there in print. He rushed off with immense glee to Westminster, to show us his performance. Nothing must content him but to give a dinner at Greenwich on his success. Oh, Philip! We wished that this had not been his first fee; and that sober law had given it to him, and not the graceless and fickle muse with whom he had been flirting. For, truth to say, certain wise old heads which wagged over his performance could see but little merit in it. His style was coarse, his wit clumsy

and savage. Never mind characterizing either now. He has seen the error of his ways, and divorced with the muse whom he never ought to have wooed.

The shrewd Cassidy not only could not write himself, but knew he could not—or, at least, pen more than a plain paragraph, or a brief sentence to the point, but said he would carry this paper to his chief. "His Excellency" was the nickname by which this chief was called by his familiars. Mugford—Frederick Mugford was his real name—and putting out of sight that little defect in his character, that he committed a systematic literary murder once a week, a more worthy, good-natured little murderer did not live. He came of the old school of the press. Like French marshals, he had risen from the ranks, and retained some of the manners and oddities of the private soldier. A new race of writers had grown up since he enlisted as a printer's boy—men of the world, with the manners of other gentlemen. Mugford never professed the least gentility. He knew that his young men laughed at his peculiarities, and did not care a fig for their scorn. As the knife with which he conveyed his victuals to his mouth went down his throat at the plenteous banquets which he gave, he saw his young friends wince and wonder, and rather relished their surprise. Those lips never cared in the least about placing his *h*'s in right places. They used bad language with great freedom—(to hear him bullying a printing office was a wonder of eloquence)—but they betrayed no secrets, and the words which they uttered you might trust. He had belonged to two or three parties, and had respected them all. When he went to the Under-Secretary's office he was never kept waiting; and once or twice Mrs. Mugford, who governed him, ordered him to attend the Saturday reception of the Ministers' ladies, where he might be seen, with dirty hands, it is true, but a richly embroidered waistcoat and fancy satin tie. His heart, however, was not in these entertainments. I have heard him say that he only came because Mrs. M. would have it; and he frankly owned that he "would rather ave a pipe, and a drop of something ot, than all your ices and rubbish."

Mugford had a curious knowledge of what was going on in the world, and of the affairs of countless people. When Cass. brought Philip's article to his Excellency, and mentioned the author's name, Mugford showed himself to be perfectly familiar with the histories of Philip and his father. "The old chap has nobbled the young fellow's money, almost every shilling of it, I hear. Knew he never would carry on. His discounts would have killed any man. Seen his paper about this ten year. Young one is a gentleman—passionate fellow, hawhaw fellow, but kind to the poor. Father never was a gentleman, with all his fine airs and fine waistcoats. I don't set up in that line myself, Cass., but I tell you I know 'em when I see 'em."

Philip had friends and private patrons whose influence was great with the Mugford family, and of whom he little knew. Every year Mrs. M. was in the habit of contributing a Mugford to the world. She was one of

Mrs. Brandon's most regular clients; and year after year, almost from his first arrival in London, Ridley, the painter, had been engaged as portrait painter to this worthy family. Philip and his illness; Philip and his horses, splendours, and entertainments; Philip and his lamentable downfall and ruin, had formed the subject of many an interesting talk between Mrs. Mugford and her friend, the Little Sister; and as we know Caroline's infatuation about the young fellow, we may suppose that his good qualities lost nothing in the description. When that article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* appeared, Nurse Brandon took the omnibus to Haverstock Hill, where, as you know, Mugford had his villa;—arrived at Mrs. Mugford's, *Gazette* in hand, and had a long and delightful conversation with that lady. Mrs. Brandon bought I don't know how many copies of that *Pall Mall Gazette*. She now asked for it repeatedly in her walks at sundry ginger-beer shops, and of all sorts of newsvendors. I have heard that when the Mugfords first purchased the *Gazette*, Mrs. M. used to drop bills from her pony-chaise, and distribute placards setting forth the excellence of the journal. "We keep our carriage, but we ain't above our business, Brandon," that good lady would say. And the business prospered under the management of these worthy folks; and the pony-chaise unfolded into a noble barouche; and the pony increased and multiplied, and became a pair of horses; and there was not a richer piece of gold-lace round any coachman's hat in London than now decorated John, who had grown with the growth of his master's fortunes, and drove the chariot in which his worthy employers rode on the away to Hampstead, honour, and prosperity.

"All this pitching into the poet is very well, you know, Cassidy," says Mugford to his subordinate. "It's like shooting a butterfly with a blunderbuss; but if Firmin likes that kind of sport, I don't mind. There won't be any difficulty about taking his copy at our place. The duchess knows another old woman who is a friend of his" ("the duchess," was the title which Mr. Mugford was in the playful habit of conferring upon his wife.) "It's my belief young F. had better stick to the law, and leave the writing rubbish alone. But he knows his own affairs best, and, mind you, the duchess is determined we shall give him a helping hand."

Once, in the days of his prosperity, and in J. J.'s company, Philip had visited Mrs. Mugford and her family—a circumstance which the gentleman had almost forgotten. The painter and his friend were taking a Sunday walk, and came upon Mugford's pretty cottage and garden, and were hospitably entertained there by the owners of the place. It has disappeared, and the old garden has long since been covered by terraces and villas, and Mugford and Mrs. M., good souls, where are they? But the lady thought she had never seen such a fine-looking young fellow as Philip; cast about in her mind which of her little female Mugfords should marry him; and insisted upon offering her guest champagne. Poor Phil! So, you see, whilst, perhaps, he was rather pluming himself upon his literary talents, and imagining that he was a clever fellow, he

was only the object of a job on the part of two or three good folks, who knew his history, and compassionated his misfortunes.

Mugford recalled himself to Philip's recollection, when they met after the appearance of Mr. Phil's first performance in the *Gazette*. If he still took a Sunday walk, Hampstead way, Mr. M. requested him to remember that there was a slice of beef and a glass of wine at the old shop. Philip remembered it well enough now: the ugly room, the ugly family, the kind worthy people. Ere long he learned what had been Mrs. Brandon's connection with them, and the young man's heart was softened and grateful as he thought how this kind, gentle creature had been able to befriend him. She, we may be sure, was not a little proud of her protégé. I believe she grew to fancy that the whole newspaper was written by Philip. She made her fond parent read it aloud as she worked. Mr. Ridley, senior, pronounced it was remarkable fine, really now; without, I think, entirely comprehending the meaning of the sentiments which Mr. Gann gave forth in his rich loud voice, and often dropping asleep in his chair during this sermon.

In the autumn, Mr. Firmin's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis, selected the romantic seaport town of Boulogne for their holiday residence; and having roomy quarters in the old town, we gave Mr. Philip an invitation to pay us a visit whenever he could tear himself away from literature and law. He came in high spirits. He amused us by imitations and descriptions of his new proprietor and master, Mr. Mugford—his blunders, his bad language, his good heart. One day, Mugford expected a celebrated literary character to dinner, and Philip and Cassidy were invited to meet him. The great man was ill, and was unable to come. "Don't dish up the side-dishes," called out Mugford to his cook, in the hearing of his other guests. "Mr. Lyon ain't a coming." They dined quite sufficiently without the side-dishes, and were perfectly cheerful in the absence of the lion. Mugford patronized his young men with amusing good-nature. "Firmin, cut the goose for the duchess, will you? Cass. can't say Bo! to one, he can't. Ridley, a little of the stuffing. It'll make your hair curl." And Philip was going to imitate a frightful act with the cold steel (with which I have said Philip's master used to convey food to his mouth), but our dear innocent third daughter uttered a shriek of terror, which caused him to drop the dreadful weapon. Our darling little Florence is a nervous child, and the sight of an edged tool causes her anguish, ever since our darling little Tom nearly cut his thumb off with his father's razor.

Our main amusement in this delightful place was to look at the sea-sick landing from the steamers; and one day, as we witnessed this phenomenon, Philip sprang to the ropes which divided us from the arriving passengers, and with a cry of "How do you do, general?" greeted a yellow-faced gentleman, who started back, and, to my thinking, seemed but ill inclined to reciprocate Philip's friendly greeting. The general was fluttered, no doubt, by the bustle and interruptions incidental to the

landing. A pallid lady, the partner of his existence probably, was calling out, "Noof et doo domestiques, Doo!" to the sentries who kept the line, and who seemed little interested by this family news. A governess, a tall young lady, and several more male and female children, followed the pale lady, who, as I thought, looked strangely frightened when the gentleman addressed as general communicated to her Philip's name. "Is that him?" said the lady in questionable grammar; and the tall young lady turned a pair of large eyes upon the individual designated as "him," and showed a pair of dank ringlets, out of which the envious sea-nymphs had shaken all the curl.

The general turned out to be General Baynes; the pale lady was Mrs. General B.; the tall young lady was Miss Charlotte Baynes, the general's eldest child; and the other six, forming nine, or "noof," in all, as Mrs. General B. said, were the other members of the Baynes family. And here I may as well say why the general looked alarmed on seeing Philip, and why the general's lady frowned at him. In action, one of the bravest of men, in common life General Baynes was timorous and weak. Specially he was afraid of Mrs. General Baynes, who ruled him with a vigorous authority. As Philip's trustee, he had allowed Philip's father to make away with the boy's money. He learned with a ghastly terror that he was answerable for his own remissness and want of care. For a long while he did not dare to tell his commander-in-chief of this dreadful penalty which was hanging over him. When at last he ventured upon this confession, I do not envy him the scene which must have ensued between him and his commanding officer. The morning after the fatal confession, when the children assembled for breakfast and prayers, Mrs. Baynes gave their young ones their porridge: she and Charlotte poured out the tea and coffee for the elders, and then addressing her eldest son Ochterlony, she said, "Ocky, my boy, the general has announced a charming piece of news this morning."

"Bought that pony, sir?" says Ocky.

"Oh, what jolly fun!" says Moira, the second son.

"Dear, dear papa! what's the matter, and why do you look so?" cries Charlotte, looking behind her father's paper.

That guilty man would fain have made a shroud of his *Morning Herald*. He would have flung the sheet over his whole body, and lain hidden there from all eyes.

"The fun, my dears, is that your father is ruined: that's the fun. Eat your porridge now, little ones. Charlotte, pop a bit of butter in Carrick's porridge; for you mayn't have any to-morrow."

"Oh, gammon," cries Moira.

"You'll soon see whether it is gammon or not, sir, when you'll be starving, sir. Your father has ruined us—and a very pleasant morning's work, I am sure."

And she calmly rubs the nose of her youngest child who is near her, and too young, and innocent, and careless, perhaps, of the world's censure

as yet to keep in a strict cleanliness her own dear little snub nose and dappled cheeks.

"We are only ruined, and shall be starving soon, my dears, and if the general has bought a pony—as I dare say he has; he is quite capable of buying a pony when we are starving—the best thing we can do is to eat the pony. M'Grigor, don't laugh. Starvation is no laughing matter. When we were at Dumdum, in '36, we ate some colt. Don't you remember Jubber's colt—Jubber of the Horse Artillery, general? Never tasted anything more tender in all my life. Charlotte, take Jany's hands out of the marmalade! We are all ruined, my dears, as sure as our name is Baynes." Thus did the mother of the family prattle on in the midst of her little ones, and announce to them the dreadful news of impending starvation. "General Baynes, by his carelessness, had allowed Dr. Firmin to make away with the money over which the general had been set as sentinel. Philip might recover from the trustee, and no doubt would. Perhaps he would not press his claim? My dear, what can you expect from the son of such a father? Depend on it, Charlotte, no good fruit can come from a stock like that. The son is a bad one, the father is a bad one, and your father, poor dear soul, is not fit to be trusted to walk the street without some one to keep him from tumbling. Why did I allow him to go to town without me? We were quartered at Colchester then: and I could not move on account of your brother M'Grigor. 'Baynes,' I said to your father, 'as sure as I let you go away to town without me, you will come to mischief.' And go he did, and come to mischief he did. And through his folly I and my poor children must go and beg our bread in the streets—I and my seven poor, robbed, penniless little ones. Oh, it's cruel, cruel!"

Indeed, one cannot fancy a more dismal prospect for this worthy mother and wife than to see her children without provision at the commencement of their lives, and her luckless husband robbed of his life's earnings, and ruined just when he was too old to work.

What was to become of them? Now poor Charlotte thought, with pangs of a keen remorse, how idle she had been, and how she had snubbed her governesses, and how little she knew, and how badly she played the piano. Oh, neglected opportunities! Oh, remorse, now the time was past and irrecoverable! Does any young lady read this who, perchance, ought to be doing her lessons? My dear, lay down the story book at once. Go up to your schoolroom, and practise your piano for two hours this moment; so that you may be prepared to support your family, should ruin in any case fall upon *you*. A great girl of sixteen, I pity Charlotte Baynes' feelings of anguish. She can't write a very good hand; she can scarcely answer any question to speak of in any educational books; her pianoforte playing is very, very so-so indeed. If she is to go out and get a living for the family, how, in the name of goodness, is she to set about it? What are they to do with the boys, and the money that has been put away for Ochterlony when he goes to college, and for

Moira's commission? "Why, we can't afford to keep them at Dr. Pybus's, where they were doing so well; and they were ever so much better and more gentlemanlike than Colonel Chandler's boys; and to lose the army will break Moira's heart, it will. And the little ones, my little blue-eyed Carrick, and my darling Jany, and my Mary, that I nursed almost miraculously out of her scarlet fever. God help them! God help us all!" thinks the poor mother. No wonder that her nights are wakeful, and her heart in a tumult of alarm at the idea of the impending danger.

And the father of the family?—the stout old general whose battles and campaigns are over, who has come home to rest his war-worn limbs, and make his peace with Heaven ere it calls him away—what must be his feelings when he thinks that he has been entrapped by a villain into committing an imprudence, which makes his children penniless and himself dishonoured and a beggar? When he found what Dr. Firmin had done, and how he had been cheated, he went away, aghast, to his lawyer, who could give him no help. Philip's mother's trustee was answerable to Philip for his property. It had been stolen through Baynes' own carelessness, and the law bound him to replace it. General Baynes' man of business could not help him out of his perplexity at all; and I hope my worthy reader is not going to be too angry with the general for what I own he did. *You* never would, my dear sir, I know. No power on earth would induce *you* to depart one inch from the path of rectitude; or, having done an act of imprudence, to shrink from bearing the consequence. The long and short of the matter is, that poor Baynes and his wife, after holding agitated, stealthy councils together—after believing that every strange face they saw was a bailiff's coming to arrest them on Philip's account—after horrible days of remorse, misery, guilt—I say the long and the short of the matter was, that these poor people determined to run away. They would go and hide themselves anywhere—in an impenetrable pine forest in Norway—up an inaccessible mountain in Switzerland. They would change their names; dye their mustachios and honest old white hair; fly with their little ones away, away, away, out of the reach of law and Philip; and the first flight lands them on Boulogne Pier, and there is Mr. Philip holding out his hand and actually eyeing them as they got out of the steamer! Eyeing them? It is the eye of Heaven that is on those criminals. Holding out his hand to them? It is the hand of fate that is on their wretched shoulders. No wonder they shuddered and turned pale. That which I took for sea-sickness, I am sorry to say was a guilty conscience: and where is the steward, my dear friends, who can relieve us of that?

As this party came staggering out of the Custom-house, poor Baynes still found Philip's hand stretched out to catch hold of him, and saluted him with a ghastly cordiality. "These are your children, general, and this is Mrs. Baynes?" says Philip, smiling, and taking off his hat.

"Oh, yes! I'm Mrs. General Baynes!" says the poor woman; "and

these are the children—yes, yes. Charlotte, this is Mr. Firmin, of whom you have heard us speak; and these are my boys, Moira and Ochterlony."

"I have had the honour of meeting General Baynes at Old Parr Street. Don't you remember, sir?" says Mr. Pendennis, with great affability to the general.

"What, *another* who knows me?" I daresay the poor wretch thinks; and glances of a dreadful meaning pass between the guilty wife and the guilty husband.

"You are going to stay at any hotel?"

"Hôtel des Bains!" "Hôtel du Nord!" "Hôtel d'Angleterre!" here cry twenty commissioners in a breath.

"Hotel? Oh, yes! That is, we have not made up our minds whether we shall go on to-night or whether we shall stay," say those guilty ones, looking at one another, and then down to the ground; on which one of the children, with a roar, says—

"Oh, ma, what a story! You said you'd stay to-night; and I was so sick in the beastly boat, and I *won't* travel any more!" And tears choke his artless utterance. "And you said Bang to the man who took your keys, you know you did," resumes the innocent, as soon as he can gasp a further remark.

"Who told *you* to speak?" cried mamma, giving the boy a shake.

"This is the way to the Hôtel des Bains," says Philip, making Miss Baynes another of his best bows. And Miss Baynes makes a curtsey, and her eyes look up at the handsome young man—large brown honest eyes in a comely round face, on each side of which depend two straight wisps of brown hair that were ringlets when they left Folkestone a few hours since.

"Oh, I say, look at those women with the short petticoats! and wooden shoes, by George! Oh! it's jolly, ain't it?" cries one young gentleman.

"By George, there's a man with earrings on! There is, Ocky, upon my word!" calls out another. And the elder boy, turning round to his father, points to some soldiers. "Did you ever see such little beggars?" he says, tossing his head up. "They wouldn't take such fellows into our line."

"I am not at all tired, thank you," says Charlotte. "I am accustomed to carry him." I forgot to say that the young lady had one of the children asleep on her shoulder; and another was toddling at her side, holding by his sister's dress, and admiring Mr. Firmin's whiskers, that flamed and curled very luminously and gloriously, like to the rays of the setting sun.

"I am very glad we met, sir," says Philip, in the most friendly manner, taking leave of the general at the gate of his hotel. "I hope you won't go away to-morrow, and that I may come and pay my respects to Mrs. Baynes." Again he salutes that lady with a *coup de chapeau.*

Again he bows to Miss Baynes. She makes a pretty curtsey enough, considering that she has a baby asleep on her shoulder. And they enter the hotel, the excellent Marie marshalling them to fitting apartments, where some of them, I have no doubt, will sleep very soundly. How much more comfortably might poor Baynes and his wife have slept had they known what were Philip's feelings regarding them!

We both admired Charlotte, the tall girl who carried her little brother, and around whom the others clung. And we spoke loudly in Miss Charlotte's praises to Mrs. Pendennis, when we joined that lady at dinner. In the praise of Mrs. Baynes we had not a great deal to say, further than that she seemed to take command of the whole expedition, including the general officer, her husband.

Though Marie's beds at the Hôtel des Bains are as comfortable as any beds in Europe, you see that admirable chambermaid cannot lay out a clean, easy conscience upon the clean, fragrant pillow-case; and General and Mrs. Baynes owned, in after days, that one of the most dreadful nights they ever passed was that of their first landing in France. What refugee from his country can fly from himself? Railways were not as yet in that part of France. The general was too poor to fly with a couple of private carriages, which he must have had for his family of "noof," his governess, and two servants. Encumbered with such a train, his enemy would speedily have pursued and overtaken him. It is a fact that, immediately after landing at his hotel, he and his commanding officer went off to see when they could get places for—never mind the name of the place where they really thought of taking refuge. They never told, but Mrs. General Baynes had a sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter (married to MacW. of the Bengal Cavalry), and the sisters loved each other very affectionately, especially by letter, for it must be owned that they quarrelled frightfully when together; and Mrs. MacWhirter never could bear that her younger sister should be taken out to dinner before her, because she was married to a superior officer. Well, their little differences were forgotten when the two ladies were apart. The sisters wrote to each other prodigious long letters, in which household affairs, the children's puerile diseases, the relative prices of veal, eggs, chickens, the rent of lodging and houses in various places, were fully discussed. And as Mrs. Baynes showed a surprising knowledge of Tours, the markets, rents, clergymen, society there, and as Major and Mrs. Mac. were staying there, I have little doubt, for my part, from this and another not unimportant circumstance, that it was to that fair city our fugitives were wending their way, when events occurred which must now be narrated, and which caused General Baynes at the head of his domestic regiment to do what the King of France with twenty thousand men is said to have done in old times.

Philip was greatly interested about the family. The truth is, we were all very much bored at Boulogne. We read the feeblest London papers at the reading-room with frantic assiduity. We saw all the boats come in: and the day was lost when we missed the Folkestone boat or

the London boat. We consumed much time and absinthe at cafés; and tramped leagues upon that old pier every day. Well, Philip was at the Hôtel des Bains at a very early hour next morning, and there he saw the general, with a woe-worn face, leaning on his stick, and looking at his luggage, as it lay piled in the porte-cochère of the hotel. There they lay, thirty-seven packages in all, including washing-tubs, and a child's India sleeping-cot; and all these packages were ticketed M. LE GÉNÉRAL BAYNES, OFFICIER ANGLAIS, TOURS, TOURAINE, FRANCE. I say, putting two and two together; calling to mind Mrs. General's singular knowledge of Tours and familiarity with the place and its prices; remembering that her sister Emily—Mrs. Major MacWhirter, in fact—was there; and seeing thirty-seven trunks, bags and portmanteaus, all directed "M. le Général Baynes, Officier Anglais, Tours, Touraine," am I wrong in supposing that Tours was the general's destination? On the other hand, we have the old officer's declaration to Philip that he did not know where he was going. Oh, you sly old man! Oh, you grey old fox, beginning to double and to turn at sixty-seven years of age! Well? The general was in retreat, and he did not wish the enemy to know upon what lines he was retreating. What is the harm of that, pray? Besides, he was under the orders of his commanding officer, and when Mrs. General gave her orders, I should have liked to see any officer of hers disobey.

"What a pyramid of portmanteaus! You are not thinking of moving to-day, general?" says Philip.

"It is Sunday, sir," says the general; which you will perceive was not answering the question; but, in truth, except for a very great emergency, the good general would not travel on that day.

"I hope the ladies slept well after their windy voyage."

"Thank you. My wife is an old sailor, and has made two voyages out and home to India." Here, you understand, the old man is again eluding his interlocutor's artless queries.

"I should like to have some talk with you, sir, when you are free," continues Philip, not having leisure as yet to be surprised at the other's demeanour.

"There are other days besides Sunday for talk on business," says that piteous sly-boots of an old officer. Ah, conscience! conscience! Twenty-four Sikhs, sword in hand, two dozen Pindarries, Mahrattas, Ghoorkas, what you please—that old man felt that he would rather have met them than Philip's unsuspecting blue eyes. These, however, now lighted up with rather an angry, "Well, sir, as you don't talk business on Sunday, may I call on you to-morrow morning."

And what advantage had the poor old fellow got by all this doubling and hesitating and artfulness?—a respite until to-morrow morning! Another night of horrible wakefulness and hopeless guilt, and Philip waiting ready the next morning with his little bill, and "Please pay me the thirty thousand which my father spent and you owe me. Please turn

out into the streets with your wife and family, and beg and starve. Have the goodness to hand me out your last rupee. Be kind enough to sell your children's clothes and your wife's jewels, and hand over the proceeds to me. I'll call to-morrow. Bye, bye."

Here there came tripping over the marble pavement of the hall of the hotel a tall young lady in a brown silk dress and rich curling ringlets falling upon her fair young neck—beautiful brown curling ringlets, *vous comprenez*, not wisps of moistened hair, and a broad clear forehead, and two honest eyes shining below it, and cheeks not pale as they were yesterday; and lips redder still; and she says, "Papa, papa, won't you come to breakfast? The tea is ——" What the precise state of the tea is I don't know—none of us ever shall—for here she says, "Oh, Mr. Firmin!" and makes a curtsey.

To which remark Philip replied, "Miss Baynes, I hope you are very well this morning, and not the worse for yesterday's rough weather."

"I am quite well, thank you," was Miss Baynes' instant reply. The answer was not witty, to be sure; but I don't know that under the circumstances she could have said anything more appropriate. Indeed, never was a pleasanter picture of health and good-humour than the young lady presented: a difference more pleasant to note than Miss Charlotte's face pale from the steamboat on Saturday, and shining, rosy, happy, and innocent in the cloudless Sabbath morn.

"A Madame,
"Madame le Major MacWhirter,
"à Tours,
"Touraine,
"France.

"*Tintelleries, Boulogne sur-Mer,*
"*Wednesday, August* 24, 18—.

"DEAREST EMILY,

"AFTER suffering *more dreadfully* in the *two hours'* passage from Folkestone to this place than I have in four passages out and home from India, except in that terrible storm off the Cape, in September, 1824, when I certainly did suffer most cruelly on board that horrible troop-ship, we reached this place last Saturday evening, having a *full determination* to proceed immediately on our route. *Now*, you will perceive that our minds are changed. We found this place pleasant, and the lodgings besides most neat, comfortable, and well found in everything, *more reasonable* than you proposed to get for us at Tours, which I am told also is damp, and might bring on the general's *jungle fever again*. Owing to the hooping-cough having just been in the house, which, praised be mercy, all my dear ones have had it, including dear baby, who is quite well through it, and recommended sea air, we got this house *more reasonable* than prices you mention at Tours. A whole house: little room for two boys; nursery; nice little room for Charlotte, and a *den for the general*. I don't know how *ever* we should have brought our party safe all the way to

Tours. *Thirty-seven* articles of luggage, and Miss Flixby, who announced herself as perfect French governess, acquired at Paris—perfect, *but perfectly useless.* She can't understand the French people when they speak to her, and goes about the house *in a most bewildering way. I am the interpreter;* poor Charlotte is much too timid to speak when I am by. I have rubbed up the old French which we learned at Chiswick at Miss Pinkerton's; and I find *my Hindostanee* of great help: which I use it when we are at a loss for a word, and it answers *extremely well.* We pay for lodgings, the whole house —— francs per month. Butchers' meat and poultry plentiful but dear. A grocer in the Grande Rue sell excellent wine at fifteenpence per bottle; and groceries pretty much at English prices. Mr. Blowman at the English chapel of the Tintelleries has a fine voice, and appears to be *a most excellent clergyman.* I have heard him only once, however, on Sunday evening, when I was so agitated and *so unhappy in my mind* that I own I took little note of his sermon.

"The cause of that agitation *you know,* having imparted it to you in my letters of July, June, and 24th of May, ult. My poor simple, guileless Baynes was trustee to Mrs. Dr. Firmin, before she married that most unprincipled man. When we were at home last, and exchanged to the 120th from the 99th, my poor husband was inveigled by the horrid man into signing a paper which put the doctor in possession of *all his wife's property;* whereas Charles thought he was only signing a power of attorney, enabling him to receive his son's dividends. Dr. F., *after the most atrocious deceit, forgery, and criminality of every kind,* fled the country; and Hunt and Pegler, our solicitors, informed us that the general was answerable *for the wickedness of this miscreant.* He is *so weak* that he has been *many and many* times on the point of going to young Mr. F. and giving *up everything.* It was only by my prayers, by my *commands,* that I have been enabled to keep him quiet; and, indeed, Emily, the effort has *almost killed him.* Brandy repeatedly I was obliged to administer on *the dreadful night* of our arrival here.

"For *the first person* we met on landing was Mr. Philip Firmin, *with a pert friend of his,* Mr. Pendennis, whom I don't at all like, though his wife is an amiable person like Emma Fletcher of the Horse Artillery: not with Emma's *style,* however, but still amiable, and disposed to be most civil. Charlotte has taken a great fancy to her, as she always does to every new person. Well, fancy our state on landing, when a young gentleman calls out, 'How do you do, general?' and turns out to be Mr. Firmin! I thought I should have lost Charles in the night. I have seen him before going into action as calm, and sleep and smile as sweet, as *any babe.* It was all I could do to keep up his courage: and, but for me, but for my prayers, but for *my agonies,* I think he would have jumped out of bed, and gone to Mr. F. *that night,* and said, 'Take everything I have.'

"The young man I own has behaved in *the most honourable way.* He came to see us *before breakfast* on Sunday, when the poor general was

so ill that I thought he would have *fainted over his tea.* He was too ill to go to church, where I went alone, with my dear ones, having, as I own, but very small comfort in the sermon: but oh, Emily, fancy, on our return, when I went into our room, I found my general on his knees with his Church service before him, crying, crying like a baby! You know I am hasty in my temper sometimes, and his is *indeed an angel's*—and I said to him, 'Charles Baynes, be a man, and don't cry like a child!' 'Ah,' says he, 'Eliza, do *you* kneel, and thank God too;' on which I said that I thought I did not require instruction *in my religion* from him or any man, except a clergyman, and many of these are *but poor instructors, as you know.*

"'He has been here,' says Charles; when I said, 'Who has been here?' 'That noble young fellow,' says my general; 'that noble, noble Philip Firmin.' Which noble his conduct I own it has been. 'Whilst you were at church he came again—here into this very room, where I was sitting, doubting and despairing, with the Holy Book before my eyes, and no comfort out of it. And he said to me, "General, I want to talk to you about my grandfather's will. You don't suppose that because my father has deceived you and ruined me, I will carry the ruin farther, and visit his wrong upon children and innocent people?" Those were the young man's words,' my general said; and, 'oh, Eliza!' says he, 'what pangs of remorse I felt when I remembered we had used hard words about him,' which I own we had, for his manners are rough and haughty, and I *have heard things* of him which I do believe now can't be true.

"All Monday my poor man was obliged to keep his bed with a smart attack of his fever. But yesterday he was quite bright *and well again,* and the Pendennis party took Charlotte for a drive, and showed themselves *most polite.* She reminds me of Mrs. Tom Fletcher of the Horse Artillery, but that I think I have mentioned before. My paper is full; and with our best to MacWhirter and the children, I am always my dearest Emily's affectionate sister,

"ELIZA BAYNES."

The Study of History.

II.

In an Article published in this Magazine last month, an attempt was made to show on general grounds the groundlessness of the fears entertained by many persons that morality might be injured if a science of history were constructed. Such speculations must always wear a somewhat abstract character, however solid the inferences drawn from them may be. The conclusions to which they point are strikingly confirmed, and may, perhaps, be more easily accepted when the subject is set in another light. If we wish to see what would be the relation of a science of history to morality, we are not confined to speculation on the subject. Two branches of knowledge relating to human action have been thrown into what may not improperly be called a scientific shape, so that their result on the freedom and morality of the classes of actions to which they relate can be tested by direct observation; and though the study of history cannot be said as yet to have been reduced to the shape of a science, sufficient progress towards such a result has been already made to enable us to form an accurate judgment as to the shape which the future science, if it is ever constructed, may be expected to assume, and the degree of influence which it will exercise.

The alarm excited on the subject is, no doubt, due principally to the general want of distinct notions which prevails even amongst educated people as to the nature and limits of scientific certainty. An attempt was made in the former article to show that, even in the case of the most exact sciences, this certainty is both negative and hypothetical: negative, in leaving out of consideration whatever is not proved to exist; hypothetical, amongst other things, as to the permanence of the conclusions at which it arrives. In applied mathematics, these limitations are not sensibly felt. The scale of the operations to which they relate is so vast, and the principles which they establish are so plain and wide, that they impress the imagination with a notion in reality altogether unfounded, that they form collectively an exhaustive system of eternal unqualified truth. In reality, we never can be sure that our knowledge even on these points is complete, and still less that the truths which we have reached are permanent. All that we can say is, that for all practical purposes we must neglect the possibility that our knowledge is limited, or that its discoveries are transient, because we have no evidence to the contrary. When, however, scientific processes are applied to more complicated subjects, the real nature of scientific certainty makes itself felt; and the fact that science is not a self-existing, overruling power, but a mere classification devised to enable the minds which conceive it to understand the phenomena to which it applies, assumes greater prominence.

This is especially the case in the only branches of knowledge relating to human actions which can be called sciences even by courtesy. The form which they always assume may be thus expressed: "If men wish for such and such objects, they must act in such and such a manner." "If society is constituted upon such and such principles, individuals or associations will have such and such powers." Whether men will have such wishes, with what degree of energy they will try to attain them, whether or no it will be wise for them to try to attain them at the expense of particular consequences, and the like, are separate questions, which must be separately considered if anything like system and clearness is to be aimed at in the study of human affairs.

It is this necessity for dividing subjects into their different branches which gives scientific inquiries their specific character, and which makes their adaptation to human affairs unpopular. People in general are so little accustomed to think over their conduct in an exhaustive manner that when they see a subject treated exclusively on one principle before any other is applied to it, they are almost always led to believe that those who do so mean to deny that it ought to be considered with reference to any other. Nothing, for example, is so common as to hear political economists charged with coldness and selfishness, and casuists or lawyers with immorality; charges which are usually as well and as ill founded as the charge that the officers of the Census, who only count the number of the people, are indifferent to every other consideration about them except their number.

Of the studies in question, statistics is undoubtedly the simplest, and is also the most impressive, to ordinary observers. Few things can affect the imagination more powerfully than to be told that there is a science by which men are enabled to predict within exceedingly narrow limits how many persons will misdirect their letters on a given day; how many errors an honest clerk will make in a complicated account; how many murders will be committed in the course of the year, and what proportion of the murderers will use poison, daggers, or fire-arms. Illustrations of the strange results which statistical inquiry produces are so numerous and so well known, that it is needless to detail them. The really important thing is to ascertain what the power of making such predictions proves as to the freedom and morality of human conduct.

Reasons were given in our last month's article for the opinion that regularity and freedom of action were so far from being inconsistent, that there is ground to believe that all conduct is regular, and might be predicted by an omniscient observer, though there is conclusive evidence of the fact that all human actions properly so called are not only voluntary but also free. Statistics, when closely examined, will be found not to prove, though of course they are consistent with, even this abstract regularity—the possibility, that is, that an omniscient observer might predict every act of every individual. They are the science not of omniscient, but of ignorant and limited observers; and they are based, though it may appear

paradoxical to say so, on the hypothesis that it is impossible for those who collect them to predict how any individual will act under given circumstances. They calculate the general result of human actions as if each action, separately considered, were incapable of being predicted; and if it were incapable of being predicted even by omniscience, that is, if human action were free even in that false sense of the word which makes irregularity essential to freedom, statistics would be just as true as they are now.

In asserting the freedom of human conduct, no one ever meant more than this—that if circumstances present an alternative to a man, he has it in his power to choose either branch of it, and that he himself determines which branch he will choose; for example, if he is at a place where four roads meet, he can take either of them, or stand still where he is. Suppose, then, that a number of men were absolutely free to choose either of two balls out of a bag, but were obliged to take one of them. They might take either, and an observer who knew nothing whatever of what was passing in their minds would say that it was an even chance which of the two each man would take; in other words, that his (the observer's) mind had no reason to suppose that he would take one rather than the other. If, however, he observed them making their choice on ten thousand successive occasions, and found that on nine thousand occasions the black, and on one thousand the white, ball was chosen, any one would lay or take nine to one that the black ball would be chosen on any given occasion. Yet, by the supposition each man is free to take which he pleases, and it is impossible for any one, even if omniscient, to foretell which he will take. This simple illustration contains the essential principle of all statistics. However complicated they may be, and however great may be the confidence with which their conclusions are relied on, they prove nothing whatever as to the causes of human action. They are simply a numerical expression of the state of the observer's expectations. Two familiar cases illustrate this to perfection—betting on a race, and speculating for a rise or fall on the Stock Exchange. A horse's chance of winning the Derby is not improved in the least degree by his becoming the favourite. He becomes the favourite because his backers think his chance is improved. War or revolution are not more imminent because capitalists speculate for a fall. They speculate for a fall because they believe war or revolution to be imminent. It is the neglect of these simple truths which leads so many persons to substitute the effect for the cause, and to suppose that science proves that both nature and man are enslaved.

There is, however, another and a more subtle way of advancing the same doctrine which requires examination. It is said, it is true, that statistical calculations are in themselves nothing more than a numerical expression of the state of expectation in the mind which devises them; but the correspondence, found by experience to exist between human actions and the predictions of statistics, proves something more. It proves that the same causes in human affairs always produce the same effects,

and thus that a regular succession of cause and effect prevails in regard to human conduct as well as in regard to material objects. Taking particular illustrations, they would say, you throw a die, and say it is five to one that it will not come up a six. You predict that, if you were to throw it 600 times, six would come up about 100 times. If you make the experiment you will find that this prediction is roughly true, and the greater the number of cases to which the test is applied, the less will be the divergence between the result and the calculation. This experience is entirely independent of the calculation, and its soundness is proved by the experience of gaming-houses and insurance offices. Fair play being presumed, and there being no reason to suppose that any one combination of the cards will present itself rather than any other, the chances are about forty-one to forty in favour of the keeper of the rouge-et-noir table against the players. This is, no doubt, nothing more than a numerical expression of the ignorance of arithmeticians. Experience, however, shows that the keeper of a rouge-et-noir table makes his fortune in about the time in which, arithmetically speaking, he ought to make it; and does not this experience (it is urged) prove that the assumption of the calculator is true—namely, that the causes which determine the victory of red, black, or the table, recur with the amount of regularity which, for the purposes of his calculation, he assigned to them? In a word, is not the assumption that there is an invariable connection between cause and effect, the ground of the whole calculation, and does not the correspondence between the calculation and the actual result prove the truth of the ground on which the calculation proceeds? If this is true (the argument proceeds) with regard to inanimate things, like cards or dice, why is it false as regards human beings? Does not the correspondence of the actual with the calculated number of murderers prove that the same causes produce the same effects in human life, as the correspondence of the actual with the calculated number of winnings at hazard or rouge-et-noir proves the same with regard to dice and cards?

No one who considers the matter impartially can deny the soundness of the first part of this argument. No doubt the calculation is one thing, and the correspondence between the calculation and the facts another; and it must be admitted that, whatever statistics prove with reference to inanimate objects, they prove with reference to human actions. For example, the proportion of letters misdirected to letters sent is just about as capable of being predicted as the proportion of cases in which dice or cards will present particular results. What, then, does the correspondence between the calculation and the result prove in reference to the dice? Whatever else it proves, it has no tendency to prove anything hostile to freedom; for causation means no more than uniform precedence and sequence, and is proved by experience. Freedom means possession of the power of alternative action, and is proved by consciousness. An action, therefore, may be at once the subject of causation and perfectly

free. A man blows his nose *because* he has certain sensations in that organ; but the causes, positive and negative, of his act, namely, the presence of a pocket-handkerchief, his hand being disengaged, the absence of reasons to the contrary, &c., do not in any way interfere with his perfect freedom. He has the power to do it or not, and he does it.

The argument, however, does not prove that human actions are caused. It proves only the soundness of the assumption on which statistical or arithmetical calculation rests. This assumption is that, where an observer is certain that one of a certain number of events will happen, and has no reason to believe that any one of them will happen rather than any other, he is entitled to affix to his expectation that any one of them will happen a numerical value equal to the proportion between the favourable and unfavourable cases. He may say, that is, that if he knows nothing whatever of a die, except that it is an exact cube, it would be prudent to lay five to one against any particular number presenting itself. Antecedently to experience this would be a mere conjecture—obvious and natural, no doubt, but still altogether uncertified, and all that experience does is to confirm and warrant it.

In much the same way most people would probably guess, independently of experience, that much the same number of people would misdirect their letters in one year as in another. Experience shows that this guess is right, but it shows absolutely nothing more. It does not prove, or tend to prove, the invariable connection between cause and effect. It merely registers the effects, leaving the causes on one side. If men had no other grounds for believing in the connection of cause and effect than those which they get from statistics, they would never arrive at such a belief at all; for the characteristic of statistics is that they are concerned with effects exclusively. Whether a letter is misdirected through perversity, carelessness, or ignorance, is nothing to the statistician. It is not even essential to his conclusions that given a man of a certain temperament, in a certain frame of mind, a misdirected letter may infallibly be expected. All that he says is, so many letters will be misdirected in such a time. His investigations have no tendency to prove that any combination of circumstances deprives any class of persons of the power of directing their letters as they choose; and they, therefore, prove nothing to the purpose of those who wish to derive from statistics conclusions inconsistent with the freedom of human conduct—even if conduct which is caused were not free, which is not the case.

That statistics have nothing to do with causation is proved by an examination of the extent of the coincidence between calculation and experience. The experience justifies nothing more than an average expectation. It is the grossest, as it is one of the commonest of errors, to suppose that it justifies a specific one. At any gaming-table people may be seen with cards and pins, marking down the results of successive deals of the cards, and they are almost always under the delusion that, if there has been, as they say, a run upon the black or the red, that fact supplies a reason for

laying either for or against the colour so favoured. If the calculation about the odds proceeded upon any theory as to the reasons why particular combinations of cards present themselves, there would be some excuse for this proceeding; but as the calculation is no more than a numerical expression for the degree of ignorance in which the observer is placed, the process is a mere absurdity; for the old problem is re-stated in precisely the same terms at each successive deal, and the chance (that is, the proportion of the number of possible favourable cases to possible unfavourable cases) is always exactly the same.

The fears which statistics excite as to the possible consequences to morality of the establishment of a science of history can hardly be felt by any one who is but to some extent accustomed to abstract speculation. Political economy stands on a different footing, and, at first sight, presents much more the appearance of a system of laws in the proper sense of the word—namely, rules coercing the conduct of individuals by the infliction of penalties. No one, for example, can have followed the discussions which have lately been so frequent about strikes, without seeing how deeply this view of the subject has affected many minds. Closer examination, however, proves the fallacy of this. The fundamental hypothesis upon which all political economy proceeds is, that men have an unqualified dominion over their own property, and it shows what are the powers which, under various circumstances, are conferred by this unqualified dominion. The workman can withhold his skill and labour; the employer can let his capital lie idle. Political economy shows what will happen if either chooses to use the powers he possesses; but this is all that it shows. It leaves every one free to use his powers exactly as he thinks fit. It is just like the case of law proper. A man holds another person's acceptance. The law tells him that he can sue upon it in such a manner, and that, having recovered judgment, he can take his debtor's body, goods, or land in execution for the debt and costs; but, as to the propriety of doing so, it gives him absolutely no advice at all. It would be a contradiction in terms to assert that the powers thus conferred by the law in any way restrained the freedom of the person who receives them. On the contrary, they actually create the power in the use of which that freedom consists. It is nearly the same with political economy. It does not, indeed, create any powers at all; but it ascertains their nature and extent, and acquaints people with their existence. It gives men a view of the relations in which they are placed, in regard to all matters of trade and the like, by the operation of the institution of private property protected by law; but it does not even affect to give a complete theory of human life, and it is as absurd to suppose that it puts any compulsion on men's acts, as to suppose that medical science deprives men of their freedom because a doctor tells a man that a particular diet will injure his health.

There are, no doubt, several classes of actions which are usually said to be "governed by economical laws," and which recur with a degree of

regularity which forcibly affects the imagination of many observers, and may lead them to believe that the agents who perform them are submitting to some overruling decree. Such are the rise and fall of prices, the fluctuations of stocks and shares, rates of exchange, and other matters of the same kind; but all these cases may be explained on the principle stated in the preceding article, that it is a question of experience whether free conduct is regular or not, and that experience shows that when a man has an opportunity of doing what he is anxious to do he will do it. Now, a man who is going to buy or sell, especially if he is going to buy or sell something which has no individual character, as, for example, a thousand pounds' worth of stock, a cargo of oil or linseed (which he probably sells again without ever seeing it), or a bill on Paris or Amsterdam, has no other object in view but his own profit; and an observer may, therefore, predict with absolute confidence that he will give the lowest and get the highest price for what he wants to buy or has to sell that he possibly can. That is to say, every party to every one of the transactions which collectively make up a fluctuation in prices will use all the powers he has for his own money benefit. As these powers depend upon circumstances which may be ascertained to a great extent beforehand, the aggregate result of exerting them may be predicted with considerable accuracy. This, however, is not because the persons concerned are not free, but because they are free and use their freedom for their own advantage.

It results from all this that neither statistics nor political economy, though each has fair claims to be described as a science, and though each relates to human conduct, affords any evidence whatever against its freedom and morality, or imposes any other restraint on the actions of any human creature than a map or a railway time-table imposes on a traveller. The utmost that can be said of either is, that it discloses the limits which the nature of things imposes upon human activity. The map informs those who consult it that if they want to go by land from France to Italy they must cross the Alps. Statistics inform a man about to direct a letter of the degree in which an ignorant observer would expect him to misdirect it. Political economy gives a capitalist or a labourer the same sort of information as to their respective powers as against each other as a law book would give to a litigant; but the traveller, the correspondent, the capitalist, and the litigant use their own judgment, act precisely as they please, and are even more responsible for their conduct, both morally and legally, than if they had had no maps, no statistics, no books about law or political economy to consult for their respective purposes.

If, then, morality and freedom are rather assisted than injured by statistics and political economy, why should they be injured by a science of history, supposing such a science were ever formed? The arguments already advanced show that the apprehension is idle, but such apprehensions arise rather from the imagination and from detached and

partial views of particular consequences supposed to be involved in the establishment of such a science than from rational conviction. It may, therefore, be desirable to inquire shortly what a science of history would be like if such a science should ever exist?

In the first place it may be confidently asserted that such a science, when it had attained an authentic form and a recognized position, would be free from the offensive and pedantic phrases by which those who expect do so much to retard its advent. We should hear less than at present of statical and dynamical sociology, the metaphysical stage of thought, the eternal laws which govern human conduct, and other phrases which, generally speaking, are either barbarous adaptations of bad French or incorrect mathematical metaphors. We should not be asked to believe that every crotchet which tickled the insane vanity of a conceited Frenchman was an eternal and self-evident truth, as, for example, that it is an everlasting law of nature that there either is, must, or ought to be, a thing called the Western European Republic, of which the French are the natural presidents. We should not see historians like Mr. Grote and Dean Milman blamed for writing like scholars and men of the world, instead of adopting an unbaptized jargon which excites sympathy for the cynical critic who summed up his impressions of a well-known book in the observation that he never heard of an eternal truth without thinking of an infernal lie.

If the science of history were like any other science, and especially any science relating to human affairs, it would consist of a set of maxims lying at such a distance from practical life that their relation to it would hardly be felt. Whoever wishes to realize this, should try to connect in his own mind the rule which lies at the bottom of all mechanics—that the force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance—with the different facts which it enables us to explain, the flight of a bullet, the fall of a drop of rain, the effects produced by muscular efforts, and a thousand other matters which to ordinary observation have nothing whatever to do with it. Historical science would, in the same way, have no assignable relation to any particular state of facts. It would form a mere skeleton, giving nothing but hypothetical conclusions, and always leaving unclassified a vast mass of circumstances which the historical philosopher would be able to consider in no other light than that of disturbing causes.

This is completely illustrated by the case of political economy. Its statements are perfectly true as far as they go, but they go only thus far: "If all men pursue their own money interests to the utmost in a particular case, and if the law protects them from external interference in doing so, such and such results will follow; for the powers implied by absolute dominion over private property are so and so, and by the supposition they will be exerted to the utmost." Now these suppositions are never quite true in fact. They are often very far from the truth; and when that happens, the facts do not correspond with the calculation,

though the calculation is still of great use, because it enables observers to measure, and so to commence the explanation of the disagreement. A good instance of this is supplied by the well-known theory of rent invented by Ricardo. "Rent," he said, "is that portion of the produce of the earth which is paid to the landlord for the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil." That is, it is the consideration paid to the landlord by the tenant for leave to cultivate any land which is more fertile than that which at a given time and place will return to the cultivator that amount of profit which he could obtain in other callings from the capital and labour which he invests in cultivation. The amount of rent will thus be equal to the difference between the value of the yield of the land rented and that of the land just worth cultivating. This theory is perfectly true, and would coincide with facts if a country could be found where the taking and letting of land was determined exclusively by mercantile considerations, and where landlords and tenants alike were fully aware of their powers, and thoroughly determined to exert them for their own interest, and if payment for the use of the powers of the soil, payment for the use of fixed capital annexed to it, and payment for various other matters which are usually included under the single name of rent, were separately made. In practice, this is not so. Rent means, according to the common use of words, whatever the tenant pays to the landlord, and includes in practice payment for many other things besides the powers of the soil. The amount of this gross payment is affected by the special circumstances of every different country. In England land is constantly underlet for the sake of maintaining local connection and political influence. In Ireland the landlords were deterred from exercising their legal rights by the fear of assassination. In India, to say nothing of the ignorance of the people, the rent paid by the ryots is virtually tribute, and is not determined, perhaps it is but slightly affected, by commercial principles. All this, however, does not in the least degree diminish the value of the general rule. It always will supply one fixed point in the mass of shifting and apparently inconsistent facts connected with the subject, by the help of which they may gradually be classified and may always be compared. It would, for example, enable a tenant to appreciate the amount of the sacrifice which his landlord made in allowing him to have a farm at a cheap rate; it would inform the landlord what price he was paying for the votes of his tenant farmers; and it would be a most material assistance to the Indian Government in the whole course of their policy towards the village communities, as it would show them the relation between the value of a tribute rent and a commercial rent.

This is precisely the sort of result which, if we ever get a science of history, we may expect to derive from it. The whole subject is at present in an inchoate state; and those who profess to know most about it, employ more energy in boasting of the great results which they are to achieve, than in taking steps to achieve them. Here and there, however, a few

observations have been made which contain at any rate a sufficient amount of truth to show what sort of doctrine historical science would establish, and in what sort of relation it would stand to morality. Thus, for example, Mr. Merivale says, "The annals of the Roman people afford a conspicuous illustration of the natural laws which seem to control the rise and progress of nations. The almost uninterrupted succession of their triumphs, the enormous extent of the dominion they acquired, and the completeness of the cycle through which they passed from infancy to decay, combine to present them to us as the normal type of a conquering race. One principle seems to be established by their history. It is the condition of permanent dominion that the conquerors should absorb the conquered gradually into their own body, by extending, as circumstances arise, a share in their own exclusive privileges to the masses from whom they have torn their original independence." This is a fair specimen of the sort of doctrines of which a science of history would consist. How can it be said even to tend to fetter the freedom or to injure the morals of politicians? It simply gives a short general inference from a number of the most remarkable passages in the history of Rome. Mr. Merivale, verbally complying, no doubt, with the habit already commented on, has described this inference as "a natural law controlling the rise and progress of nations;" but he immediately afterwards speaks both more correctly and more naturally when he calls it a principle, showing the conditions under which permanent dominion is possible. It is obvious that, so far from being immoral, such principles may be of the greatest service to morality. In the management of Indian affairs, for example, it would be extremely desirable to bear in mind the principle laid down by Mr. Merivale. It would leave open every consideration which can now weigh with statesmen, and leave unimpaired every power which they at present possess. It would not force them to desire permanent dominion, or to attempt to associate the natives in the task of government, or to be on their guard against exclusiveness. It would contribute something towards the consistency of their policy, and would tend in some degree to indicate the objects towards which it might be directed; but all that could be done by any number of principles of the kind would be to carry these processes a few steps further.

This is certainly not the impression which is conveyed by reading the books of those who, in the present day, proclaim most loudly the approach of the science of history; but this is only because they overstate their case. The "eternal laws" which they claim to have discovered appear, upon examination, to be no more than maxims generically similar to the one quoted from Mr. Merivale, but thrown into startling shapes, and, generally speaking, smothered in metaphors and rhetoric. The most famous of them is, perhaps, Comte's theory that human thought must of necessity pass through three stages—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive; upon which last we are now just entering. This progress, it is further asserted, exists as well in individuals as in societies: in boyhood

we are theologians, in youth metaphysicians, and positivists in maturity. It would be impossible in this place even to glance at the observations which occur upon every part of this theory, and especially upon the terms in which it is expressed; but passing over all these, and assuming that it contains (as no doubt it does) a considerable degree of truth, what sort of truth does it contain? It is neither more nor less than the assertion of a fact—an assertion which may be true or false, but which is nothing more than an assertion. There is considerable difficulty in understanding precisely what the second and third clauses of the assertion mean. What are the precise states of mind to which they refer; whether they—or, indeed, any of the three—are distinct from or inconsistent with each other; are questions on which much might be said. The first of the three, which is the simplest, is also the one which gives most offence. It is often treated as if it were equivalent to the assertion that religion is no more than a delusion fit for savages or children. It is unnecessary here to say anything of Comte's personal religious opinions; but, whatever they may have been, it is clear that his doctrine about the different stages of thought is altogether independent of any conclusion hostile to religion, and is perfectly consistent with any form whatever of religious belief. That children are very apt to personify everything they see is an unquestionable truth; that states of society have existed in many parts of the world in which grown-up men personified the powers of nature in a very similar manner, appears highly probable; but between these premisses and the conclusion in question, there is an enormous gulf. It is as impossible to draw inferences as to the truth of opinions from the order in which they succeed each other as to discover the distance from one o'clock to London Bridge. The supposed antagonism between Comte's theory and religion, thrown into an argumentative shape, comes to this: negroes on the Gold Coast worship an image made out of fish-bones; therefore, there is no God. It is true that an attempt is sometimes made, and often dreaded, to fill up the interval between the premiss and the conclusion by asserting that the belief in a God grew by a number of successive steps out of the belief in fetishes; but even if this could be done, it would make no sort of difference. The question, How did I come to think that A. B. committed murder? is one thing; the question, Did A. B. commit murder? is quite another; and the attempt to establish A. B.'s innocence by accounting for the impression of his guilt would be absurd, unless it were possible to go on to show that the impression itself was unreasonable. If it were possible to make out a catena of religious beliefs from the fetish worshipper to the Christian, the question would still remain, whether all were under analogous delusions, or whether the fetish worshipper had been dimly groping after a truth which the Christian believed on reasonable grounds; and to the decision of this question the history of religious belief would have only an indirect and casual relation.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the misunderstandings which prevail on the subject of the results of a science of history is that which relates

to its bearing on individuals. Those who do not believe in the future science almost always rely mainly on the impossibility of predicting the character of particular men and the effects which they will produce on the fortunes of the human race. This is almost always answered by the assertion that individual character has little to do with history, that history has hitherto been written on a false assumption in this particular, and that one of the first results of the new science will be to reduce Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet, Luther, and Washington to their proper places, and to show that they were no more than the mouthpieces of their generation—men who expressed views and feelings which without them would have found equally able exponents. There is no one point in the whole controversy in which the new school of scientific historians trample on the feelings of mankind with such satisfaction as on this. Few things in their way are more irritating than the air of calm superiority with which they try to persuade their readers that misbegotten phrases about the western evolution (for modern history) are more important to mankind than the biographies contained in the four gospels.

The most eminent professor of the science might have taught them a better lesson. His appreciation of his own importance to the human race must satisfy the widest demands of the opposite school. With a calm self-appreciation equally characteristic of his creed and his nation, Comte made himself the centre and incarnation of all philosophy. "Hume," he said, "is my principal precursor in philosophy, but with Hume I connect Kant as an accessory." Bacon, Descartes and Leibnitz, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, and Dante "place me in direct subordination to the incomparable Aristotle;" but this heir of all the ages was not content even with this distinction. His triumph was not complete till he had fallen in love with another man's wife. "Through her" (Madame Clotilde de Vaux) "I have at length become for humanity in the strictest sense a twofold organ, as may any one who has reaped the full advantage of woman's influence. My career had been that of Aristotle, I should have wanted energy for that of St. Paul, but for her." The least positive philosopher would hardly assert more of any one person than that all preceding greatness led up to him, that he first "extracted sound philosophy from real science," and that by the help of a connection which Sir Cresswell Cresswell might have been bigoted enough to view with suspicion, notwithstanding its "perfect purity, which circumstances made exceptional," he "was enabled to found on the basis of that philosophy the universal religion." It can hardly be contended that if there had been no Comte, some one else would have done as well; for the most positive philosopher will hardly be bold enough to assert that two human beings could have been found capable of expressing such sentiments or inventing such a system.

The individual follies of a single man and the faults of style of his admirers, however characteristic, are, of course, of no weight in a grave and complicated question, and there can be little doubt that the assertion

on the one side and the denial on the other of the historical importance of individuals, is one of the most interesting parts of the whole discussion. The question how far individuals do in fact influence the course of history is one of fact, and can be decided only by reference to history itself. Self-evident as this may appear, it is frequently overlooked, for in the discussion of the subject nothing is more common than the assumption that what did happen must have happened, and that all the means necessary to its happening must have been forthcoming. It is often said, for example, that if Mahomet had never lived, some other Mahomet would have done his work; but the only evidence given of this is that the work was so great that no one man can have done it. This is obviously no answer to the argument that as great things are in fact done by individuals, and as the conduct or existence of such individuals cannot be foretold, the effects which they produce cannot be foretold. It is, in fact, a *petitio principii*. The issue is, whether the establishment of Mahometanism could have been predicted. The evidence that it could not is, that it was established by Mahomet, and that Mahomet could not have been predicted. The argument that it could is, in effect, that it was not established by Mahomet; because if there had been no Mahomet, there would have been some one else of the same kind, and the proof of this is that the effects produced by Mahometanism were certain to happen, *i. e.* could have been foretold, but this is the point at issue.

The only legitimate arguments upon the subject are those which appeal directly to facts. It is perfectly fair to say, Mahomet did not make Mahometanism, for such and such circumstances, with which he had nothing to do, predisposed men's minds to that belief. Julius Cæsar did not establish the Roman empire, for his assassination made very little difference in its establishment; Charlemagne's institutions were permanent in those cases only in which he appreciated the wants of the times; the French Revolution could not have been averted by any firmness on the part of Louis XVI.; nor did Napoleon's dynasty depend on the issue of the battle of Waterloo. These and other assertions of the same sort admit of being discussed without the necessity of disproving the contingent possibility that other persons would have been forthcoming if those mentioned had never existed.

The fair inference from most of these illustrations would seem to be that the importance of individuals, though capable of being overrated, is still immensely great. If Napoleon Bonaparte and Louis XVI. had changed places, there might still have been a French Revolution, but it would have been comparatively bloodless. No one can doubt for a moment that the Roman republic would have subsided into a military despotism if Julius Cæsar had never lived; but is it at all clear that in that case Gaul would ever have formed a province of the empire? Might not Varus have lost his three legions on the banks of the Rhone? and might not that river have become the frontier instead of the Rhine? This might well have happened if Cæsar and Crassus had changed provinces; and it is surely

impossible to say that in such an event the venue (as lawyers say) of European civilization might not have been changed. The Norman conquest, in the same way, was as much the act of a single man as the writing of a newspaper article; and knowing, as we do, the history of that man and his family, we can retrospectively predict, with all but infallible certainty, that no other person could have accomplished the enterprise. If it had not been accomplished, is there any ground to suppose that either our history or our national character would have been what they are?

It would thus appear that upon the question whether individuals produce great changes in history, and colour its whole complexion long after their death, those who disbelieve in the possibility of a science of history are right; but to infer from this that there never can be a science of history is altogether wrong. It proves, no doubt, that the professors of such a science will never be able to make specific predictions until they are able not only to predict how many children will be born, and what will be the natural capacity and advantages of each of them, but also to read the thoughts of individuals, and so to predict their actions and the consequences of those actions. But no sane man expects anything of the sort. If it were necessary to disprove the possibility of so wild a dream, it would be easy to do so. The facts of which a knowledge would be necessary for such investigations are transient, language is not competent to describe them, they leave no records behind, and the evidence as to their existence is to the last degree unsatisfactory. No one can give more than a guess at his own character or at the character of any other person. The word character is itself an incomplete metaphor taken from handwriting; and the evidence which establishes the proposition that a particular man is brave or energetic, or that he has a comprehensive understanding, is generally little more than conjectural, and is almost always consistent with a great variety of different, perhaps even of discordant, theories about him.

Thus the only historical science of the future existence of which there is any sort of evidence is a science which will authorize, not absolute, but conditional predictions; and even those conditional predictions will be founded on facts so ill-ascertained, so shifting, and so indefinite that the predictions will be little more than conjectures made on principle, instead of being made at random or from prejudice.

The best evidence in favour of this view of the future science of history is to be found in the books which have a claim to be considered as written on philosophical principles. M. Guizot, M. de Tocqueville, Mr. Grote, Dean Milman, and Mr. Merivale are surely entitled to be considered scientific historians. Any one who has read their books with attention must have perceived that even they were not large-minded enough to take in all the facts relevant to the questions which occupied their attention, and so to invest their predictions with anything approaching to the precision and completeness which are rendered

possible to astronomers by the simplicity of the facts which they study, and the precision of the language in which they can describe them. Great as is the genius of M. Guizot and M. de Tocqueville, it is impossible not to feel that the immediate future filled a somewhat disproportionate place in their speculations. They looked naturally and wisely at the broad features of the state of things before them, and foretold, generally with accuracy, the broad alternations which they presented; but their writings can scarcely fail to suggest to any one who is placed at a slightly different point of view, and belongs to a different generation, that the society which they observed was traversed by many influences of which they were hardly able to trace the direction or to measure the power, and which will, probably, in the course of time considerably modify the results which they predicted. Thus M. de Tocqueville's preface to his great work on America is an eloquent, and, as his memoirs sufficiently prove, a mournful prophecy of the universal triumph of democracy and equality. No candid person can doubt the wisdom or the truth of much of his doctrine; but no one can look upon the world in which we live without seeing that this truth has its limits, that men have other impulses and desires than those which tend to produce equality, and that these desires will find ways to gratify themselves.

The works of these great writers afford admirable illustrations of the limitations under which scientific history is possible. The most important of these is the indefiniteness of the terms which it is obliged to use. Let any one try to define "democracy" or "the equality of conditions" with a precision at all approaching to that with which a mathematician defines a parabola, and he will see that the difference between the conclusions at which the two classes of speculations will arrive, is as great as the difference between Dr. Livingstone's description of the appearance of the country which he explored and the ordnance survey of an English county. Each has its value; neither can be done well without qualities of the highest order; but the two things are intended for essentially different purposes.

The books in question are further valuable because they afford conclusive evidence of the absurdity of the notion that there is any opposition between scientific history and morality, or a belief in the existence and immense practical importance of differences of individual character and the exertion of individual free-will. It would be difficult to name any book which contains nobler lessons of morality or more striking illustrations of the enormous value of individual greatness and of the permanence of the effects which it produces than Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*. The great interest of the book—its distinctive character—is derived from the illustrations which it supplies of the reaction of institutions and national character on each other, and of the permanent importance of the achievements of great men. The way in which the freedom of Athens and the mobile, ingenious, sensitive character of the people modified each other; the spirit of fairness which the daily practice of the Athenians in the

assemblies and law courts infused into their political relations; and the readiness with which they recognized personal superiority, were some of the causes which in about three generations conducted them to the height of their greatness, notwithstanding the unprincipled cruelty into which they were capable of being betrayed. In about an equal period they declined to the condition of a subject people—a sort of university town, more illustrious than Oxford or Cambridge, but, politically speaking, hardly more influential. Mr. Grote's book ought, if the popular notion of scientific history is true, to show that this was a result which might have been predicted, which ought to have been acquiesced in, and which no human efforts could have altered. In fact, it shows nothing of the kind. It certainly explains how the facts came to happen, and what were the general causes which preceded their occurrence; but it also shows that something very different might have happened—unless, indeed, the fact that history will not run back and re-write itself in a different shape, in order to confute fatalists, is a proof of the truth of fatalism. A series of measures easily within the reach of Greek politicians—measures which they were free to adopt in exactly the same sense as that in which they were free to stand up or to sit still—might have altered the whole history of Greece, and so the whole history of Europe. Can any reader of Mr. Grote's work doubt that Alcibiades and Nicias inflicted deadly injuries on Athens; that Pericles, on the other hand, was a great and wise statesman; that the Athenians made a fatal mistake in allowing Philip to conquer Olynthus; or that the whole history of Sicily shows how a country might, under the circumstances which then existed there, be ruined by the selfishness, the wickedness, and the fundamental want of principle, which beset almost every Greek of pre-eminent personal capacity? In a word, does not the whole history present a series of alternatives, which, if wisely employed, might have made Greece a powerful, united, and free nation; and can we not trace at each step the results, for good or for evil, of personal individual free choice? Of course, Pericles could not by any efforts have made his countrymen adopt the habits of Tartars or negroes; he could not even have given them the institutions of Spartans or Thebans; no sensible person ever supposed that he could; but if, on some twenty or thirty occasions in the course of two centuries, a certain ascertainable number of persons had prevailed on the Athenians to have taken certain steps which it was entirely within their power to take, the whole history of Athens would have been altogether changed, though the general principles on which Mr. Grote explains the actual course of events would have been just as true as they are now. Historical science no more proves that history could have happened in no other way than architectural science proves that St. Paul's Cathedral could have been built on no other plan.

Science, in point of fact, is so far from being injurious either to morality or to freedom, that without some principles either being, or claiming to be, scientific, neither morals nor freedom would exist. Morals would not

exist, for every theory as to their nature sanctions and recognizes the necessity of discovering the relation between actions and their consequences. If there were no uniformity in human feeling and conduct, this would be impossible. Murder, considered as murder, would sometimes cause terror and pain, and sometimes not. Men would sometimes resent friendship; and kindness, as such, would occasionally produce hatred; nor would it be possible to say that these results were abnormal, or that they required explanation by recurring to other principles.

Freedom would not exist, or would be useless, for freedom means the power of choosing between two or more branches of an alternative, according to the wishes of the person who makes the choice; but scientific history in its own province, and other sciences in theirs, point out the nature of these alternatives and the consequences of adopting either branch of them. Without information on these points, a man could not be said to choose at all. The information which he possesses may be true or false, complete or imperfect, according to circumstances. A true science will give him true, and a false science false information. This does not affect his freedom, though it will certainly affect his wisdom; but if he does not know what he is doing, his conduct is an occurrence and not an action, and his responsibility is for ignorance and negligence, not for the thing which he has done. Circumstances are to conduct what friction is to motion. They at once restrain it and render it possible. If there were no friction, a man might send a stone fifty miles along a level road by a single kick, but he would not be able to kick it. It is the friction between his other foot and the ground which at present enables him to do so. If circumstances presented people with no alternatives, and everything were always possible to every one, men would not be free, because, being able to do opposite things at once, they would not choose. We say that a man is free to eat beef or mutton or not, who has the power of eating which he pleases or of abstaining from both or either; but if he were so constituted that he could both eat and not eat each or either, the word freedom would have no more application to him than the sense of smell has to colours.

The Salmon and its Growth.

Of the two hundred and fifty-three different kinds of fish which inhabit the rivers and seas of Britain, the salmon is the one about which we know more than any other, and for these reasons:—It is of greater value as property; its large size better admits of observation than smaller members of the fish family; and lastly, in consequence of its migratory instinct, we have access to it at those seasons of its life when to observe its habits is the certain road to information. And yet, with all these advantages—or rather, in consequence of them—there has been a vast amount of controversy as to the birth, breeding, and growth of the salmon. There has been the impregnation controversy, the parr controversy, the smolt dispute, the grilse controversy, and the rate-of-growth quarrel. These scientific and literary combats have been fought at intervals, and have generally exhibited the temper and the learning of the combatants in about equal proportions. The dates of these controversies are not so easily fixed as could be desired, seeing that they are either scattered at intervals through the transactions of learned societies, buried in heavy encyclopædias, or lost in the columns of newspapers. There is something almost akin to romance in the history of the salmon, and about the manner in which the various disputed points as to its birth and mode of growth have been solved—if, indeed, some of these points be yet settled.

The mere facts in the biography of the salmon are not very numerous; it is the fiction with which this particular fish has been invested by those ignorant of its history, that has made it a greater object of interest than it would otherwise have been. The eggs of the female are laid in the secluded and shallow tributary of some great salmon river, in a trough of gravel ploughed up by the fish with great labour, and are left to be wooed into life by the eternal murmuring of the stream. From November till March, through the storms and floods of winter, the ova lie hid among the gravel, slowly but surely quickening into life. As the egg matures, the curled-up fish, with its great black eyes, becomes visible, and in time, when the necessary strength is given, it struggles to straighten itself, and breaks the shell; when lo! it is born into the busy fish world, a tiny misshapen thing, with a cumbrous portion of its birth-cradle adhering to its body, to yield it nourishment. As the winter's chill is taken off the waters by the warm sun of spring, the fry grows and grows, escaping all kinds of dangers, and increasing in weight and strength, till it is gratefully recognized by the juvenile angler as the little parr, clad in a very gay livery, and which nobody believed, till lately, would ever become a salmon. An interesting episode occurs when the little fish attains the

first year of its age—one-half of the shoal becoming smolts, eager for change of scene; the other half remaining in the parr state for a year longer.

Out of this strange circumstance has arisen the interesting parr controversy; and the notable disputations attendant on this part of salmon history may be set down at greater length than any of the other controversies, as it has features of general interest which are not incidental to some of the other battles. The naturalists, for a great number of years, denied that this little fish, known in some parts of England as the samlet, and in other places by different names, was the young of the salmon. Dr. Knox, the anatomist, asserted that the parr was a hybrid belonging to no particular species of fish, but a mixture of many. It is strange that, although this fish was distinctly declared over and over again to be a separate species, no one ever found a female parr that contained roe. But the universal exclamation of the naturalists was, "it is a distinct species," and this dogma might have been still prevalent had not the question been taken up and solved by a very practical man. The Ettrick Shepherd always believed the parr to be the young of the salmon: had he not seen the fish almost change to the smolt before his wondering eyes? But to make assurance doubly sure, he marked a few hundred parrs, and had the felicity in good time to see his assertion realized; his marked parrs became smolts, and ultimately grilse and salmon. The enthusiastic shepherd's plan of dealing with the fish was to place a particular mark upon them, and then advertise, by means of placards on the blacksmith's door, that he would give to all and sundry who produced any of his marked fish the tempting reward of one glass of whisky! But the question was determined in a rather more formal mode than that adopted by the poet.

Mr. Shaw, a forester in the employment of the Duke of Buccleugh, took up the question in 1833, and succeeded in solving the parr problem. He collected the fecundated spawn, and, removing it from the river to a smaller stream, nursed it into life, and thus conclusively, as he thought, settled the vexed question. "No such easy thing to do," exclaimed his opponents; "you have made a mistake; it is evidently parr, and not salmon spawn, you have been operating upon; therefore we are as far as ever from a correct solution of this intricate question." Mr. Shaw was not to be beaten by such assertions, so, Scotchman like, he went to work again, and this time he took care so to arm himself as to be invulnerable. He caught, himself, mature fish, and extruding the roe and milt, repeated, with great success, his nursing experiment, and was able in the course of time triumphantly to refute the theory which held the parr to be a distinct fish, by exhibiting his artificially bred smolts leaping from their pond in their anxiety to get away to the sea.

Before Shaw entered upon his experiments, the smolt was almost universally held to be the young or fry of the salmon in the first year of its age. Had we not found, by such practical experiments as those described, that our professed naturalists were in error on this point, we must have come to the conclusion, that nature had lavished her choicest

powers upon the development of the "venison of the waters." It is not known, we think, whether the same conditions of rapid and partial change apply to the young of salmon hatched in the natural way. Shaw, it may be presumed, only used the eggs of one fish, and these *all* changed at the same time; as we believe did the fry of another experimenter (Young, of Invershin), although at a different interval of time. When the experiments at Stormontfield come to be related, it will be further shown that the parr mystery is still unfathomed.

For a long series of years, no naturalist thought it necessary to watch the spawning beds of the matured salmon, or to ascertain how long it was till the young fish burst from the egg; no person seemed to know how it looked on its first appearance in the river, or what size it was on being hatched, or in what month it was born. But suddenly (indeed, with something like dramatic effect) the young fish appeared in our salmon rivers as a smolt, several ounces in weight, on its tour to the sea. Fighting its way down to the great deep and escaping all the dangers incidental to its infantile career, it was supposed to return to the place of its birth in August or September, converted by some briny harlequinade into a beautiful grilse many pounds in weight!

The most remarkable phase in the life of the salmon is its extraordinary instinct for change. After the parr has become a smolt, it is found that the desire to visit the sea is so intense, especially in the pond-bred fish, as to cause them to leap from their place of confinement, in the hope of attaining at once their salt-water goal. In due season then, we find the silver-coated host leaving the rippling cradle of its birth, and adventuring on the more powerful stream, by which it is borne to the sea-fed estuary, or the briny ocean itself. And this picturesque tour is repeated year after year, being apparently a grand essential of salmon life.

There are various opinions as to the cause of the migratory instinct in the salmon. Some people say it finds in the sea those rich feeding grounds which enable it to add so rapidly to its weight. It is quite certain that the fish attains its primest condition while it is in the salt water; those caught in the estuaries by means of stake or bag nets being richer in quality, and esteemed far before the river fish. The moment the salmon enters the fresh water it begins to decrease in weight and fall from its high condition. It is a curious fact, and a wise provision of nature, that the eel, which is also a migratory fish, descends to spawn in the sea as the salmon is ascending to the river-head for the same purpose: were the fact different, and both fish spawned in the river, the roe of the salmon would be completely eaten up.

It is pleasant, rod in hand, on a breezy spring day, while trying to coax "the monarch of the brook" from his sheltering pool, to watch this annual migration, and to note the march of the bright-mailed army adown the majestic river, that hurries on by busy corn-mill and sweeps with a murmuring sound past hoar and ruined towers, washing the pleasant lawns of county magnates or laving the cowslips on the village

meadow, and as it rolls ceaselessly ocean-ward, giving a more picturesque aspect to the quaint agricultural villages and farm homesteads which it passes in its course. During the whole length of its pilgrimage the army of smolts pays tribute to its enemies in gradual decimation: it is attacked at every point of vantage; at one place the smolts are taken prisoners by the hundred, at another picked off singly by some juvenile angler. But the giant and fierce battle which this infantile tribe has to fight is at the point where the salt water begins to mingle with the stream, where are assembled hosts of greedy monsters of the deep of all shapes and sizes, from the porpoise and seal down to the young coal-fish, who dart with inconceivable rapidity upon the defenceless shoal and play havoc with their numbers.

Many naturalists dispute most lustily the assertion that the smolt returns to the parental waters as a grilse the same year that it visits the sea; and some of our savans even maintain that the young fish makes a grand tour to the North Pole before it makes up its mind to "hark back." It has been pretty well proved, however, that the grilse is the young smolt of the same year; and the only remarkable fact in the history of grilse is, that we kill them in thousands before they have an opportunity of perpetuating their kind: indeed on some rivers the annual slaughter of grilse is so enormous as palpably to affect the "takes" of the big fish. It has been asserted, likewise, that the grilse is also a distinct fish, and not the young of the salmon in its early stage; but this hypothesis has been demolished by the aid of marked fish, and the fact has been demonstrated over and over again, that grilse undoubtedly grow into salmon. There has even been a controversy as to the rate at which the salmon increases in weight; and there have been numerous disputes about what its instinct had taught it to "eat, drink, and avoid."

At every stage in its career the salmon is surrounded by enemies. At the very moment of spawning, the female is watched by a horde of devourers, who instinctively flock to the breeding-grounds in order to feast on the ova. The hungry pike, the lethargic perch, the greedy trout, the very salmon itself, are lying in wait, all agape for the palatable roe, and greedily swallowing whatever quantity the current carries down. Then the water-fowl eagerly pounces on the precious deposit the moment it has been forsaken by the fish; and if it escape being gobbled up by such cormorants, the spawn may be washed away by a flood, or the position of the bed may be altered, and the ova be destroyed for want of water. No sooner do the eggs ripen, and the young fish come to life, than they are exposed, in their defenceless state, to be preyed upon by all the enemies already enumerated, while as parr, they have been known to be taken out of our streams in such quantities as to be made available for the purposes of pig-feeding or manure! Some economists calculate that only one egg out of every thousand ever becomes a full-grown salmon. Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart calculated that one hundred and fifty millions of salmon ova are annually deposited in the river Tay; of which only fifty

millions, or one-third, come to life and attain the parr stage; that twenty millions of these parrs in time become smolts, and that their number is ultimately diminished to 100,000; of which 70,000 are caught, the other 30,000 being left for breeding purposes. Sir Humphry Davy calculates that if a salmon produce 17,000 roe, only 800 of these will arrive at maturity. It is well, therefore, that the female fish yields a thousand eggs for each pound of her weight; for a lesser degree of fecundity, taking into account the enormous waste of life indicated by these figures, would long since have resulted in the extinction of this valuable fish.

To guard against the sad destruction of life incidental to the natural mode of breeding, recourse has been had to what is known as "Pisciculture;" that is, a system of hatching which protects the eggs during the period of incubation, after which, being immediately received into breeding ponds, the fry are kept out of the reach of their numerous enemies till they are better able to fight their own battle of life than they are in the infantile stages of their career in the open river. The first inklings of pisciculture which we had in this country were the experiments of Shaw, already detailed, and which were not conducted as a means of commerce, but solely with a view to the solution of the parr problem. Gehin and Rémy, two unlettered French peasants, carried on the system on the rivers of France till it attracted imperial attention, and at length resulted in a vast industrial organization, and a handsome recognition by the French Government of the services of its pioneers; and there is now to be seen at Huningue, near Basle, on the Rhine, a great piscicultural laboratory, from which, in the course of a few years, has been despatched, to aid in the repeoplement of the exhausted rivers of France, a vast number of the ova of various kinds of fish. The plan adopted is to supply the eggs in various stages of progress, as they can be despatched to long distances with greater safety than the infant fish. The art of pisciculture is not a new invention, except in so far as the persons named were no doubt ignorant of its having formed a part of a far back civilization. The luxurious Romans largely indulged in the mysteries of fish breeding, and had become adepts at acclimatizing: they not only fattened fish or dwarfed them at pleasure, but they could rear the salt-water varieties in their fresh-water ponds, and *vice versâ*.

As it is well known that the mere hatching of the fish is accomplished in the natural state by what may be termed chance, or, at any rate, without aid from the parent, who leaves the eggs to their fate the moment they are deposited, it can at once be seen how natural it is that the artificial mode should ultimately come to be largely relied upon for enhancing the commercial value of our fisheries; the very simplicity of the *modus operandi* commends it to notice. The plan carried out at Stormontfield, on the river Tay, is as follows:—The breeding boxes are arranged on a gentle slope facing the river, and a tiny stream of ever-changing water is made to flow over them. They are filled three parts full of gravel, upon which the impregnated ova are carefully placed. An

equitable supply of filtered water is kept up by means of a compensation pond, situated between the boxes and the supplying stream. The young fish, when they leave the boxes, are received in a pond, which communicates by means of a runlet, protected by sluices, with the Tay, so that when the migratory instinct seizes the fish, on their changing to the smolt state, they can easily be sent into the river. By means of these ponds, two questions connected with the controversies already enumerated have been finally settled: first, that the act of impregnation is entirely an external one; and second, that there *is* a curious anomaly in the growth of the parr which has hitherto defied explanation.

But the parr question has been left by the Stormontfield experiments in a more romantic condition than it was before. It is now known that only one-half of the parr arrive at the smolt stage in the beginning of the second year of their age, the other half of the brood remaining another winter in the pond before assuming the migratory dress, and becoming imbued with the instinct to seek the sea. Thus Mr. Shaw's theory that the salmon fry are two years in attaining the smolt stage is quite reconcileable with that of Mr. Young, who carried on his experiments at Invershin simultaneously with those of Mr. Shaw. In fact, both are right; and the speculations which have been indulged in as to the cause of this curious anomaly still remain in the domain of fancy, as the problem involved cannot yet be said to have been solved. Various curious experiments have been instituted with a view to a solution of the enigma. Mr. Buist informed us, on the occasion of our last visit to the ponds, that the parr and salmon had been tried together, as had also been the grilse and salmon, but without clearing up the point in dispute.

As showing the result of the Stormontfield experiments, we have before us an interesting memorandum by Dr. Esdaile, showing the difference in size of fishes of the same brood:—"No. 1 is a young salmon, fifteen months old, from the artificial breeding-beds and rearing-pond at Stormontfield; killed May 29, 1855; length, 5 inches; circumference over dorsal fin, 2 inches; weight, half an ounce. No. 2 is a fish of the same age, dismissed from the rearing-pond on the same day, after having the dead fin cut off. It was taken by the net three miles below Perth on the 19th July, having been absent fifty-one days; length, 24½ inches; circumference over dorsal fin, 12½ inches; weight, 5½ lb." It has been found by marking particular fish, that the salmon rate of growth in the salt-water feeding-grounds is remarkably rapid—a four-pound grilse attaining to the conditions of a nine-pound salmon in the course of one visit to the sea! As a proof of this, the following transcription of one of the Duke of Atholl's experiments is offered; it refers to one of the most remarkable changes on record:—"On referring to my journal," says his grace, "I find that I caught this fish as a kelt this year, on the 31st of March, with the rod, about two miles above Dunkeld Bridge, at which time it weighed exactly ten pounds; so that in the short space of five weeks and two days it had gained the almost

incredible increase of eleven pounds and a quarter—for when weighed here on its arrival, it was twenty-one pounds and a quarter!" This is surely wonderful, and but for the certainty of the mark upon it would be incredible. The facility of capturing large fish and identifying them by some particular mark is valuable; and the frequent markings which the salmon of various rivers has undergone proves to a demonstration one of the peculiar instincts of this fish, viz. its very local habits: indeed, all fish are local in their habits to a degree that is scarcely credible. Fishermen know at once by the looks and marks of a fish what sea or river it hails from; in an estuary, for instance, into which several rivers fall, it is found that the salmon of each particular river at once make for their own stream, and seldom enter the wrong one.

The wonders that have been achieved, abroad and at home, by means of pisciculture, cannot be told incidentally: they deserve, and no doubt will obtain, a special chronicle. But it may be stated here, generally, that the whole of the fresh waters of France have been replenished with fish of the greatest value; and that even the waves of the sea have been battled with, and the seeds of a countless quantity of oysters, safely protected from the tempests, have been deposited and ensured against all ordinary modes of destruction. Fish of all kinds have been operated upon, so that the once exhausted waters of the continental rivers now teem with rich and palatable food, the money value of which is represented by a very extensive series of figures. Many have no doubt heard of the curious industrial establishment at Comaccio, on the river Po, where the breeding and fattening of eels is carried on to an enormous extent by an industrious fishing community, who have erected a series of breeding-ponds on marshes which are dyked in from the Adriatic, but which communicate with the sea by means of numerous canals. The place is unique, and presents a wonderful incentive to the erection of similar establishments on our own shores. The annual value of the fish produce of Comaccio, which is sold in a cured state, is really very considerable. On the Danube and on other German rivers, piscicultural operations have been carried on with much success; and what has been accomplished abroad might be successfully carried out at home. The Stormontfield breeding-ponds have undoubtedly increased the salmon supplies of the Tay; and what has been done on one river can doubtless be achieved on many. According to one of the reports issued by Mr. Buist, the conservator of the river Tay, the piscicultural experiments on that river had the following result:—"Of the marked fish liberated from the pond, four per cent. were recaptured either as grilse or salmon. 2nd. More than 300,000 were artificially reared and liberated; forty out of every thousand were recaptured; and as 300,000 were liberated, it follows that 12,000 of the salmon taken in the Tay were pond-bred fish. 3rd. The annual average capture of Tay salmon and grilse is 70,000; so that of the fish taken in this river during the last two years nearly a tenth were artificially bred; and this tenth forms a rise of ten per cent. on the rental of the river."

Leaving the salmon as an object of natural history, and looking at it as an article of commerce, we find that there exists a universal dread of its speedy extinction. The English salmon-fisheries have utterly declined; the Irish fisheries are decaying; and the eagerness with which the Scotch people are rushing to Parliament for new laws indicates a fear of a similar fate overtaking the fisheries of the North. The "breeches-pocket" view of the question has recently become of considerable importance, in consequence of this fear of failing supplies; for the commerce carried on in this particular fish has been at the rate of over 100,000*l.* a year; and although our salmon fisheries are not nearly equal in value to the herring and white fisheries, still the individual salmon is our most tangible fish, and brings to its owner a larger sum of money than any other member of the fish family. Indeed, of late years this "monarch of the brook" has become emphatically the rich man's fish; its price for table purposes, at certain seasons of the year, being only compatible with a large income—and liberty to play one's rod on a salmon river is a privilege paid for at a high figure per annum. Such facts at once elevate the *Salmo salar* to the high regions of luxury: certainly, salmon can no longer find a place on the tables of the poor; for we shall never again hear of its selling at twopence per pound, or of farm-servants bargaining not to be compelled to eat it oftener than twice a week.

Hedged round by legislation, it is quite obvious that the salmon is a highly privileged denizen of the deep, and that the great salmon streams are pertinents of the rich man's lands, yielding him in many instances a large revenue. We have shown here that now, like the rich man's child, the rich man's fish is delicately reared and anxiously cared for: at Stormontfield it has a beautiful nursery, wherein to play away its childish years, and be trained for its advent in the great outer world of water. But it is a truth which cannot be longer hidden from all concerned, that the demand for this fine fish is exceeding the supply, and that we have some time since commenced consuming what may be called the capital stock. Our ignorance of the natural history of the fish, which is only now beginning to melt away, and defective legislation on the subject of the fisheries, coupled with extensive poaching, have done their usual work; and there are in existence abundant figures to demonstrate the declining tendency of the fisheries. The rental of the Tweed, for instance, has fallen to about a fifth of what it once was; and the cry over all the country may soon be—WE HAVE NO SALMON.

Middle Class and Primary Education in England: Past and Present.

Among the million readers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, a very small minority can boast of having received their education at Eton, or at any other of our great public schools; and though the rest cannot but feel an interest in whatever may concern these aristocratic seminaries, regret for their shortcomings or admiration of what is excellent in them, still their own humble school, what it was when they were boys, and what it is, and is becoming, now they are men, may fairly claim to hold a higher place in their regard. But indeed, to all thinking men, high and low, the question as to how the people, the masses, or by what other name it pleases us to call them, are taught in these lands, is a paramount question, and touches us, our interests, and our future national history, in more points than many of us suspect. No doubt it is become something of a bore to many whose daily longing is for some new thing; and to many others it is worse than a bore, a thing of dread, portending changes of which they are unable to see either the nature or the issue. Wearisome or ominous, however, the question returns upon us with an importunity not to be gainsayed; for it concerns a movement which has begun, has gathered, and is gathering strength, and which we may control, but can in nowise stem or stop.

It has been noticed that the simplest and best English is spoken by the *highest* and the *lowest* classes in England, the broad mass between indulging in an extremely fine and vulgar style of speech. It is a distinct, but significant fact, that at this present time, these two classes, so far removed, are those which receive the best and most thorough education, each according to its need and opportunity. The education of the children of all between the labouring and artisan class below, and the aristocracy and gentry above, may be characterized, with an extremely small grain of qualification, as shallow; covering an extensive area, showy, but unsubstantial, and especially wanting in thoroughness. This means, of course, that it hardly deserves the name of education at all; and yet it is proclaimed as such, received as such, and (as many of you, my responsible readers, can tell) paid for as such, pretty heavily. It is your own look-out: you are shrewd men in your generation; but still you are assuredly paying your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not—or at least ought not to satisfy you. The *education* your sons are getting may look all right as you examine their sum-books, neatly ruled in red ink by some miserable usher, who has had to correct all the mistakes too; or the splendid copy-books, filled with fine illegible penmanship and infinite flourishing (by the

writing-master); or the drawings, of which it would puzzle your young hopeful to tell you how many per cent. of the strokes are his own. If all this is a satisfactory test to you, it is no business of mine; but do not be surprised that the education which you are paying so high for should prove, when your sons grow up, to be of no worth. But if it is not a satisfactory test, then look out for the genuine article.

And first of all, have a care of men with incomprehensible letters attached to their names. The B.A. or M.A. of Oxford or Cambridge, or even of Durham or Dublin, has cost something both in money and labour: men who can write these letters after their names always know something, whether they can teach it or not; and they are generally gentlemen. But, I think I should, for the present, put little faith in a "Member of the College of Preceptors" (price, perhaps, one guinea a-year), or in a Ph. D. (about seven guineas, cash down, they say); or in any B.A. or M.A. without the university named. Beware also of clergymen without degrees, however "experienced in tuition," if you have only the advertisement as a voucher for that; or however "select" their pupils, "charmingly situated" their house, or however "married" they may be. Remember how easy it is, in these degenerate days, to get into orders; how many "scripture-readers," and men who have taken low government certificates and have not got on well as schoolmasters, find a gown, 50*l.* a-year, and a gentility hard to be kept up, in the church. These are literates by name; illiterate commonly by their education; but bold enough by nature, to ask you 80*l.*, 100*l.*, or 130*l.* a-year, for educating and boarding your son. The man who describes himself vaguely as "of Oxford," or "of Cambridge," I would also eschew; as well as, I think, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., F.A.S., F.S.S., F.E.I.S. (whatever this last may mean), and however worthy, in a private capacity, these gentlemen may be. The baptism which imparts these capital letters is commonly a trifling affair, and is mostly a matter of a few guineas, more or less. I do not mean to say that it is not all right and proper for men distinguished, or even engaged, as geologists, or geographers, or statisticians to write F.G.S., F.R.G.S., or F.S.S. after their names; I should like to see the schoolmaster who is any the better as a teacher, or more worthy of being employed by you, for having these letters, or, if he likes, the whole alphabet tagged to his name. The tailor who had put on his sign the candid "NOT *from London*," is more my style of man. But, avoiding all appearances of puff and quackery, where are you to go? I honestly declare, I can hardly tell you: the tailors are nearly all metropolitan; those "*not* from London" scarce birds indeed. But the question is, not the outward clothing of your boy, nor the 10*l.* or 20*l.* *per annum* which that may demand; but his training in body and mind, and the more serious outlay accompanying it.

Your reflections, when you are for sending him off to school, are probably something like those of the Squire, the father of Tom Brown—"I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God; if he don't do

that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No; I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good—ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma; no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want." *Only* this, Squire Brown! Would that all were so wise and so moderate in their desires. But where to get the man fitted for making your son all this? Arnolds, unluckily, do not abound.

A schoolmaster whom you know, who has had plenty of practice in his business, who is honest and honourable in his dealings, industrious as a teacher, firm, yet considerate as a disciplinarian, and who has turned out young men whom you would like your son to resemble—may be a safe choice for you, whether he has an unadorned name or not. There are many schoolmasters of this character, I do not doubt. Better still, if you know he is liberal in his supply of teaching power, both as to the number of his assistants, and as to their attainments and ability. Never trust a school with a large number of pupils and a small number of teachers; it is impossible for real work to be done under such circumstances: you had better pay a few pounds more, and send your boy to a school where there are more assistants. Ascertain, if you can, that these are well paid; for if they are paid poorly, depend upon it they deserve it; and that will signify something to you: no man who is worth anything will work for nothing. If the head-master—or principal, as the word is now—sends up any of his boys to the Oxford middle-class examinations, or submits them to any such public test, get to know from him not only how many succeed, but how many he sent up; and out of how many, the total number in his school. If he is a man who is doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously, he will not refuse any information of the kind; but he would, I should think, readily send you a printed report every year when he sends his bill. If he prefer having private examiners, you should know their names and position, and that they are not, if possible, his private friends also. And along with the list of scholars, as they stand in order of merit, get your son to bring with him, or the master to send, the paper-work done by him. These and other means of a like nature will tend to get for *you* your money's worth, in some degree at any rate; and others must be left to look after themselves.

Very paying, very suspicious, all this! Very, it must be confessed; and very necessary, I am sorry to say. You do not buy a horse without handling him, and seeing him out to try his paces; nor even a chair or a table, perhaps, without examining it well. Now the work

you pay the schoolmaster to do is an impalpable kind of thing—not to be weighed, measured, or handled; and in the *great majority* of middle-class schools I have no hesitation to say, *true ware* is the exception, *false appearance of true ware* the rule: in such cases, you pay your money for that which you do not buy.* Are the middle-class schoolmasters impostors, then? Well, one naturally shrinks from being rude and personal to so large a body of men, many of whom I have already allowed are, no doubt, doing their very difficult work *as well as they can*; but if a spade be a spade, I am afraid we must call our middle-class education *a sham*. Nor should the burden of the blame rest wholly, or perhaps even chiefly, on the shoulders of the schoolmasters. They took up their business, as you did yours, to get a living by it: the delightful task of rearing the tender thought was quite secondary to that of collecting together so many guineas, and making ends meet at Christmas, if possible with some surplus. They are men of like passions with the rest of us; and we nearly all do our work badly enough, unless we either like it for its own sake, or know we shall be brought to book for it soon. Then, again, to teach well is the most difficult thing in the world. The possession of knowledge is the least qualification for it. It requires wonderful patience, great flexibility of mind, clear insight into character, and besides all, a special aptitude, which one may call natural tact, but which is really without a name. We need not marvel, then, that a thing at once so easily counterfeited, and so difficult to be produced genuine, should be rare. The remedy lies with the parents among the middle classes. You must, either individually or by combination, devise some means of discerning the sham from the real; and you must be ready to pay handsomely for the real when you get it. The class below you are advancing with a slow indeed, but a steady step; you can already, some of you, hear the tread. How will it be when their intelligence, knowledge, and power of mind shall equal or surpass yours? What is to be looked for, if you place a pyramid on its apex?

Forty years ago the schoolmasters of private schools were, many of them, a curious and almost unique class of men. A simple, decent living was what most of them strove for; they had not much gentility to support, nor that awful bugbear, position, to care about. Frequently they were men of real ability, both as teachers and in other lines of life: they often carried on some handicraft, and taught a school because they had a liking for the work, or had been asked to do so; and sometimes the combination of employments was incongruous enough. One teacher, whom I once

* If any one will take the trouble to consult the Reports of the Middle-class Examinations, he will find ample evidence in support of this assertion; and he will find, too, that the pupils fall short in precisely the fundamental, as distinguished from the showy parts of education. In 1860, more than 40 per cent. of the candidates entirely failed to satisfy the examiners; which is remarkable, considering the easy kind of papers set, and that the candidates formed the cream, it may be assumed, of their several schools.

knew very well, joined with the art of training ingenuous youth *that of killing pigs;* and it was a common thing for him to be summoned to the village several times in a week, when he would put off his black coat, don a blue apron, and march off to the pig. He was a man full of energy, and very strong, both in body and will. I think he never taught the boys anything; but he spared not the rod if they didn't learn: and his process seemed satisfactory to the parents, for his school was full, and his terms high, and it had to be excused that he was a bit of a butcher. I believe, taking the year round, he must have thrashed every boy in the school at least once a day; the exercise seemed to agree with him: he would double up his tongue between his teeth to give emphasis to his blows. If any of his old pupils read this, may I ask if they yet remember this playful fancy of old Samuel? And yet he was not a brute; but seemed to go on the principle adopted in some old schools, as at Strensham, for example, Butler's birthplace: "Flog the boys regularly, whether they deserve it or no: if they don't now, they soon will!" Samuel was a man of progress, too. He established, or helped to establish, a Reading Society in the village; and I remember it was on his desk I first had the pleasure of *smelling* (for the books were new) the *Spectator* and *Blair's Lectures.* He had three brothers in the school, whom he by no means exempted from the benefits of his perpetual lash; and this appeared only to strengthen their resolution, for, in spite of their imperfect learning, they all rose in the world: two are in the medical profession, and one is now a clergyman and master of a grammar-school in England. (Rev. sir, if you chance to read this article, I take my hat off to you across the years since we last met, and make you my best bow, as I used to do to your brother!)

Another schoolmaster, about two miles away, kept his school on a moor, and had pupils for miles round. His fame was great as a mathematician and man of science. He was deeply marked with the small-pox, wore enormous shirt-collars, had only a short stump of his right arm, made pens beautifully, cutting the nibs very adroitly on the thumb-nail of his single hand; wrote one of the boldest, neatest specimens of penmanship I ever saw; was skilful at the turning-lathe, and had made for himself a very complete electrical apparatus. His school was large; he had no assistant, and he taught nothing: though I have known him to be very patient and painstaking with any boy of a mathematical turn. He exhibited, however, no partiality in the application of his flat oak ferule, and had no mercy on any little fellow who winced and drew back his hand; it, therefore, was a common thing in the school to stand the blow without shrinking: for it was a point of honour to shed no tears, but at most to press the stinging hand beneath the opposite armpit, and bite the lip. This, with the constant fights among the boys, the long hunts at "hare-and-hounds," the swimming, skating, &c., made up the most valuable part of their education: to endure, to dare anything, to fear nothing, that was the chief outcome of it; and it is very valuable.

But as to learning, little indeed was acquired: boys at fifteen could not do a question in the rule of three, could not compose a tolerably decent letter, had no knowledge of history, had never seen a map, except perhaps those in *Goldsmith's Geography*, which were never used. As for Latin, I will say the grammar had been ground well, and that was all; as to English grammar, Murray was faithfully "got off" time after time, through and through again; but with such an appreciation of his meaning, that I well remember my rev. friend, to whom I have just been civil, being called upon—I think on the very day he was leaving school—to parse "shady grove," and he was unable to say which was the adjective and which was the noun! No doubt he will give a public denial to this; but I can assure him I have a distinct recollection of it, for I was standing at the bottom of the class, when he was turned down below me! At any rate, he will probably agree with me that we learned very little of—

> "Those polished arts which humanize mankind,
> Soften the rude, and calm the boisterous mind."

It was to such schools as these that manufacturers, farmers, and well-to-do tradesmen, sent their sons in times past. The poorer people either gave their children no education at all, or put them to dame schools for a few years, and then got them work to do at as early an age as possible. In 1818, the National Schools came into existence, and matters were soon a little improved. But it is chiefly within the last fifteen years that the most important progress has been made; and it is of elementary schools which have sprung up under the auspices of Government during this period of which I now wish to say a few words.

The school-buildings in general are large and commodious, well warmed and ventilated, and not a few possess considerable architectural pretensions. Convenient playgrounds are in many cases attached to them, and fitted up with swings, vaulting-poles, and other game apparatus. Others have gardens cultivated by the boys, or workshops where a little carpentering is done, and, in rare instances, a small printing-press is set up. The internal fittings of the school are in almost every case good; the floor, the seats, the desks, must all be such as shall from year to year satisfy the Privy Council on Education; and the text-books are ample and cheap, being partly supplied by grant from Government, and partly by purchase of the school-managers. Black-boards for oral teaching are in sufficient numbers; and the walls are adorned with the best maps which England or Germany produces. Cabinets of chemical apparatus are granted to every school where the master has proved, by examination, his ability to use it; and drawing-copies and music-sheets for class-teaching are all on a liberal scale.

The master has been prepared for his work by four or five years' apprenticeship under some competent teacher, and after that by a two years' training at a training college. For every forty boys under him he has one assistant called a pupil-teacher; thus, in a school of 120 boys

there will be at least three assistants besides the head-master. The pupil-teachers are selected from the school, on account of their character, attainments, and special aptitude for the office of schoolmaster; and besides the practical training in school work which they receive in school hours, a minimum of one hour and a half is fixed by the Privy Council Office for special instruction in subjects defined for each year of their apprenticeship. An examination is held annually by the inspector of the district to ascertain whether these subjects have been thoroughly taught; if they pass, each receives from the Council Office his yearly stipend, and the master his fee; but if they fail, their indentures are cancelled, and the money is lost to both parties.* Supposing the pupil-teacher runs unscathed through the gauntlet of at least five examinations, he may then present himself as a candidate for a Queen's scholarship, and about the following Christmas undergo another examination of three days' duration at the college to which he has applied; but under an inspector, and in papers sent down direct from London. Passing this, he finds himself in the published lists a first or second class Queen's scholar, and begins his first year's course at the training college. When Christmas comes round again, he goes in to another examination, lasting a week, where papers, sent down as before from the Council Office, are put before him, embracing religious knowledge (in Church of England schools), mathematics, history, geography, grammar and literature, school-management, drawing, music, &c.; and if he pass that, he enters in the following February on his second year's course in the college. When this is ended, he must again undergo the test of another week's examination, as before; but with, of course, much harder papers, and with the addition of other subjects, such as Latin and physical science. If he fails in this last ordeal, he cannot be a schoolmaster recognized by Government; if he does well, but not well enough, he is put into a "schedule," and sent back to do the second year's course again; but if he passes, he becomes *conditionally* entitled to their lordships' certificate of merit, of the first, second, or third degree, as he may deserve. *Conditionally*—for the Council Office has still a hold on him; he has resolved to be a schoolmaster, and he must be, or their lordships, like the Cornishmen, will "know the reason why." So he goes to a school, conducts it for at least two years; is reported on by her Majesty's inspector each year, and if favourably—as let us hope, after all this, it should be—he then receives his certificate, signed by the Lord President for the time being, ornamented by the national arms, and entitling him to 30*l.* for the highest class, or to 15*l.* for the lowest, per annum, by Government grant, in addition to his salary. This grant, however, is still conditional on his doing his work satisfactorily.

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* The payments are as follows:—For the pupil-teacher — 1st year, 10*l.*; 2nd, 12*l.* 10*s.*; 3rd, 15*l.*; 4th, 17*l.* 10*s.*; 5th, 20*l.* For the master—for one pupil-teacher, 5*l.*; for two, 9*l.*; for three, 12*l.* For each additional apprentice, 3*l.* more.

Thus after six or seven years' continual training, this man goes out to his labours: competent he ought to be, and he is, if the testimony of men able to judge is to be believed. The principle of the Government with regard to him is, from the beginning onward to the end, "no song no supper!" The supper, that is, the average income, of this class of schoolmasters, taking England, Wales, and Scotland, is 94*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*; or about 4*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* above the cost of "a London coachman who can drive well." But we all know too heavy a supper is no wholesome thing; and the Privy Council Office prohibits any recourse to extraneous means of increasing the meal. Private tuition, for which certificated schoolmasters are eagerly sought, cannot be allowed; but, so far as I know, no detailed statement has yet been made by Government as to how their leisure hours may be spent. We can never tell what a minute may bring forth; but an easy-chair, port-wine, and walnuts, need not, perhaps, be expected. However, these elementary schoolmasters, and they are now about 10,000 strong, ought to be able to take care of themselves; and in the meantime we will thank them for the good work they are doing at so cheap a rate. Nor will we wonder if many of them find it to their advantage to leave the elementary school, and take to employments in which they are at once easier worked, better paid, less under surveillance, and in a better social position. Grammar-schools, proprietary colleges, and academies for gentlemen, are advertising for them; and numbers have gone to our colonies to take charge of important schools there.

In this way, then, are our present schoolmasters for the poorer classes trained for and kept to their work. So keen is the official inspection, so perfectly intolerant of unsoundness the annual handling of the article which the schoolmaster turns out as his handiwork, that there is no possibility or chance of shirking.

It remains for the middle classes to discover how they are to manage the education of their sons as well as that of the children of the poor is managed for them. Nothing so important as this ought to be impossible for them. *Preparation* for the work of education; *inspection*, to see that the work is done, ought to be insisted on. How these are to be got—whether through the universities or by parliamentary enactment—matters but little, provided they are got. I, for my own part, cannot see why it should be more allowable for a man to practise the profession of teaching, than that of medicine or law; and if we put safeguards against incompetence in the one case, why we should not in the other. But at any rate it is time for the middle classes to look out: their kibes are beginning already to be galled; and, if Lord Bacon is right, "no doubt the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge." They may expect that in a generation or two at the farthest, more questions will have to be settled than that which concerns the difference between a 10*l.* and a 6*l.* franchise; for it is as inevitable that knowledge should have the supremacy over ignorance, as that day should come when the sun rises.

The Wrong Side of the Stuff.

When I was very young I wrote a novel. A friendly publisher placed it, with a kind word or two, in the hands of his literary adviser, who pronounced upon it a verdict singularly adverse, not to say altogether crushing. How I despised the surly critic for it! How assured I was, in my inmost heart, that he was ineffably ignorant and demonstrably wrong, envious, malignant, a hater of his race! But I see him now, at odd times, on public and on private occasions, a bland and benevolent elderly gentleman; and I shake hands with him, knowing that he denounced the first efforts of my Muse, but feeling that instead of my bitter enemy he was my very good friend, and that, in truth, my novel was far more guilty than in his very lenient verdict.

I do not now remember the words of his judgment—that judgment which dispersed all my cherished visions of an honoured manhood, and sent me back to hobbledehoyism and dependence beneath my father's roof. It is an old story now, and if I could recover a transcript of this first criticism, every word of which, at the time, burnt itself into me like hot iron, I would frame it for the encouragement of my children. But there was one particular passage of the Reader's judgment which, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, I have not forgotten. He dwelt upon the singular inconsistencies of the hero of my story, maintaining that the man who did this or that good thing could not have done this or that bad one. I took the hint, called my tale *The Inconsistent Man*, put upon the title-page an appropriate morality from Wordsworth, and published the novel at my own risk. And I have often since thought that if it had had no more serious defect than the inconsistency of its hero, there was no reason why it should not have succeeded. But as it had scarcely anything that a novel ought to have, and almost everything that a novel ought not, it is mere matter of course that it failed. How coolly one writes about these failures now—fearful and terrible as they were at the time—almost, indeed, rejoicing in them. And why not? Are not those early failures wounds inflicted upon us in honourable battle? May we not be proud of our scars? There is heroism needed for that conflict; and shall the hoary veteran not recite the audacities of his youth? May there not be deeds done out of uniform worthy of Victoria Crosses? Truly, I have known such. We may not bear about with us an empty sleeve or other outward insignia of our gallantry;*

* I saw a pleasant sight, the other day, since this sheet was written. Hard by the great palace of Westminster, there stood at a corner, in his neat uniform of green, leaning against a post, and ready to be hired, one of that useful body of men called

but we may have had wounds less readily healed—agonies less easily borne—and may have gone through it all with equal constancy and courage.

But I have recalled this juvenile experience only to observe that, after a quarter of a century's adult acquaintance with life, I am even less minded than I was at nineteen to regard men as consistent unities. Consistency is so rare a quality—or, rather, such a rare combination of harmonious qualities—that if statues are not erected in the market-place to consistent men, surely, they ought to be, as to the rarities and marvels of the earth. We think that we know our neighbours—our acquaintances—our friends; but the chances are that we know them only in one particular aspect, and that, perhaps, the aspect which is least essentially true to the inner nature of the man. We are wont to say that So-and-So is not a likely man to do such-and-such a thing. Broadly, it may be said, that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that men, whose leanings are evidently towards virtue, who talk and write virtuously, can do things the reverse of virtuous; and, when we find that they do such things, we are wont to cry out that they are hypocrites. The fact is, that they are not hypocrites. They may love what is good without doing it. Was David a hypocrite? Was Paul a hypocrite? "The evil I would not, that I do." How common a case it is. I knew a man who stood in the felon's dock, who wore the felon's dress, who did the felon's servitude. I knew him when all men respected him. It was not only that he talked good things; he did them; he took pleasure in doing them. He had a hearty relish for good—I am sure that he had none for evil. But he fell—to the astonishment of the world he fell; and when he lay there, utterly crushed, by reason of the tremendous height from which he had fallen, people with one accord said that he was a hypocrite. I remember well the dark faces that were turned upon me—faces not all masculine, the owners of which were rightly honoured by the world—when I ventured to say that I could not believe, having known him in his brighter days, that that poor, crushed sinner had artistically assumed a robe of sanctity for the concealment of his systematic iniquities. I cannot bring myself to believe it even now, after the lapse of years, when his image has faded somewhat from my sight, and his voice has grown dim in my ears. What I do believe is that there is a vast deal more

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commissionaires, who do our errands so much more quickly and more cheaply than the old race of ticket porters—an old soldier with three medals on his breast. As I neared him, on my way to my daily work, I saw another old soldier approach him—an older soldier, and of a higher rank, with bronzed cheek, and white moustache, and erect carriage, and a noble presence; one whom there was no mistaking, though dressed in the common garb of an English gentleman. When he saw the medals on the commissionaire's breast, his face brightened up, and he stopped before the man in green, and with a pleasant word or two, took up the medals, one after another, in his one hand, and then I saw that he had an empty sleeve. And when I looked at the commissionaire, I saw that he also had an empty sleeve. And I wished that I had been an artist, to paint that touching scene.

of inconsistency than hypocrisy in the world. Hypocrisy is a laborious trade. The emoluments must be great if they are proportionate to the pains of following it. But every man is not a hypocrite who does not act up to his professions. *Video meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.*

The Christian confession previously cited is but an unconscious rendering of the heathen. It is worse than folly to assert that a man is not to commend what is good because he is not able to practise it. Am I not to admire and to extol learning because I am unlearned myself? For my own part, I hold that the less harm we do to others, the better; and that "if from the weakness of our natures we cannot always stand upright," it is far better not to sin, as some do, glorying in their sins, confounding good and evil, and leading weak people astray by pernicious example. It has been said, and brilliant is the saying, that "hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue;" but, like other sharp epigrams of the same kind, this must be taken with some qualification. The homage which vice pays to virtue, by cloaking itself, is not always hypocrisy. Genuine hypocrisy is, primarily, homage to self. The hypocrite conceals his vices because he thinks that the revelation of them will be injurious to him. His homage consists only in the practical acknowledgment that vice is less seemly in men's eyes than virtue. But we more frequently pay our homage to virtue, because we really love virtue, and would not willingly infect others with the disease which we have not the constitutional power to throw off from ourselves.

Another error very frequently committed is this. We learn that a man has done some wrong thing, and straightway we judge him to be altogether wrong. We are loth to give him credit for the possession of any good qualities. It is very true in one sense, that "morality admits of no sets-off." If a man runs off to America with his neighbour's wife, it is no excuse for his conduct that he paid his tradesmen before he went. But it would be very unjust to assume that because he has eloped with a paramour he has cheated his creditors and violated every moral and social engagement at the same time. A man may break one of the commandments without shivering both tables of the decalogue at a blow. The fact is, that many men who do very wrong things, have a great deal of good in them. Indeed, the very wrong that they do is often only a riotous development of some good quality; something that, although fair, and smooth, and glossy, and beautiful to behold upon one side, is all rough, and tangled, and confused, and unseemly upon the other. The gusts of circumstance have caught it, and turned it the wrong side uppermost. But it *has* a right side, all the same.

If it cannot be said that the father of evil had no originality of conception, and that all he could do was to turn our good qualities to his own profit, I am disposed to think that this notion borders very closely upon the truth. Vices pure and simple—vices wholly vicious in their origin and in their progress—there are, when we come to think of it, very few. Let it be accounted what paradox, what absurdity it may, when

any foul crime has been committed, to declare that there was a root of Virtue somewhere beneath that great spreading tree of Vice, it is not, when we dig deep beneath the surface, so preposterous as it seems. Perhaps, there is no deadlier sin than revenge; but has not the first of English moralists most happily called it "wild justice?" Is there not at the bottom of it a virtuous hatred of the wrong done—a holy yearning after that divine attribute of justice? We would fain leave the matter in the hands of God; but divine judgments are for the most part slow, and, lacking faith and patience, we would forestall the sentence of the one perfect Judge, and so our Justice breaks its bonds, runs wild, and in its wildness becomes Revenge. Very unseemly it may be to behold, very grievous to contemplate; but it is, after all, only the wrong side of the stuff.

Ah! if we could only draw the line that separates good from evil—if we could only obey, in our hearts and in our lives, the mandate, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—what a blessed thing it would be! But we go on, little by little, up to the very verge of right, and silently we transgress the boundary, not intending to suffer ourselves on that other side, and not knowing that we are there. If, when we are about to pass the picquets into the enemy's country, some sentry-angel would only warn us of our danger, we might be saved in time; but we pass on in the darkness right up to the advanced guard of the enemy, and are not conscious of our error till we find ourselves in the archfiend's camp, and all his batteries playing upon us.

You have heard it said a thousand times, "God preserve me from my friends, and I will look after my enemies myself." Apply this to your own humanity, and pray to be preserved from your good qualities in the knowledge that you can look after your bad ones yourself. You are liberal; beware of your liberality. You are loving; beware, above all things, of that "rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind," which leads us into so many snares and pitfalls. You have a strong sense of justice; pray to be enabled to set a restraint upon it, lest you should become hard, intolerant, revengeful. You are firm, resolute, constant; seek better support than your own, or you may degenerate into obstinacy, obduracy, dogged resistance of conviction, and impenetrable pride. I need not run through the catalogue. Every one knows the old couplet—

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen."

It is by that which is not hideous—by that which is not seen—that we are beguiled; by the fair Delilah upon whose lap we lay our trusting heads, unconscious of the depths of treachery which lurk beneath that smooth face and that pleasant smile. It is thus that our temptations assail us; thus that we are lured on to the death. We hear much in the pulpit and read in excellent books about our "besetting sins;" but it is of our besetting, ensnaring virtues, or goodnesses, that we have to beware, both for ourselves and for others. Do we think enough of this? Does

it enter into our heads or our hearts as a matter whereof we should take sovereign account in the education of our little ones? Who has not heard that pretty story of the child who, when asked how it was that every one loved her, made answer that she did not know, unless it was because she loved every one. Who would not have been the father of that little girl? Who would not have been prouder of such a jewel than of the *Koh-i-noor?* Would you or I have saddened over that sweet speech, or dared to soil the pure reflection which it cast by any prophecies of coming evil? And yet, truly, in that dear child's loving nature—and because so loving, therefore so loveable—there is much to deplore, much to dread. Thinking seriously of it, we know that of all temperaments it is the most dangerous—the one most likely to bring its possessor to much sorrow and much sin. And, truly, it is right, if we can do it, to check this propensity to love overmuch. But how can we do it? Lecture as we may, the head will not understand, and the heart will repudiate our doctrine. Such a tender plant as this requires very careful handling. Can we snatch the baby-doll from the young arms, and thrust its fair waxen face between the bars of the fire; or send, in her tearful presence, the sportive kitten to the inevitable pond? And if we could, what then? That treatment does not answer in childhood any more than in later life. We try it sometimes with our grown-up boys and girls, and only make a mess of it. No, if we would moderate such a tendency as this, we must above all things avoid violence. At best, there is not much to be done; but we may be watchful and considerate, and above all, we may take care to provide healthy objects of affection, and never to force the inclinations of a loving nature from any worldly motives—any mistaken estimate of what we are wont to call "eventual good." Out of such efforts as this come the sad domestic histories, which make the records, now so tersely tragic, of the Divorce Court; a few lines—just a few lines—the stories of half a dozen lives in half a newspaper column.

What is more beautiful than the right side of this stuff, what is more hideous than the wrong? It is all of the same woof, look at it as you may; but, oh! the difference. There is the "new commandment" given to you, broidered on the one side in fair characters; and one of the seven deadly sins glaring out upon you in ghastly letters from the other. Poor lost child, sinful and the cause of sin in others, cast away, unrepentant, smiling at night beneath the gas, what a very wrong side it is! But it was fair and seemly to behold before you turned that side uppermost. A trusting, loving nature; guileless, unsuspicious; feeling no wrong and dreaming of none in others; a strong tendency to hero-worship, veneration largely developed; capable of any self-sacrifice so it but please the one-beloved object. How grand in Iphigenia, how noble in Antigone! But in poor Perdita, the sacrifice is not for a father or a brother, and it is only a living death.

Let no one say that this is "dangerous doctrine." In truth, there is no doctrine in it. It is merely plain matter-of-fact. The doctrine, as I

have already said, is that we should pray to be protected, not against our besetting sins, but against our besetting virtues. And, indeed, do we not so pray? There is no temptation in sin; it is anything but tempting. We are tempted by what is beautiful and alluring. There is a narrow line, very finely drawn, almost imperceptible, which, if you do not cross, you are safe. But the Tempter is continually enticing you to cross that line; and you find yourself in his grip before you know that he is at your elbow. It is natural that when we write of love, we should draw our illustrations from woman, but there are men, too, "peccante in this kinde"—men of gentle, kindly natures, loving hearts, caressing manners—with something in their faces, when they talk to women, "like a still embrace;" * men who could not wilfully do an unkind thing, and who forgive an injury as soon as it is inflicted upon them. But what a deal of mischief these amiable sinners do in this world of ours. They do not mean it. They would stand aghast at the thought of the iniquities into which they are likely to drift, if they were to see them foreshadowed in the magic mirror of the Future. But they see nothing and on they go, giving free vent to the impulses of their loving natures, until all at once they wake to the knowledge that God's gift of love has blackened into a curse. The world may know it, or the world may not know it. Most likely it is profoundly ignorant; it may be very inquisitive and very censorious: but how often it is grievously at fault. How often even Mrs. Grundy sees only the amiable husband, and the kind father, and the benevolent gentleman, where, if the curtain were raised, if the hidden life were revealed, if the wrong side of the stuff, with its frayed ends, were made clear to the vision, there would be such a cry of respectable indignation, such a shudder of virtuous horror, as would strike even the seared conscience of the sinner with dismay. Men who slide into wrong-doing, conscious that they mean no wrong, soon reconcile themselves to it, and might, without hypocrisy, express surprise when their offences come to be described by their proper names. All this can be readily understood. And the better we understand it, the more impressed we are with the marvellous truth of the aphorism that "Hell is paved with good intentions." Nothing has been written more frequently than that men are worse than they seem—that, if we could only read men's thoughts . . . And, if we could, though many a "good man" would be shown to be worse than he appears, many a "bad man" might be revealed to us as something better. On the whole, perhaps, our thoughts are better than our lives. Fatal errors—even deadly sins—are committed, which have a source of goodness, if we only trace those polluted waters back to their pure fount. There is many a tangled wilderness—many

* There was something in his accents, there was something in his face,
When he spoke that one word to her, which was like a still embrace;
And she felt herself drawn to him—drawn to him, she knew not how,
With a love she could not stifle, and she kissed him on the brow.

a dark forest, "whose very trees take root in love;" many a cruel act that branches from the stem of a kind heart.*

And then as to the omissions—the good things which we would fain do, but do not—which we act in thought, but only in thought, yet still with a grave sincerity of purpose—how manifold they are! Under the single apologetic heading of "want of time," we might most of us tick off omissions of this kind, which, had the will ripened into action, would have set up a dozen men with a capital of good deeds sufficient to qualify them for the calendar of saints. Almost every active-minded man sketches out for himself, in the course of his life, intellectual exploits, which it would take at least five centuries to perform. And we believe that there are a vast number of men whose unaccomplished works of charity and love could not be crowded into any smaller space of time. For want of time, we are continually failing in all the offices of friendship; neglecting those who have strong claims upon us; leaving visits unpaid, letters unwritten, hospitalities unrendered, all sorts of neighbourly duties unperformed. How many kind letters does the mind write for us, when pen and ink are lacking, in the crowded streets, in the railway carriage, or abroad in the fields!—how many messages of love does the spirit waft to distant friends!—how many far-off houses do we visit, carrying with us some token of affection!—how many welcome guests do we gather around our own boards—in everything but the solid substantiality of fact. The dramatist who said that he had written all his play *but the acts*, gave expression to that which may be taken literally with reference to the great drama of life. There is friendship, kindliness, charity, hospitality, boundless sympathy—complete in everything "but the acts." Are we, then, all humbugs? Not a bit of it. We are oftener humbugs in doing than in not doing. But we cannot expect the world to take the will for the deed. We must be content that judgment should be passed upon us for that only which is seen and done. When some stroke of good fortune befalls my friend, I must not, being silent, expect him to give me credit for the pleasure which I have not expressed, though it may have filled my eyes with tears and made me thrill with pleasurable emotion. The letter or the visit of congratulation has been paid or written only in the spirit, and, though One who reads all hearts can see the untraced words on the sheet, and hear the sound of the unraised knocker on the door,

* Very many years ago, in the prime of my verdure, happening upon a grave truth by accident, I wrote that "the most unselfish people often do the most selfish things;" and some critics, whose years and experience doubtless exceeded my own twice told, commended the paradox with a warmth that surprised me. But now that I have lived a quarter of a century longer in the world, I see the full force of the words far more clearly than when I wrote them. The cruelties of the kindly are often most grievous. Even in their self-sacrifices at times there is an egotism which gives them pleasure, and practically a total disregard of the sufferings of others. But they are honestly bent on self-negation, and resolute to bear their martyrdom bravely to the last gasp. Do not let us say, then, that they are selfish, and condemn them; rather let us teach them how they may better contribute to others' happiness and to their own.

our best of human friends can hardly be expected to think that our silence at such a time is not cold, unkindly, or ungrateful. In these respects and in others, perhaps, of greater moment, we are most of us better than we seem. But life is short, and the battle thereof is very sharp and absorbing; and we have not always the wax spread upon the wall or the style ready to the hand. And so our brightest thoughts do not find their way into our books, or our best feelings into action. They fall by the wayside, and the birds of the air devour them. What I write now I had in my head last night, as I lay abed in the dark, but with far greater force of words and fertility of illustration. Why, then, it may be asked, did I not spring from my bed, grope my way to a match-box, light a candle, and rush to the library? Why! because I was weary, because I might have broken my shins, because I might have caught cold, and lost the bright thoughts, after all, before I had got the pen in my hand to give them permanent expression. They are lost for ever. It cannot be helped. I do not expect any credit for them. But I say that many of us are cleverer fellows than we are in our books, and, what is more to the point of this essay, better fellows than we are in our actions.

I have said that there is often cruelty to those whom we love best in the sacrifices which we make for their sakes. But it is not in affairs of love only, that this prodigal expenditure of self is often very hurtful to others. As there are loving natures, so, also, there are giving natures. Sometimes we find them both combined. Indeed, a loving nature is commonly a giving nature; but to give is not always to love. I have known some very liberal, open-handed people, who would give away, indeed, the very shirt on their backs, and yet the depths of whose affections are very easily fathomed. And truly this is a dangerous quality; almost as dangerous as the tendency to love overmuch. But there is something beautiful in it too; and we are loath to check it, though we know that it should be checked. Yes, indeed, when that fine little boy on his way to the pastrycook's, with his right hand in the pocket of his knickerbockers, firmly clenching the small coin wherewith he is about to purchase buns for a nursery feast, is arrested at the very threshold of the palace of dainty delights, by the sight of a shivering beggar-woman with three small pinched children, lean-faced and wistful-eyed, on the pavement, and presently returns bunless and moneyless to the paternal roof; can you or I find it in us to utter word of reproach or even warning? We may try—almost we may begin, when we hear the artless story, to say, "Clement," with a grave face, "I think, perhaps . . . ."—but before the first few words are out, the grave look gives way to a flushing smile, and all you can bring out is, "Clem, my darling, you're a dear, kind boy—here's a shilling; go and buy the buns for me, and remember, that the money is mine." And Clem goes, with his hand more tightly clenched in his knickerbockers than ever, and, listening to no allurements on the way, he brings back the buns in

safety, for he feels that neither the money nor the buns are his—until he gets fairly home, and then he becomes undisputed proprietor, and he has his feast, with interest, in the nursery.

Now, I do not say that all this is right—morally, indeed, it is very wrong. "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will return to you after many days." True, and what lessons of faith, hope, and charity—all three—does this teach us? But we must not look for our bread, or our buns, to come back to us in the next half hour. Where is the faith, where is the hope, where is the charity, to be exercised under such a dispensation? It would be far better, therefore, if dear Clem had had his lecture and lost his buns. I speak very seriously. I know how hard it is to look disapprovingly upon a kind act. I know, too, that strictly speaking, we ought to assume that Clem would have been happier without his buns than with them. Little boys used to be so, when I was one—in the story-books at least. But, bless the little knickerbockers, in these degenerate days our boys eat the second bag of buns with all the heartier relish for having given away the first to a beggar. If they are *not* rewarded with a second they go without, and, perhaps, are naughty enough sometimes to think regretfully, almost self-reproachfully, of the sacrifice they have made. But even boy nature is weak; and why should we expect these little ones to be stronger than grown men?

But here I am, according to my wont—drifting, drifting farther and farther away from the morality which I ought to teach. That dear little Clem ought really to be cautioned against the snares of liberality. He ought to be told that liberality is not always generosity. He should be cautioned lest, although it is now quite enough to tell him that the money in his pocket is not his, he should some day be liberal with that which is not his own. The man has not always so keen a sense of the sacredness of other people's belongings as the boy. At all events, we should watch well the good and kindly tendencies of our children. It is a common saying with respect to the boys, that their bad qualities will be "knocked out of them at school." If they be proud, their pride will be laughed out of them; if they be quarrelsome, their contentiousness will be thrashed out of them; if they be mean, their meanness will be scorned out of them. But all their attractive qualities are sure to be encouraged and developed, and, if in time they are not exaggerated, first into weaknesses, and then into vices, happy indeed is the youth, or wiser and stronger than his comrades. It is, therefore, I say again, the parental duty to warn a child against its kindlier and more attractive qualities, and, if possible, to moderate and control them. If we do not, we may be sure that some day or other we shall see the wrong side of the stuff.

In no respect, perhaps, is it of more sovereign importance to the moral wellbeing of a man, and to the general welfare of society, that the line, which separates good from evil should be jealously observed, than in the manifestations of generosity run riot. Doubtless, it is a good thing to

give, and to give freely. The Lord "loveth a cheerful giver." But if we do not take heed, our delight in giving may lead us not only to give what we have, but what we have not, and to be generous at other persons' expense. That miserable George Barnwell, who when I was young was preached at the rising generation on Easter Mondays, Boxing-nights, and other solemn occasions, from the great dramatic pulpits of the metropolis, went through prodigality of giving straight on to murder. This, doubtless, is an exceptional manifestation. We do not often, literally and corporeally, slay our benefactors, in order that we may bestow rich gifts upon some frail friend, but figuratively, metaphorically, we are afraid, we often sin in this fashion, and are generous before we are just and honest. Many grievous shipwrecks have come out of this: and the fairest promises have led straight up to the felon's dock. Do you think that the poor, blasted wretch whom you see quailing and cowering there had any natural tendency towards dishonesty? Had that miserable George of whom I have spoken any taste for blood—any craving after the excitement of highway robbery? He did it, not that he loved his uncle less, but that he loved another more, and he would rather have given her trinkets sprinkled with blood than not have given her any trinkets at all.

This is altogether, as I have said, an extreme case. George took what he knew he could never restore. He could not restore life; and he could not restore money to the dead. But a large number of those who are brought to ruin by their heedless liberality, have no thought of being dishonest or even unjust. If, directly or indirectly, they take what is not their own, they believe in their hearts that they can make restitution before any one will miss it. Strictly, it is unjust—perhaps, dishonest—to give or to lend sixpence, unless you have the means, without that sixpence, of satisfying every rightful claim upon you. Say that the poor old lady, who nursed you in your tender childhood, is down in the rheumatics; or that little Barbara, your handmaiden, who kept long and patient vigils beside the bed of your sick wife or your dying boy, has been crying her poor eyes out, because she has bad news from home, of rent that cannot be paid, and little brothers and sisters who cannot be fed; or that unhappy Bibulus Boanerges, the man of letters, who has done you, as you know, many a bad turn in his day, now come to drunken grief, seeks a good one at your hands—what right have you—as an honest man, to give to one or the other, if you cannot pay your tradesmen's bills on demand to the last farthing? None. I know it; I feel it. To give, when you owe, is to give what is not your own. This is a great moral truth to be impressed upon little Knickerbocker; and, if you catch him giving a penny to a beggar when he owes sixpence at the lolly-pop shop—for in these days, even little Knickerbockers are prone to contract debts—doubtless it *is* the parental duty to admonish him severely on the spot.

But—stern moralist as I am, after this I cushion myself on a *but*—but, if the wrong side of that fine, rich stuff of generosity be injustice and

dishonesty, justice and honesty also have their wrong sides. Just and honest men, whom I wot of, often suffer their virtues to exuberate, so as to overgrow some of the milder graces, which I, for one, cannot help esteeming. It may be our duty to narrow our obligations to the utmost, or, rather, to the innermost; to recognize only the primary duties; to see no neighbourhood beyond our own fireside or the walls of our own counting-house; to provide plentifully for our own offspring; to owe no man anything; and neither to borrow nor to lend. This may be right; at all events, it is safe. I confess that I have not so read the precepts of Christianity—but, then, my understanding may be a false interpreter of the truth. "What claim has he upon me, that I should do this thing for him? By doing it, I may injure those who *have* claims upon me." What claim? Well, I confess that when we come to talk about claims, there is very little to be said. What claims have you and I upon the bounty either of Man or God? It would end, at last, I fear, if they came to be tried, in our throwing ourselves upon the mercy of the Court. It is, doubtless, a very grievous thing when men, under the inspiration of a vague feeling of universal brotherhood, forget that they are husbands and fathers. Books, we know, have been written to prove that our kindred have no claim upon us as kindred, but simply as members of the great family of mankind. Such doctrine is to be repudiated utterly. Home first, and the world afterwards. But there are those whose maxim it is, "Home first, and after that the Deluge." And the home of such men often contains a family of which the solitary member is Self. The honesty of such men is not to be questioned. If they were to die to-morrow, all their worldly affairs would be found in the nicest order—no man would be defrauded of his rights. But, Honestus, you must beware of your besetting virtue. It is possible that somewhat more may be required of you than this strictness of dealing. The unprofitable servant who wrapped up his talent in a napkin was, doubtless, a very honest man—safe to the extremest point of safety. But he did not satisfy his master. Honesty is a grand thing—"An honest man's the noblest work of God"—Ay, truly. But may it not be, that there are regions in which honesty is measured by a standard differing somewhat from our own—regions in which account is taken of other debts than those for food and clothing, doctors' stuff and servants' wages? Have you paid those debts, O Honestus? Being human, it cannot be expected of you that you have paid them in full—but have you paid even a reasonable instalment of your obligations; or have you remembered the first half only of that most beautiful and most solemn precept, "Owe no man anything, *but to love one another?*"

Yes, justice and honesty may run riot—the strong even as the weak; but should we not be tolerant also of their excesses? You do not like that cold, stern, reserved, case-hardened man. Geniality is more pleasant; generosity is more alluring. But who knows, after all, that there may not be some soft spots beneath that coat of mail? Who knows, indeed,

that the armour has not been indued by very reason of those soft spots? Men, ere now, warned in time of their besetting infirmities, have steeled themselves against them; have curbed their errant propensities, rudely and painfully, and in their outward aspects belied their inward natures, bringing themselves to it only by habitual resistance, and that, too, of the most determined, uncompromising kind. It is the tenderest-hearted wayfarer, peradventure, who buttons his coat most securely over his waistcoat pocket and passes on most rapidly, when the voice of distress reaches him from the shadow of the house, and he feels, rather than sees, a ragged figure pursuing him along the pavement in quest of alms. He hurries on, not to escape the mendicant so much as to escape from his own propensity to give, and by giving to relieve his feelings, at the expense of his principles, and to solace himself to the injury of others. And it may be the most jovial of boon companions who refuses the proffered glass, who seems to have no good-fellowship in him. Who knows that he may not be only too good a fellow—that it may not be the constant study of his life to hold in due restraint and governance the companionable qualities, which, without such a strong hand upon them, might drag him down to destruction.

Besides, even as regards more practical manifestations, we may often be very greatly mistaken. We may know the act of generosity that was not done; but we may not know the act of greater generosity that was done—the greater sacrifice that forbade the lesser. I had a lesson of this kind taught me at school, the impression of which thirty years of active life have in no wise weakened. Our senior usher—it was a large private school—was a liberal, open-handed fellow; he dressed well, subscribed handsomely to the cricket club, and had the reputation—it was a glory, not a reproach amongst us—of being "in debt in the town." But the second usher was an intolerable screw. He carried the fact upon his back; it spoke out from all his actions. His conduct was as shabby as his coat. Of course our notion was that he was by nature a skinflint, and that he had hoards of gold "at the bottom of his box." He was a man otherwise of a kindly nature and a harmless way of life, so we despised rather than hated the wretch. But it came out afterwards that he had an aged mother and two sisters, relying solely for their maintenance on his scanty earnings; and the saddest thing of all was—I know nothing sadder in history—that contemplating, at the end of one half year, a pleasant surprise for these poor people, he walked home, a hundred miles under a June sun, and appeared unexpectedly among them one sultry evening, only to find that all three were helplessly drunk. Next half we had a new usher, and for a little space there was a belief amongst us that the poor fellow had saved money enough to start a school of his own; but little by little the truth, as I have told it, oozed out, with this pathetic addition, that he had gone hopelessly mad. We were very much grieved then at the rash judgments that we had passed, and we penitentially recanted by getting up a subscription, the largest ever known

in the school, which kept the poor crazy wretch—he was quite harmless—under comfortable restraint, until he died. When the Doctor's eldest son married, and we subscribed for a silver tea equipage to present to the young couple; and when that prodigal senior usher, at a later period, retiring upon his debts, and starting, upon that modest capital, a school and a wife of his own, we endowed him with a preposterous plated epergne fit for the dinner-table of a duke—we had availed ourselves of the opportunity to seek special aid from the parental purse. But in this instance it was a point of honour and of conscience with us all to make solemn sacrifice of self and to deny our appetites for the benefit of the man we had wronged; and, I am sure, let alone the satisfaction of such an atonement, that the lesson we had all learned was worth the money ten times told. Many of us, I doubt not, were sadder and wiser boys from that time. We had seen only the wrong side of the stuff of that poor second usher's beautiful generosity, and we had not thought for a moment that it had a right side, smooth to the touch, lovely to the eye, gay with many-coloured flowers and bright with tissue of gold, such as might almost form the tapestry of heaven itself. The angels saw, if we did not; and if we could only see things a little more with *their* eyes, how much less injustice would they have to write down against us!

In the case which I have cited above, the error committed, the wrong done, was of the most absolute, unqualified kind; we judged the poor man to be ungenerous and selfish, when his generosity really was of the most self-sacrificing order. We altogether blundered over the fact; but sometimes, although right in our facts, we are grievously astray in our judgments, looking only at the wrong side of the stuff, and refusing to believe that there is a right. We say that a man is obstinate; that he is stern and inflexible. But we know not, perhaps, what a noble constancy—what a high sense of justice may lie beneath those more unattractive qualities. Even truth, smooth and beautiful as it is, turns up sometimes a side harsh to the touch and uncomely to the sight. You and I may not sympathize with the Brutuses of the world: we may not have enough of the noble Roman in us to send our sons to the headsman, or to strike down our dearest friends "at the base of Pompey's statue;" but it would be wrong to close our eyes to the fact that there is nobility in such exploits. In these cases, we may fairly assume that there is self-negation of the highest order. But in others, where there is nothing to justify the question, "Had you rather that Cæsar were living and die all slaves?" there may still be something to admire even in the ugliest manifestations of these sterner qualities. I have often thought whether Shakspeare intended utterly to close the hearts of his audience against that poor baffled Shylock. As for myself, I must acknowledge that I never go away altogether satisfied with the result. I have quoted already the Baconian aphorism that revenge is a kind of wild justice. I believe an ingenious essay has been written to prove that the dramatist was aided by his great contemporary in the composition of

his plays; and we might, at all events, pleasantly conjecture that these memorable words had been given by the philosopher to the poet as a subject for a drama. That Shylock had a strong sense of justice is not to be doubted. He took a strictly logical view of the matter; and was only beaten at last by a wretched quibble. I have known men who have stood out for their ounce of flesh just as tenaciously as this persecuted Israelite, and with much less excuse. I have known as stern a resolution to exact what is "nominated in the bond" beneath a waistcoat of Christian broadcloth as beneath the Jewish gabardine. Not because such men desire to injure their neighbours, but because they have an immoveable conviction of what is due to themselves. What they contend for chiefly is a full acknowledgment of their rights; and, the acknowledgment once unreservedly made, they will sometimes yield the thing itself, and be generous, when justice is satisfied. I have thought sometimes whether Shylock would have taken the pound of flesh at last, if the judge had placed the knife in his hand. He might have been satisfied with his victory, and have heaped coals of fire on the Christian's head by showing that the dog he had spat upon could forgive. At all events, if I were a Hebrew, I would "adapt" the *Merchant of Venice* after that fashion. And even as a Christian I cannot help thinking that the smug Venetians, being clearly guilty of intolerance and persecution, escaped a little too easily. It may be observed that Shakspeare, even in the delineation of his worst characters, generally contrives to give us a glimpse of the right side of the stuff. Even that truculent Lady Macbeth is redeemed from utter iniquity by the "one touch of nature" which glimmers out in the exclamation,

> "Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done it."

When I first addressed myself to write upon this subject, after a colloquy with one to whose suggestions I owe more than his modesty will acknowledge, I was minded to treat it in another fashion. I purposed to show the evil that there is in good, or that emanates from good, rather than "the soul of goodness in things evil." But it pleases me better, looking at the wrong side of the stuff to show that it has a right—to turn it with its bright smooth surface uppermost—than to say anything disparaging of it because there are frayed ends and unevennesses beneath. Whether this be the truer philosophy or not, I do not pretend to determine; but I am very certain that it is the pleasanter and the more encouraging. And may we not thus, looking at the matter in this more cheerful aspect, find that from the very mode and manner of our investigation there are special truths to be learnt; that there are some good practical lessons in it which we should do well not to ignore. Morally, it is right that we should judge people according to their opportunities. Legally, of course, we can take account only of results. Now the results of being *dragged up* are, doubtless, very lamentable. They are apparent in frequent appeals to the legal tribunals of the country. Under such

adverse circumstances, good is very difficult to maintain as good. It is speedily developed into evil. But who knows that still this germ of good may not lurk in the secret places of his nature, to be called forth again, in all its freshness and vitality, under wise treatment and fostering care.

If we look well into it, we may find that we have not to contend with some dominant sin, but with the misdirection of some originally good quality—that the wrong side of the stuff has turned up very early in life and obstinately remained uppermost. If we are satisfied of this, we may find the work of reformation comparatively easy. I have often thought that we take too much trouble to find out the dark spots, and, having found them, to cut them out with the knife. If we could only chance upon the bright ones, our treatment would be more simple and more pleasant. There may be, we say, beneath them—who knows?—a pure fount of good, from which may flow rivers of living waters. Let us make a channel for the stream, so that it shall pour itself in the right direction, and go rippling over golden sands and clean smooth pebbles, not slushing through mud and garbage. That young Arab cowering under a dry arch,—there has been nothing but the wrong side of the stuff for him all his life. Can we expect him to be any better than he is? But, peradventure, there is some humanity in him, if we could only find it out. And that seemingly still more hopeless subject—that hoary sinner, blear-eyed and of Vesuvian aspect, reeling out of the gin-shop, with inarticulate blasphemies in his scorched throat—he too may have some good in him; and, if we could only find it out, he would not be wholly lost. Men even in that state have been saved ere now, by an appeal, perchance Heaven-directed, to some feeling of honour and decency still alive, though long dormant, in their bosoms. "You may not believe it, but I was a gentleman once—I was, indeed!"—or words of kindred meaning—said Newman Noggs, and there was pride in the thought which lifted a corner of the tapestry, and revealed for a time the right side of the stuff. There is something to work upon when you have found the soft spot. A sweet sound, a pleasant sight, will do more than the chain or the lash to subdue the maniac to quietude; and a succession of sweet sounds and pleasant sights may bring him back to reason, which we may be sure the whip and the straight-waistcoat never will. And this is mainly because these sweet sights, these pleasant sounds supply, as it were, the long-broken link between the present and the past, and bring back lost remembrances of peace and happiness in the antecedent state. And by the same power of association, men, whose moral sense is overcast, may be brought back to commune with themselves as they once were—may see glimmerings of bygone beatitudes, and be purified and humanized by the glimpses they have caught of a holier state of existence once theirs. If we can only succeed in turning up a corner, a very little corner of the right side of the stuff, there is good hope that we may soon see it lifted by the mild breath of favourable circumstance, rolling over, fold after fold, until we can no longer see anything of the wrong.

A State Dinner.

THE solemn, pompous, and profuse banquet is a social institution of great importance. It may be likened to the old legitimate drama, which must be in five acts, or it is not legitimate. The state dinner is in five acts, and the plot is developed somewhat in this fashion: —Act 1 (after an overture of oysters, let us say). — There is not much incident, and what there is, is confined generally to the appearance, and rather rapid disappearance, of two characters—of soup. So far there is little dialogue, but as the performance proceeds it becomes decidedly more lively. Act 2, which is played altogether by fish, is greatly relished by many people, but is generally flat. It is in Act 3 the real interest begins—a great variety of incidents, some evidently from a French source, making their *entrée*, so to speak, almost at the same time, or following one another very rapidly; and there is much curiosity and expectation as to what is coming next, some people being much perplexed as to what they should concentrate their attention upon. In Act 4 most people are able to guess what is going to happen, and the leading incidents are almost invariably of the same kind, and of a solid and heavy character, but popular nevertheless; and it is not unusual for an enthusiastic individual to encore anything he likes very much. Act 5.—The interest continues and is worked up to an almost painful degree to those whose attention has been fixed on the events from the commencement, and who may find a difficulty in keeping up with the incidents which some critics consider too numerous. There is a sparkling accompaniment the whole time—of champagne, and the curtain descends at last; in other words, the cloth is removed amid a general feeling of satisfaction—that it is over. The effect, the next morning, is sometimes less satisfactory than at the time.

It seems ungracious to complain of the extent of people's hospitality, yet the object of this chapter is to have a grumble at the enormous quantity and variety of food placed before mankind when it dines out.

Why should a weak mortal be tempted to eat more than is good for him, by having an absurd array of dishes offered to him in succession, of every one of which, perhaps, he is particularly fond? Why should he be led into partaking of half-a-dozen different liquors of the most antagonistic qualities, the imbibing of which is certain to disagree with him?

To have the means of setting before one's guests all the delicacies out of season—the youthful strawberry, or the premature pea—a week before those pleasing productions of nature are within the reach of ordinary people, is a privilege which must have charms for any well-regulated hostess's mind; but I would humbly submit that, if there was only half as much at dinner, one might be invited twice as often.

Then, if a dinner is ostentatious and grand, the guests are likely to be pompous too, and to be invited, not because they are friends, or for agreeable social qualities, but because of their rank, or fortune, or "position."

Then there can be no doubt that under these conditions gentlemen wear their neckkerchiefs stiffer and tighter than usual, supporting their chins up in the air more securely thereby, and causing in the countenance generally a constrained and painful expression of importance, and their waistcoats having an expansive and inflated appearance not to be seen in ordinary life. Breakfast has been called the pleasantest meal, because no one is conceited before one o'clock, and certainly many men's natures are changed for the worse when they change their dress.

Then all those footmen—a perfect mob of them—strolling about the room with an air of easy languor; sometimes, when inclined, handing a plate, or, perhaps, when the idea occurs, removing one, without reference to whether you are done or not, or, in the intervals of being absorbed in listening to the conversation, they may think of filling you out a glass of wine, or, perhaps, so far bring their minds to bear on what they are about as to hand you the bread.

And oh! what a depressing thing it is when you endeavour to converse with your next neighbour, and find, after starting the most various subjects, making the most abrupt transitions from one to another, in the vain hope of hitting upon her or his favourite topic, that it is impossible to elicit anything but "yes," except "no."

There is nothing for it at last but to throw your whole mind into your dinner, and to seek that consolation in eating which is denied in your neighbour's conversation.

If I were a despot of unlimited powers, I would stop all such dinners. I would say, "Let those for which the invitations are out, or the preparations made, take place, but after that let there be no more."

Food—What it Does.

It is hard to know whether more to admire the variety of the forms under which food is supplied to the animal creation, or the simplicity of the fundamental plan. The number of nutritious substances baffles calculation, and embraces the utmost diversity of kinds, adapted to every variety of climate, circumstance, or habit. While the living organism, on the one hand, can build up a solid frame from liquid materials, on the other, it can pour iron through its veins, and reduce the hardest textures into blood. There is a squirrel in Africa that feeds on elephants' tusks; and the mark of its teeth is a welcome sight to the ivory-collector. The cunning creature selects—for there is scope for epicurism even in this hard fare—the tusks which are richest in animal matter, and which are therefore the most valuable. But under whatever diversity of form it may be presented, food is in its essential nature always the same. To give us active bodies, it must be an active substance; that is, it must consist of elements which tend to change through the operation of their chemical affinities. To furnish food for animal life is in one aspect a simple problem, though wrought out in infinite complexity. It is to provide matter in unstable equilibrium, as it is said, or constantly tending to assume new forms, like waves raised in water by the wind. Yet it must not be utterly incapable of retaining its existing form, but should be delicately balanced, as it were, so that it will admit of being transferred and moulded in various ways unaltered, and yet will undergo change immediately, when certain conditions are fulfilled. Given a substance thus composed, and there is food. For we must not limit our ideas here to that which happens to be food for us, or for the creatures likest to ourselves. Food is found by some creature or other in substances the most widely diverse. There is hardly a poison known that does not afford sustenance to some form of life. Corrosive minerals, in solution, afford nutriment to peculiar kinds of mould, or cell-plants. Even the gastric juice—the "universal solvent"—will sustain, without losing its properties, its special fungus. The fable of Mithridates, who accustomed himself to eat all deadly things with impunity, is more than realized in nature. Life, in its widest sense, almost refuses to recognize a poison. What is death to one organism supports another. Thus many diseases—an ever-increasing number of them indeed—are found to consist in the development of parasites; a new and hostile life invading the old, and flourishing in its destruction. And some of the most virulent vegetable poisons differ but slightly in composition from perfectly wholesome substances.

Our own food consists simply in that small portion of the substance

and the force of nature, which is brought into forms correspondent to our particular life. The plants which prepare it for us add nothing of their own, but simply bring into a special arrangement the elements which exist around them, and the force which comes to them from the sun. So far as their life lies parallel to our own they procure us food; so far as their life diverges from ours they are unavailable for our nourishment, or even fatal to our being. One special form of the action that is everywhere, is the life of our bodily frame, and the materials for it are furnished wheresoever, in plant or animal, that action exists in a kindred form. The substances thus akin to our own substance, or subservient to our own life, we have seen to fall into two or three great classes, though found in endless forms, and conveyed to us through almost innumerable channels. They are mainly the albuminous or flesh-like, the fatty, and those consisting of sugar or starch. Wherever we find these, we find food.

But in the work of maintaining life, only the first step is taken when the materials are supplied. They need also to be put into us, and this not in the common meaning of the term, according to which a dinner is reckoned to be within us when we have eaten it, but in quite another way, and one which involves a problem of no small difficulty. In strictness, that which is placed in the stomach is not within the body. That internal cavity is as truly outside of *us*, as the cavity contained within the folded hand. The entire alimentary tube is well known to be a prolongation of the skin, which, indeed, changes its character somewhat at the lips, but retains the same essential structure throughout all parts of the digestive system. That structure consists of a layer of membrane, covered with cells which are frequently renewed, and of which each successive generation is in its turn cast off. Both the skin and the lining of the digestive cavities are also studded with minute tubes, which are in like manner lined by cells, and in which the chief process of secretion is carried on. This is, indeed, the character of all the surfaces of the body, whether internal or external; they consist of one or more layers of membrane covered with cells.

There being this connection and resemblance between the skin and the lining membrane of the stomach, it does not surprise us to find that at first, and in its simplest forms, digestion is performed by the skin. The lowest animal known, the Amæba, takes its food through its external surface (Fig. 1), having, indeed, no internal one. It applies itself round the morsel and extemporizes its digestive organs for the occasion, putting out a process of its body, which is at once hand and stomach, whenever it is wanted. The common Hydra again, as is well known, feeds just the same when turned inside out; either part is skin, and either, stomach. Now man has no such faculty as this, but it remains true in his case also that the digestive membrane is but an inward skin, and, to a certain extent, similar offices are per-

Fig. 1.

Amæba digesting.

formed by both. The skin, for example, absorbs certain substances applied to it in a liquid state, and it casts off excreted matters. These are two of the functions of the internal or digestive skin; but the latter has also assigned to it the task of dissolving the substances which are consumed, so that they may pass readily into the blood. It is adapted, therefore, to this end, by being more thickly studded with secreting glands. But the materials which are provided in our food, for the most part, cannot be made use of by the system, if they are directly mingled with the blood. It is true the very substances of which the blood consists are presented to us in various articles of diet; but if these be taken in a liquid form, and injected into the veins, they are cast off at once, by the secretions, unemployed. This is the case with the albumen of the egg for instance, which is yet, so far as the chemist can ascertain, almost identical with the albumen of blood. Another task is, therefore, laid upon the digestive organs, besides that of reducing the food to a liquid state, in which it can permeate the textures and find entrance into the vessels. They must impart to it qualities which fit it to join with, and become part of, the vital fluid. This is *assimilation*, or at least the first stage of it. There is a second assimilation whereby each organ and structure of the body is separately nourished from the common blood.

What a problem this is practically to solve: to take the outlying nature and build it up into the human frame, making it fill the place of the materials that are used in its life, and supply the force that is expended in its action. It is no wonder that an elaborate series of organs are provided, and that many distinct processes must co-operate, to achieve the work. And there is surely some value in a result attained at such a cost. That a man may be nourished, as the condition of his conscious life, what a multiplicity of agencies are set to work, what a lavish application of resources is made! We may well regard with a certain reverence ourselves what Nature, and the Author of Nature, have thought worthy of so much care, and have purchased at so large an expenditure of means.

The term "assimilation," as expressing the result of the digestive process, is full of significance. It implies a likeness in kind between that which is assimilated and that to which the assimilation is made; a preparedness and adaptation in the one to become the other. As George Herbert says—

> "Herbs gladly heal our flesh, because that they
> Find their acquaintance there;"

so the food gladly becomes the body, finding there its own kindred. The organism which draws in nature for its support, lies parallel to the nature which supports it. But, further, assimilation implies also a gradual change, a progress from one state towards another, marked by successive stages; and this we find to be eminently characteristic of the digestive process. It is a regular series of successive operations. The food is raised into union with the new organism by definite steps, each of which has its own instruments, but all subordinate to the final and essential end—the

adding new life to the man, the perfect union of food and blood. Digestion in this is like the act of vision. The one essential for sight is the impression of a ray of light upon a nerve. In the simplest animals this is effected immediately, and without any special apparatus beyond a portion of the nervous system placed at the surface; but as we rise in the animal scale, there is interposed between the light and the nerve an optical apparatus, to modify the rays, and prepare them to fall with perfect adaptation on the more delicate and more complex nervous expanse. The mollusc sees with a mere nerve; the man requires an eye. So he requires also his digestive "eye," to refract, combine, and bring to a focus in his blood his many-coloured food.

For this purpose we carry about with us an entire laboratory: the whole armoury of the chemist is laid under contribution to furnish forth our digestive apparatus. Knives to divide, and mortars to triturate, are provided in our incisor and molar teeth; solvents and delicate re-agents in the secretions which the sight or taste of food calls forth; *baths* of exactly graduated temperature in the various cavities; and filters which strain and separate the elements in the absorbent glands. Digestion is an "organic chemistry," and these are its appliances.

And the means are especially adapted to the work in this respect, that as the food consists of various classes of substances, so the digestive agents are of various kinds. We are accustomed to speak of the gastric juice as if it were *the* digestive fluid; but, in truth, it is only one among several, and very probably it is not the most powerful of them. There are some elements of food over which it has no influence, and all its effects may be apparently produced by other secretions; it has been calculated, indeed, that scarcely more than half the necessary food is digested within the stomach.

The various digestive fluids are specially adapted to act upon the different kinds of food of which a perfect diet consists. Some act chiefly on the starch, converting it into sugar; and of these the saliva is the type. The gastric juice acts exclusively on the albuminous bodies; and other secretions have for their part to prepare the fatty matters for absorption. The secretions are varied in correspondence with the food.

Further, these various secretions are excited by their appropriate demand. They flow forth on the presence of food, and in quantities proportioned to the amount and need of it; obeying a vital or human order: the emotions which attend the taking of food, the taste, the sight, the thought of it, call them forth. We are conscious of this in the case of the saliva; but the same law extends to the gastric juice, and, doubtless, throughout all the series. Enjoyment promotes, loathing suspends them at every stage: they express and wait on the man, not on mere mechanical or chemical conditions. Although by means of the latter kind, such as irritation by tubes introduced into the stomach, or by forcing animals to swallow pieces of sponge, a certain amount of digestive fluid can be obtained, this is always comparatively scanty in quantity, even if it be normal in its

quality. Thus already, in this least elevated function, is exhibited the law and nature of the body: that it is the servant, not of circumstance, but of the man. It is placed under the dominion of mind. Its destiny is to be not only subservient to, but in every change and action swayed by, the mental and conscious part. It is true, indeed, that, on its side, the physical rules and controls the mental; and in a struggle, when the forces are set against each other, so far as the body is concerned, the former must prevail. Neither thought nor will can stand against starvation, intoxication, or disease; but these are relations that are abnormal. The dominion belongs of right to the higher agent, and is habitually exercised by it. Man rules his body as he rules the obedient horse or elephant, whose powers yet are greater than his own, and before whose rage he cannot stand. Thus also he subdues and uses the natural powers, before the might of which he is but as an infant. The healthful attitude of the body is that of perfect obedience to and expression of the mind; its momentary state varies, throughout, with the momentary changes of the soul. As we see the shades of emotion write themselves upon the countenance, they write themselves by delicate variations on every inward organ and hidden function too.

Digestion consists of two parts—the solution and transformation of the food, and its absorption into the system. The former of these commences the moment the food enters the mouth, in the outflow of the saliva to meet it. A chief part of the office of this fluid is thoroughly to moisten the food, and prepare it for being swallowed; and with an evident adaptation to this purpose, it consists of a mixture of three distinct fluids, with different sources and characters. One portion of it is a thin, watery fluid, and this is thoroughly mixed with the food in mastication; another portion is of a more viscid nature, and serves to lubricate the morsel, and facilitate the act of swallowing. These are poured into the mouth at its anterior and posterior portions respectively. The saliva is furnished partly by special glands situated within or near the mouth, and partly by the lining membrane of the cheeks, which is studded all over with minute tubes for this purpose.

Fig. 2.

Part of one of the Salivary Glands, magnified.

The quantity of saliva secreted amounts, in a hearty and well-fed man, to about three pounds (or pints) a day, though it varies greatly with the kind of food; when that is hard or dry, much more than an equal weight of saliva is mingled with it. Thus it has been found by experiments on horses, that with every 100 parts of hay consumed there were mingled 400 of saliva, but for 100 parts of green stalks and leaves only 49 parts of saliva were furnished. Bernard administered to a horse a pound of oats, in order to ascertain the rapidity with which mastication

would naturally be accomplished. It was thoroughly masticated and swallowed at the end of nine minutes. Part of the saliva was then prevented from flowing into the mouth, by dividing the duct of the parotid gland, and another pound of oats was given to the animal; it ate with difficulty, and the swallowed portions were dry and brittle; at the end of twenty-five minutes it had masticated and swallowed only about three-quarters of the quantity which it had previously disposed of in nine minutes. Our own experience also teaches us how tardily mastication goes on when the saliva is wanting. The dry mouth of fever sufficiently forbids solid food.

But the saliva has another office besides this mechanical one of aiding mastication. It is strictly a digestive fluid, and produces a change in the constitution of the food itself. That is to be "educated into blood. It is the new guest to be inaugurated into the duties of the household; the blood is the royal table itself; and the saliva is the commissioned master of the ordinances, who busies himself to instruct the new-comer in the laws of the place, and in the conditions of its hospitality." But the part the saliva plays, as a digestive fluid, is curious. The chief and most essential elements of food are the albuminous substances, and the preparing them for reception into the blood, is in some sense the chief end of the entire process. But this is not the first thing done: the saliva has no action on the albuminous portions of food; nor does it even affect the fat, the substance second in importance. Its operation is confined to one of the subordinate elements; it converts starch into sugar, fitting it thus both for immediate absorption, and for future changes within the body. In short, the saliva brings into a state of readiness the force-producing portion of the food; its office seems to be to make preparation before the main work begins:—surely a type, in this, of the long prevision and fore-working of which the organic world is full. The saliva ensures that, on a mixed diet, a certain supply of force-producing matter should be available from the first commencement of the digestive process.

The conversion of starch into sugar by the saliva commences with great rapidity, if the starch is thoroughly dissolved. A certain amount of sugar thus produced has been detected in the course of half a minute. It is a curious fact, that no single one of the fluids of which the saliva is composed will have this effect. If the product of either of the salivary glands be taken alone, it has no influence on starch; the peculiar power seems to depend upon the admixture of the mucus of the mouth with the saliva proper. But though the transformation of starch by the saliva begins very rapidly, it is carried to only a small extent: the gastric juice interrupts it, probably through its acidity, the saliva being always, during digestion, slightly alkaline. The chief part of the starch taken as food, therefore, when it is consumed in any quantity, passes unchanged through the stomach, and undergoes its final conversion into sugar by means of other fluids, especially that secreted by the pancreas (or sweetbread).

But the use of the saliva is not yet exhausted. Its continued passage

into the stomach has been observed to increase the secretion of the gastric juice, so that it appears indirectly to aid the process of stomach digestion. And the wonderful sympathy which exists between the various portions of the digestive apparatus, is indicated by the fact that the artificial introduction of starch into the stomach, through an opening in its walls (no food having been taken by the mouth), has been found to excite a larger flow of saliva than the introduction in a similar way of flesh, on which the saliva has no action. The saliva, it is well known, contains air, which gives to it its frothy appearance, and it is possible that its favourable influence upon digestion may be partly due to its conveying a small amount of air into the stomach.

The food, then, reduced to a state of fine division by the teeth, and moistened by saliva, is conveyed by the motions of the tongue and cheeks to the back part of the mouth, and there seized by the muscular bands which form the moving "pillars" (as they are termed) of the throat. Once having reached this spot, its future movements are beyond our control. Swallowing is one of the involuntary actions, which we can excite by bringing food or liquid into contact with the muscles concerned in the act, but are then powerless either to prevent or to direct. Conveyed by successive, wavelike contractions of the esophagus, or gullet (which may be well seen in a horse while drinking), the morsels of food pass into the next receptacle, the stomach.

In man this organ is a membranous bag of irregularly oval shape. It is furnished at its upper and lower openings with distinct muscular rings, which open or close the cavity in either direction as required. In fact, the stomach in all essential respects may be regarded as a second mouth. It has its lips which open to admit, and close to retain, the food, which the muscles of the throat, like hands, present to it; like those of the mouth, its walls are muscular, and roll the food from side to side, and from part to part, till it is thoroughly mingled with the secretion that is appointed to dissolve it; it is bounded below by another muscle, like the pillars of the throat, which at the fitting time seizes and carries onwards those portions of the food which are prepared for the succeeding stages of their progress. And to make the parallel complete, the stomach of many animals, though not of man—the crab is a familiar instance—is armed with teeth. Its inner coat, in the natural and healthy state, is of a light or pale pink colour, varying in its hue at different times, being darkest during the process of secretion. It is of a soft or velvet-like appearance, and is covered with a thin transparent mucus.

The special function of the stomach is to dissolve and otherwise change the albuminous portion of the food; and for this purpose it pours forth in a truly amazing quantity a fluid of remarkable character. The secretion of gastric juice in a healthy adult man weighing ten stone has been estimated, by careful observers, taking the amount secreted in a given time and under varying conditions as the basis of their calculation, at as much as thirty-seven pounds in each twenty-four hours. Nor is this

estimate incredible, although that amount considerably exceeds the entire weight of the blood, when we consider that the secreted fluid is speedily re-absorbed, and that the total quantity may express the result of a rapid circulation, the amount present in the stomach at any one time not exceeding a few ounces. Other observers, however, have placed the quantity at less than half this amount; and the question is evidently one not easy absolutely to decide.

Indeed, it may well be asked, how any knowledge at all can be gained on such a point, at least in respect to man; the stomach being an organ hidden from our sight and cut off from our manipulation. However, besides artificial openings made by experimenters into the stomachs of animals, accidental apertures have been formed into or near those of human beings. Of the latter, two cases have been carefully observed—the well-known one of Alexis St. Martin, the Canadian, experimented on and described by Dr. Beaumont of the United States army, and more recently by Dr. E. H. Rogers; and an Esthonian peasant woman, Catherine Kütt by name, who has been under the observation of various physicians in Germany.*

By observations thus made, the gastric juice is found to be "a clear colourless fluid, inodorous, a little saltish, and very perceptibly acid. It possesses the property of coagulating albumen in an eminent degree; is powerfully antiseptic, checking the putrefaction of meat; and effectually restorative of healthy action, when applied to ulcerating surfaces." It holds in solution a small amount of a peculiar animal substance, upon which its power of dissolving and otherwise changing the food depends. In this respect, indeed, all the digestive fluids are alike, and the peculiar powers of each seem to be chiefly dependent on the animal matter they contain in solution. These substances may be separated and dried, like yeast, and will exert their powers on being redissolved, even after a long interval. They seem, indeed, to act in a similar manner to what are termed "ferments," exciting decomposition by being themselves in a state of change.

The substance of this class which is contained in the gastric juice is termed "pepsin:" it may be separated as a greyish mass, or by macerating in water the lining membrane of the stomach of a pig, or of the fourth stomach of a calf, a similar substance may be procured. This, when purified and redissolved in water, with the addition of a few drops of certain acids—the acid of common salt, or that which forms in sour milk—produces an artificial gastric juice, which will dissolve meat, or bread,

* Dr. Beaumont's little volume, *Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice nd the Physiology of Digestion*, was republished in England, with notes, by Dr. nbe, and although all his observations have not been confirmed, and some of his tions are certainly not true, it is exceedingly interesting to all who are desirous of [illegible] subject of which it treats. In the case of Alexis St. Martin the [illegible]en by a gun-shot wound, and remained only partially closed, with

or other articles of food. One part of pepsin dissolved even in 60,000 parts of acidulated water, will have this effect. But it must be kept at a temperature about the same as that of the stomach, or nearly 100° Fahrenheit.

The following is one of Dr. Beaumont's experiments :—After St. Martin had fasted seventeen hours, Dr. Beaumont withdrew from his stomach one ounce of gastric juice, put into it a solid piece of boiled, recently salted beef weighing three drachms, and placed the vessel which contained them in water heated to 100°. In forty minutes digestion had distinctly commenced over the surface of the meat; in fifty minutes, the fluid had become quite opaque and cloudy, and the external texture began to become loose; in two hours, the fibres of the meat were entirely separated; and after the lapse of ten hours the whole was dissolved. A similar piece of beef was at the same time suspended in the stomach by means of a thread: at the expiration of the first hour it was changed in about the same degree as the meat digested artificially; but at the end of the second hour it was completely digested and gone. Thus the same process which

Fig. 3.

Section of the Wall of the Stomach, showing the Glands.

Fig. 4.

Gland which secretes the Gastric Juice.

takes place within the stomach may be imitated in part outside of the body; and that the results are similar to a certain extent is proved by the fact, that albumen which has been thus acted upon is retained when injected into the veins, and is not cast off by the secretions, as it is when injected in its unaltered state.

The gastric juice is secreted from the membrane lining the stomach by minute glands, which are thickly studded over its lower part. These glands consist of tubes, extending through the thickness of the membrane, and lined with cells. They are more developed in some other animals than in man; the woodcut Fig. 4 represents them in the pig, greatly magnified. They branch at their

lower portion, and contain round cells of a larger kind; and in these it is that the gastric juice appears to be formed.

There is another form of gland contained within the stomach, consisting of branched or simple tubes very similar to the former, except that they are shorter, and do not contain the peculiar larger form of cell. These are situated more at the upper portion of the organ, and secrete not gastric juice, but a simple mucous fluid, which serves to moisten and protect the membrane, and is always present. The gastric juice, on the other hand, is poured out, naturally, only on the introduction of food; the membrane then becomes red and turgid, raised points make their appearance, and the secretion soon begins to collect in small limpid drops upon its surface. The internal aspect of the stomach presents a network of minute ridges (Fig. 6.), in the interspaces of which the mouths of the glands are situated; and its entire structure is permeated with minute vessels, which pass into the ridges on its surface, and ramify thickly around its glands.

Fig. 5.

Simple Gland of the Stomach.

The secretion of gastric juice is affected by various circumstances. Impressions on the mouth have an influence upon it, as we have seen that impressions on the stomach in like manner affect the mouth. Thus Blondlot (who first adopted the plan of making artificial openings into the stomachs of animals) observed that when sugar was introduced directly into the stomach of a dog, a very small secretion of gastric juice ensued; but when the dog had himself masticated and swallowed it, the secretion was abundant.

Fig. 6.

Surface of the Stomach.

Cold water introduced into the stomach renders it pale for a time, and diminishes its secretion, but this soon returns more freely. Ice, however, in large quantity, checks it for a long period, as also do all kinds of irritating agents. And the effect of painful mental states in interfering with digestion are explained by their visible influence upon the organ. It was noticed by Dr. Beaumont, in the case of St. Martin, that irritation of the temper, and other moral causes, would frequently diminish, or altogether suspend, the supply of the gastric fluids. The effect was similar to that of febrile action, or of over fatigue. And anxiety, anger, or vexation occurring at the commencement of digestion, even though themselves but temporary, showed

their effect during the entire process. Anger especially caused an influx of bile into the stomach.

The action of the stomach is chiefly exerted upon the albuminous articles of the food. These, or at least a portion of them, it reduces to a liquid form, and alters in certain respects, especially rendering them more freely soluble in water. On the starch, or sugar, or other such substances the food may contain, the gastric juice exerts no influence; nor has it much evident action on the fat, though it is said by Dr. Marcet to effect a change in it which prepares it for digestion by the fluid appointed for that task—the pancreatic juice, and perhaps the bile. As the result of the action of the stomach, the food is reduced to a greyish, semi-fluid mass—the chyme—which gradually passes through the lower orifice of the organ. The muscle which guards this orifice seems to be endowed, during the earlier stages of digestion, with a peculiar sensibility, which enables it to transmit the fluid portions of the contents of the stomach and to refuse the solid; but as the digestion approaches its termination, this sensibility passes off, and the entire contents of the organ are suffered to escape.

During digestion the stomach is in continual motion, and its movements are essential to the discharge of its office, serving to bring the gastric juice into contact with every portion of its contents. They are effected by means of two layers of muscular fibres, one of which passes irregularly around the circumference of the organ, and the other runs longitudinally from end to end. The motions are intermittent, and pass downwards in regular waves, commencing at the entrance of the stomach, and becoming much more energetic as they approach the lower portion. The result of these movements is, as pointed out by Dr. Brinton, to carry the food in two currents, at once onward in the direction of the movement, and back again, at the same time; the former current occupying the sides of the cavity, and the latter its centre. It is just such a movement as that which would be given to a fluid in a closed cavity by pressing down upon it a piston with an aperture in the centre. Thus a series of revolutions is performed by the food, during which its intermingling with the secreted fluid is perfectly effected.

During the entire period of stomach digestion the walls of that cavity are closely applied, and, as it were, fitted to its contents, contracting as they diminish. When additional food is taken shortly after a meal, the added portion passes into the centre of the mass that already occupies the organ; it soon, however, becomes indistinguishable from the rest.

How long a time does digestion in the stomach occupy? Various experimenters have endeavoured to answer this question, and to determine the relative digestibility of different articles of food, by observing the period at which the stomach becomes empty after they have been taken. Dr. Beaumont's tables on this point have been often quoted. He found that the time required for the complete disappearance of a meal from the stomach of St. Martin, varied from an hour to five hours and a half, according to the kind of food consumed. Pig's feet, tripe, and boiled rice

stand at the head of the list, being disposed of in an hour; trout, sweet raw apples, and venison steak follow, occupying an hour and a half; boiled milk took two hours, unboiled a quarter of an hour more; eggs occupied the same time, but the case was reversed—they were soonest disposed of raw; roasted turkey took two hours and a half; roast beef and mutton, three hours and three hours and a quarter respectively; veal, salt beef, and *boiled chicken*, were not disposed of till four hours (longer than potatoes!); and roasted pork enjoyed the bad pre-eminence of demanding five hours and a quarter.

Other observers, however, have come to different conclusions; and one of the last writers on the subject says, very unsatisfactorily—"It is sufficient to quote the opinion of Blondlot, who obtained such very indefinite and unconclusive results, that he was led to express the view that the digestibility of different articles of food depends solely on the state of the stomach at the time of the experiment, and that it is pure waste of time to labour at the determination of the digestibility of individual articles of food." * It is probable that within certain limits this is true, and that we must rely upon experience and good sense for guidance in this respect, rather than on specific rules.

There can be little doubt that variety is better than any kind of theoretically digestible uniformity of diet. It is not unlikely, besides, that the shortness of the time during which an article of food remains in the stomach may be a very unsafe measure of its digestibility. Probably the less digestible any substance is in the stomach, the more speedily it may be passed on to the succeeding organs, and that a longer continuance there might indicate a more complete susceptibility to the action of the gastric juice. Dr. Beaumont himself records evidence of this. He says:—"Vegetables are generally slower of digestion than meats and farinaceous substances, though they sometimes pass out of the stomach before them, in an undigested state. Crude vegetables are allowed, even when the stomach is in a healthy state, sometimes to pass its orifice, while other food is retained there to receive the solvent action of the gastric juice. This may depend upon their comparative indigestibility."

There are, however, some experiments, made by Büsch on the woman before referred to as having an accidental orifice near the stomach, which throw some further light upon the question. In her case it was found that boiled eggs began to pass from the stomach in from twenty to thirty-five minutes; flesh, in from twenty-two to thirty minutes; cabbage, in from fifteen to nineteen minutes; potatoes, after fifteen minutes; and parsnips, after twelve. On examining the proportion of matter that had been absorbed in each case, it was found that flesh was more digestible than eggs, that parsnips were more digestible than potatoes, and potatoes than cabbage. But, whatever may be the nature of the food, the more thoroughly it is masticated, the more readily it is digested. The facility

* Dr. Day, *Physiological Chemistry.*

with which it is dissolved is regulated by the readiness with which, by its minute division, the solvent fluid can obtain access to every part.

The gastric juice, as may be supposed, will dissolve the stomach itself, if there be any present in it at the time of death. But it will digest living substances as well as dead ones. This has been put to the test by means of frogs, the hind limbs of which have been introduced into the stomachs of animals, and digested while their owners were alive. It is clear, therefore, that the presence of "life" is not a preservative against digestion; and the mere fact of the stomach being living does not account for its resistance to the action of its own secretion. The difficulty has been met by the supposition that the organ *is* continually dissolved by the gastric juice, but is continually reproduced—that the growth compensates for the loss. Perhaps, however, it is not absolutely necessary to take this view, which implies a destruction and renewal, in this organ, of immense and unparalleled rapidity. Different parts of the body have a different susceptibility to various influences; and it may be that the changes which the stomach naturally undergoes, during life, are of such a kind as to counterbalance those which its own secretion would otherwise excite within it. Its vital changes may *stop* digestion, as the action of the gastric juice *stops* putrefaction. The possible growth of a fungus in the gastric juice itself, shows how this may be. The stomach may have a mode of vital action to which the gastric juice may act as a stimulant rather than as a destroyer.

The food is not only dissolved more or less completely in the stomach, it is partly absorbed into the blood also; liquids being rapidly taken up

Fig. 7.

Glands lining the Intestinal Canal.

Fig. 8.

Glands found in the neighbourhood of the Stomach.

by the vessels which ramify upon its walls. But by far the larger portion is transmitted from the stomach for further elaboration. The whole extent of the digestive canal is lined with glands, which pour out a secretion hardly less powerful than the gastric juice itself, and which seems, unlike that fluid, to affect *all* the elements of the food.

By means of this secretion the solution and elaboration of the digested matter is brought to its final completion; but two special organs also bear a part in the process. These are the pancreas (or sweetbread) and the liver. The former, which is placed immediately beneath the stomach, in its structure, and partly in its office, resembles the salivary glands. Like them, it converts starch into sugar; but it also reduces the fat into a state of minute division, which prepares it for being absorbed. The peculiar milky appearance of the chyle is due to the fat contained in the food being thus brought into the condition of an emulsion, by the secretion of the pancreas. Whether that organ has the power of dissolving albuminous substances is not yet quite decided. Its characters seem to connect it much more closely with the salivary glands than with any others, and it seems also to have an intimate sympathetic relation with them, so that in disease of the pancreas a profuse flow of saliva is a common symptom. The quantity of the pancreatic secretion has been estimated at about ten pounds a day, but this is probably an extreme amount. It is curious to observe that while the gastric juice is decidedly acid, the fluids with which the food next comes into contact are alkaline. It is thus submitted to the operation alternately of alkaline, acid, and again of alkaline secretions. In the herbivora there is also a second acid juice. The reason of these alternations is not known, but it can hardly be doubted that they serve to make the digestion of the food more perfect. And although the solvent power of the gastric juice is placed in abeyance when its acidity is neutralized by the alkaline fluids, yet it appears to be the case here, as in respect to the saliva, that effects are produced by the mixture of the various secretions which are poured together into the digestive tube, that would not result from either alone.

It remains to speak of the part taken by the bile in digestion; and this is a matter of no little difficulty to determine. An admixture of the bile with the gastric juice seems to put a stop to the action of the latter; nor has the bile itself any evident solvent action on any portion of the food. Probably, however, it materially assists in the absorption of the fat, since it is found that oil will rise much higher (by "capillary attraction") in minute tubes, when they are moistened with bile than when moistened with any other fluid. Beyond this the bile seems to have no obvious digestive action; but it plays, notwithstanding, a very important part in nourishing the body. It is taken up again into the system, undergoing changes which may, perhaps, be considered as a digestion of the bile itself. The effects of preventing its entrance into the digestive canal, which is done by opening the gallduct and causing the bile to flow externally, are thus described by Dr. Dalton:—"Two dogs were the subjects of the experiment; both of them died, one at the end of twenty-seven, the other at the end of thirty-six days. The symptoms were constant and progressive emaciation, which proceeded to such a degree that nearly every trace of fat disappeared from the body. The loss of flesh amounted, in one case, to more than two-

fifths, in the other to nearly one-half the entire weight of the animal. There was also a falling off of the hair, and an unusually disagreeable odour in the breath. Notwithstanding this, the appetite remained good; digestion was not essentially interfered with. There was no pain, and death took place at last without any violent symptoms, but by a simple and gradual failure of the vital powers."

May we not reasonably believe, therefore, that the bile should be classed with the force-producing substances, having, for part of its office, to undergo decomposition, and so to furnish a power for the development, and elevation in the scale of life, of certain portions of the food? For this must never be lost sight of in considering the problem of digestion, that the food is to be conveyed into the system without loss of the force which it contains, and which, under similar circumstances out of the body, it very speedily does lose. It is not suffered to *fall* or decay, but is incorporated with the body still in its living state. The ball is kept in the air during the whole process. Nay, more, in digestion the food has to be *raised*, and carried up to a higher vital level: the blood is more living than the substances from which it is formed. And for this purpose force is needed, which can be derived only from the decomposition of some substance within the body. It is probable, therefore, that the bile which disappears within the digestive tube is consumed in raising the food, or making it more living. If this be so, the languor and debility which attend derangement of the biliary system receive in part an easy explanation. The daily quantity of bile secreted in an adult man is estimated at about two pounds and a half.

Through the agency of these various secretions the food, of whatever materials it may have consisted, is reduced to the form of a thin greyish fluid of uniform appearance. At the same time, there goes on a process of remarkable character, and of which the perfect explanation cannot yet be given—that of absorption, by which the contents of the alimentary tube find entrance into the blood. To effect this, a beautiful law is called into operation—the law that if two fluids of unequal density be separated by an animal membrane, they will, with few exceptions, pass through the membrane, and mingle with each other. Thus, for example, if a solution of sugar be divided from pure water by a portion of bladder, the water enters into and dilutes the syrup, while a little of the syrup also passes into the water; and this interchange will take place with considerable force, so that a column of fluid may be raised by it to a height of several inches. It is evident that this law (called by its discoverer, Dutrochet, the law of endosmose) is susceptible of a wide application to the vital actions. It furnishes the explanation of a large part of the process of absorption, both in animals and vegetables. Professor Graham has shown that a decomposition of the interposed membrane is an essential step in the process when it occurs out of the body, and probably minute changes of structure are concerned in it in the living organs also. Thus we see one use of that tendency to change which is

universal throughout the animal structures. The vital interchange of fluids depends upon it.

Further, in this law of endosmose may be seen a reason for the vast quantity of the fluids which are poured into the digestive cavities after every meal to effect the solution of the food. The passage of fluids through animal membranes is usually most free on the part of that which is the less dense. Water, for example, passes much more readily into syrup, under these circumstances, than the syrup passes into the water. Accordingly, the great dilution of the digested food directly favours its entrance into the blood.

But whatever material enters the system from the stomach, or other part of the digestive tube, is submitted to still another process of elaboration, before it is counted fit for the nourishment of the body. It passes through "glands" of peculiar character, the operation of which, though not yet understood, is evidently of the utmost necessity in the preparation of the new matter for its work. Part of it passes through the liver, part through a series of small glands resembling those which occur in the armpit or the neck, and are so well known through their tendency to become enlarged and painful in weak states of health, or after injuries. How far the influence exerted on the absorbed matter by these latter organs, and by the liver, is of a similar kind, it is hard to say; different portions of the food are submitted to the action of each. That which passes through the liver is conveyed to it by the blood-vessels, and consists mainly of the albuminous materials and the sugar; that which passes through the small scattered glands contains the chief part of the fat, and is taken up by minute vessels distributed throughout the whole length of the digestive tube, and known by the name of "lacteals." This name they have received from the milky appearance given by the minutely divided fat to the chyle which they convey.

Through these two channels, then—the veins and the lacteals—the dissolved and digested food is carried; first to certain glands, then into the general blood, and passed on through the heart into the lungs, there to undergo further changes, into which it is not our present business to inquire. In the work of absorption, the veins are the chief agents; the lacteals, though apparently the specially appointed instruments, play a less considerable part.* The veins begin to take up the liquid portions of the food from its first introduction into the stomach, and their action continues as long as any part of it is presented to them in a fluid form. These veins, thus charged with new material, unite to form a large trunk, which enters the liver at its lower part. From the blood thus supplied the bile is secreted; and other processes, yet unexplored, are carried on within the same organ, one result of which is the formation of a large quantity of sugar (or, at least, of a substance that rapidly changes into sugar after death), although neither sugar nor starch may have been contained in the

* The lacteals only *seem* to be specially contrived instruments for the absorption of food; they are, in truth, simply a part of a system of minute absorbent vessels distributed almost universally through the body.

food. What effect these processes have upon the newly forming blood, we cannot be said to know, yet surely we can hardly doubt that their result is to intensify and perfect its life—to raise it into a condition in which it embodies more force, and therefore is more living. In the giving off of bile and in the production of sugar, alike, we may see evidence of changes adapted to produce this effect. One part of the blood sinks, or falls, into bile or into sugar; these are less living than the blood—they contain less vital force; then, must not the remaining portion of the blood be rendered more living, made to possess a greater tension of the vital force, by their formation? One part may grow by the decay of another part, as we see is the law of nature everywhere around us. Is it not also the law within? The child's see-saw embodies the same law—one part falls, the other rises.

But quitting that portion of the food which enters the blood through the veins and the liver, we come back to that other part which finds its path through the absorbent or lacteal vessels, and the small glands scattered along their course. These vessels commence in minute conical projections, termed *villi*, which are thickly set over the whole length of the digestive tube, and give it its velvety appearance. Fig. No. 9 is a magnified representation of one of them. These villi are covered with cells, and within them are contained numerous small blood-vessels, with the commencement of the lacteal lying in the centre. This latter vessel is not open at its mouth, but commences in one or more closed extremities.

Fig. 9.

Villus.
a. Layer of Cells. *b*. Vessels.
c. Commencement of Lacteal.

Fig. 10.

a. The Cells empty.
b. Absorbing Food.

Small as they are, the villi contain muscular fibres, arranged around the central vessel, which give them a distinct contractile motion, and doubtless assist in the absorption and propagation of the chyle. To this end, also, the movements of the digestive tube itself largely contribute; these movements are of a regular and rhythmical kind, proceeding by a gradual creeping contraction, at intervals, throughout its entire length. They are produced by two layers of muscular fibres arranged, as in the case of the stomach, one around, the other in the length of, the canal.

Absorption is effected by means of the cells by which the villi are covered. During digestion these cells may be seen to contain minute particles, probably of fat, in transit towards the lacteal vessel within. Fig. No. 10 represents them in their empty state, and when absorbing

food. Connected with the lacteals are numerous roundish bodies occurring either separately or in groups. These are found throughout the entire digestive tube, though they are fewest in the stomach, and seem to be the first of the series of glands through which the chyle passes on its way into the blood. They are about a thirtieth of an inch in diameter, and consist of a mass of cellular pulp freely permeated by vessels. Fig. No. 11 is a

Fig. 11.

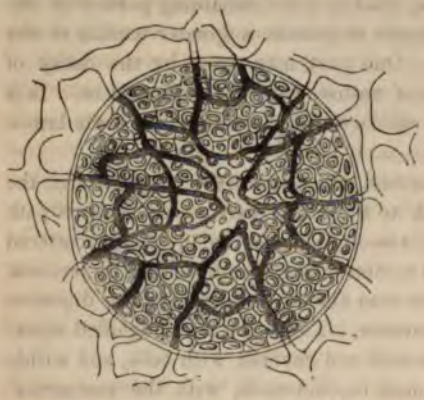

Fig. 12.

representation of one of these bodies, and No. 12 shows the arrangement of the vessels among the groups in which they frequently occur.

Fig. 13.

Course of the Thoracic Duct.

a. Lacteals.
b. Receptacle of the Chyle.
c. Entrance of the Duct into the Vein.

Passing onwards, the various lacteal vessels are carried through a series of glands (essentially resembling those above described), in which they subdivide and reunite, but the precise effect of which upon their contents is at present only matter of conjecture. They converge into a small expansion, called "the receptacle of the chyle," situated on the front of the spinal column, and from thence there proceeds upwards a larger vessel, about the size of a crow's quill, called the "thoracic duct." This duct opens at the root of the neck, on the left side, into a vein coming from the head, and its contents are thus soon carried to the heart. The course of the thoracic duct is represented in Fig. 13. As the chyle passes along this vessel it continues to undergo changes; the fat diminishes, cells make their appearance, and grow more and more like the globules of the blood. And before it enters the circulation the chyle becomes so far blood-like in its qualities that it will coagulate slightly if withdrawn.

This is what becomes of the food. Variously

changed by the secretions and the glands appointed for that purpose, it is poured into the blood. It has become part of that river of Life from which the body ever rises afresh; shaming by reality the ancient dream. The lowest facts lay hold of the loftiest truths. The food is buried in the blood, and raised to a new life in every organ of the frame.

It must be raised. Entombed, a living corpse within a living sepulchre, the life that is hidden in it must break forth in visible and active forms. Not more surely is the Divine promise pledged to raise up again His dead, than the Divine law stands bound to restore, in active life, to nature the power she renders up to nourish living things. Written on tables of stone wherever a particle of matter may be found, written on fleshly tables wherever life rejoices, this law stands paramount and fixed: Whatever thing is given up shall be restored again; nor shall any say, I have made the Maker rich. Value for value, force for force, all shall be rendered back. Flaw or defect, here, no man has found; no man shall ever find. The perfect law of justice sways the quivering beam of life, changing with every breath, thrilling with every thought. Life trembles—as the balance trembles. The strong law that is in it sports in the disguise of weakness; but he that would bend it measures his strength against the universe.

The food *must* nourish the body. There is that within it which compels growth, and makes action a necessity. We err when we think of ourselves as appropriating, using, living upon that which we eat. We take, indeed, the active part in procuring and consuming it, but not beyond; in the added life which follows, we are passive. We do not "live upon" the food, but the food lives in us. The body is but a theatre on which it may exhibit its latent powers; powers stored up by patient chemistry, day by day, from warmth and light, and vagrant currents of electric force. Brought into union with the animal structure, these forces, thus bound up in the food, pour their energy through new channels; but they are the same forces still, and they constitute its life. Through these it lives and grows; through these it is strong to act. The materials wherewith the House of Life is built need not to be laboriously moulded by extraneous force; they place their own powers at our bidding, and gather *themselves* to our substance. The food actively builds itself into our frame, and brings its ready service to our need. It is thus the body grows; a temple—meet image of the highest Temple—made without hands, and built of living stones.

Prospects of the International Exhibition in 1862.

THE world is invited for a second time to show in London the aspect of its artistic and industrial condition. It has taken just three years to concoct the invitation. It has not been accomplished by imperial decree: government has not been asked to assist, and public taxes have not been drawn upon for a subsidy; but a private society—the Society of Arts—which is a sort of parliament for "arts, manufactures, and commerce," elected by some thousand voluntary constituents, who qualify themselves by an annual payment of two guineas—meeting weekly in a small street in the Adelphi, announced the idea in April, 1858; and in spite of all kinds of difficulties, apathy, hostility, hesitation, and timidity, has made the idea a practical reality. Some hundreds of believers have shown their faith in it, by offering their responsibility for sums varying from one hundred to ten thousand pounds, which now amount in the aggregate to more than four hundred thousand pounds, and entrusting the management to five men of mark:—the Earl Granville, a Cabinet Minister, and vice-president of the former Exhibition; Lord Chandos, as representing the railways; Mr. T. Baring, M.P., a London merchant of the first rank; Mr. Wentworth Dilke, one of the "executive" in 1851; and Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, chairman of the Manchester Art Exhibition. The sanction of the Crown has been given through a charter. The coffers of the Bank of England are opened, and ready to advance a quarter of a million. The site for the building, appropriately enough, secured by the surplus profit of the Exhibition of 1851, has been obtained, and the Parks will not be invaded. Plans for the building have been settled, without a delay of seven months, as in 1850. The contracts are made and the foundations are laid. And the Commissioners have issued their "decisions," which state the broad principles on which the Exhibition will be conducted.

The Exhibition is to be opened on the 1st May, 1862. In spite of workmen's strikes? Yes—for payment by the hour has put down the nonsense of ten hours' pay for nine hours' work. In spite of war? Yes, unless the Commissioners proclaim that England is unable to do what France has done again and again. Was not the Crimean war going on in 1855? and did not France hold its fourteen Exhibitions of Industry without fail from 1798 to 1855? No doubt, war is paralyzing; but because soldiers and sailors fight, as is *their* business, is the agriculturist to stop tillage, and the manufacturer to shut up his workshops? Are railways to run no longer, and artists to cease painting? Are arts, manufactures, and commerce all to stand still? Rather let them strive all the more to assert their own cause. England now is not very likely to be

invaded, and she cannot be at war with the whole world at one time; and most probably would remain passive if others fight. Her colonies and some nations would surely have productions to send. And if war should unhappily arise, let the diplomatists be taught by public opinion that goods and visitors coming to an International Exhibition ought to be safe from molestation or capture. It might be worth while holding a congress to discuss the point, before war breaks out. If it be out of the province of the Commissioners for the Exhibition to propose the suggestion to her Majesty's Government, or the proposition appear too novel to old world diplomatists, let the Society of Arts, as the protector of International Exhibitions, discuss it and take action.

Putting aside the contingency of war, what promise of success do the Commissioners' decisions hold out? Pictures, rather illogically excluded from the Exhibition of 1851, will be very properly introduced. There will be a gallery of nobler proportions and better lighted than the Louvre itself, in which the modern art of all nations is to be represented. It will extend 1,200 feet along the new road at South Kensington, named after "Cromwell," which is cut through the plantations of Canning's late house. *Modern* art in England will show its progress from 1762, and the pictures of Hogarth and Reynolds and Gainsborough will be included. Each foreign country will determine for itself what are the limits of its modern art; and by a little stretching, which no one will grumble at, Florence, having no "modern art," may send a few specimens by its holy monk—Angelico—from the walls of the Academia, rather than such copies as were sent to Paris in 1855. Paintings will be a great additional attraction. In Paris you had to cross the road from the *Annexe*, by the Seine, to get at them, and a separate entrance fee was charged. And, owing to these two causes, whilst there were 3,626,934 visits to the works of industry, there were only 906,530 to the fine arts. In 1862 you will be able, if the Commissioners please, to pass from the pictures at once into the Industrial Exhibition, and let us hope that only one payment will be charged.

The Commissioners say, "All works of industry to be exhibited should have been produced since 1850." So that the Exhibition will be one showing the progress made during the last ten years. This decision was necessary to carry out the principle of a *decennial* Exhibition—an Exhibition of *progress*. Progress must, therefore, be left free to manifest itself, and the Commissioners should not fix any arbitrary limits to any of the sections or classes. It is known thus early that exhibitors will demand much more space than can be given, and this will have to be reduced probably by the same process as in 1851; but with this difference, that the demands of the exhibitors should determine the proportionate allotments of space to each class, and not any arbitrary process. In 1851, the Exhibition being the first, it was judged advisable to *make up the Exhibition*, and embody an abstract idea of completeness. Now there is no such necessity. Let the respective industries exhibit them-

selves each according to its own sense of fitness and proportionate extent. It is reported that a high authority in cotton has declared that cotton producers have no interest to exhibit, and that unless the Commissioners, at their own cost, *make up* an exhibition of the cotton industries, there will be no display. One smiles at such a doctrine coming from Lancashire; but if this be so—if cotton machinery and cotton manufactures have no progress to show during the last ten years, or have no desire to show it—let cotton be absent from the Exhibition, and let electric telegraphs and photography, or revived *Della Robbia* pottery, or colonial produce, or anything else that is progressive, take its space. The French throughout all their Exhibitions have permitted this law of progress to develop itself freely. Every one of the fourteen Paris Exhibitions has been remarkable, not for any theoretic completeness, but for some special strong features of its own. Thus, in 1798, decorative manufactures, Sèvres china, Paris clocks, and the like, predominated; in 1801, looms and weaving; in 1806, iron castings and improved cotton printing; in 1827, machine paper-making, hydraulics, &c. It would be a serious and deadening mistake to assign dogmatically proportionate spaces to each class or section. There is no reason to believe that the Commissioners have such an intention; but there is no harm in whispering a word of caution.

The Commissioners have extended the number of classes into which the Exhibition will be divided from thirty to forty. This is an improvement, as far as it goes; but the experience of the London and Paris Exhibitions might have carried the division farther. Why have put "Tapestry, Lace, and Embroidery," together? The producers are all distinct trades. Even the laces of Nottingham and of Honiton or Buckinghamshire are quite distinct in their manufacture. Embroidery is from Scotland and Ireland. Again, take Class 25: it includes "Skins, Furs, Feathers, and Hair." Each of these kinds of objects must be arranged separately. Messrs. Bevingtons of Bermondsey as tanners, and Messrs. Clarke of Glastonbury as Angola-skin dressers, have no connection with Mr. Nicholay of Oxford Street and his furs; or Messrs. Forster, of Wigmore Street, and their ostrich head-dresses, with the peruke-makers of the Bank of Elegance. Such trades have no technical connection together. It is true that the articles all come from animals; but whilst this classification may be *scientifically* correct in a museum, it is not *commercially* or practically convenient in an Exhibition, which, after all, is a real trade show.

There is, of course, no reason why this paper classification may not have as many subdivisions as are found to be expedient in the practical arrangement of the objects. And further subdivisions made in any published lists will, it is said, be classifications of the exhibitors and producers, and not the names of the things.

The "decisions" do not determine the local arrangement of the articles in the buildings. For the easy consultation and comparison of the objects,

it is desirable to arrange like with like; but there are insuperable difficulties in doing so very strictly. Practically it is impossible to separate foreign contributions into forty or more divisions. All the responsibility of arrangement and management chargeable upon the foreign countries would be destroyed. Our neighbours the French are never punctual. In the last Paris Exhibition their arrangements were not completed till August; and incompleteness might be in forty places in the next Exhibition if their productions were divided. Besides, the *national* features, which each country's contributions present when together, would be much impaired by too great a subdivision. Of course there will be some subdivisions. Pictures cannot be arranged with steam-engines, or locomotives with Lyons silks, or porcelain with smelting. In the Paris Exhibition, the French allotted space to the British productions in *six* distinct parts of the building. In the Exhibition of 1862, each nation should be obliged to put its machinery in one spot, its manufactures and raw produce in others, and its fine arts in a fourth. Where a nation preferred to have all its manufactures and raw produce together, it should have the option of doing so. At the same time each nation might be invited to separate certain classes of objects. Thus all the photography of the world, all the musical instruments, and all the educational apparatus, each class brought together, would be far more interesting than if kept in separate countries. Moreover, by an appointed order of arrangement of the separate classes, it would be quite possible to preserve the geographical, and at the same time get the benefit largely of a scientific arrangement. The ruling principle, however, in arrangement, as in everything else throughout the Exhibition, should be to allow the greatest freedom of action possible, on the part of nations and individual exhibitors. To allow a nation or an individual to do the work according to its own bent and interest, is to secure the surest guarantee for the best performance of it.

It will be observed with regret, probably by a majority at least of British exhibitors, that the Commissioners have decided that "prizes or rewards for merit, in the form of medals, will be given in the industrial department of the Exhibition." Who, in the prosecution of his labours as a manufacturer, or designer, or inventor, wants any other prize than public approbation and support? Who wants the stimulus of any other authoritative judgment? Prizes for services which cannot be remunerated commercially may be right, but in commerce they are antiquated and puerile. The artists, however, will not be treated like schoolboys. And Prince Napoleon shrewdly hints that even France does not want them!

Then the administration of any system of prizes and jurors is full of practical contradictions. It was rendered just bearable in 1851, by explaining that the prizes really meant next to nothing. Sir Robert Peel took the sting out of the medals by suggesting that they should be all of *bronze*, because bronze presented so much better an *artistic* effect, which was true; and then it was so much less a valuable article at the pawn-

broker's! The Commissioners, in 1851, after much controversy, adopted two medals, and an "honourable mention," as a little crumb of comfort to the disappointed.

They were careful to explain away that medals were not competitive marks. They desired "that merit should be rewarded wherever it presented itself; but anxious at the same time to avoid the *recognition of competition between individual exhibitors!*" Their decisions as to the value of the *council* or highest medals were still more negative. Although by some roundabout process an exhibitor found himself possessed of a council medal, he was told that "the award of a council medal does not necessarily stamp its recipient as a better manufacturer or producer than others that have received the prize medal." In fact, if the clock-makers could only have believed it, there was nothing at all in the award of a council medal to Mr. Dent through Mr. Denison as chairman of the jury! The Commissioners of 1851 further explained that "the granting of the council medal was not limited to cases of *production by a new process*," and that "beauty of design was not sufficient title to a council medal," and that the "mere fact of a large outlay of money ought not to be regarded as entitling an exhibitor to receive a council medal." So that what a council medal really signified it was difficult to say. It was nothing more than the gift of a round piece of bronze, well ornamented, to a number of persons, whose eminence was already so established in the eyes of the world that it seemed little short of an impertinence to offer such a further token of it.

If any one will be at the trouble to see what happened at Paris in 1855, he may consult the official report, and he will see what a farce the medal-giving was on that occasion. France named 208 jurors; other countries, 190. The jurors were summoned on the 15th June, but that is the season when a Frenchman does not like Paris; so the foreign jurors remained to do their work for the next three months, when the foreigner rather likes Paris, and the French jurors, for the most part, took themselves off to the seaside, and did not reappear till October, when the foreign jurors had left for their respective homes. Practically, the foreign jurors looked only to the interests of their respective countries, and left the French jurors to look after France. And so they worked, each intent for itself. See what happened at the last. "The awards had been made by the several juries, confirmed by the groups of juries, and revised by the council of presidents of juries, strictly according to decrees. The labours of five months seemed to have ended, and almost every one had departed. Totals were made of the number of gold medals which had thus been awarded, when they were considered much too numerous by the Imperial Commission. This information was obtained only within a fortnight of the ceremony of distributing the prizes, and it was thought absolutely necessary to appoint a new committee of seven persons—four being French, one Englishman, one German, and one Belgian—to classify the *médailles d'honneur* into two grades, and to resolve who should receive the higher or the lower

grade. Thus the work of several hundred persons, possessing all kinds of knowledge, who had been brought together from all parts of Europe, was finally revised by a very small committee, created at the last moment, and whose knowledge was necessarily limited."

It is to be hoped that the Commissioners for 1862 will avail themselves of the experience of the working of juries in the two past International Exhibitions. They have only vaguely announced "medals;" let them give but one, and put off all the responsibility of judgment, by themselves or their agents, and act *merely ministerially*. Invite every nation to send in a list of productions considered as "meritorious," and allow every British trade committee to do the same. Let each nation and committee find out its own way of giving this judgment. In both the ormer Exhibitions the foreign countries named their own jurors, and the only change now necessary is that each nation's jury should be permitted to do its work in its own way, and not be mixed up with other juries. In 1851 "the British jurors were selected by her Majesty's Commissioners from lists furnished by the local committees of various towns, each town being invited to recommend persons of skill and information in the manufactures or produce for which it is remarkable." In 1862, extend the freedom of action; and as there will be no individual competition, if a trade should decline to elect judges and receive medals, allow it the privilege of doing so.

If prizes be given eventually, the Commissioners should require that the lists of them be sent in at an early date, and then cause labels to be affixed to the productions exhibited, so that the public may test the decisions. This is already done at all agricultural, cattle, and flower shows; and, besides its obvious use, it would certainly be a new feature of attraction to the Exhibition itself.

In 1851 and 1855, the lists of producers who were entitled to receive medals were not published till the Exhibitions had closed; and as for the jury reports, the British reports were not published for months after the exhibitors' goods had been removed; whilst the reports for the Paris Exhibition were not completed for years.

Any reports to be studied and turned to practical use ought to be published whilst the Exhibition is open.

For the present, there remains but one question to be asked, and it is a critical one for the guarantors—Will the Exhibition succeed commercially? and will the managers wind up with a balance on the right side of the account? As respects the Exhibition building, although it may not have the novelty of a glass house, it will have much greater variety and fitness of purpose. Three fronts will be of massive brickwork, depending for the present on their colossal proportions for their effect. Hereafter, if kept as permanent, they may be decorated with mosaics, as much as the Duomo and Giotto's Tower at Florence. The fourth front will face the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, which *Punch* has christened, not inappropriately, "Arcadia." It is only from this front,

and the third of a mile away, that the two glass domes intersecting the nave and transepts, will be visible together. They have been shown in execrably bad prints behind the picture galleries in perspective, where they never can be seen. Each dome forms a centre in the two Industrial Fronts, and the accompanying woodcut gives a general effect of one. If compared with the front view of the Industrial brick building which Sir Charles Barry, R.A.; Professor Cockerell, R.A.; and Professor Donaldson proposed for the Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, but which the public would have none of, the comparison will be all in favour of the superior claims to originality, fitness, and picturesqueness of the present building, which owes its conception to a military engineer—Captain Fowke. The exterior of the building, however, must be viewed as a skeleton, to be clothed and decorated after the Exhibition is ended. It has been so designed, that it may be made a worthy national edifice for the promotion of industrial progress. As in the two Crystal Palaces, the roofs will not leak on exhibitors' goods, and the lighting will not be extremes of lightness and darkness; and there will be solid walls to hang goods upon. If judgment be used in the management, an unrivalled collection of pictures may be made; the works of industry, according to all past experience of Exhibitions, will be of a higher quality and prepared with more care than in 1851. Music was announced as a feature by the Society of Arts; and although the programme of the Commissioners names only "musical instruments," they may possibly mean to systematize them and make the trials of them a source of attraction. From the Exhibition building the visitor may pass through terra-cotta arcades into the Royal Horticultural Gardens, and, if report be correct, he may return to dine after the fashion of the "*Trois frères*" of the *Palais Royal*, or eat Neapolitan maccaroni. The railways can bring five times the numbers from the country which they could in 1851, and Lord Chandos, as representing them, will see that they shall do so. All this betokens success, if the management is as good as it ought to be. Good management in 1851 realized 200,000*l.* profit; bad management in Dublin left Mr. Dargan to pay a deficit. The American Exhibition was a signal failure, owing to its excessively bad management. The Paris Exhibition cost a great deal more than its receipts, except in the British portion, which was 20 per cent. below its estimated cost; and if the Manchester Exhibition did not propitiate the senders of pictures, it paid its expenses. Here are abundant and varied experiences, which the five gentlemen who have undertaken the management for 1862 will assuredly turn to good account. Being a small number, let them not attempt to combine both legislative and executive functions, and so annihilate that individual responsibility which is at the basis of all success. No cause so largely conduced to the eminent success of the Exhibition of 1851 as that personal responsibility which its president the Prince Consort was pleased to assume!

(Buildings for the International Exhibition of 1862.)

(View from Prince Albert's Road, showing the West Front of the Industrial Building.)

A Cumberland Mare's Jest.

(A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola . . . .
. . . effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.—*Georgic.* i. 495.

PREFACE.

THE actors in the following tale, being known by name to so many,
I've introduced in such disguise, that here "*mutato nomine*
Narratur fabula!" The *fact* has not a bit of "*bam*" in it!
Wordsworth has sung "The Lorton *Yew;*" *I*'m going to sing the *Lamb* in it!

NOT very many months ago, a grave J. P. of Cumberland
(Of lakes and hills, and crags and gills, and valleys without number, land!)
Was lounging in his easy chair, perusing the *Examiner*,
While Madame sat at work, with tongue as quiet as a lamb in her;
When in came Nelly waiting-maid, though not her time to dust his room,
With—"Master, please, you're wanted, sir, directly in your justice-room!
I can't make out the rights on't, but there seems a pretty bobbery
In t' village about summat strange—a murder or a robbery!"
Not over-pleased to be disturbed, up jumped the worthy magistrate,
And, seizing "Burn," of justices the oracle and badge, he straight
Descended to his "lion's den" (a *sobriquet* in fudge meant)—
Where he, "a second Daniel," had often "come to judgment."
Now, seated in his chair of state, with all his ensigns round about,
Some lying on the table near, some scattered on the ground about,
Warrants, indictments, summonses; the scourge of tramp and mugger, he
Commanded the intruder to be shown into his snuggery.
Instead of some rough factory-lass in charge of village constable,
For blacking a fair rival's eyes, or tearing off her Dunstable
Straw bonnet; or some poaching scamp, who, armed with gun and cartridges,
Had slaughtered, without licence had, his worship's hares and partridges;
Instead of some old toper who too freely had his whistle wet,
And broke the peace—or some one's head—in hobbled Dinah Thistle'waite,
Whose gossiping propensities, from Cumbrian wits ironical,
Had gained for her the title of "The Lorton Village Chronicle."

"Well, Dinah, what's the matter *now?* Has any one been wronging you?
Or stolen your plums, or robbed your roosts, or any one's belonging you?
Or have you any charge to make (the way you *often* handle us!)
Which, 'stead of being based on truth, is nothing more than scandalous?"
"Nay, now," (said Dinah, curtseying,) "I weel remember what a quiz
Your worship always was! But, sir, I've said in t' kirk my catechiz;
And though I *is* nae scholard, and was brought up to hard labour,
I hope I better kens nor *that* my 'duty to my neighbour!'
"I'se sure your worship's far ower hard upon a poor old woman, too!
But if you'll hear out patiently the story I'se a-coming to,
You'll maybe be convinced!" And then, with manner full of mystery,
She poured into his worship's ear "this strange, eventful history."
"It's twelve or fourteen years ago, the end of last December, sir—
It may be mair, it may be less—I canna just remember, sir,
That ane o' t' Lorton lasses here (ye ken right weel the name on her—
She's married *now*—and so ye see I winna cast nae shame on her!)
"Had a *misfortin'* (so they *said*); and when she gat about again,
She went away for mony weeks, ashamed to be seen out again;—
And as for t' bairn—we dinna ken, but canna help suspectin' on't—
But some folk said she'd '*put it down*,' or kilt it wi' neglectin' on't.
"But murder, sir, *will* out at last! and just afore our breakfast hour
(In t' helter yet, afore she dee's, to mak' the hussey's neck fast!) our
Willy and Joe Makemson were diggin' the foundation of
Yon gentleman's new house *up-bye*, which *was* the situation of
"This lass's father's garden-ground; when, two or three feet deep or so,
They came upon 'a lock o' bones,' and went and told the keeper so;
And he and all the village wives will tak' their *ackidavy*, sir,
That these are bones o' t' murdered bairn, as sure's the British navy, sir."
"A shocking tale, upon my word!" replied the Lorton Daniel;
Then putting on his hat and gloves, and whistling to his spaniel—
"I'll to the place at once," he cried—("it is not far to travel it)—
And sift the story out myself, and help them to unravel it!"
By this time half the neighbourhood, impelled by curiosity,
Had gathered round a spot, now famed for deeds of such atrocity,
And with mysterious shakes of head, in rustic phraseology,
Were "laying down the law" upon this case of osteology.
For there upon a mortar-board, in face of the whole company,
The bones in question lay exposed—in truth, a dubious lump! Any
Unskilled anatomist had sworn that, from the size and make of them,
They were an *infant's* bones—nor known what other view to take of them!
The *men* looked grave at what they saw, declaring "It was *curious*,
"To say the least—was such a *find!*" The *women's* tongues ran furious,
Demanding summary vengeance on the wretch they all with one accord
Condemned, if ever woman did, to "dance on nothing," on a cord!

And "sarve her right!" Nay, some declared that "hanging wasn't bad enough!
They'd cut her down, and hang her *twice*, before they thought she'd had enough!
To tak' the blessed babby's life, and didn't care a farden!
And then, like ony cat or dog, to bury 't in a garden!!"
Sure never since Orestes' bones (the story's in Herodotus,
Who often loves with marvellous tales to indulge in a sly *prod* at us!)
Were dug up in a blacksmith's shop, at Tegea in Arcadia,
By Spartan Lichas—*ten feet long!*—had gentleman or lady a
Tumult of such excitement heard; and never was a greater din
O'er slaughtered thousands in a fight, than rose up in this later din
About a tiny heap of bones, no larger than a platterful
Of garden mould, and sticks, and stones, and other such like matter, full.
While this debate was going on, up comes "The Village Chronicle,"
Accompanied by our grave J. P., in converse quite Platonical;
At sight of whom the assembly all, of doubts and fears the minions,
Made way around the mortar-board, to hear *his* sage opinions.
Turning the mass o'er with his stick, and picking out each narrow bone,
He scrutinized its texture, as a magpie would a marrow-bone!
And with about the same result. For making *nothing* out of them,
He scratch'd his head, and stroked his chin, and thus express'd his doubt of them:
"My friends, I'm half asham'd to own, as ignorant as a cat am I
Of all that art which surgeons call 'Comparative Anatomy;'
But to a plain man's common sense (I say it without vanity)
These bones appear to *me* to bear the impress of humanity!
"However, wiser heads than mine have often been mistaken, sirs;
For error is the lot of man, from Solomon to Bacon, sirs!
To make assurance doubly sure, stop scandal's tongue, and lock her mouth,
I'll make no bones about the thing, but send them off to Cockermouth;
"And if my friend the doctor there, whom I believe a true man, sirs,
After examination made, pronounce that they are human, sirs,
I pledge my magisterial word, I'll summon next the coroner,
And we *will* find the murderer out, be he native or a foreigner!"
So said, so done! "John, mount my mare, and ride at once to Cockermouth—
And mind, John, ride her cannily, and don't with curb-bit shock her mouth!
And take these bones to Doctor Fell, and tell him our suspicions, John!
And say we want his sage advice, to aid our inquisitions, John!"
When from the extraneous stones and dirt they'd made at last a severance,
They wrapped them in a napkin clean, to show them proper reverence;
And, mounted on his master's mare, John took them in a basket to
The neighbouring town, prepared to *pay* for Fell's advice, and *ask* it, too!

Finding the doctor at his house, John told him a long rigmarole
(For words came running off his tongue, as easy as a gig may roll),
About the girl's *misfortin'*, and her friends' alleged conspiracy
To "put the *laul un* oot o' t' way!" To *doubt* it would be heresy!
In confirmation of these *facts*, he mentioned the discovery,
That very morning, of the bones; on which, of truth a lover, he
Felt bound in conscience to declare, *that* man must be a heavy dunce,
Who, with these proofs of murder clear, could underrate such evidence.
"I mean such proofs as *these!*" said John; and then, to clinch the matter, he
Produced the bones before his eyes; and begged him, without flattery,
To state at once, by virtue of his knowledge anatomical,
That t' Lorton folks had hit the truth!—an inference somewhat comical—
Considering *nothing* had been *proved!* But, then, the grace of charity,
Whene'er a neighbour's fame's at stake, is something of a rarity!
And folks believe *the worst* at once, instead of hoping *better* things;
Because inquiry checks the tongue, and only tends to fetter things!
The doctor took a pinch of snuff, (as much as he could cram in it!)
And, opening out the precious heap, proceeded to examine it;
But what was John's astonishment at such perverse depravity,
When, in a case of life or death, instead of all due gravity,
He burst into a hearty laugh! "And so your master can't decide"
(He cried, while tears ran down his cheeks) "that this is not infanticide!
Why, if these are an infant's bones—(from such like births deliver us!)
Look at these teeth! it must have been an infant graminivorous!
"These spinal vertebræ, too, prove (or else they *nothing* indicate!)
This marvellous infant had a *tail!* as I'm prepared to vindicate!
In short, you Lorton wiseacres, on coming to examine it,
Have found a regular mare's-nest, and 'stead of eggs, a *lamb* in it!"
John jumped upon his mare again, and didn't wait to stock her mouth
With hay or corn, but trotted home, hard as he could, from Cockermouth.
And you may safely bet, that day, and of your bet be winner, sir,
That every house in Lorton Vale had this *Lamb's Tale* at dinner, sir.
"It's like eneugh, what t' doctor says," exclaimed an ancient villager,
Who had, for twenty years and more, of this same ground been tillager,
"For often when our young lambs dee'd, not likin' much the state o' ground,
I buried there their *carcashes* to manur' our potato ground.
"So had I kenn'd, afore ye went, the errand ye were startin' on,
(Just sic a tale to mak' folks cry '*My eye and Betty Martin*' on!)
I'd suin hae stopped thy gallop, lad, and saved our 'canny Cumberland'
Frae hearin' this daft story told frae Cornwall to Northumberland."

A. R. W.

Keswick, May, 1861.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER VII.

The Convent.

The Mother Theresa sat in a sort of withdrawing-room, the roof of which rose in arches, starred with blue and gold like that of the cloister, and the sides were frescoed with scenes from the life of the Virgin. Over every door, and in convenient places between the paintings, texts of Holy Writ were illuminated in blue, and scarlet, and gold, with a richness and fancifulness of outline, as if every sacred letter had blossomed into a mystical flower. The Abbess herself, with two of her nuns, was busily embroidering a new altar-cloth, with a lavish profusion of adornment; and, from time to time, their voices rose in the musical tones of an ancient Latin hymn. The words were full of that quaint and mystical pietism with which the fashion of the times clothed the expression of devotional feeling:—

"Jesu, corona virginum,
Quem mater illa concepit,
Quæ sola virgo parturit,
Hæc vota clemens accipe.

"Qui pascis inter lilia
Septus choreis virginum,
Sponsus decorus gloria,
Sponsisque reddens præmia.

"Quocunque pergis, virgines
Sequuntur atque laudibus
Post te canentes cursitant,
Hymnosque dulces personant." *

This little canticle was, in truth, very different from the hymns to Venus

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* "Jesus, crown of virgin spirits,
Whom a virgin mother bore,
Graciously accept our praises
While thy footsteps we adore.

"Thee among the lilies feeding
Choirs of virgins walk beside,
Bridegroom crowned with glorious beauty,
Giving beauty to thy bride.

"Where thou goest still they follow,
Singing, singing as they move,
All those souls for ever virgin
Wedded only to thy love."

which used to resound in the temple which the convent had displaced. The voices which sang were of a deep, plaintive contralto, much resembling the richness of a tenor; and as they blended in modulated waves of chanting sound, the effect was soothing and dreamy. Agnes stopped at the door to listen.

"Stop, dear Jocunda," she said to the old woman, who was about to push her way abruptly into the room, "wait till it is over."

Jocunda, who was quite matter-of-fact in her ideas of religion, made a little movement of impatience, but was recalled to herself by observing the devout absorption with which Agnes, with clasped hands and downcast head, was mentally joining in the hymn with a solemn brightness in her young face.

"If she hasn't got a vocation, nobody ever had one," thought Jocunda. "I wish I had more of one myself!"

When the strain died away, and was succeeded by a conversation on the respective merits of two kinds of gold embroidering-thread, Agnes and Jocunda entered the apartment. Agnes went forward and kissed the hand of the mother reverentially.

Sister Theresa we have before described as tall, pale, and sad-eyed,—a moonlight style of person, wanting in all those elements of warm colour and physical solidity which give the impression of a real vital human existence. The strongest affection she had ever known had been that excited by the childish beauty and graces of Agnes, whom she folded in her arms and kissed with a warmth that had in it the semblance of maternity.

"Grandmamma has given me a day to spend with you, dear mother," said Agnes.

"Welcome, dear little child!" responded Mother Theresa. "Your spiritual home always stands open to you."

"I have something to speak to you of in particular, my mother," said Agnes, blushing deeply.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Mother Theresa, a slight movement of curiosity arising in her mind as she signed to the two nuns to leave the apartment.

"My mother," continued Agnes, "yesterday evening, as grandmamma and I were sitting at the gate, selling oranges, a young cavalier came up and bought oranges of me, and he kissed my forehead and asked me to pray for him, and gave me this ring for the shrine of Saint Agnes."

"Kissed your forehead!" cried Jocunda; "very pretty, indeed! It isn't like you, Agnes, to let him."

"He did it before I knew," pleaded Agnes. "Grandmamma reproved him, and then he seemed to repent, and gave me this ring for the shrine of Saint Agnes."

"And a pretty one it is, too," said Jocunda. "We haven't a prettier in all our treasury; not even the great emerald the Queen gave is better in its way than this."

"And he asked you to pray for him?" questioned Mother Theresa.

"Yes, mother dear: he looked right into my eyes and made me look into his, and made me promise; and I knew that holy virgins never refused their prayers to any one that asked, and so I followed their example."

"I'll warrant me he was only mocking at you for a poor little fool," put in Jocunda; "the gallants of our day don't believe much in prayers."

"Perhaps so, Jocunda," returned Agnes, gravely; "but if that be the case, he needs prayers all the more."

"Yes," pronounced Mother Theresa. "Remember the story of the blessed Saint Dorothea!—how a wicked young nobleman mocked at her when she was going to execution, saying, 'Dorothea, Dorothea, I will believe, when you shall send me down some of the fruits and flowers of Paradise;' and she, full of faith, replied, 'To-day I will send them;' and wonderful to tell, that very day, at evening, an angel came to the young man with a basket of citrons and roses, and said, 'Dorothea sends thee these; therefore believe.' See what grace a pure maiden can bring to a thoughtless young man!—for this young man was converted and became a champion of the faith."

"That was in the old times," said Jocunda, sceptically. "I don't believe setting the lamb to pray for the wolf will do much in our day. Prithee, child, what manner of man was this gallant?"

"He was beautiful as an angel," replied Agnes; "only it was not a good beauty. He looked proud and sad, both; like one who is not at ease in his heart. Indeed, I feel very sorry for him: his eyes made a kind of trouble in my mind, that reminds me to pray for him often."

"And I will join my prayers to yours, dear daughter," said the Mother Theresa. "I long to have you with us, that we may pray together every day: say, do you think your grandmamma will spare you to us wholly, before long?"

"Grandmamma will not hear of it yet," answered Agnes: "she loves me so, it would break her heart if I should leave her; and she could not be happy here. But, mother, you have told me we could carry an altar always in our hearts, and adore in secret; when it is God's will I should come to you, He will incline her heart."

"Between you and me, little one," said Jocunda, "I think there will soon be a third person who will have something to say in the case."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Agnes.

"A husband," replied Jocunda; "I suppose your grandmother has one picked out for you: you are neither humpbacked nor cross-eyed, that you shouldn't have one as other girls?"

"I don't want one, Jocunda; and I have promised to Saint Agnes to come here, if she will only get grandmother to consent."

"Bless you, my daughter!" exclaimed Mother Theresa; "only persevere and the way will be opened."

"Well, well," said Jocunda, "we'll see. Come, little one, if you wouldn't have your flowers fade, we must go back and look after them."

Reverently kissing the hand of the abbess, Agnes withdrew with her old friend, and crossed again to the garden to attend to her flowers.

"Well now, little one," said Jocunda, "you can sit here and weave your garlands, while I go and look after the conserves of raisins and citrons that Sister Cattarina is making: she is stupid at anything but her prayers, is Cattarina. Our Lady be gracious to me! I think I got my vocation from Saint Martha; and if it wasn't for me, I don't know what would become of things in the convent. Why, since I came here, our conserves, done up in fig-leaf packages, have had quite a run at court, and our gracious Queen herself was good enough to send an order for a hundred of them last week. I could have laughed to see how puzzled the Mother Theresa looked: much she knows about conserves! I suppose she thinks Gabriel brings them straight down from paradise, done up in leaves of the tree of life. Old Jocunda knows what goes to their making up: she's good for something, if she is old and twisted: many a scrubby old olive bears fat berries," said the old portress, chuckling.

"Oh, dear Jocunda," cried Agnes, "why must you go this minute? I want to talk with you about so many things!"

"Bless the sweet child! it does want its old Jocunda, does it?" said the old woman, in the tone with which one caresses a baby. "Well, well, it should, then! Just wait a minute, till I go and see that our holy Saint Cattarina hasn't fallen a-praying over the conserving-pan. I'll be back in a moment."

So saying, she hobbled off briskly, and Agnes, sitting down on the fragment sculptured with dancing nymphs, began abstractedly pulling her flowers towards her, shaking from them the dew of the fountain.

Unconsciously, as she sat there, her head drooped into the attitude of the marble nymph, and her lovely features assumed the same expression of plaintive and dreamy thoughtfulness; her heavy dark lashes lay on her pure waxen cheeks like the dark fringe of some tropical flower. Her form, in its delicate outlines, scarcely yet showed the full development of womanhood, which after years might unfold into the ripe fulness of her countrywomen. Her whole attitude and manner were those of an exquisitely sensitive and highly organized being, just struggling into the life of some mysterious new inner birth,—into the sense of powers of feeling and of being hitherto unknown even to herself.

"Ah," she softly sighed to herself, "how little I am! how little I can do! Could I convert one soul! Ah, holy Dorothea, send down the roses of heaven into *his* soul, that he also may believe!"

"Well, my little beauty, you have not finished even one garland," said old Jocunda, bustling up behind her. "Praise to Saint Martha, the conserves are doing well, and so I catch a minute for my little heart."

So saying, she sat down with her spindle and flax by Agnes, for an afternoon gossip.

"Dear Jocunda, I have heard you tell stories about spirits that haunt lonesome places. Did you ever hear about any in the gorge?"

"Why, bless the child, yes: spirits are always pacing up and down in lonely places. Father Anselmo told me that; and he had seen a priest once that had seen that in the holy Scriptures themselves,—so it must be true."

"Well, did you ever hear of their making the most beautiful music?"

"Haven't I?" replied Jocunda,—"to be sure I have; singing enough to draw the very heart out of your body: it's an old trick they have. I want to know if you never heard about the king of Amalfi's son coming home from fighting for the Holy Sepulchre? Why, there's rocks not far out from this very town where the Sirens live; and if the king's son hadn't had a holy bishop on board, who slept every night with a piece of the true cross under his pillow, the green ladies would have sung him straight into perdition. They are very fair-spoken at first, and sing so that a man gets perfectly drunk with their music, and longs to fly to them; but they suck him down at last under water, and strangle him, and that's the end of him."

"You never told me about this before, Jocunda."

"Haven't I, child? Well, I will now. You see, this good bishop, he dreamed three times that they would sail past these rocks, and he was told to give all the sailors holy wax from an altar candle to stop their ears, so that they shouldn't hear the music. Well, the king's son said he wanted to hear the music; so he wouldn't have his ears stopped: but he told 'em to tie him to the mast, so that he could hear it, but not to mind a word he said, if he begged 'em ever so hard to untie him.

"Well, you see they did it; and the old bishop, he had his ears sealed up tight, and so did all the men; but the young man stood tied to the mast, and when they sailed past, he was like a demented creature. He called out that it was his lady who was singing, and he wanted to go to her—and his mother, who they all knew was a blessed saint in paradise years before; and he commanded them to untie him, and pulled and strained on his cords to get free; but they only tied him the tighter, and so they got him past: for, thanks to the holy wax, the sailors never heard a word, and so they kept their senses. So they all got safe home; but the young prince was so sick and pining that he had to be exorcised and prayed for seven times seven days before they could get the music out of his head."

"Why," asked Agnes, "do those Sirens sing there yet?"

"Well, that was a hundred years ago. They say the old bishop, he prayed 'em down; for he went out a little after on purpose, and gave 'em a precious lot of holy water; most likely he got 'em pretty well under, though my husband's brother says he's heard 'em singing in a small way,

like frogs in spring-time; but he gave 'em a pretty wide berth. You see these spirits are what's left of old heathen times, when, Lord bless us! the earth was just as full of 'em as a bit of old cheese is of mites. Now a Christian body, if they take reasonable care, can walk quit of 'em; and if they have any haunts in lonesome and doleful places, if one puts up a cross or a shrine, they know they have to go."

"I am thinking," said Agnes, "it would be a blessed work to put up some shrines to Saint Agnes and our good Lord in the gorge: I'll promise to keep the lamps burning and the flowers in order."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed Jocunda, "that is a pious and Christian thought."

"I have an uncle in Florence—a father in the holy convent of San Marco—who paints and works in stone, not for money, but for the glory of God; and when he comes this way I will speak to him about it," said Agnes. "And about this time in the spring he always visits us."

"That's well thought of," said Jocunda. "And now, tell me, little lamb, have you any idea who this grand cavalier may be that gave you the ring?"

"No," replied Agnes, pausing a moment over the garland of flowers she was weaving, "only Giulietta told me that he was brother to the king: Giulietta said everybody knew him."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Jocunda: "Giulietta always thinks she knows more than she does."

"Whatever he may be, his worldly state is nothing to me," said Agnes. "I know him only in my prayers."

"Ay, ay," muttered the old woman to herself, looking obliquely out of the corner of her eye at the girl, who was busily sorting her flowers; "perhaps he will be seeking some other acquaintance." Then addressing Agnes, she said, "You haven't seen him since?"

"Seen him? Why, dear Jocunda, it was only last evening——"

"True enough. Well, child, don't think too much of him. Men are dreadful creatures; in these times especially: they snap up a pretty girl as a fox does a chicken, and no questions asked."

"I don't think he looked wicked, Jocunda; he had a proud, sorrowful look. I don't know what could make a rich, handsome young man sorrowful; but I feel in my heart that he is not happy. Mother Theresa says that those who can do nothing but pray may convert princes without knowing it."

"May be it is so," Jocunda conceded, in the same tone in which thrifty professors of religion often assent to the same sort of truths in our days. "I've seen a good deal of that sort of cattle in my day; and one would think, by their actions, that praying souls must be scarce where they came from."

Agnes abstractedly stooped and began plucking handfuls of lycopodium, which was growing green and feathery on one side of the marble

frieze on which she was sitting; in so doing, a fragment of white marble, which had been overgrown in the luxuriant green, appeared to view. It was that frequent object in the Italian soil,—a portion of an old Roman tombstone. Agnes bent over, intent on the mystic "*Dis Manibus*," in old Roman letters.

"Lord bless the child! I've seen thousands of them," said Jocunda; "it is some old heathen's grave, that's been in Hell these hundred years."

"In hell?" cried Agnes, with a distressful accent.

"Of course," replied Jocunda. "Where should they be? Serves 'em right, too; they were a vile old set."

"Oh, Jocunda, it's dreadful to think of, that they should have been in hell all this time."

"And no nearer the end than when they began," pursued Jocunda.

Agnes gave a shivering sigh, and, looking up into the golden sky that was pouring floods of splendour through the orange-trees and jasmines, thought, "How could it be that the world could possibly be going on so sweet and fair over such an abyss?"

"Oh, Jocunda!" she exclaimed, "it does seem *too* dreadful to believe! How could they help being heathen; being born so, and never hearing of the true Church?"

"Ah, well," said Jocunda, spinning away energetically, "that's no business of mine; my business is to save *my* soul, and that's what I came here for. The dear saints know I found it dull enough at first, for I'd been used to jaunting round with my old man and the boy; but what with marketing and preserving, and one thing and another, I get on better now, praise to Saint Agnes!"

The large, dark eyes of Agnes were fixed abstractedly on the old woman as she spoke, slowly dilating, with a sad, mysterious expression, which sometimes came over them.

"Ah! how can the saints themselves be happy?" she sighed. "One might be willing to wear sackcloth and sleep on the ground; one might suffer ever so many years and years, if only one might save some of them."

"Well, it does seem hard," Jocunda admitted; "but what's the use of thinking of it? Old Father Anselmo told us in one of his sermons that the Lord wills that his saints should come to rejoice in the punishment of all heathens and heretics; and he told us about a great saint once, who took it into his head to be distressed because one of the old heathen whose books he was fond of reading had gone to hell, and he fasted and prayed, and wouldn't take No for an answer, till he got him out."

"He did, then?" exclaimed Agnes, clasping her hands in a sudden ecstasy.

"Yes; but the good Lord told him never to try it again; and he struck him dumb: as a kind of hint, you know. Why, Father Anselmo said that even getting souls out of purgatory was no easy matter. He

told us of one holy nun who spent nine years fasting and praying for the soul of her prince who was killed in a duel, and then she saw in a vision that he was only raised the least little bit out of the fire; and she offered up her life as a sacrifice to the Lord to deliver him, but, after all, when she died he wasn't quite delivered. Such things made me think that a poor old sinner like me would never get out at all, if I didn't set about it in earnest: though it a'n't all nuns that save their souls either. I remember in Pisa I saw a great picture of the 'Judgment-day' in the Campo Santo, and there were lots of abbesses, and nuns, and monks, and bishops, too, that the devils were clearing off into the fire!"

"Oh, Jocunda, how dreadful that fire must be!"

"Yes, indeed," said Jocunda. "Father Anselmo said hell-fire wasn't like any kind of fire we have here—made to warm us and cook our food—but a kind made especially to torment body and soul, and not made for anything else.

"I remember a story he told us about that. You see, there was an old duchess that lived in a grand old castle,—and a proud, wicked old woman enough; and her son brought home a handsome young bride to the castle, and the old duchess was jealous of her,—'cause, you see, she hated to give up her place in the house, and the old family-jewels, and all the splendid things,—and so one time, when the poor young thing was all dressed up in a set of the old family-lace, what does the old hag do but set fire to it!"

"How horrible!" cried Agnes.

"Yes; and when the young thing ran screaming in her agony, the old hag stopped her and tore off a pearl rosary that she was wearing, for fear it should be spoiled by the fire."

"Holy Mother! can such things be possible?" exclaimed Agnes.

"Well, you see, she got her pay for it: that rosary was of famous old pearls that had been in the family a hundred years; but from that moment the good Lord struck it with a curse, and filled it white hot with hell-fire, so that, if anybody held it a few minutes in their hand, it would burn to the bone. The old sinner made believe that she was in great affliction for the death of her daughter-in-law, and that it was all an accident, and the poor young man went raving mad; but the old hag couldn't get rid of that awful rosary: she couldn't give it away; she couldn't sell it; but back it would come every night, and lie right over her heart, all white hot with the fire that burned in it. She gave it to a convent, and she sold it to a merchant, but back it came; then she locked it up in the heaviest chests, and she buried it down in the lowest vaults, but it always came back in the night: she was worn to a skeleton; and at last the old thing died without confession or sacrament, and went where she belonged. She was found lying dead in her bed one morning, and the rosary was gone; but when they came to lay her out, they found the marks of it burned to the bone into her breast. Father Anselmo used to tell us this, to show us a little what hell-fire was like."

"Oh, please, Jocunda, don't let us talk about it any more," implored Agnes.

Old Jocunda, with her tough, vigorous organization and unceremonious habits of expression, could not conceive the exquisite pain with which this whole conversation had vibrated on the sensitive being at her right hand,—that what merely awoke her hard-corded nerves to a dull vibration of not unpleasant excitement, was shivering and tearing the tenderer chords of poor little Psyche beside her.

Ages before, beneath those very skies that smiled so sweetly over her,—amid the bloom of lemon and citron, and the perfume of jasmine and rose, the gentlest of old Italian souls had dreamed and wondered what might be the unknown future of the dead; and, learning his lesson from the glorious skies and gorgeous shores which witnessed how magnificent a Being had given existence to man, had recorded his hopes of man's future in the words—*Aut beatus, aut nihil;* but, singular to tell, the religion which brought with it all human tenderness and pities,—the hospital for the sick, the refuge for the orphan, the enfranchisement of the slave,—this religion brought also the news of the eternal, hopeless, living torture of the great majority of mankind, past and present. Tender spirits, like those of Dante, carried this awful mystery as a secret and unexplained anguish; saints wrestled with God and wept over it; but still the awful fact remained, spite of Church and sacrament, that the Gospel was in effect to the majority of the human race, not the glad tidings of salvation, but the sentence of unmitigable doom.

The present traveller in Italy sees with disgust the dim and faded frescoes in which this doom is portrayed in all its varied refinements of torture; the vivid Italian mind ran riot in these lurid fields, and every monk who wanted to move his audience was, in his small way, a Dante. The poet and the artist give only the highest form of the ideas of their day, and he who cannot read the *Inferno* with firm nerves may ask what the same representations were likely to have been in the grasp of coarse and common minds.

The first teachers of Christianity in Italy read the Gospels by the light of those fiendish fires which consumed their fellows. Daily made familiar with the scorching, the searing, the racking, the devilish ingenuities of torture, they transferred them to the future hell of the torturers. The sentiment within us which asserts eternal justice and retribution was stimulated to a kind of madness by that first baptism of fire and blood, and expanded the simple and grave warnings of the gospel into a lurid poetry of physical torture. Hence, while Christianity brought multiplied forms of mercy into the world, it failed for many centuries to humanize the savage forms of justice; and rack and wheel, fire and faggot were the modes by which human justice aspired to a faint imitation of what divine justice was supposed to extend through eternity.

But it is remarkable always to observe the power of individual minds

to draw out of the popular religious ideas of their country only those elements which suit themselves, and to drop others from their thought. As a bee can extract pure honey from the blossoms of some plants whose leaves are poisonous, so some souls can nourish themselves only with the holier and more ethereal parts of popular belief.

Agnes had hitherto dwelt only on the cheering and the joyous features of her faith; her mind loved to muse on the legends of saints and angels and the glories of paradise, which, with a secret buoyancy, she hoped to be the lot of every one she saw. The mind of the Mother Theresa was of the same elevated cast, and the terrors on which Jocunda dwelt with such homely force of language seldom made a part of her instructions.

Agnes tried to dismiss these gloomy images from her mind, and, after arranging her garlands, went to decorate the shrine and altar; a cheerful labour of love, in which she delighted.

To the mind of the really spiritual Christian of those ages, the air of this lower world was not a blank, empty space from which all spiritual sympathy and life have fled; but, like the atmosphere with which Raphael has surrounded the Sistine Madonna, it was full of sympathizing faces—a great "cloud of witnesses." The holy dead were not gone from earth; the Church visible and invisible were in close, loving, and constant sympathy, still loving, praying, and watching together, though with a veil between.

It was at first with no idolatrous intention that the prayers of the holy dead were invoked in acts of worship. Their prayers were asked simply because they were felt to be as really present with their former friends and as truly sympathetic as if no veil of silence had fallen between. In time this simple belief had its intemperate and idolatrous exaggerations; the Italian soil always seeming to have a volcanic forcing power, by which religious ideas overblossomed themselves, and grew wild and ragged with too much enthusiasm; and, as so often happens with friends on earth, these too-much loved and revered invisible friends became eclipsing screens instead of transmitting mediums of God's light to the soul.

Yet we can see in the hymns of Savonarola, who perfectly represented the attitude of the highest Christian of those times, how fervent might be the love and veneration of departed saints without lapsing into idolatry, and with what an atmosphere of warmth and glory the true belief of the unity of the Church, visible and invisible, could inspire an elevated soul amid the discouragements of an unbelieving and gainsaying world.

Our little Agnes, therefore, when she had spread all her garlands out, seemed really to feel as if the girlish figure in sacred white that smiled from the altar-piece was a dear friend who smiled upon her, and was watching to lead her up the path to heaven.

Pleasantly passed the hours of that day to the girl, and when at evening old Elsie called for her, she wondered that the day had gone so fast.

Old Elsie returned with no inconsiderable triumph from her stand. The cavalier had been several times during the day past her stall, and once, stopping in a careless way to buy fruit, commented on the absence of her young charge. This gave Elsie the highest possible idea of her own sagacity and shrewdness, and of the promptitude with which she had taken her measures, so that she was in as good spirits as people commonly are who think they have performed some stroke of generalship.

As the old woman and young girl emerged from the dark-vaulted passage that led them down through the rocks on which the convent stood to the sea at its base, the light of a most glorious sunset burst upon them, in all those strange and magical mysteries of light which anyone who has walked on the beach of Sorrento at evening will never forget.

Agnes ran along the shore, amusing herself with picking up little morsels of red and black coral, and those fragments of mosaic pavements, blue, red, and green, which the sea is never tired of casting up from the thousands of ancient temples and palaces which have gone to wreck all around these shores.

As she was busy doing this, she suddenly heard the voice of Giulietta behind her.

"So ho, Agnes! where have you been all day?"

"At the convent," replied Agnes, raising herself from her work, and smiling at Giulietta, in her frank, open way.

"Oh, then, you really did take the ring to Saint Agnes?"

"To be sure I did."

"Simple child!" exclaimed Giulietta, laughing; "that wasn't what he meant you to do with it: he meant it for you, only your grandmother was by. You never will have any lovers, if she keeps you so tight."

"I can do without," returned Agnes.

"I could tell you something about this one," Giulietta insinuated.

"You did tell me something yesterday."

"But I could tell you some more. I know he wants to see you again."

"What for?" asked Agnes.

"Simpleton, he's in love with you. You never had a lover; it's time you had."

"I don't want one, Giulietta. I hope I never shall see him again."

"Oh, nonsense, Agnes! What a girl you are! Why, before I was as old as you I had half-a-dozen lovers."

"Agnes," cried the sharp voice of Elsie, coming up from behind, "don't run on ahead of me again; and you, Mistress Baggage, let my child alone."

"Who's touching your child?" asked Giulietta, scornfully. "Can't a body say a civil word to her?"

"I know what you would be after," Elsie retorted,—"filling her head with talk of all the wild, loose gallants; but she is for no such market, I promise you! Come, Agnes."

And old Elsie drew Agnes rapidly along with her, leaving Giulietta rolling her great black eyes after them with an air of infinite contempt.

"The old kite!" she exclaimed; "I declare he *shall* get speech of the little dove, if only to spite her. Let her try her best, and see if we don't get round her before she knows it. Pietro says his master will certainly be wild after her; and I have promised to help him."

Meanwhile, just as old Elsie and Agnes were turning into the orange-orchard which led into the gorge of Sorrento, they met the cavalier of the evening before.

He stopped, and, removing his cap, saluted them with as much deference as if they had been princesses. Old Elsie frowned, Agnes blushed deeply, and both hurried forward. Looking back, the old woman saw that he was walking slowly behind them, evidently watching them closely, yet not in a way sufficiently obtrusive to warrant an open rebuff.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAVALIER.

NOTHING can be more striking, in common Italian life, than the contrast between out-doors and in-doors. Without, all is fragrant and radiant; within, mouldy, dark, and damp. Except in the well-kept palaces of the great, houses in Italy are more like dens than habitations, and a sight of them is a sufficient reason to the mind of any inquirer, why their vivacious and handsome inhabitants spend their life principally in the open air.

Nothing could be more perfectly paradisaical than this evening at Sorrento. The sun had sunk, but left the air full of diffused radiance, which trembled and vibrated over the thousand many-coloured waves of the sea. The moon was riding in a broad zone of purple, low in the horizon, her silver forehead somewhat flushed in the general roseate hue that seemed to penetrate and suffuse every object. The fishermen, who were drawing in their nets, gaily singing, seemed to be floating on a violet-and-gold-coloured flooring that broke into a thousand gems at every dash of the oar or motion of the boat. The old stone statue of Saint Antonio looked down in the rosy air, itself tinged and brightened by the magical colours which floated round it; and the girls and men of Sorrento gathered in gossiping knots on the old Roman bridge that spanned the gorge, looked idly down into its dusky shadows, talking the while, and playing the time-honoured game of flirtation, which has gone on in all climes and languages since man and woman began.

Conspicuous among them all was Giulietta, her blue-black hair recently braided and smoothed to a glossy radiance, and all her costume arranged to show her comely proportions to the best advantage, her great

pearl earrings shaking as she tossed her head, and showing the flush of the emerald in the middle of them. An Italian peasant-woman may trust Providence for her gown, but her earrings she attends to herself: for what is life without them? The great pearl earrings of the Sorrento women are accumulated, pearl by pearl, as the price of years of labour. Giulietta, however, had come into the world, so to speak, with a golden spoon in her mouth; since her grandmother, a thriving, stirring, energetic body, had got together a pair of earrings of unmatched size, which had descended as heirlooms to her, leaving her nothing to do but display them, which she did with the freest good-will. At present she was busily occupied in coquetting with a tall and jauntily-dressed fellow, wearing a plumed hat and a red sash, who seemed to be mesmerized by the power of her charms; his large dark eyes following every movement, as she now talked with him gaily and freely, and now pretended errands to this and that and the other person on the bridge, stationing herself here and there that she might have the pleasure of seeing herself followed.

"Giulietta," at last said the young man, earnestly, when he found her accidentally standing alone by the parapet, "I must be going to-morrow."

"Well, what is that to me?" retorted Giulietta, looking wickedly from under her eyelashes.

"Cruel girl! you know"——

"Nonsense, Pietro! I don't know anything about you;" but as Giulietta said this, her great, soft, dark eyes looked out furtively, and said just the contrary.

"You will go with me?"

"Did I ever hear anything like it? One can't be civil to a fellow but he asks her to go to the world's end. Pray, how far is it to your dreadful old den?"

"Only two days' journey, Giulietta."

"Two days!"

"Yes, my life; and you shall ride."

"Thank you, sir; I wasn't thinking of walking. But seriously, Pietro, I am afraid it's no place for an honest girl to be in."

"There are lots of honest women there: all our men have wives; and our captain has put his eye on one, too, or I'm mistaken."

"What! little Agnes?" suggested Giulietta. "He will be bright who gets her: that old dragon of a grandmother is as tight to her as her skin."

"Our captain is used to helping himself," said Pietro. "We might carry them both off some night, and no one the wiser; but he seems to want to win the girl to come to him of her own accord. At any rate, we are to be sent back to the mountains while he lingers a day or two more round here."

"I declare, Pietro, I think you all little better than Turks or heathens, to talk in that way about carrying off women; and what if one should

be sick and die among you? What is to become of one's soul, I wonder?"

"Pshaw! don't we have priests? Why, Giulietta, we are all very pious, and never think of going out without saying our prayers. The Madonna is a kind Mother, and will wink very hard on the sins of such good sons as we are. There isn't a place in all Italy where she is kept better in candles, and in rings and bracelets, and everything a woman could want. We never came home without bringing her something; and then we have lots left to dress all our women like princesses; and they have nothing to do from morning till night but play the lady. Come now?"

At the moment this conversation was going on in the balmy, seductive evening air at the bridge, another was transpiring in the Albergo della Torre, one of those dark musty dens of which we have been speaking. In a damp, dirty chamber, whose brick floor seemed to have been unsuspicious of even the existence of brooms for centuries, was sitting the cavalier whom we have so often named in connection with Agnes. His easy, high-bred air, his graceful, flexible form and handsome face formed a singular contrast to the bare and mouldy apartment, at whose single unglazed window he was sitting. The sight of this splendid personage gave an impression of strangeness, in the general bareness of the apartment; much as if some marvellous jewel had been unaccountably found lying on that dusty brick floor.

He sat deep in thought, with his elbow resting on a rickety table, his large, piercing, dark eyes seeming intently to study the pavement.

The door opened, and a gray-headed old man entered, who approached him respectfully.

"Well, Paolo?" cried the cavalier, suddenly starting.

"My lord, the men are all going back to-night."

"Let them go, then," said the cavalier, with an impatient movement. "I can follow in a day or two."

"Ah, my lord, if I might make so bold, why should you expose your person by staying longer? You may be recognized, and ——"

"No danger," interrupted the other, hastily.

"My lord, you must forgive me, but I promised my dear lady, your mother, on her death-bed ——"

"To be a constant plague to me," broke in the cavalier, with a vexed smile and an impatient movement; "but speak on, Paolo; for when you once get anything on your mind, one may as well hear it first as last."

"Well, then, my lord, this girl,—I have made inquiries, and every one reports her most modest and pious,—is the only grandchild of a poor old woman. Is it worthy of a great lord of an ancient house to bring her to shame?"

"Who thinks of bringing her to shame? 'Lord of an ancient house!'" added the cavalier, laughing bitterly,—"a landless beggar, cast

out of everything,—titles, estates, all! Am I, then, fallen so low, that my wooing would disgrace a peasant-girl?"

"My lord, you cannot mean to woo a peasant-girl in any other way than one that would disgrace her,—one of the House of Sarelli, that goes back to the days of the old Roman empire!"

"And what of the 'House of Sarelli that goes back to the days of the old Roman empire'? It is lying like weeds' roots uppermost in the burning sun. What is left to me but the mountains and my sword? No, I tell you, Paolo, Agostino Sarelli, cavalier of fortune, is not thinking of bringing disgrace on a pious and modest maiden; unless it would disgrace her to be his wife."

"Now may the saints above help us! Why, my lord, our house, in days past, has been allied to royal blood. I could tell you how Joachim VI.——"

"Come, come, my good Paolo, spare me one of your chapters of genealogy. The fact is, my old boy, the world is all topsy-turvy: the bottom is the top, and it isn't much matter what comes next. Here are shoals of noble families uprooted and lying round, like those aloes that the gardener used to throw over the wall in spring-time; and there is that great boar of a Cæsar Borgia turned in to batten and riot over our pleasant places."

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed the old serving-man, with a distressful movement, "we have fallen on evil times, to be sure; and they say his Holiness has excommunicated us: Anselmo heard that in Naples yesterday."

"Excommunicated!" echoed the young man,—every feature of his fine face, and every nerve of his graceful form seeming to quiver with the effort to express supreme contempt,—"Excommunicated! I should *hope* so! One would hope, through Our Lady's grace, to act so that Alexander and his adulterous, false-swearing, perjured, murderous crew *would* excommunicate us! In these times, one's only hope of Paradise lies in being excommunicated."

"Oh, my dear master!" implored the old man, falling on his knees, "what is to become of us? That I should live to hear you talk like an infidel and unbeliever!"

"Why, hear you, poor old fool! did you never read in Dante of the popes that are burning in hell? Wasn't Dante a Christian, I beg to know?"

"Oh, my lord, my lord! a religion got out of poetry, books, and romances won't do to die by. We have no business with the affairs of the Head of the Church; it's the Lord's appointment: we have only to shut our eyes and obey. It may do well enough to talk so when you are young and gay; but when sickness and death comes, then we *must* have religion: and if we have gone out of the only true Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, what becomes of our souls? Ah, I misdoubted about your taking so much to poetry, though my poor mistress was so proud of

it; but these poets are all heretics, my lord,—that's my firm belief. But, my lord, if you do go to hell, I'm going there with you: I'm sure I never could show my face among the saints, and you not there."

"Well, come, then, my poor Paolo," said the cavalier, stretching his hand to his serving-man, "don't take it to heart so. Many a better man than I has been excommunicated and cursed from toe to crown, and been never a whit the worse for it. There's Jerome Savonarola there in Florence—a most holy man, they say, who has had revelations straight from heaven—has been excommunicated: but he preaches and gives the sacraments all the same, and nobody minds it."

"Well, it's all a maze to me," protested the old serving-man, shaking his white head: "I can't see into it. I don't dare to open my eyes for fear I should get to be a heretic: it seems to me that everything is getting mixed up together. But one must hold on to one's religion; because, after we have lost everything in this world, it would be too bad to burn in hell for ever at the end of that."

"Why, Paolo, I am a good Christian. I believe, with all my heart, in the Christian religion, like the fellow in Boccaccio, because I think it must be from God, or else the popes and cardinals would have had it out of the world long ago. Nothing but the Lord Himself could have kept it against them."

"There you are, my dear master, with your romances. Well, well, well! I don't know how it'll end. I say my prayers, and try not to inquire into what's too high for me. But now, dear master, will you stay lingering after this girl till some of our enemies hear where you are and pounce down upon us? Besides, the troop are never so well affected when you are away; there are quarrels and divisions."

"Well, well," said the cavalier, with an impatient movement; "one day longer: I must get a chance to speak with her once more. I *must* see her."

Roundabout Papers.—No. XIV.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLE.

NOT long since, at a certain banquet I had the good fortune to sit by Doctor Polymathesis, who knows everything, and who, about the time when the claret made its appearance, mentioned that old dictum of the grumbling Oxford Don, that "ALL CLARET *would be port if it could!*" Imbibing a bumper of one or the other not ungratefully, I thought to myself, "Here surely, Mr. Roundabout, is a good text for one of your reverence's sermons." Let us apply to the human race, dear brethren, what is here said of the vintages of Portugal and Gascony, and we shall have no difficulty in perceiving how many clarets aspire to be ports in their way; how most men and women of our acquaintance, how we ourselves, are Acquitainians giving ourselves Lusitanian airs; how we wish to have credit for being stronger, braver, more beautiful, more worthy than we really are.

Nay, the beginning of this hypocrisy—a desire to excel, a desire to be hearty, fruity, generous, strength-imparting—is a virtuous and noble ambition; and it is most difficult for a man in his own case, or his neighbour's, to say at what point this ambition transgresses the boundary of virtue, and becomes vanity, pretence, and self-seeking. You are a poor man, let us say, showing a bold face to adverse fortune, and wearing a confident aspect. Your purse is very narrow, but you owe no man a penny; your means are scanty, but your wife's gown is decent; your old coat well brushed; your children at a good school; you grumble to no one; ask favours of no one; truckle to no neighbours on account of their superior rank, or (a worse, and a meaner, and a more common crime still) envy none for their better fortune. To all outward appearances you are as well to do as your neighbours, who have thrice your income. There may be in this case some little mixture of pretension in your life and behaviour. You certainly *do* put on a smiling face whilst fortune is pinching you. Your wife and girls, so smart and neat at evening parties,

are cutting, patching, and cobbling all day to make both ends of life's haberdashery meet. You give a friend a bottle of wine on occasion, but are content yourself with a glass of whisky and water. You avoid a cab, saying, that of all things you like to walk home after dinner (which you know, my good friend, is a fib). I grant you that in this scheme of life there does enter ever so little hypocrisy; that this claret is loaded, as it were; but your desire to *portify* yourself is amiable, is pardonable, is perhaps honourable; and were there no other hypocrisies than yours in the world, we should be a set of worthy fellows; and sermonizers, moralizers, satirizers, would have to hold their tongues, and go to some other trade to get a living.

But you know you *will* step over that boundary line of virtue and modesty, into the district where humbug and vanity begin, and there the moralizer catches you and makes an example of you. For instance, "in another place" our friend Mr. Talbot Twysden is mentioned—a man whom you and I know to be a wretched ordinaire, but who persists in treating himself as if he was the finest '20 port. In our Britain there are hundreds of men like him; for ever striving to swell beyond their natural size, to strain beyond their natural strength, to step beyond their natural stride. Search, search within your own waistcoats, dear brethren—*you* know in your hearts, which of your ordinaire qualities you would pass off, and fain consider as first-rate port? And why not you yourself, Mr. Preacher? says the congregation. Dearly beloved, neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger, or cleverer, or wiser, or better than any of you. A short while since, my favourite *Superfine Review* announced that I gave myself great pretensions as a philosopher! I a philosopher! I advance pretensions! My dear, superfine, Saturday friend; and you? Don't you teach everything to everybody? and punish the naughty boys if they don't learn as you bid them? You teach politics to Lord John and Mr. Gladstone. You teach poets how to write; painters, how to paint; gentlemen, manners; and opera-dancers, how to pirouette. I was not a little amused of late by an instance of the modesty of our Saturday friend, who, more Athenian than the Athenians, and apropos of a Greek book by a Greek author, sate down and gravely showed the Greek gentleman how to write his own language. Is the world one great school of little boys, and the *Saturday Review* its great usher? Or is it possible that our teacher himself is somewhat pretentious, and often makes his ordinaire pass for port?

No, I do not, as far as I know, try to be port at all; but offer in these presents a sound genuine ordinaire, at 18s. per doz. let us say, grown on my own hill-side, and offered *de bon cœur* to those who will sit down under my *tonnelle*, and have a half-hour's drink and gossip. It is none of your hot porto, my friend. I know there is much better and stronger liquor elsewhere. Some pronounce it sour; some say it is thin; my respected friend the Bumptious Review says it has wofully lost its flavour. This may or may not be true. There are good and bad years;

years that surprise everybody; years of which the produce is small and bad, or rich and plentiful. But if my tap is not genuine it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it. I do not even say that I would be port if I could; knowing that port (by which I would imply much stronger, deeper, richer, and more durable liquor than my vineyard can furnish) is not relished by all palates, or suitable to all heads. We will assume then, dear brother, that you and I are tolerably modest people; and, ourselves being thus out of the question, proceed to show how pretentious our neighbours are, and how very many of them would be port if they could.

Have you never seen a small man from college placed amongst great folk, and giving himself the airs of a man of fashion? He goes back to his common room with fond reminiscences of Ermine Castle or Strawberry Hall. He writes to the dear countess, to say that dear Lord Lollypop is getting on very well at St. Boniface, and that the accident which he met with in a scuffle with an inebriated bargeman only showed his spirit and honour, and will not permanently disfigure his lordship's nose. He gets his clothes from dear Lollypop's London tailor, and wears a mauve or magenta tie when he rides out to see the hounds. A love of fashionable people is a weakness, I do not say of all, but of some tutors. Witness that Eton tutor t'other day, who intimated that in Cornhill we could not understand the perfect purity, delicacy, and refinement of those genteel families who sent their sons to Eton. O usher, *mon ami!* Old Sam Johnson, who, too, had been an usher in his early life, kept a little of that weakness always. Suppose Goldsmith had knocked him up at three in the morning and proposed a boat to Greenwich, as Topham Beauclerc and his friend did, would he have said, "What, my boy, are you for a frolic? I'm with you!" and gone and put on his clothes? Rather he would have pitched poor Goldsmith downstairs. He would have liked to be port if he could. Of course *we* wouldn't. Our opinion of the Portugal grape is known. It grows very high and is very sour, and we don't go for that kind of grape at all.

"I was walking with Mr. Fox"—and sure this anecdote comes very pat after the grapes—"I was walking with Mr. Fox in the Louvre," says Benjamin West (*apud* some paper I have just been reading), "and I remarked how many people turned round to look at *me*. This shows the respect of the French for the fine arts." This is a curious instance of a very small claret indeed, which imagined itself to be port of the strongest body. There are not many instances of a faith so deep, so simple, so satisfactory as this. I have met many who would like to be port; but with few of the Gascon sort, who absolutely believed they *were* port. George III. believed in West's port, and thought Reynolds' overrated stuff. When I saw West's pictures at Philadelphia, I looked at them with astonishment and awe. Hide, blushing glory, hide your head under your old night-cap. O immortality! is this the end of you? Did any of you, my dear brethren, ever try and read Blackmore's Poems, or the Epics of

Baour-Lormian, or the *Henriade*, or—what shall we say?—Pollok's *Course of Time?* They were thought to be more lasting than brass by some people, and where are they now? And *our* masterpieces of literature—*our* ports—that, if not immortal, at any rate are to last their fifty, their hundred years—oh, sirs, don't you think a very small cellar will hold them?

Those poor people in brass, on pedestals, hectoring about Trafalgar-square and that neighbourhood, don't you think many of them—apart even from the ridiculous execution—cut rather a ridiculous figure, and that we are too eager to set up our ordinaire heroism and talent for port? A Duke of Wellington or two I will grant, though even of these idols a moderate supply will be sufficient. Some years ago a famous and witty French critic was in London, with whom I walked the streets. I am ashamed to say that I informed him (being in hopes that he was about to write some papers regarding the manners and customs of this country) that all the statues he saw represented the Duke of Wellington. That on the arch opposite Apsley House? the Duke in a cloak, and cocked hat, on horseback. That behind Apsley House in an airy fig-leaf costume? the Duke again. That in Cockspur Street? the Duke with a pigtail—and so on. I showed him an army of Dukes. There are many bronze heroes who after a few years look already as foolish, awkward, and out of place as a man, say at Shoolbred's or Swan and Edgar's. For example, those three Grenadiers in Pall Mall, who have been up only a few months, don't you pity those unhappy household troops, who have to stand frowning and looking fierce there; and think they would like to step down and go to barracks? That they fought very bravely there is no doubt; but so did the Russians fight very bravely; and the French fight very bravely; and so did Colonel Jones and the 99th, and Colonel Brown and the 100th; and I say again that ordinaire should not give itself port airs, and that an honest ordinaire would blush to be found swaggering so. I am sure if you could consult the Duke of York, who is impaled on his column between the two clubs, and ask his late Royal Highness whether he thought he ought to remain there, he would say no. A brave, worthy man, not a braggart or boaster, to be put upon that heroic perch must be painful to him. Lord George Bentinck, I suppose, being in the midst of the family park in Cavendish-square, may conceive that he has a right to remain in his place. But look at William of Cumberland, with his hat cocked over his eye, prancing behind Lord George on his Roman-nosed charger; he, depend on it, would be for getting off his horse if he had the permission. He did not hesitate about trifles, as we know; but he was a very truth-telling and honourable soldier: and as for heroic rank and statuesque dignity, I would wager a dozen of '20 port against a bottle of pure and sound Bordeaux, at 18*s.* per dozen (bottles included), that he never would think of claiming any such absurd distinction. They have got a statue of Thomas Moore at Dublin, I hear. Is he on horseback? And that Melville column rising over Edinburgh; come, good men and true,

don't you feel a little awkward and uneasy when you walk under it? Who was this to stand in heroic places? and is yon the man whom Scotchmen most delight to honour? I must own deferentially that there is a tendency in North Britain to over-esteem its heroes. Scotch ale is very good and strong, but it is not stronger than all the other beer in the world, as some Scottish patriots would insist. When there has been a war, and stout old Sandy Sansculotte returns home from India or Crimea, what a bagpiping, shouting, hurraying, and self-glorification takes place round about him! You would fancy, to hear McOrator after dinner, that the Scotch had fought all the battles, killed all the Russians, Indian rebels, or what not. In Cupar-Fife, there's a little inn called the "Battle of Waterloo," and what do you think the sign is?

(I sketch from memory, to be sure.) "The Battle of Waterloo" is one broad Scotchman laying about him with a broadsword. Yes, yes, my dear Mac, you are wise, you are good, you are clever, you are handsome, you are brave, you are rich, &c.; but so is Jones over the border. Scotch salmon is good, but there are other good fish in the sea. I once heard a Scotchman lecture on poetry in London. Of course the pieces he selected were chiefly by Scottish authors, and Walter Scott was his favourite poet. I whispered to my neighbour, who was a Scotchman (by the way, the audience were almost all Scotch, and the room was All-Mac's—I beg your pardon, but I couldn't help it, I really couldn't help it)—"The professor has said the best poet was a Scotchman: I wager that he will say the worst poet was a Scotchman, too." And sure enough that worst poet, when he made his appearance, was a Northern Briton.

And as we are talking of bragging, and I am on my travels, can I forget one mighty republic—one—two mighty republics, where people are notoriously fond of passing off their claret for port? I am very glad, for the sake of a kind friend, that there is a great and influential party in the United, and, I trust, in the Confederate States, who believe that Catawba wine is better than the best Champagne. Opposite that famous

old White House at Washington, whereof I shall ever have a grateful memory, they have set up an equestrian statue of General Jackson, by a self-taught American artist of no inconsiderable genius and skill. At an evening party a member of Congress seized me in a corner of the room, and asked me if I did not think this was *the finest equestrian statue in the world?* How was I to deal with this plain question, put to me in a corner? I was bound to reply, and accordingly said that I did *not* think it was the finest statue in the world. "Well, sir," says the member of Congress, "but you must remember that Mr. M—— had never seen a statue when he made this!" I suggested that to see other statues might do Mr. M—— no harm. Nor was any man more willing to own his defects, or more modest regarding his merits, than the sculptor himself, whom I met subsequently. But, oh! what a charming article there was in a Washington paper next day about the impertinence of criticism and offensive tone of arrogance which Englishmen adopted towards men and works of genius in America! "Who was this man, who, &c. &c." I refer you, dear friend, to the passage where the Bumptious Review is treated of, and the very same opinions, uttered *de novo*, will be found to fit equally well. The Washington writer was angry because I would not accept this American claret as the finest port wine in the world. Ah me! It is about blood and not wine that the quarrel now is, and who shall foretell its end?

How much claret that would be port if it could is handed about in every society! In the House of Commons what small-beer orators try to pass for strong! Stay; have I a spite against any one? It is a fact that the wife of the member for Bungay has left off asking me and Mrs. Roundabout to her evening parties. Now is the time to have a slap at him. I will say that he was always overrated, and that now he is lamentably falling off even from what he has been. I will back the member for Stoke Pogis against him; and show that the dashing young member for Islington is a far sounder man than either. Have I any little literary animosities? Of course not. Men of letters never have. Otherwise, how I could serve out a competitor here, make a face over his works, and show that his would-be port is very meagre ordinaire indeed! Nonsense, man! Why so squeamish? Do they spare *you?* Now you have the whip in your hand, won't you lay on? You used to be a pretty whip enough as a young man, and liked it too. Is there no enemy who would be the better for a little thonging? No. I have militated in former times, not without glory; but I grow peaceable as I grow old. And if I have a literary enemy, why, he will probably write a book ere long, and then it will be *his* turn, and my favourite review will be down upon him.

My brethren, these sermons are professedly short; for I have that opinion of my dear congregation, which leads me to think that were I to preach at great length they would yawn, stamp, make noises, and perhaps go straightway out of church; and yet with this text I protest I could go

on for hours. What multitudes of men, what multitudes of women, my dears, pass off their ordinaire for port—their small beer for strong! In literature, in politics, in the army, the navy, the church, at the bar, in the world, what an immense quantity of cheap liquor is made to do service for better sorts! Ask Serjeant Rowland his opinion of Oliver, Q.C.? "Ordinaire, my good fellow, ordinaire, with a port-wine label!" Ask Oliver his opinion of Rowland. Never was a man so overrated by the world and by himself. Ask Tweedledumski his opinion of Tweedledeestein's performance. "A quack, my tear sir! an ignoramus, I geef you my vort! He gombose an opera! He is not fit to make dance a bear!" Ask Paddington and Buckmister, those two "swells" of fashion, what they think of each other? They are notorious ordinaire. You and I remember when they passed for very small wine, and now how high and mighty they have become! What do you say to Tomkins' sermons? Ordinaire, trying to go down as orthodox port, and very meagre ordinaire too! To Hopkins' historical works?—to Pumpkins' poetry? Ordinaire, ordinaire, again—thin, feeble, overrated; and so down the whole list. And when we have done discussing our men friends, have we not all the women? Do these not advance absurd pretensions? Do these never give themselves airs? With feeble brains, don't they often set up to be *esprits forts?* Don't they pretend to be women of fashion, and cut their betters? Don't they try and pass off their ordinary-looking girls as beauties of the first order? Every man in his circle knows women who give themselves airs, and to whom we can apply the port-wine simile.

Come, my friends. Here is enough of ordinaire and port for to-day. My bottle has run out. Will anybody have any more? Let us go upstairs, and get a cup of tea from the ladies.

Charlotte's Convoy.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XVII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

EVER, General Baynes afterwards declared, did fever come and go so pleasantly as that attack to which we have seen the Mrs. General advert in her letter to her sister, Mrs. Major MacWhister. The cold fit was merely a lively, pleasant chatter and rattle of the teeth; the hot fit an agreeable warmth; and though the ensuing sleep, with which I believe such anguish attacks are usually concluded, was enlivened by several dreams of death, demons, and torture, [illegible] it was to wake and find that dreadful thought of ruin [illegible] which had always, for the last few months, ever since Dr. Firmin's [illegible] the knowledge of his own imprudence, pursued the good-[illegible] gentleman! What! this boy might go to college, and that [illegible] [illegible]; and their meals need be embittered by so [illegible] of the morrow, and their walks no longer [illegible] by [illegible] bailiffs, and presented a gaol in the vista! It was [illegible] and again and again the old soldier said his thankful prayers, and [illegible] benefactor.

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Philip thought no more of his act of kindness, except to be very

grateful, and very happy that he had rendered other people so. He could no more have taken the old man's all, and plunged that innocent family into poverty, than he could have stolen the forks off my table. But other folks were disposed to rate his virtue much more highly; and amongst these was my wife, who chose positively to worship this young gentleman, and I believe would have let him smoke in her drawing-room if he had been so minded, and though her genteelest acquaintances were in the room. Goodness knows what a noise and what piteous looks are produced if ever the master of the house chooses to indulge in a cigar after dinner; but then, you understand, *I* have never declined to claim mine and my children's right because an old gentleman would be inconvenienced: and this is what I tell Mrs. Pen. If I order a coat from my tailor, must I refuse to pay him because a rogue steals it, and ought I to expect to be let off? Women won't see matters of fact in a matter-of-fact point of view, and justice, unless it is tinged with a little romance, gets no respect from them.

So, forsooth, because Philip has performed this certainly most generous, most dashing, most reckless piece of extravagance, he is to be held up as a perfect *preux chevalier*. The most riotous dinners are ordered for him. We are to wait until he comes to breakfast, and he is pretty nearly always late. The children are to be sent round to kiss uncle Philip, as he is now called. The children? I wonder the mother did not jump up and kiss him too. *Elle en était capable.* As for the osculations which took place between Mrs. Pendennis and her new-found young friend, Miss Charlotte Baynes, they were perfectly ridiculous; two school children could not have behaved more absurdly; and I don't know which seemed to be the youngest of these two. There were colloquies, assignations, meetings on the ramparts, on the pier, where know I?—and the servants and little children of the two establishments were perpetually trotting to and fro with letters from dearest Laura to dearest Charlotte, and dearest Charlotte to her dearest Mrs. Pendennis. Why, my wife absolutely went the length of saying that dearest Charlotte's mother, Mrs. Baynes, was a worthy, clever woman, and a good mother—a woman whose tongue never ceased clacking about the regiment, and all the officers, and all the officers' wives; of whom, by the way, she had very little good to tell.

"A worthy mother, is she, my dear?" I say. "But, oh, mercy! Mrs. Baynes would be an awful mother-in-law!"

I shuddered at the thought of having such a commonplace, hard, ill-bred woman in a state of quasi authority over me.

On this Mrs. Laura must break out in quite a petulant tone—"Oh, how *stale* this kind of thing is, Arthur, from a man *qui veut passer pour un homme d'esprit!* You are always attacking mothers-in-law!"

"Witness Mrs. Mackenzie, my love—Clive Newcome's mother-in-law. That's a nice creature; not selfish, not wicked, not——"

"Not nonsense, Arthur!"

"Mrs. Baynes knew Mrs. Mackenzie in the West Indies, as she knew all the female army. She considers Mrs. Mackenzie was a most elegant, handsome, dashing woman—only a little too fond of the admiration of our sex. There was, I own, a fascination about Captain Goby. Do you remember, my love, that man with the stays and dyed hair, who——"

"Oh, Arthur! When our girls marry, I suppose you will teach their husbands to abuse, and scorn, and mistrust *their* mother-in-law. Will he, my darlings? will he, my blessings?" (This apart to the children, if you please.) "Go! I have no patience with such talk!"

"Well, my love, Mrs. Baynes is a most agreeable woman; and when I have heard that story about the Highlanders at the Cape of Good Hope a few times more" (I do not tell it here, for it has nothing to do with the present history), "I daresay I shall begin to be amused by it."

"Ah! here comes Charlotte, I'm glad to say. How pretty she is! What a colour! What a dear creature!".

To all which of course I could not say a contradictory word, for a prettier, fresher lass than Miss Baynes, with a sweeter voice, face, laughter, it was difficult to see.

"Why does mamma like Charlotte better than she likes us?" says our dear and justly indignant eldest girl.

"I could not love her better if I were her *mother-in-law*," says Laura, running to her young friend, casting a glance at me over her shoulder; and that kissing nonsense begins between the two ladies. To be sure the girl looks uncommonly bright and pretty with her pink cheeks, her bright eyes, her slim form, and that charming white India shawl which her father brought home for her.

To this osculatory party enters presently Mr. Philip Firmin, who has been dawdling about the ramparts ever since breakfast. He says he has been reading law there. He has found a jolly quiet place to read. Law, has he? And much good may it do him! Why has he not gone back to his law, and his reviewing?

"You must—you *must* stay on a little longer. You have only been here five days. Do, Charlotte, ask Philip to stay a little."

All the children sing in a chorus, "Oh, do, uncle Philip, stay a little longer!" Miss Baynes says, "I hope you will stay, Mr. Firmin," and looks at him.

"Five days has he been here? Five years. Five lives. Five hundred years. What do you mean? In that little time of—let me see, a hundred and twenty hours, and at least a half of them for sleep and dinner (for Philip's appetite was very fine)—do you mean that in that little time his heart, cruelly stabbed by a previous monster in female shape, has healed, got quite well, and actually begun to be wounded again? Have two walks on the pier, as many visits to the Tintelleries (where he hears the story of the Highlanders at the Cape of Good Hope with respectful interest), a word or two about the weather, a look or two, a squeezekin, perhaps, of a little handykin—I say, do you mean that this absurd young idiot, and

that little round-faced girl, pretty, certainly, but only just out of the schoolroom—do you mean to say that they have—— Upon my word, Laura, this is too bad. Why, Philip has not a penny piece in the world."

"Yes, he has a hundred pounds, and expects to sell his mare for ninety at least. He has excellent talents. He can easily write three articles a week in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am sure no one writes so well, and it is much better done and more amusing than it used to be. That is three hundred a year. Lord Ringwood must be applied to, and must and shall get him something. Don't you know that Captain Baynes stood by Colonel Ringwood's side at Busaco, and that they were the closest friends? And pray, how did *we* get on, I should like to know? How did *we* get on, baby?"

"How did we det on?" says the baby.

"Oh, woman! woman!" yells the father of the family. "Why, Philip Firmin has all the habits of a rich man with the pay of a mechanic. Do you suppose he ever sate in a second-class carriage in his life, or denied himself any pleasure to which he had a mind? He gave five francs to a beggar girl yesterday."

"He had always a noble heart," says my wife. "He gave a fortune to a whole family a week ago; and" (out comes the pocket-handkerchief—oh, of course, the pocket-handkerchief)—"and—'God loves a cheerful giver!'"

"He is careless; he is extravagant; he is lazy;—I don't know that he is remarkably clever——"

"Oh, yes! he is your friend, of course. Now, abuse him—*do*, Arthur!"

"And, pray, when did you become acquainted with this astounding piece of news?" I inquire.

"When? From the very first moment when I saw Charlotte looking at him, to be sure. The poor child said to me only yesterday, 'Oh, Laura! he is our preserver!' And their preserver he has been, under Heaven."

"Yes. But he has not got a five-pound note!" I cry.

"Arthur, I am surprised at you. Oh, men, men are awfully worldly! Do you suppose Heaven will not send him help at its good time, and be kind to him who has rescued so many from ruin? Do you suppose the prayers, the blessings of that father, of those little ones, of that dear child, will not avail him? Suppose he has to wait a year, ten years, have they not time, and will not the good day come?"

Yes. This was actually the talk of a woman of sense and discernment when her prejudices and romance were not in the way, and she looked forward to the marriage of these folks, some ten years hence, as confidently as if they were both rich, and going to St. George's to-morrow.

As for making a romantic story of it, or spinning out love conversations between Jenny and Jessamy, or describing moonlight raptures and

passionate outpourings of two young hearts and so forth—excuse me, *s'il vous plait.* I am a man of the world, and of a certain age. Let the young people fill in this outline, and colour it as they please. Let the old folks who read, lay down the book a minute, and remember. It is well remembered, isn't it, that time? Yes, good John Anderson, and Mrs. John. Yes, good Darby and Joan. The lips won't tell now, what they did once. To-day is for the happy, and to-morrow for the young, and yesterday, is not that dear and here too?

I was in the company of an elderly gentleman, not very long since, who was perfectly sober, who is not particularly handsome, or healthy, or wealthy, or witty; and who, speaking of his past life, volunteered to declare that he would gladly live every minute of it over again. Is a man who can say that a hardened sinner, not aware how miserable he ought to be by rights, and therefore really in a most desperate and deplorable condition; or is he *fortunatus nimium*, and ought his statue to be put up in the most splendid and crowded thoroughfare of the town? Would you, who are reading this, for example, like to live *your* life over again? What has been its chief joy? What are to-day's pleasures? Are they so exquisite that you would prolong them for ever? Would you like to have the roast beef on which you have dined brought back again to table, and have more beef, and more, and more? Would you like to hear yesterday's sermon over and over again—eternally voluble? Would you like to get on the Edinburgh mail, and travel outside for fifty hours as you did in your youth? You might as well say you would like to go into the flogging-room, and take a turn under the rods: you would like to be thrashed over again by your bully at school: you would like to go to the dentist's, where your dear parents were in the habit of taking you: you would like to be taking hot Epsom salts, with a piece of dry bread to take away the taste: you would like to be jilted by your first love: you would like to be going in to your father to tell him you had contracted debts to the amount of $x + y + z$, whilst you were at the university. As I consider the passionate griefs of childhood, the weariness and sameness of shaving, the agony of corns, and the thousand other ills to which flesh is heir, I cheerfully say for one, I am not anxious to wear it for ever. No. I do not want to go to school again. I do not want to hear Trotman's sermon over again. Take me out and finish me. Give me the cup of hemlock at once. Here's a health to you, my lads. Don't weep, my Simmias. Be cheerful, my Phædon. Ha! I feel the co-o-old stealing, stealing upwards. Now it is in my ankles—no more gout in my foot: now my knees are numb. What, is—is that poor executioner crying too? Good-bye. Sacrifice a cock to Æscu—to Æscula— . . . Have you ever read the chapter in Grote's *History?* Ah! When the Sacred Ship returns from Delos, and is telegraphed as entering into port, may we be at peace and ready!

What is this funeral chant, when the pipes should be playing gaily as Love, and Youth, and Spring, and Joy are dancing under the win-

dows? Look you. Men not so wise as Socrates have their demons, who will be heard and whisper in the queerest times and places. Perhaps I shall have to tell of a funeral presently, and shall be outrageously cheerful; or of an execution, and shall split my sides with laughing. Arrived at my time of life, when I see a penniless young friend falling in love and thinking of course of committing matrimony, what can I do but be melancholy? How is a man to marry who has not enough to keep ever so miniature a brougham—ever so small a house—not enough to keep himself, let alone a wife and family? Gracious powers! is it not blasphemy to marry without fifteen hundred a year? Poverty, debt, protested bills, duns, crime, fall assuredly on the wretch who has not fifteen —say at once two thousand a year; for you can't live decently in London for less. And a wife whom you have met a score of times at balls or breakfasts, and with her best dresses and behaviour at a country house;—how do you know how she will turn out; what her temper is; what her relations are likely to be? Suppose she has poor relations, or loud coarse brothers who are always dropping in to dinner? What is her mother like; and can you bear to have that woman meddling and domineering over your establishment? Old General Baynes was very well; a weak, quiet, and presentable old man: but Mrs. General Baynes, and that awful Mrs. Major MacWhirter,—and those hobbledehoys of boys in creaking shoes, hectoring about the premises? As a man of the world I saw all these dreadful liabilities impending over the husband of Miss Charlotte Baynes, and could not view them without horror. Gracefully and slightly, but wittily and in my sarcastic way, I thought it my duty to show up the oddities of the Baynes family to Philip. I mimicked the boys, and their clumping blucher-boots. I touched off the dreadful military ladies, very smartly and cleverly as I thought, and as if I never supposed that Philip had any idea of Miss Baynes. To do him justice, he laughed once or twice; then he grew very red. His sense of humour is very limited; that even Laura allows. Then he came out with strong expression, and said it was a confounded shame, and strode off with his cigar. And when I remarked to my wife how susceptible he was in some things, and how little in the matter of joking, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Philip not only understood perfectly well what I said, but would tell it all to Mrs. General and Mrs. Major on the first opportunity." And this was the fact, as Mrs. Baynes took care to tell me *afterwards*. She was aware who was her *enemy*. She was aware who spoke ill of her, and her blessed darling *behind our backs*. And "do you think it was to see *you* or any one belonging to your *stuck-up house*, sir, that we came to you so often, which we certainly did, day and night, breakfast and supper, and no thanks to you? No, sir! ha, ha!" I can see her flaunting out of my sitting-room as she speaks, with a strident laugh, and snapping her dingily-gloved fingers at the door. Oh, Philip, Philip! To think that you were such a coward as to go and tell her! But I pardon him. From my heart I pity and pardon him.

For the step which he is meditating, you may be sure that the young man himself does not feel the smallest need of pardon or pity. He is in a state of happiness so crazy that it is useless to reason with him. Not being at all of a poetical turn originally, the wretch is actually perpetrating verse in secret, and my servants found fragments of his manuscript on the dressing-table in his bedroom. *Heart* and *art*, *sever* and *for ever*, and so on; what stale rhymes are these? I do not feel at liberty to give in entire the poem which our maid found in Mr. Philip's room, and brought sniggering to my wife, who only said, "Poor thing!" The fact is, it was too pitiable. Such maundering rubbish! Such stale rhymes, and such old thoughts! But then, says Laura, "I daresay all people's love-making is not amusing to their neighbours; and I know who wrote not very wise love-verses when he was young." No, I won't publish Philip's verses, until some day he shall mortally offend me. I can recall some of my own written under similar circumstances with twinges of shame; and shall drop a veil of decent friendship over my friend's folly.

Under that veil, meanwhile, the young man is perfectly contented, nay, uproariously happy. All earth and nature smiles round about him. "When Jove meets his Juno, in Homer, sir," says Philip, in his hectoring way, "don't immortal flowers of beauty spring up around them, and rainbows of celestial hues bend over their heads? Love, sir, flings a halo round the loved one. Where she moves, rise roses, hyacinths, and ambrosial odours. Don't talk to me about poverty, sir! He either fears his fate too much or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch and win or lose it all! Haven't I endured poverty? Am I not as poor now as a man can be—and what is there in it? Do I want for anything? Haven't I got a guinea in my pocket? Do I owe any man anything? Isn't there manna in the wilderness for those who have faith to walk in it? That's where you fail, Pen. By all that is sacred, you have no faith; your heart is cowardly, sir; and if you are to escape, as perhaps you may, I suspect it is by your wife that you will be saved. Laura has a trust in heaven, but Arthur's morals are a genteel atheism. Just reach me that claret—the wine's not bad. I say your morals are a genteel atheism, and I shudder when I think of your condition. Talk to *me* about a brougham being necessary for the comfort of a woman! A broomstick to ride to the moon! And I don't say that a brougham is not a comfort, mind you; but that, when it is a necessity, mark you, Heaven will provide it! Why, sir, hang it, look at me! Ain't I suffering in the most abject poverty? I ask you is there a man in London so poor as I am? And since my father's ruin do I want for anything? I want for shelter for a day or two. Good. There's my dear Little Sister ready to give it me. I want for money. Does not that sainted widow's cruse pour its oil out for me? Heaven bless and reward her. Boo!" (Here, for reasons which need not be named, the orator squeezes his fists into his eyes.) "I want shelter; ain't I in good quarters? I want work;

haven't I got work, and did you not get it for me? You should just see, sir, how I polished off that book of travels this morning. I read some of the article to Char——, to Miss ——, to some friends, in fact. I don't mean to say that they are very intellectual people, but your common humdrum average audience is the public to try. Recollect Molière and his housekeeper, you know."

"By the housekeeper, do you mean Mrs. Baynes?" I ask, in my *amontillado* manner. (By the way, who ever heard of *amontillado* in the early days of which I write?) "In manner she would do, and I dare-say in accomplishments; but I doubt about her temper."

"You're almost as worldly as the Twysdens, by George, you are! Unless persons are of a certain *monde*, you don't value them. A little adversity would do you good, Pen; and I heartily wish you might get it, except for the dear wife and children. You measure your morality by May-fair standards; and if an angel unawares came to you in pattens and a cotton umbrella, you would turn away from her. *You* would never have found out the Little Sister. A duchess—God bless her! A creature of an imperial generosity, and delicacy, and intrepidity, and the finest sense of humour, but she drops her *h*'s often, and how could you pardon such a crime? Sir, you are my better in wit and a dexterous application of your powers; but I think, sir," says Phil, curling the flaming mustachios, "I am your superior in a certain magnanimity; though, by Jove, old fellow, man and boy, you have always been one of the best fellows in the world to P. F.; one of the best fellows, and the most generous, and the most cordial,—that you have: only you *do* rile me when you sing in that confounded May-fair twang."

Here one of the children summoned us to tea—and "Papa was laughing, and uncle Philip was flinging his hands about and pulling his beard off," said the little messenger.

"I shall keep a fine lock of it for you, Nelly, my dear," says uncle Philip. On which the child said, "Oh, no! I know whom you'll give it to, don't I, mamma?" and she goes up to her mamma, and whispers.

Miss Nelly knows? At what age do those little match-makers begin to know, and how soon do they practise the use of their young eyes, their little smiles, wiles, and ogles? This young woman, I believe, coquetted whilst she was yet a baby in arms, over her nurse's shoulder. Before she could speak, she could be proud of her new vermilion shoes, and would point out the charms of her blue sash. She was jealous in the nursery, and her little heart had beat for years and years before she left off pinafores.

For whom will Philip keep a lock of that red, red gold which curls round his face? Can you guess? Of what colour is the hair in that little locket which the gentleman himself occultly wears? A few months ago, I believe, a pale straw-coloured wisp of hair occupied that place of honour; now it is a chesnut-brown, as far as I can see, of precisely the same colour as that which waves round Charlotte Baynes' pretty

face, and tumbles in clusters on her neck, very nearly the colour of Mrs. Paynter's this last season. So, you see, we chop and we change: straw gives place to chesnut, and chesnut is succeeded by ebony; and, for our own parts, we defy time; and if you want a lock of my hair, Belinda, take this pair of scissors, and look in that cupboard, in the band-box marked No. 3, and cut off a thick glossy piece, darling, and wear it, dear, and my blessings go with thee! What is this? Am I sneering because Corydon and Phyllis are wooing and happy? You see I pledged myself not to have any sentimental nonsense. To describe love-making is immoral and immodest; you know it is. To describe it as it really is, or would appear to you and me as lookers-on, would be to describe the most dreary farce, to chronicle the most tautological twaddle. To take a note of sighs, hand-squeezes, looks at the moon, and so forth—does this business become our dignity as historians? Come away from those foolish young people—they don't want us; and dreary as their farce is, and tautological as their twaddle, you may be sure it amuses them, and that they are happy enough without us. Happy? Is there any happiness like it, pray? Was it not rapture to watch the messenger, to seize the note, and fee the bearer?—to retire out of sight of all prying eyes and read:—"Dearest! Mamma's cold is better this morning. The Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang. I did not enjoy it, as my dear was at his *horrid dinner*, where I hope he amused himself. Send me a word by Buttles, who brings this, if only to say you are your Louisa's own, own," &c. &c. &c. That used to be the kind of thing. In such coy lines artless Innocence used to whisper its little vows. So she used to smile; so she used to warble; so she used to prattle. Young people, at present engaged in the pretty sport, be assured your middle-aged parents have played the game, and remember the rules of it. Yes, under papa's bow-window of a waistcoat is a heart which took very violent exercise when that waist was slim. Now he sits tranquilly in his tent, and watches the lads going in for their innings. Why, look at grandmamma in her spectacles reading that sermon. In *her* old heart there is a corner as romantic still as when she used to read the *Wild Irish Girl* or the *Scottish Chiefs* in the days of her misshood. And as for your grandfather, my dears, to see him now you would little suppose that that calm, polished, dear old gentleman was once as wild—as wild as Orson. . . . Under my windows, as I write, there passes an itinerant flower-merchant. He has his roses and geraniums on a cart drawn by a quadruped—a little long-eared quadruped, which lifts up its voice, and sings after its manner. When I was young, donkeys used to bray precisely in the same way; and others will heehaw so, when we are silent and our ears hear no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRUM IST'S SO WOHL MIR IN DER WELT.

UR new friends lived for a while contentedly enough at Boulogne, where they found comrades and acquaintances gathered together from those many regions which they had visited in the course of their military career. Mrs. Baynes, out of the field, was the commanding officer over the general. She ordered his clothes for him, tied his neckcloth into a neat bow, and, on tea-party evenings, pinned his brooch into his shirt-frill. She gave him to understand when he had had enough to eat or drink at dinner, and explained, with great frankness, how this or that dish did not agree with him. If he was disposed to exceed, she would call out, in a loud voice: "Remember, general, what you took this morning!" Knowing his constitution, as she said, she knew the remedies which were necessary for her husband, and administered them to him with great liberality. Resistance was impossible, as the veteran officer acknowledged. "The boys have fought about the medicine since we came home," he confessed, "but she has me under her thumb, by George. She really is a magnificent physician, now. She has got some invaluable prescriptions, and in India she used to doctor the whole station." She would have taken the present writer's little household under her care, and proposed several remedies for my children, until their alarmed mother was obliged to keep them out of her sight. I am not saying this was an agreeable woman. Her voice was loud and harsh. The anecdotes which she was for ever narrating related to military personages in foreign countries with whom I was unacquainted, and whose history failed to interest me. She took her wine with much spirit, whilst engaged in this prattle. I have heard talk not less foolish in much finer company, and known people delighted to listen to anecdotes of the duchess and the marchioness who would yawn over the history of Captain Jones's quarrels with his lady, or Mrs. Major Wolfe's monstrous flirtations with young Ensign Kyd. My wife, with the mischievousness of her sex, would mimic the Baynes'

conversation very drolly, but always insisted that she was not more really vulgar than many much greater persons.

For all this, Mrs. General Baynes did not hesitate to declare that we were "stuck-up" people; and from the very first setting eyes on us, she declared, that she viewed us with a constant darkling suspicion. Mrs. P. was a harmless, washed-out creature with nothing in her. As for that high and mighty Mr. P. and *his* airs, she would be glad to know whether the wife of a British general officer who had seen service in *every part of the globe*, and met the *most distinguished* governors, generals, and their ladies, several of whom *were noblemen*—she would be glad to know whether such people were not good enough for, &c. &c. Who has not met with these difficulties in life, and who can escape them? "Hang it, sir," Phil would say, twirling the red mustachios, "I like to be hated by some fellows;" and it must be owned that Mr. Philip got what he liked. I suppose Mr. Philip's friend and biographer had something of the same feeling. At any rate, in regard of this lady the hypocrisy of politeness was very hard to keep up; wanting us for reasons of her own, she covered the dagger with which she would have stabbed us: but we knew it was there clenched in her skinny hand in her meagre pocket. She would pay us the most fulsome compliments with anger raging out of her eyes—a little hate-bearing woman, envious, malicious, but loving her cubs, and nursing them, and clutching them in her lean arms with a jealous strain. It was "Good-bye, darling! I shall leave you here with your friends. Oh, how kind you are to her, Mrs. Pendennis! How can I ever thank you, and Mr. P. I am sure;" and she looked as if she could poison both of us, as she went away, curtseying and darting dreary parting smiles.

This lady had an intimate friend and companion in arms, Mrs. Colonel Bunch, in fact, of the—the Bengal cavalry, who was now in Europe with Bunch and their children, who were residing at Paris for the young folks' education. At first, as we have heard, Mrs. Baynes' predilections had been all for Tours, where her sister was living, and where lodgings were cheap and food reasonable in proportion. But Bunch happening to pass through Boulogne on his way to his wife at Paris, and meeting his old comrade, gave General Baynes such an account of the cheapness and pleasures of the French capital, as to induce the general to think of bending his steps thither. Mrs. Baynes would not hear of such a plan. She was all for her dear sister and Tours; but when, in the course of conversation, Colonel Bunch described a ball at the Tuileries, where he and Mrs. B. had been received with the most flattering politeness by the royal family, it was remarked that Mrs. Baynes' mind underwent a change. When Bunch went on to aver that the balls at Government House at Calcutta were nothing compared to those at the Tuileries or the Prefecture of the Seine; that the English were invited and respected everywhere; that the ambassador was most hospitable; that the clergymen were admirable; and that at their boarding-house, kept by Madame la

Générale Baronne de Smolensk, at the Petit Château d'Espagne, Avenue de Valmy, Champs Elysées, they had balls twice a month, the most comfortable apartments, the most choice society, and every comfort and luxury at so many francs per month, with an allowance for children—I say Mrs. Baynes was very greatly moved. "It is not," she said, "in consequence of the balls at the ambassador's or the Tuileries, for I am an old woman; and in spite of what you say, colonel, I can't fancy, after Government House, anything more magnificent in any French palace. It is not for *me*, goodness knows, I speak: but the children should have education, and my Charlotte an entrée into the world; and what you say of the invaluable clergyman, Mr. X——, I have been thinking of it all night; but above all, above all, of the chances of education for my darlings. Nothing should give way to that—nothing!" On this a long and delightful conversation and calculation took place. Bunch produced his bills at the Baroness de Smolensk's. The two gentlemen jotted up accounts, and made calculations all through the evening. It was hard even for Mrs. Baynes to force the figures into such a shape as to make them accord with the general's income; but, driven away by one calculation after another, she returned again and again to the charge, until she overcame the stubborn arithmetical difficulties, and the pounds, shillings, and pence lay prostrate before her. They could save upon this point; they could screw upon that; they *must* make a sacrifice to educate the children. "Sarah Bunch and her girls go to Court, indeed! Why shouldn't mine go?" she asked. On which her general said, "By George, Eliza, that's the point you are thinking of." On which Eliza said, "No," and repeated "No" a score of times, growing more angry as she uttered each denial. And she declared before Heaven she did *not* want to go to any Court. Had she not refused to be presented at home, though Mrs. Colonel Flack went, because she did not choose to go to the wicked expense of a train? And it was base of the general, *base* and *mean* of him to say so. And there was a fine scene, as I am given to understand; not that I was present at this family fight: but my informant was Mr. Firmin; and Mr. Firmin had his information from a little person who, about this time, had got to prattle out all the secrets of her young heart to him; who would have jumped off the pier-head with her hand in his if he had said "Come," without his hand if he had said "Go:" a little person whose whole life had been changed—changed for a month past—changed in one minute, that minute when she saw Philip's fiery whiskers and heard his great big voice saluting her father amongst the commissioners on the *quai* before the custom-house.

Tours was, at any rate, a hundred and fifty miles farther off than Paris from—from a city where a young gentleman lived in whom Miss Charlotte Baynes felt an interest; hence, I suppose, arose her delight that her parents had determined upon taking up their residence in the larger and nearer city. Besides, she owned, in the course of her artless confidences to my wife, that, when together, mamma and aunt MacWhirter quarrelled unceasingly;

and had once caused the old boys, the major and the general, to call each other out. She preferred, then, to live away from aunt Mac. She had never had such a friend as Laura, never. She had never been so happy as at Boulogne, never. She should always love everybody in our house, that she should, for ever and ever—and so forth, and so forth. The ladies meet; cling together; osculations are carried round the whole family circle, from our wondering eldest boy, who cries, "I say, hullo! what are you kissing me so about?" to darling baby, crowing and sputtering unconscious in the rapturous young girl's embraces. I tell you, these two women were making fools of themselves, and they were burning with enthusiasm for the "preserver" of the Baynes family, as they called that big fellow yonder, whose biographer I have aspired to be. The lazy rogue lay basking in the glorious warmth and sunshine of early love. He would stretch his big limbs out in our garden; pour out his feelings with endless volubility; call upon *hominum divumque voluptas, alma Venus;* vow that he had never lived or been happy until now; declare that he laughed poverty to scorn and all her ills; and fume against his masters of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because they declined to insert certain love verses which Mr. Philip now composed almost every day. Poor little Charlotte! And didst thou receive those treasures of song; and wonder over them, not perhaps comprehending them altogether; and lock them up in thy heart's inmost casket as well as in thy little desk; and take them out in quiet hours, and kiss them, and bless Heaven for giving thee such jewels? I daresay. I can fancy all this, without seeing it. I can read the little letters in the little desk, without picking lock or breaking seal. Poor little letters! Sometimes they are not spelt right, quite; but I don't know that the style is worse for that. Poor little letters! You are flung to the winds sometimes and forgotten with all your sweet secrets and loving artless confessions; but not always—no, not always. As for Philip, who was the most careless creature alive, and left all his clothes and haberdashery sprawling on his bed-room floor, he had at this time a breast-pocket stuffed out with papers which crackled in the most ridiculous way. He was always looking down at this precious pocket, and putting one of his great hands over it as though he would guard it. The pocket did not contain bank-notes, you may be sure of that. It contained documents stating that mamma's cold is better; the Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang, &c. Ah, friend, however old you are now, however cold you are now, however tough, I hope you, too, remember how Julia sang, and the Joneses came to tea.

Mr. Philip stayed on week after week, declaring to my wife that she was a perfect angel for keeping him so long. Bunch wrote from his boarding-house more and more enthusiastic reports about the comforts of the establishment. For his sake, Madame la Baronne de Smolensk would make unheard-of sacrifices, in order to accommodate the general and his distinguished party. The balls were going to be perfectly splendid

that winter. There were several old Indians living near; in fact, they could form a regular little club. It was agreed that Baynes should go and reconnoitre the ground. He did go. Madame de Smolensk, a most elegant woman, had a magnificent dinner for him—quite splendid, I give you my word, but only what they have every day. Soup, of course, my love; fish, capital wine, and, I should say, some five or six and thirty made dishes. The general was quite enraptured. Bunch had put his boys to a famous school, where they might "whop" the French boys, and learn all the modern languages. The little ones would dine early; the baroness would take the whole family at an astonishingly cheap rate. In a word, the Baynes' column got the route for Paris shortly before our family-party was crossing the seas to return to London fogs and duty.

You have, no doubt, remarked how, under certain tender circumstances, women will help one another. They help where they ought not to help. When Mr. Darby ought to be separated from Miss Joan, and the best thing that could happen for both would be a *lettre de cachet* to whip off Mons. Darby to the Bastille for five years, and an order from her parents to lock up Mademoiselle Jeanne in a convent, some aunt, some relative, some pitying female friend is sure to be found, who will give the pair a chance of meeting, and turn her head away whilst those unhappy lovers are warbling endless good-byes close up to each other's ears. My wife, I have said, chose to feel this absurd sympathy for the young people about whom we have been just talking. As the days for Charlotte's departure drew near, this wretched, misguiding matron would take the girl out walking into I know not what unfrequented bye-lanes, quiet streets, rampart-nooks, and the like; and la! by the most singular coincidence, Mr. Philip's hulking boots would assuredly come tramping after the women's little feet. What will you say, when I tell you, that I myself, the father of the family, the renter of the old-fashioned house, Rue Roucoule, Haute Ville, Boulogne-sur-Mer—as I am going into my own study—am met at the threshold by Helen, my eldest daughter, who puts her little arms before the glass-door at which I was about to enter, and says, "You must not go in there, papa! Mamma says we none of us are to go in there."

"And why, pray?" I ask.

"Because uncle Philip and Charlotte are talking secrets there; and nobody is to disturb them—*nobody!*"

Upon my word, wasn't this too monstrous? Am I Sir Pandarus of Troy become? Am I going to allow a penniless young man to steal away the heart of a young girl who has not twopence halfpenny to her fortune? Shall I, I say, lend myself to this most unjustifiable intrigue?

"Sir," says my wife (we happened to have been bred up from childhood together, and I own to have had one or two foolish initiatory flirtations before I settled down to matrimonial fidelity)—"Sir," says she, "when you were so wild—so spoony, I think is your elegant word—

about Blanche, and used to put letters into a hollow tree for her at home, I used to see the letters, and I never disturbed them. These two people have much warmer hearts, and are a great deal fonder of each other, than you and Blanche used to be. I should not like to separate Charlotte from Philip now. It is too late, sir. She can never like anybody else as she likes him. If she lives to be a hundred, she will never forget him. Why should not the poor thing be happy a little, while she may?"

An old house, with a green old courtyard and an ancient mossy wall, through breaks of which I can see the roofs and gables of the quaint old town, the city below, the shining sea, and the white English cliffs beyond; a green old courtyard, and a tall old stone house rising up in it, grown over with many a creeper on which the sun casts flickering shadows; and under the shadows, and through the glass of a tall gray window, I can just peep into a brown twilight parlour, and there I see two hazy figures by a table. One slim figure has brown hair, and one has flame-coloured whiskers. Look! a ray of sunshine has just peered into the room, and is lighting the whiskers up!

"Poor little thing," whispers my wife, very gently. "They are going away to-morrow. Let them have their talk out. She is crying her little eyes out, I am sure. Poor little Charlotte!"

Whilst my wife was pitying Miss Charlotte in this pathetic way, and was going, I daresay, to have recourse to her own pocket-handkerchief, as I live, there came a burst of laughter from the darkling chamber where the two lovers were billing and cooing. First came Mr. Philip's great boom (such a roar—such a haw-haw, or hee-haw, I never heard any other *two*-legged animal perform). Then follows Miss Charlotte's tinkling peal; and presently that young person comes out into the garden, with her round face not bedewed with tears at all, but perfectly rosy, fresh, dimpled, and good-humoured. Charlotte gives me a little curtsey, and my wife a hand and a kind glance. They retreat through the open casement, twining round each other, as the vine does round the window; though which is the vine and which is the window in this simile, I pretend not to say—I can't see through either of them, that is the truth. They pass through the parlour, and into the street beyond, doubtless: and as for Mr. Philip, I presently see *his* head popped out of his window in the upper floor with his great pipe in his mouth. He can't "work" without his pipe, he says; and my wife believes him. Work indeed!

Miss Charlotte paid us another little visit that evening, when we happened to be alone. The children were gone to bed. The darlings! Charlotte must go up and kiss them. Mr. Philip Firmin was out. She did not seem to miss him in the least, nor did she make a single inquiry for him. We had been so good to her—so kind. How should she ever forget our great kindness? She had been so happy—oh! so happy! She had never been so happy before. She would write often and often, and Laura would write constantly—wouldn't she? "Yes, dear child!" says my wife. And now a little more kissing, and it is time to go home

to the Tintelleries. What a lovely night! Indeed the moon was blazing in full round in the purple heavens, and the stars were twinkling by myriads.

"Good-bye, dear Charlotte; happiness go with you!" I seize her hand. I feel a paternal desire to kiss her fair, round face. Her sweetness, her happiness, her artless good-humour, and gentleness has endeared her to us all. As for me, I love her with a fatherly affection. "Stay, my dear!" I cry, with a happy gallantry. "I'll go home with you to the Tintelleries."

You should have seen the fair round face *then!* Such a piteous expression came over it! She looked at my wife; and as for that Mrs. Laura she pulled the tail of my coat.

"What do you mean, my dear?" I ask.

"Don't go out on such a dreadful night. You'll catch cold!" says Laura.

"Cold, my love!" I say. "Why, it's as fine a night as ever——"

"Oh! you—you *stoopid!*" says Laura, and begins to laugh. And there goes Miss Charlotte tripping away from us without a word more!

Philip came in about half an hour afterwards. And do you know I very strongly suspect that he had been waiting round the corner. Few things escape *me*, you see, when I have a mind to be observant. And, certainly, if I had thought of that possibility and that I might be spoiling sport, I should not have proposed to Miss Charlotte to walk home with her.

At a very early hour on the next morning my wife arose, and spent, in my opinion, a great deal of unprofitable time, bread, butter, cold beef, mustard and salt, in compiling a heap of sandwiches, which were tied up in a copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette.* That persistence in making sandwiches, in providing cakes and other refreshments for a journey, is a strange infatuation in women; as if there was not always enough to eat to be had at road inns and railway stations! What a good dinner we used to have at Montreuil in the old days, before railways were, and when the diligence spent four or six and twenty cheerful hours on its way to Paris! I think the finest dishes are not to be compared to that well-remembered fricandeau of youth, nor do wines of the most dainty vintage surpass the rough, honest, blue ordinaire which was served at the plenteous inn-table. I took our bale of sandwiches down to the office of the Messageries, whence our friends were to start. We saw six of the Baynes family packed into the interior of the diligence; and the boys climb cheerily into the rotonde. Charlotte's pretty lips and hands wafted kisses to us from her corner. Mrs. General Baynes commanded the column, pushed the little ones into their places in the ark, ordered the general and young ones hither and thither with her parasol, declined to give the grumbling porters any but the smallest gratuity, and talked a shrieking jargon of French and Hindustanee to the people assembled round the carriage. My wife has that command over me that she

actually made me demean myself so far as to deliver the sandwich parcel to one of the Baynes boys. I said, "Take this," and the poor wretch held out his hand eagerly, evidently expecting that I was about to tip him with a five-franc piece or some such coin. *Fouette, cocher!* The horses squeal. The huge machine jingles over the road, and rattles down the street. Farewell, pretty Charlotte, with your sweet face and sweet voice and kind eyes! But why, pray, is Mr. Philip Firmin not here to say farewell too?

Before the diligence got under way, the Baynes boys had fought, and quarrelled, and wanted to mount on the imperial or cabriolet of the carriage, where there was only one passenger as yet. But the conductor called the lads off, saying that the remaining place was engaged by a gentleman, whom they were to take up on the road. And who should this turn out to be? Just outside the town a man springs up to the imperial; his light luggage, it appears, was on the coach already, and that luggage belonged to Philip Firmin. Ah, monsieur! and that was the reason, was it, why they were so merry yesterday—the parting day? Because they were not going to part just then. Because, when the time of execution drew near, they had managed to smuggle a little reprieve! Upon my conscience, I never heard of such imprudence in the whole course of my life! Why, it is starvation—certain misery to one and the other. "I don't like to meddle in other people's affairs," I say to my wife; "but I have no patience with such folly, or with myself for not speaking to General Baynes on the subject. I shall write to the general."

"My dear, the general knows all about it," says Charlotte's, Philip's (in my opinion) most injudicious friend. "We have talked about it, and, like a man of sense, the general makes light of it. 'Young folks will be young folks,' he says; 'and, by George! ma'am, when I married—I should say, when Mrs. B. ordered me to marry her—she had nothing, and I but my captain's pay. People get on, somehow. Better for a young man to marry, and keep out of idleness and mischief; and, I promise you, the chap who marries my girl gets a treasure. I like the boy for the sake of my old friend Phil Ringwood. I don't see that the fellows with the rich wives are much the happier, or that men should wait to marry until they are gouty old rakes.' And, it appears, the general instanced several officers of his own acquaintance; some of whom had married when they were young and poor; some who had married when they were old and sulky; some who had never married at all. And he mentioned his comrade, my own uncle, the late Major Pendennis, whom he called a selfish old creature, and hinted that the major had jilted some lady in early life, whom he would have done much better to marry."

And so Philip is actually gone after his charmer, and is pursuing her *summâ diligentiâ?* The Baynes family has allowed this penniless young law student to make love to their daughter, to accompany them to

Paris, to appear as the almost recognized son of the house. "Other people, when they were young, wanted to make imprudent marriages," says my wife (as if that wretched *tu quoque* were any answer to my remark!) "This penniless law student might have a good sum of money if he chose to press the Baynes family to pay him what, after all, they owe him." And so poor little Charlotte was to be her father's ransom! To be sure, little Charlotte did not object to offer herself up in payment of her papa's debt! And though I objected as a moral man and a prudent man, and a father of a family, I could not be very seriously angry. I am secretly of the disposition of the time-honoured *père de famille* in the comedies, the irascible old gentleman in the crop wig and George-the-Second coat, who is always menacing "Tom the young dog" with his cane. When the deed is done, and Miranda (the little sly-boots!) falls before my squaretoes and shoe-buckles, and Tom the young dog kneels before me in his white ducks, and they cry out in a pretty chorus, "Forgive us, grandpapa!" I say, "Well, you rogue, boys will be boys. Take her, sirrah! Be happy with her; and, hark ye! in this pocket-book you will find ten thousand," &c. &c. You all know the story: I cannot help liking it, however old it may be. In love, somehow, one is pleased that young people should dare a little. Was not Bessy Eldon famous as an economist, and Lord Eldon celebrated for wisdom and caution? and did not John Scott marry Elizabeth Surtees when they had scarcely twopence a year between them? "Of course, my dear," I say to the partner of my existence, "now this madcap fellow is utterly ruined, now is the very time he ought to marry. The accepted doctrine is that a man should spend his own fortune, then his wife's fortune, and then he may begin to get on at the bar. Philip has a hundred pounds, let us say; Charlotte has nothing; so that in about six weeks we may look to hear of Philip being in successful practice ——"

"Successful nonsense!" cries the lady. "Don't go on like a cold-blooded calculating machine! You don't believe a word of what you say, and a more imprudent person never lived than you yourself were as a young man." This was departing from the question, which women will do. "Nonsense!" again says my romantic being of a partner-of-existence. "Don't tell ME, sir. They WILL be provided for! Are we to be for ever taking care of the morrow, and not trusting that we shall be cared for? *You* may call your way of thinking prudence. I call it *sinful worldliness*, sir." When my life-partner speaks in a certain strain, I know that remonstrance is useless, and argument unavailing, and I generally resort to cowardly subterfuges, and sneak out of the conversation by a pun, a side joke, or some other flippancy. Besides, in this case, though I argue against my wife, my sympathy is on her side. I know Mr. Philip is imprudent and headstrong, but I should like him to succeed, and be happy. I own he is a scapegrace, but I wish him well.

So, just as the diligence of Laffitte and Caillard is clearing out of

Boulogne town, the conductor causes the carriage to stop, and a young fellow has mounted up on the roof in a twinkling; and the postilion says, "Hi!" to his horses, and away those squealing greys go clattering. And a young lady, happening to look out of one of the windows of the intérieur, has perfectly recognized the young gentleman who leaped up to the roof so nimbly; and the two boys who were in the rotonde would have recognized the gentleman, but that they were already eating the sandwiches which my wife had provided. And so the diligence goes on, until it reaches that hill, where the girls used to come and offer to sell you apples; and some of the passengers descend and walk, and the tall young man on the roof jumps down, and approaches the party in the interior, and a young lady cries out, "La!" and her mamma looks impenetrably grave, and not in the least surprised; and her father gives a wink of one eye, and says, "It's him, is it, by George!" and the two boys coming out of the rotonde, their mouths full of sandwich, cry out, "Hullo! It's Mr. Firmin."

"How do you do, ladies?" he says, blushing as red as an apple, and his heart thumping—but that may be from walking up hill. And he puts a hand towards the carriage-window, and a little hand comes out and lights on his. And Mrs. General Baynes, who is reading a religious work, looks up and says, "Oh! how do you do, Mr. Firmin?" And this is the remarkable dialogue that takes place. It is not very witty; but Philip's tones send a rapture into one young heart: and when he is absent, and has climbed up to his place in the cabriolet, the kick of his boots on the roof gives the said young heart inexpressible comfort and consolation. Shine stars and moon. Shriek grey horses through the calm night. Snore sweetly, papa and mamma, in your corners, with your pocket-handkerchiefs tied round your old fronts! I suppose, under all the stars of heaven, there is nobody more happy than that child in that carriage—that wakeful girl, in sweet maiden meditation—who has given her heart to the keeping of the champion who is so near her. Has he not been always their champion and preserver? Don't they owe to his generosity everything in life? One of the little sisters wakes wildly, and cries in the night, and Charlotte takes the child into her arms and soothes her. "Hush, dear! He's there—he's there," she whispers, as she bends over the child. Nothing wrong can happen with *him* there, she feels. If the robbers were to spring out from yonder dark pines, why, he would jump down, and they would all fly before him! The carriage rolls on through sleeping villages, and as the old team retires all in a halo of smoke, and the fresh horses come clattering up to their pole, Charlotte sees a well-known white face in the gleam of the carriage lanterns. Through the long avenues, the great vehicle rolls on its course. The dawn peers over the poplars: the stars quiver out of sight: the sun is up in the sky, and the heaven is all in a flame. The night is over—the night of nights. In all the round world, whether lighted by stars or sunshine, there were not two people more happy than these had been.

A very short time afterwards, at the end of October, our own little sea-side sojourn came to an end. That astounding bill for broken glass, chairs, crockery, was paid. The London steamer takes us all on board on a beautiful, sunny autumn evening, and lands us at the Custom-house Quay in the midst of a deep, dun fog, through which our cabs have to work their way over greasy pavements, and bearing two loads of silent and terrified children. Ah, that return, if but after a fortnight's absence and holiday! Oh, that heap of letters lying in a ghastly pile, and yet so clearly visible in the dim twilight of master's study! We cheerfully breakfast by candlelight for the first two days after my arrival at home, and I have the pleasure of cutting a part of my chin off because it is too dark to shave at nine o'clock in the morning.

My wife can't be so unfeeling as to laugh and be merry because I have met with an accident which temporarily disfigures me? If the dun fog makes her jocular, she has a very queer sense of humour. She has a letter before her, over which she is perfectly radiant. When she is especially pleased I can see by her face and a particular animation and affectionateness towards the rest of the family. On this present morning her face beams out of the fog-clouds. The room is illuminated by it, and perhaps by the two candles which are placed one on either side of the urn. The fire crackles, and flames, and spits most cheerfully; and the sky without, which is of the hue of brown paper, seems to set off the brightness of the little interior scene.

"A letter from Charlotte, papa," cries one little girl, with an air of consequence. "And a letter from uncle Philip, papa!" cries another; "and they like Paris so much," continues the little reporter.

"And there, sir, didn't I tell you?" cries the lady, handing me over a letter.

"Mamma always told you so," echoes the child, with an important nod of the head; "and I shouldn't be surprised if he were to be *very rich*, should you, mamma?" continues this arithmetician.

I would not put Miss Charlotte's letter into print if I could, for do you know that little person's grammar was frequently incorrect; there were three or four words spelt wrongly; and the letter was so *scored* and *marked* with *dashes* under *every* other *word*, that it is clear to me her education had been neglected; and as I am very fond of her, I do not wish to make fun of her. And I can't print Mr. Philip's letter, for I haven't kept it. Of what use keeping letters? I say, Burn, burn, burn. No heart-pangs. No reproaches. No yesterday. Was it happy, or miserable? To think of it is always melancholy. Go to! I daresay it is the thought of that fog, which is making this sentence so dismal. Meanwhile there is Madam Laura's face smiling out of the darkness, as pleased as may be; and no wonder, she is always happy when her friends are so.

Charlotte's letter contained a full account of the settlement of the Baynes family at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house, where they appear to have been really very comfortable, and to have lived at a very cheap

rate. As for Mr. Philip, he made his way to a crib, to which his artist friends had recommended him, on the Faubourg St. Germain side of the water—the Hotel Poussin, in the street of that name, which lies, you know, between the Mazarin Library and the Musée des Beaux Arts. In former days, my gentleman had lived in state and bounty in the English hotels and quarter. Now he found himself very handsomely lodged for thirty francs per month, and with five or six pounds, he has repeatedly said since, he could carry through the month very comfortably. I don't say, my young traveller, that *you* can be so lucky now-a-days. Are we not telling a story of twenty years ago? Aye marry. Ere steam-coaches had begun to scream on French rails; and when Louis Philippe was king.

As soon as Mr. Philip Firmin is ruined he must needs fall in love. In order to be near the beloved object, he must needs follow her to Paris, and give up his promised studies for the bar at home; where, to do him justice, I believe the fellow would never have done any good. And he has not been in Paris a fortnight when that fantastic jade Fortune, who had seemed to fly away from him, gives him a smiling look of recognition, as if to say, "Young gentleman, I have not quite done with you."

The good fortune was not much. Do not suppose that Philip suddenly drew a twenty-thousand pound prize in a lottery. But, being in much want of money, he suddenly found himself enabled to earn some in a way pretty easy to himself.

In the first place, Philip found his friends Mr. and Mrs. Mugford in a bewildered state in the midst of Paris, in which city Mugford would never consent to have a *laquais de place*, being firmly convinced to the day of his death that he knew the French language quite sufficiently for all purposes of conversation. Philip, who had often visited Paris before, came to the aid of his friends in a two-franc dining-house, which he frequented for economy's sake; and they, because they thought the banquet there provided not only cheap, but most magnificent and satisfactory. He interpreted for them, and rescued them from their perplexity, whatever it was. He treated them handsomely to caffy on the bullyvard, as Mugford said on returning home and in recounting the adventure to me. "He can't forget that he has been a swell: and he does do things like a gentleman, that Firmin does. He came back with us to our hotel—Meurice's," said Mr. Mugford, "and who should drive into the yard and step out of his carriage but Lord Ringwood—you know Lord Ringwood; everybody knows him. As he gets out of his carriage—'What! is that you, Philip?' says his lordship, giving the young fellow his hand. 'Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning.' And away he goes most friendly."

How came it to pass that Lord Ringwood, whose instinct of self-preservation was strong—who, I fear, was rather a selfish nobleman—and who, of late, as we have heard, had given orders to refuse Mr. Philip entrance at his door—should all of a sudden turn round and greet the

young man with cordiality? In the first place, Philip had never troubled his lordship's knocker at all; and second, as luck would have it, on this very day of their meeting his lordship had been to dine with that well-known Parisian resident and *bon vivant*, my Lord Viscount Trim, who had been governor of the Sago Islands when Colonel Baynes was there with his regiment, the gallant 100th. And the general and his old West India governor meeting at church, my Lord Trim straightway asked General Baynes to dinner, where Lord Ringwood was present, along with other distinguished company, whom at present we need not particularize. Now it has been said that Philip Ringwood, my lord's brother, and Captain Baynes in early youth had been close friends, and that the colonel had died in the captain's arms. Lord Ringwood, who had an excellent memory when he chose to use it, was pleased on this occasion to remember General Baynes and his intimacy with his brother in old days. And of those old times they talked; the general waxing more eloquent, I suppose, than his wont over Lord Trim's excellent wine. And in the course of conversation Philip was named, and the general, warm with drink, poured out a most enthusiastic eulogium on his young friend, and mentioned how noble and self-denying Philip's conduct had been in his own case. And perhaps Lord Ringwood was pleased at hearing these praises of his brother's grandson; and perhaps he thought of old times, when he had a heart, and he and his brother loved each other. And though he might think Philip Firmin an absurd young blockhead for giving up any claims which he might have on General Baynes, at any rate I have no doubt his lordship thought, 'This boy is not likely to come begging money from me!' Hence, when he drove back to his hotel on the very night after this dinner, and in the court-yard saw that Philip Firmin, his brother's grandson, the heart of the old nobleman was smitten with a kindly sentiment, and he bade Philip to come and see him.

I have described some of Philip's oddities, and amongst these was a very remarkable change in his appearance, which ensued very speedily after his ruin. I know that the greater number of story readers are young, and those who are ever so old remember that their own young days occurred but a very, very short while ago. Don't you remember, most potent, grave, and reverend senior, when you were a junior, and actually rather pleased with new clothes? Does a new coat or a waistcoat cause you any pleasure now? To a well-constituted middle-aged gentleman, I rather trust a smart new suit causes a sensation of uneasiness—not from the tightness of the fit, which may be a reason—but from the gloss and splendour. When my late kind friend, Mrs. ——, gave me the emerald tabinet waistcoat, with the gold shamrocks, I wore it once to go to Richmond to dine with her; but I buttoned myself so closely in an upper coat, that I am sure nobody in the omnibus saw what a painted vest I had on. Gold sprigs and emerald tabinet, what a gorgeous raiment! It has formed for ten years the chief ornament of my ward-

robe; and though I have never dared to wear it since, I always think with a secret pleasure of possessing that treasure. Do women, when they are sixty, like handsome and fashionable attire, and a youthful appearance? Look at Lady Jezebel's blushing cheek, her raven hair, her splendid garments! But this disquisition may be carried to too great a length. I want to note a fact which has occurred not seldom in my experience—that men who have been great dandies will often and suddenly give up their long-accustomed splendour of dress, and walk about, most happy and contented, with the shabbiest of coats and hats. No. The majority of men are not vain about their dress. For instance, within a very few years, men used to have pretty feet. See in what a resolute way they have kicked their pretty boots off almost to a man, and wear great, thick, formless, comfortable walking boots, of shape scarcely more graceful than a tub!

When Philip Firmin first came on the town there were dandies still; there were dazzling waistcoats of velvet and brocade, and tall stocks with cataracts of satin; there were pins, studs, neck-chains, I know not what fantastic splendours of youth. His varnished boots grew upon forests of trees. He had a most resplendent silver-gilt dressing-case, presented to him by his father (for which, it is true, the doctor neglected to pay, leaving that duty to his son). "It is a mere ceremony," said the worthy doctor, "a cumbrous thing you may fancy at first; but take it about with you. It looks well on a man's dressing-table at a country house. It *poses* a man, you understand. I have known women come in and peep at it. A trifle you may say, my boy; but what is the use of flinging any chance in life away?" Now, when misfortune came, young Philip flung away all these magnificent follies. He wrapped himself *virtute suâ;* and I am bound to say a more queer-looking fellow than friend Philip seldom walked the pavement of London or Paris. He could not wear the nap off all his coats, or rub his elbows into rags in six months; but, as he would say of himself with much simplicity, "I do think I run to seed more quickly than any fellow I ever knew. All my socks in holes, Mrs. Pendennis; all my shirt-buttons gone, I give you my word. I don't know how the things hold together, and why they don't tumble to pieces. I suspect I must have a bad laundress." Suspect! My children used to laugh and crow as they sowed buttons on to him. As for the Little Sister, she broke into his apartments in his absence, and said that it turned her hair grey to see the state of his poor wardrobe. I believe that Mrs. Brandon put in surreptitious linen into his drawers. He did not know. He wore the shirts in a contented spirit. The glossy boots began to crack and then to burst, and Philip wore them with perfect equanimity. Where were the beautiful lavender and lemon gloves of last year? His great naked hands (with which he gesticulates so grandly) were as brown as an Indian's now. We had liked him heartily in his days of splendour; we loved him now in his threadbare suit.

I can fancy the young man striding into the room where his lordship's

guests were assembled. In the presence of great or small, Philip has always been entirely unconcerned, and he is one of the half-dozen men I have seen in my life upon whom rank made no impression. It appears that, on occasion of this breakfast, there were one or two dandies present who were aghast at Philip's freedom of behaviour. He engaged in conversation with a famous French statesman; contradicted him with much energy in his own language; and when the statesman asked whether monsieur was membre du Parlement? Philip burst into one of his roars of laughter, which almost breaks the glasses on a table, and said, "Je suis journaliste, monsieur, à vos ordres!" Young Timbury of the embassy was aghast at Philip's insolence; and Dr. Botts, his lordship's travelling physician, looked at him with a terrified face. A bottle of claret was brought, which almost all the gentlemen present began to swallow, until Philip, tasting his glass, called out, "Faugh. It's corked!" "So it is, and very badly corked," growls my lord, with one of his usual oaths. "Why didn't some of you fellows speak? Do you like corked wine?" There were gallant fellows round that table who would have drunk corked black dose, had his lordship professed to like senna. The old host was tickled and amused. "Your mother was a quiet soul, and your father used to bow like a dancing-master. You ain't much like him. I dine at home most days. Leave word in the morning with my people, and come when you like, Philip," he growled. A part of this news Philip narrated to us in his letter, and other part was given verbally by Mr. and Mrs. Mugford on their return to London. "I tell you, sir," says Mugford, "he has been taken by the hand by some of the tiptop people, and I have booked him at three guineas a week for a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

And this was the cause of my wife's exultation and triumphant "Didn't I tell you?" Philip's foot was on the ladder; and who so capable of mounting to the top? When happiness and a fond and lovely girl were waiting for him there, would he lose heart, spare exertion, or be afraid to climb? He had no truer well-wisher than myself, and no friend who liked him better, though, I daresay, many admired him much more than I did. But these were women for the most part; and women become so absurdly unjust and partial to persons whom they love, when these latter are in misfortune, that I am surprised Mr. Philip did not quite lose his head in his poverty, with such fond flatterers and sycophants round about him. Would you grudge him the consolation to be had from these sweet uses of adversity? Many a heart would be hardened but for the memory of past griefs; when eyes, now averted, perhaps, were full of sympathy, and hands, now cold, were eager to soothe and succour.

The Dissolution of the Union.

HARDLY any event, even in these days of great events, is more melancholy or memorable than the disruption of the United States. The history of England is entitled (with a doubtful exception in favour of that of Rome) to be considered as the most important chapter in the annals of the human race; for it describes the growth of institutions and the development of principles by which the largest and far the most flourishing part of mankind regulate their affairs. In another century, our language and literature, and, to a great extent, our laws and institutions, will express the thoughts and control the conduct of the population of more than half the world; and we have, therefore, an interest closely resembling that which connects blood relations in the prosperity of the great nations sprung from the same stock as ourselves.

To every one who takes this view of the feelings which ought to exist between England and the United States, it must be matter of sincere regret that anything should diminish the friendliness of our relations. There is, however, reason to fear that the Americans have been deeply mortified by the feeling with which the secession of the Southern States has been regarded in this country; and if newspaper articles are taken as sufficient evidence of public feeling on the subject, it must be admitted that the feeling, if not wise, is at least intelligible. Our principal journals have, no doubt, uniformly treated the disruption of the Union and the prospect of civil war as great evils; but they have frequently taken a ground which is not in itself reasonable, and which to all Americans, and especially to all Northerners, must be excessively offensive, respecting the whole dispute. They almost invariably discuss the subject as if the case were the simple one of a dependency wishing to free itself from the yoke of a superior, and they constantly dwell upon that most inconclusive and irritating of all topics, the charge of inconsistency. With what pretence of fairness, it is said, can you Americans object to the secession of the Southern States, when your own nation was founded in secession from the British empire? It would be as reasonable to ask how a man, who has successfully defended one action, can ever have the face to be plaintiff in another. The fact, that resistance to a constituted government may sometimes be right, no more proves that it can never be wrong, than the fact that it is right to shoot an invader proves that there is no such crime as murder. The analogy between George III. and Washington, and President Lincoln and President Davis, is just near enough to be at once delusive and annoying. If the object is to vex the Americans, and chuckle with more or less ingenuity over their troubles, the course which our most

influential papers have taken is a wise one. If we wish to understand the merits of the question, and the way in which it presents itself to those whom it principally concerns, we must take a very different view of it.

To Englishmen in general, American politics present a sort of maze without a plan. The strange names of Indian places and rulers were described by Sydney Smith as non-conductors of sympathy, and in American politics a somewhat similar effect is produced by the opposite cause. There is nothing impressive in the names of the politicians, and nothing distinctive in their measures. Men are elected to high office, who, beyond their own State, were utterly unknown; and the announcement of their respective "platforms" and "tickets" leaves most English readers of American news as hopelessly in the dark as if it were made in some unknown tongue.

Much of this confusion is undoubtedly due to the general ignorance which prevails in this country as to the nature and gist of American politics. Hardly any one knows what is the real nature of the Union—how it is related to the individual States—what are the sort of questions which arise out of that relation, and what would be implied in its disruption. In the absence of a clear general view of these matters, it is idle to attempt to form an opinion on the present condition of the seceding States, or to criticize the policy of those who wish either to destroy or to maintain the Union by force of arms. It is the object of this paper to give a general sketch of these matters in relation to the present state of affairs. The United States of America formed, up to the time of the late secession, a body politic of an unexampled kind. Both in ancient and modern times confederacies have frequently been established. The old German empire, the existing Germanic Confederation, Switzerland, and the Dutch United Provinces, are instances. The United States of America are distinguished from other confederacies by the circumstance that they exercise a direct jurisdiction not only over the States, but also over the individuals who compose those States. This distinction is one of practical and substantial importance; and without a distinct notion of the way in which it works the character of the Union and its politics can hardly be understood. Its leading features are shortly as follows.

The colonial history of the United States supplies several instances in which they associated themselves together for common defence. The New England colonies did so in the seventeenth century, and their association lasted without the notice of the mother country for forty years. Another union of a somewhat similar kind was attempted in the course of the eighteenth century, not out of any feeling of hostility to Great Britain, but simply for purposes of mutual assistance. During the War of Independence a third confederacy was formed, by the help of which the struggle with England was brought to a successful conclusion. Subsequently to the year 1783 the league between the thirteen States continued under another form; but their connection, as in former cases, was nothing more

than a confederacy the units of which were States, and not individuals. The constitution which is at present undergoing the process of dissolution was framed by the principal statesmen of the nation in 1787, and by June, 1790, was finally ratified and accepted by all the States. No one who reads it with attention, and follows out its practical application in the subsequent history and present condition of the States, can fail to see that the language common amongst Englishmen in relation to the dissolution of the Union proceeds upon an inadequate notion of the importance of the benefits which the constitution confers, the magnitude of the interests which it protects, and the practical importance of the questions which would be at once raised by its dissolution. There cannot be a greater mistake than that of viewing the States as a mere league, some of the members of which are struggling to retain the rest as allies against their will; or as a sort of transatlantic Austria, insisting on the subjugation of a transatlantic Venice.

The following sketch of the principal provisions of the constitution may serve to give a definite notion of what it is for which the Northerners are preparing to fight. Every one knows that the United States are governed by a President and a Congress, consisting of two Houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives; but viewing them, as we naturally do, principally from without, the way in which the powers of government are divided between Congress and the State legislatures, and the consequences which that division involves, are less familiar to us.

The powers conferred by the constitution on Congress are as follows. It may impose taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, which, however, must be uniform on all the inhabitants of the States. It may borrow money on the credit of the United States of America. It may regulate commerce, lay down a general rule of naturalization, regulate the coinage, and punish offences relating to it. It has also the care of post-offices and post roads, and the superintendence of copyright, both in books and in inventions. It has jurisdiction over offences committed at sea. It has the power of war and peace, the control of the United States' army and navy, and military law. It regulates the calling out and the organization of the State militia for common purposes. It is the sole government of the district of Columbia, in which Washington is situated; and it has power to make laws binding on the individual citizens of every State in the Union, for the purpose of executing any of these powers. All sovereign powers not included under these heads are reserved to the individual States, but they are expressly prohibited from exercising their sovereignty in certain ways. No State may enter into alliances, or make peace or war, or emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, or pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.

It has not been uncommon in Europe for States to give themselves constitutions which have been ridiculed in this country (often not reason-

ably) on the ground that the provisions which had the largest sound were in fact mere empty words. This cannot be said of the American constitution. Its practical efficiency is secured by the only means which can secure it—the institution of independent courts of justice bound to put a judicial construction upon its provisions, and armed with the powers necessary to make that construction prevail in fact. These courts treat the constitution as they would treat any other law, and freely exercise the power of deciding whether the acts of the individual States, or even those of Congress itself, are unconstitutional and therefore illegal. The courts in question are divisible into three classes. In the first class stands the Supreme Court of the United States; in the second are the circuit courts; and in the third, the district courts. The Supreme Court has original jurisdiction in diplomatic cases, in admiralty and maritime cases, in cases arising between individual States, and in cases in which the United States are a party. It also entertains appeals from the circuit and district courts. The circuit courts and district courts are local, and closely resemble each other in the general character of their jurisdiction, though the circuit courts are the more important of the two. They entertain all civil causes above 500 dollars in which the United States is a party, or in which an alien is a party, or in which the citizen of one State sues the citizen of another. They have also criminal jurisdiction in all cases in which the offence is committed against the laws of the United States, and they decide questions relating to revenue laws and the laws of patents and copyrights. In the territories which are not yet formed into States the law is administered by district courts.

The consequence of this system is, that in relation to all the mass of powers conferred upon Congress by the constitution, the citizens of the United States are governed by, and are in their individual capacity responsible to, the authorities of the United States to the exclusion of those of their own States, and in many points they can appeal not only from the law courts, but from the State legislatures, to the general law of the United States. For example: Dartmouth College obtained from the Supreme Court a decision that a law of the State of New Hampshire, by which its charter was altered without its consent, was void, as being opposed to that article of the constitution which prohibits the States from "passing laws impairing the obligation of contracts." In the same manner another State assigned lands for the use of the Indians, and declared that those lands should not be taxed. The land was afterwards sold to other persons, and after the sale the State repealed the law freeing the land from taxation. This law was held to be void on the same ground.

The constitutional right of Congress to tax carriages in a particular manner, to tax unrepresented districts, to pass a law giving debts to the United States priority over others, and to incorporate a national bank, are instances of the sort of questions on which the Supreme Court has given judicial decisions. These decisions, whether they are between

State and State, between the United States and some particular State, or between States and individuals, are enforced by regular executive officers like any other judicial decisions.

The practical consequences of the system, of which these are a few of the most prominent features, are far more important than the language which we generally use about it would imply. We are so much accustomed to the extraordinary rapidity with which the United States advance in wealth and power, that we are a little apt to look upon their prosperity as an ultimate fact requiring no explanation. In fact, like everything else, it has its causes, and, no doubt, one of the most important of them is the influence of the Union. There can be no doubt that it contributes immensely to the prosperity of every State which belongs to it, and that its maintenance forms almost the only means by which the settlement and government of the continent can be provided for. In the first place, so long as it exists, war between any of the States which compose it is impossible. If we recollect what has been the general character of the history of modern Europe, this in itself must be considered as an advantage which can hardly be bought too dear. In the next place, it provides every American citizen with a sphere of activity unequalled for extent and variety in the history of mankind. He may make his choice between more than thirty great nations, of any one of which he can, by mere residence, constitute himself a citizen. In each of them he is as much at home as an Englishman in Ireland, if not more. In each he is, to a great extent, under the same laws; he enjoys the same political rights; and the most important of these are guaranteed by all the other members of the Union. Under any circumstances, these would be valuable results; but, under the special circumstances of North America, their value is greatly enhanced. The population is by far the most migratory in the world. It is inordinately bent upon every kind of enterprise by which money is to be made, and the consequence is that anything which could shackle the free movement of the people to any part of the country, or diminish the ease with which they can at present establish themselves wherever they please, would be intolerable to them. The existence of the Union favours these tendencies in the highest degree. Its dissolution would place a serious check upon them. The existing constitution not only protects the whole of the United States from intestine war, but gives to each of them, and to all the citizens of each, rights which are unexampled elsewhere. We are so much accustomed to think and speak of the United States as a single nation, that we forget the means by which they gained, and by which (if at all) they must retain, that character. There is no other part of the world in which communities larger and more powerful than most nations can settle their differences with each other and with individuals by the ordinary course of law, in the proper sense of the word, and not by diplomatic negotiations. It is, for many purposes, as easy to sue or to be sued by the semi-sovereign States of the American Union as to sue or be sued by an English corporation; and this

circumstance enables a set of relations to be formed amongst them which do not exist elsewhere, and invests them, when they are formed, with guarantees which but for the existence of the Union could not be given. When we remember the vital importance which, under the special circumstances of the country, attaches to roads, railways, the navigation of the great rivers and lakes, and other matters, in each of which numerous half-independent States have different and often jarring interests, the practical importance of a system of judicature by which their relations may be regulated becomes apparent. Probably there is no considerable commercial company in the Union which would not find the security of its property depreciated, and its power of enforcing its rights and guaranteeing the discharge of its obligations sensibly diminished, by the dissolution of the Union, and the closing of the Federal courts.

With regard to foreign politics, the matter is too plain for doubt. The dissolution of the Union would go far to destroy altogether the diplomatic influence and external political power of the United States; and, indeed, some influential writers have gone so far as to maintain that such a result ought to be regarded in this country not merely with equanimity but with satisfaction. It would, we are told, diminish the insolence and the swagger which so often offend foreigners. Whatever truth there may be in this, it must be gall and wormwood to Americans.

Such being the general nature and advantages of the Union, it is not to be expected that the Americans in general should view its dissolution with equanimity; nor can there be a doubt that if they mean to resist it by force, now is the time at which that force must be used. If the Southern States were allowed to secede without resistance, the Union would be at an end, and it is impossible to predict where the process of dissolution would stop. The history of the Union shows that slavery is by no means the only question which may threaten its integrity. At the time of the Hartford Convention the New England States seriously threatened secession. If the Southerners succeed in their present undertaking, it is highly probable that the Western States, of which the Mississippi is the natural outlet, may follow their example, and if they did so the process might easily go farther.

These considerations explain the importance which the Americans attach to the Union, and the necessity under which they are placed of defending it by force at this point if they mean to defend it at all. It is urged in opposition to this, that it is inconsistent in republicans to attempt to force men to continue members of a community which they wish to leave, and that it is particularly inconsistent in the Americans to do so, because they owe their own national existence to a revolt against Great Britain. There are several independent answers to this argument, each of which ought to prevent either *bonâ-fide* inquirers or accurate reasoners from using it. In the first place, it proves nothing, for the question is not whether the Americans

are consistent, but whether they are right—that is, whether they are taking the course which is, on the whole, best and wisest. To charge them with inconsistency, even if the charge were true, could produce nothing but irritation; for if such a charge were made out, it would come to this: "You are quite right in trying to reduce the South to obedience, but you must admit that the principles which your grandfathers fought for in 1776 were false." If they are right, what is the use of vexing them about their grandfathers? If they are wrong, why increase the difficulty of convincing them by undertaking to show that the error is condemned by the example of their grandfathers? The whole argument is invidious, and serves no other purpose than that of creating prejudice and rancour.

In the second place the charge is altogether untrue. The tone of jovial, half-chuckling banter which is the curse of newspaper writing, so much obscures the arguments which are put forward on this subject, that it is generally difficult to do exact justice to them. Sometimes it appears as if the writer meant to say that under a republican form of government no one ought to be made to do anything he disliked. This, of course, would be fatal not only to the rights of such governments to suppress insurrection, but to their right to administer civil or criminal justice. At other times the ground taken appears to be substantially this—that republican institutions generally, and the government of the United States in particular, are founded on the principle that every body of men competent in point of number and local situation to form an independent political body, has a right, as against any other body of which it forms a part, to announce its intention of doing so, and immediately to carry that intention into execution, and that the body of which it forms a part has no right forcibly to prevent it. This, it is asserted, is the only principle on which the American Declaration of Independence can be justified, and it equally justifies the Confederate States in seceding from the Uuion.

This argument proceeds on an entire misconception of the principles by which nations ought to regulate their relations to each other. The conduct of independent communities towards each other must, on all occasions of importance, be regulated not by rule, but by direct reference to the principles upon which rules are founded; that is to say, by the direct consideration of the consequences of the particular act; and it is by this principle, and not in virtue of some imaginary right, that successful resistance to constituted authorities is to be justified. The establishment of American independence was, on the whole, a good thing both for Great Britain and for the United States; and this, and this only, was the justification of those who contributed to it. How does it follow from this that the secession of the Southern States would also be justifiable? The only intelligible meaning of which the principle under consideration is capable is, that the original State ought always to consider itself practically bound by the opinion of the revolting State, that the success of their revolt is for

the common good; which is manifestly absurd. There are, in truth (as might be shown by independent arguments), no such thing as rights between communities, and it is therefore absurd to charge the United States with their violation. The conduct of both, or of either party, may be wise, beneficial, honourable, deceitful, foolish, or injurious; but, apart from the express rights conferred by the constitution, which, as far as they go, are beyond all doubt in favour of the Northern States, there is, and can be, no question of right between them.

This mode of viewing the subject is that which might properly be applied to the case of a European power in which the relations between the governors and the governed have never been explicitly determined, but depend upon general principles of reasoning. For example, if Ireland were to proclaim its independence, they would supply the means of forming an opinion about it. In America the case is altogether different. There is no question of oppression; there is no assertion that the South has been in any way threatened or injured; and, on the other hand, there is a constitution solemnly instituted only seventy-five years ago, under which the Southerners have acted ever since, of which they have reaped every advantage to the very utmost, and which they now claim a right to throw to the winds, without assigning any other cause than their own will to do so. Their case is not that of resistance to authority, legitimate or illegitimate; it is the wrongful repudiation of a relationship which they have no right to dissolve. It is as if a wife, after henpecking her husband for twenty years, claimed a right to divorce him.

The whole history of the question of slavery and of the party questions connected with it for the last forty years are proofs of this.* It is far less familiar to Englishmen than from its importance it deserves to be. The names, indeed, of the Missouri Compromise, Mason and Dixie's Line, the Border Ruffians, and the War in Kansas, are familiar enough to us all, but hardly any one attaches any definite meaning to them. The subject, however, forms a connected whole, and when its bearings are understood, it throws great light on the present proceedings, both of the North and of the South. In order to understand the matter, it is necessary to say a few words as to the constitution of Congress. Each State has in the House of Representatives one member for every 30,000 inhabitants. Three-fifths of the slaves count as inhabitants, and by this means the Southerners, though their white population is far smaller than the population of the Northern States, have about as many representatives. Moreover, each State, large or small, sends two representatives to the Senate.

When the constitution was established, slave-holding was nearly universal; but it was acknowledged by all the leading statesmen of the day, that it was an evil, though they described it as an inherited, and for the time an inevitable one. In the Northern States, where the slaves

* *See* Miss Martineau's pamphlet, *A History of the American Compromises.* Reprinted, with additions, from the *Daily News.* Chapman, 1856.

were few, and where white labour could obviously compete with that of negroes, slavery was rapidly abolished, and by degrees the distinction between slave and free States came to coincide with the distinction between North and South. As this gradually became the leading feature in American politics, the Southern States exerted themselves to the utmost to obtain a majority, or, at any rate, to secure an equality of votes, in the Senate. The only way in which this could be done was by adding to the Union as many slave States as possible. As Miss Martineau truly says, "the key to the entire policy of the United States for the last quarter of a century is the effort of the South to maintain a majority in the Senate at Washington." The original United States, as is well known, were thirteen in number, namely, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Maryland. The western boundaries of several of these, and especially those of Virginia, were almost entirely undefined. Soon after the recognition of independence, the boundaries of Virginia were fixed, the lands excluded thrown into a common stock, and an arrangement was made that slavery should never be established on them. Whether or no this arrangement was constitutional, is a question which has been much discussed, but it was made and has been acted on. Several States, including Ohio, Kentucky, and others, were formed out of them.

In 1803, the immense territory of Louisiana, which included not only the State so named, but districts subsequently formed into several others, was purchased by the United States from France; and in 1819, the State of Missouri, which had formed part of this territory, applied for admission to the Union, and a great debate arose as to the terms on which it was to be admitted. If it was admitted as a slave State, slavery would be in a majority in the Senate; if not, in a minority. Ultimately, it was admitted as a slave State; but, at the same time, it was provided that slavery should be prohibited in every other part of the Union north of 36° 30′ north latitude (which is known as Mason and Dixie's line). This arrangement was made in 1819, and is the well-known Missouri compromise. Its effect was to make slavery distinctly a Southern institution, and from that time the great effort of Southern politicians has been to get into the Union as many States as possible south of 36° 30′. This was the object of almost all Southern policy for many years, and in particular was the secret of the annexation of Texas, which it was intended to form into five States, sending ten members to the Senate. At last the North, which in political warfare has always been far inferior in skill and energy to the South, tried to counteract this by adding free States on the other hand. This gave rise to what was known as the compromise of 1850. California was added on the terms of choosing its own constitution, and it chose against slavery; but this was counterbalanced by the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law. In 1854, the Missouri compromise was repealed, and new States,

whether north or south of 36° 30′, were allowed to choose whether they would permit slavery or not. This was at the time when Kansas and Nebraska, both of which lay to the north of that line, were on the point of becoming States. Great efforts were made, both by the North and by the South, to determine the inhabitants of Kansas to vote for slavery. On the one side, the Northerners supplied settlers; on the other, the Southerners instigated the "mean whites," who form the most degraded class in the Southern States, to enter the territory and force the choice of the electors—an object which they effected after outrages of various kinds, which broke out at one time into a sort of small civil war.

Such have been the leading events of the controversy between the North and the South during the last forty years. Throughout the greater part, and especially throughout the latter part of it, the South have had, beyond all comparison, the larger share of the influence and power of the Union. Every successive President, for many years past, has more or less represented Southern views. The whole course of Federal legislation has been in the interests of the South. The foreign policy of the Union, especially its American policy, has been usually dictated principally by their wish to add new slave States to the Union; and even the decrees of the Supreme Court have not been free from traces of Southern influence. Many circumstances have contributed to put the South in this position; the most remarkable being the comparatively small number and superior adroitness of the Southern planters, who have much greater political aptitude and more independence than the Northern statesmen—the simplicity and directness of their political objects—and, above all, their comparative indifference to the maintenance of the Union. Though they have enjoyed to the utmost all the advantages which the Union had to give—though they have directed its policy, forced the Northern States, in the case of the Fugitive Slave Law, to discharge humiliating functions for them, and gone far towards effecting the object, to borrow a well-known expression, of "making slavery national and freedom sectional," they care far less about the Union than the Northerners. They enjoy over them all the advantages which a simple society has over one which is at once wealthy, ambitious, and complex. The planter's pursuits are so simple that the considerations which influence other Americans affect him but slightly. Whatever becomes of the rest of the Union, he can grow and sell his cotton, so long as he has slaves and customers. He cares, and has reason to care, comparatively little for the enterprises which excite a passionate enthusiasm amongst the Northerners, and which tend to the conversion of the whole continent, in the shortest possible space of time, into one enormous hive of moderate comfort. To the North, the dissolution of the Union means the establishment of internal frontiers, the destruction of the Federal jurisdiction, and with it a severe shock to all sorts of commercial enterprises, the opening of fruitful sources of jealousy, and the diminution of the external prestige of the nation. To the South it means nothing very formidable. As secession would be their act, and

not that of their rivals, it would not hurt, but rather flatter, their national pride. They would have it in their power to reopen the slave trade; and as their internal enterprises are few, in comparison with those of the North, they would care comparatively little for the destruction of the Federal jurisdiction. These circumstances have enabled the Southerners for years to hold the threat of dissolving the Union over the North as a means of coercion, and there can be no doubt at all that the threat has been most effective. For a long period Northern politicians have made every sort of concession to the South, in order to avoid the question which is now forced upon them, for no assignable reason except that for the first time for the last quarter of a century a Northern president has been chosen.

It is scarcely possible to imagine any state of things more insufferable to men of spirit than such a course of conduct as this. Indeed in many of the steps of the long struggle between the North and the South it is impossible to deny that the Northerners showed great want of resolution, and down to the attack on Fort Sumter they continued to display a degree of forbearance which was hardly dignified. It is of course difficult, if not impossible, for any one who was not in America, or who had not an intimate personal knowledge of the state of feeling there, to express any positive opinion as to the course of the extraordinary change which that transaction produced. It seems, however, to be like the case of a man who, after putting up with all sorts of hard words and rough conduct, is interrupted in the midst of expostulations and offers of compromise by a box on the ear. Some ridicule was cast by the English papers on what was described as the unstatesmanlike and technically legal view of the question between the North and South, and of the way in which it was to be treated, which the President put forward in his proclamation on taking office. Some of our most influential newspaper writers thought that it fell below the occasion, and that a manifesto announcing a course of policy based on general considerations would have been more appropriate. Such criticisms betray ignorance of the fundamental principles of the American constitution. The consequence of the institution of the Supreme and Federal courts, and of the reduction of the constitution to the form of a written document technically interpreted by professional lawyers, has been to remove numerous questions which we treat as questions of policy to the domain of strict law, and to invest legal doctrines with a prominence and importance unknown to any other nation. So long as no actual physical force was applied to the property or forces of the Union, the Federal law was not broken. The crime of treason is defined to consist in "levying war against the United States, or adhering to their enemies only." The President has well-defined legal powers and responsibilities, and is bound by oath to act upon them. It is, therefore, natural enough that both he and the Northern States generally should have submitted patiently to acts on the part of the Southern States which

no Continental government would have permitted on the part of any member of the nation, and which even in the British Islands would have been illegal.

The eagerness with which the Northerners deprecated "coercion" in the early stages of the business, probably showed little more than reluctance to strike the first blow. A parallel might have arisen in England in the days of the Irish volunteers before the Union. It would have been quite consistent, then, for the newspapers and men of business to entreat the Government to take every possible means of avoiding collision, to allow the volunteers to assemble and the Irish Parliament to pass any resolutions it pleased, and yet to burst out into any degree of indignation and excitement if the English troops had been actually attacked and the Lord Lieutenant shipped back to England. It is very probable that Englishmen would have been less forbearing before the blow was struck, and less noisy afterwards; but this is a mere question of temperament.

These remarks show that the Northerners are entitled to more sympathy than they have received from the most influential part of the English press. They are fighting for an object of real importance. If they were to fight at all, now is their time, and they have received for many years past a series of provocations of the most exasperating kind. It does not, however, follow from this that they are wise in fighting, nor does it follow that they have any just ground to complain of the conduct which our Government has pursued towards them. The wisdom of fighting depends principally on the prospect of success; and on that point, there can be no doubt of the great weight of the arguments pressed on the Northern States by several English papers, and especially with admirable vigour and great knowledge by the *Economist*. These difficulties may be summed up in one. The constitution of the United States proceeds on the assumption that each member of the Union wishes to maintain it. To enforce it *in invitos* is very like a contradiction in terms. Suppose that the South is utterly defeated and crushed in the field, and that Mr. Davis and some others are hanged for treason; and, further, suppose that in the year 1864 the South succeeds, as it has so often succeeded, in electing a Southern President and out-manœuvring the North: the result would be grotesque if it were not so melancholy. It would be precisely as if a man sued successfully for the restitution of conjugal rights against a woman who, after making his life a burden to him, had left him without cause. No doubt he would get the advantage of her company at bed and board, but who would wish for it? To enforce conjugal rights against a woman bent on making her husband wretched, is in a most emphatic way cutting off one's nose to be revenged on one's face, and, to a cool observer, the process now going on in the States is of much the same character. This assumes success, but another familiar proverb shows how doubtful even such success as this must be. One man may take a

horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink. If they are so minded, the North have a fair prospect of being able to crush the Southern armies, to take their forts, and to reduce any cities which may hold out; but how will they make them send members to Congress, recognize the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, and admit the Federal officers who administer the offices vested by the constitution in the Congress? A permanent military occupation of every town and village in all the Southern States would be necessary to carry out these objects; and this seems to English observers to be altogether out of the question. If this difficulty were overcome, the State legislatures would still be protected by the very constitution which the army of occupation would come to enforce; nor would it be possible, without fatal inconsistency, to prohibit free discussion in newspapers, public meetings, and the like. All this would be fatal to continuous compulsion.

These observations are so obvious and weighty, that any considerate Englishman would, as far as his private opinion went, be decided by them; but those who insist upon them with so much force ought to remember that there is another side to the subject. To advise brave and high-spirited men to permit, or not to resist, the forcible, wrongful destruction of institutions to which they rightly attach the highest value, on the ground that it is extremely difficult to maintain them, is what men who recognize the claims of courage and spirit ought to be loth to do. That the North has right on its side, there can be no doubt. That it has sustained grievous wrongs and insults, is equally plain. Surely it is a question rather for them than for us, whether there is a reasonable prospect of redressing those wrongs by force of arms. A nation, like an individual, may easily overrate difficulties. It is by no means clear that the tone of the South will be so haughty as it is at present, or that their determination to resist will be unanimous after they have felt the weight of the Northern army. There is no doubt on each side a superabundance of the very fiercest kind of talk, and of protestations of unflinching constancy; but it by no means follows that it would survive the horrors of battles and sieges, and the awful prospect of servile insurrection. At any rate, no one can know whether it will or not till they try. Ireland would have been independent long ago if we had taken the advice of disinterested foreigners about it. In 1857 many writers on the Continent and in the United States supposed that they had proved in the most convincing manner that we never could reconquer India. Nothing that is worth keeping in this world can be kept without an effort; and it is premature to say that fighting is of no use till it has been fairly tried. We have a fair right to dwell on all the difficulties and horrors of the task; but in common justice it must be admitted that the North are fighting in a good cause and for a high stake.

Though it would be hard to deny that some injustice has been done to the Northerners by the tone of the most influential of our newspapers, nothing can be more false in substance or rude in

manner than the imputations thrown by the Americans on the policy of the English government. There is something so puerile in the notion that the recognition of the belligerent rights of the Southerners involves an approval of their proceedings, that it is difficult to argue seriously against it. Unless the Northerners mean to execute their prisoners as murderers and traitors, they must treat them as belligerents. That is, they must recognize the very rights which they blame us for recognizing. No doubt their real grievance is that their vanity has been wounded by the manner in which their performances have been criticized by English writers. The preceding observations are intended to show how far they have a just cause of complaint, but it is highly probable that the fact that we have not taken their demonstrations in quite the same heroic vein as that in which they are made has had as much to do with their ill-temper and bad manners, as the misconception as to the true state of the case, which certainly has pervaded much of our current literature. For this cause of offence no apology and no regret is due. One of the principal services which one nation can render to another, especially where their language and literature are identical, is that of letting them know when they are exposing themselves. In America, both politics and periodical literature have fallen, to a great extent, into the hands of an ill-educated class. The excessive vulgarity of a great part of what they say and write gives far too low a notion of the strong points of the American character, and has a fatal tendency to make their policy as unworthy a representative of the real powers of their minds as their literature unquestionably is. It is very desirable that every reasonable opportunity should be taken of showing the noisy and ill-bred people who have constituted themselves the representatives of the opinions and feelings of the United States, that we rate them exactly at what they are worth, and that their brag and fustian have just as much and just as little effect upon us as the raw-head-and-bloody-bones swagger which were the precursors of the famous battle of the cabbage-garden in 1848. The proposal that the North and South should forget their differences in a joint piratical attack upon Canada and Cuba, is worthy only of the infamous source from which it proceeds. Those who make it ought to recollect that something more than newspaper articles will be wanted to conquer a British colony. Hard words seem at present to be more in their line than broken bones, and they are much less to the purpose.

Burlesques.

It is a long stride from Aristophanes to the young men who write the satirical dramatic pieces of the present day—and yet but one step. It might be a safe thing to say that that one step is from the sublime to the ridiculous; but it would scarcely be just. In one important respect Aristophanes and the burlesque writers of the present day are, like Cæsar and Pompey in the estimation of the learned negro, very much alike, especially Aristophanes. Aristophanes, who was certainly the father of the burlesque, claimed to have a moral purpose in his buffoonery; but any one who reads over his *Frogs* or *Clouds* must inevitably arrive at the conclusion of the candid German critic, Mueller—that in every word he wrote, and every piece of "business" he set down, the Greek author had it chiefly in view to make his audience laugh. George the Third may have been excused for regarding Wilkes as a Wilkesite; but no one knew, or ought to have known, better than Aristophanes, that Socrates was not a sophist. The burlesque writers of our day crack jokes upon Alderman Carden and Mr. Tupper, not with any hope, or design, of making the one a juster magistrate, or the other a better poet, but simply to get a laugh for the actors and for themselves. That Aristophanes had often no other aim is abundantly proved in every scene of the *Frogs* and the *Clouds*. In the former, he claimed to have a very high purpose—nothing less than the reform of the Greek drama, which, though then only in its infancy, was said to be in a state of decline. We, in these days, deplore the decline of the drama when the stage is more than two thousand years old. Aristophanes lamented its decline when it was yet associated with wine lees and a cart. We talk fondly and regretfully of the good old days of Kemble and Kean. Aristophanes and his fellows talked of the good old times of Æschylus and Euripides. No doubt the critics in Euripides' day sighed for the past glories of the age of Thespis. But let us see how Aristophanes set about reforming the Greek drama by means of his burlesques. In the *Frogs*, which is especially devoted to that object, we find Bacchus lamenting the decline of the tragic art. He has a great longing for Euripides, and determines to visit the infernal world and bring that much-regretted poet back to earth. He sets out in company with his servant, Xanthias, crosses the Acherusian lake in Charon's boat, serenaded on his way by a chorus of frogs, and arrives in the Shades. Here he finds Æschylus and Euripides, and proposes that they should give him a taste of their quality. Pluto takes the chair, and the two poets stand opposite to each other and deliver the most pompous specimens of their poetical powers. They sing, they declaim, and each tries to outdo the other in fine words and ponderous sentences. They are both so very

grand and so very heavy, that Bacchus is quite unable to decide between them. In this difficulty he calls for a pair of scales, and proceeds to weigh separate verses of each poet against each other; when, notwithstanding all the efforts of Euripides to produce ponderous lines, those of Æschylus always make those of his rival kick the beam. Bacchus, in the meantime, has become a convert to the merits of Æschylus, though he had sworn to Euripides to take him back with him to the upper world. So, dismissing Euripides with a parody of one of his own verses in the *Hippolytus*, Bacchus returns to the living world with Æschylus. The whole idea of this burlesque is undoubtedly well conceived, and Greek scholars can tell with what admirable felicity Aristophanes imitates the peculiarities of style of Æschylus and Euripides in the speeches he puts into their mouths; but they must, at the same time, confess that there is more of fun and banter about the whole proceeding than earnest purpose. You are made to laugh *at* the two poets; and we can well imagine how some actor of the time, by a pompous air and manner in representing Æschylus, may have produced shouts of laughter at that poet's expense. A parallel scene to that in the infernal regions is often witnessed in actual life in the Slave States of America. Two niggers will sit opposite to each other and talk, one against the other, for hours at a stretch, each trying to outdo his opponent in long words and fine-sounding sentences. Aristophanes just puts the two great Greek tragic poets in this ridiculous position. The ignorant who witnessed this burlesque of the *Frogs* must have come away with the notion, not that Æschylus and Euripides were very fine and impressive poets, but that they were two pompous and ridiculous old fogies. After that affair of the scales, one is sadly inclined to question Aristophanes' respect for these two poets.

There is a double purpose in the *Frogs*—to reform dramatic composition, and also to reform the practices of the stage. In this latter task Aristophanes shows, even more unmistakeably than in the former, that his chief aim is to raise a laugh. The Greek dramatic authors of the time had been in the habit of resorting to certain expedients of a gross and filthy character, in order to sustain the flagging interest of their plays. When Bacchus and Xanthias come on in the *Frogs*, a colloquy ensues as to the value of these expedients, and the propriety of using them. Xanthias is desirous to indulge in the usual "gags" to make the audience laugh; but Bacchus, who is anxious to reform the stage, protests against them. "Let us have no more of this sort of thing," he says, "it is filthy and gross, and altogether unworthy of the dramatic art." Aristophanes, however, takes good care that his two characters shall talk sufficiently about these gross practices, and he raises as much laughter by talking about them, as though he had embodied them in the dialogue and action of his play, and adopted them as his own. In the scene where Hercules pops his head out at the door and frightens Bacchus, the author forgets his high moral purpose altogether, and makes Bacchus do the very things which the *Frogs* was written to reprobate and put down. So

in the *Babylonians* and *Acharnians*, where he attacks the demagogue Cleon, and in the *Clouds*, where he attacks Socrates, he is obviously bent upon nothing so much as the amusement of his audience at the expense of two well-known public characters. The Greek scholar, however, will judge Aristophanes by another standard. His mastery over the Attic dialect was complete, and it was all the more striking when placed in contrast with the rude Greek pronunciation and the broken Greek of foreigners. Perhaps no writer of any age combined so much exuberant wit, broad humour, playful fancy, and originality of invention, as Aristophanes. He also stands alone in his power of twisting language into new and grotesque forms. His droll imitations of animal sounds, and his eccentric verses formed of the grunts of pigs and the croaking of frogs, are quite in the spirit of our modern punning. Still it is not easy to regard him as a reformer and a regenerator of public morals, even though St. Chrysostom was wont to keep his plays under his pillow. Plutarch admired neither his puns nor his purpose. That high authority was evidently of Dr. Johnson's opinion with respect to a punster. He regards Aristophanes' antitheses and plays upon words as an outrage upon the language, and adds, that the "audiences which admired such a poet must have been morally and intellectually depraved." Critics say the same thing of the audiences which admire the burlesques of the present day, but possibly with less justification.

The stage method adopted by the burlesque writers of our time is strikingly similar to that followed by Aristophanes. Scenes of dialogue and scenic display are alternated in both. In the modern burlesque, the front scenes are enlivened by broad comic duets and nigger dances. Then the "flats" are drawn off, and we have an elaborate "set"—a castle, a mountain pass, or a picturesque sea-shore, where the ballet takes the place of the Greek chorus. Thus, in the *Frogs*, we have a front scene of broad comic business between Bacchus and Xanthias, and then a grand full stage "set" of the Acherusian lake, with Charon coming alongside in his boat. Lastly, we have what the modern playbill calls a "grand transformation scene," in the infernal regions, where blue-fire would have come in very appropriately, had it been then invented. Although the Greeks, probably, did not use scenes, but dropped the curtain between the divisions of their plays, yet some of the burlesques of Aristophanes will be found to be well adapted to the modern method. Substituting an æsthetical critic for Bacchus, and Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, or Samuel Johnson and John Dryden, for Æschylus and Euripides, very good fun might be got out of a version of the *Frogs* at the Olympic or the Strand. It might be a question, however, if the gods would understand it. Still, if the æsthetical critic had a comic servant, and said and did such things as Bacchus says and does, he could not fail to make them laugh.

We have said that it is but one step from Aristophanes to the burlesque writers of the present time. That is, as near as possible, the truth.

The Romans had no burlesque drama, in the Aristophanic sense. Their most extravagant comedies never dealt with real personages; but aimed at representing life and manners, and teaching morals by means of a dramatic fable, which was exemplary, and not didactic. They were comedies of real life, in the truest sense of the word; the puns and witticisms in which, though sometimes rather coarse and broad, as in Plautus, never bordered upon the outrageous and the extravagant. In the search for specimens of burlesque dramatic literature of the kind we are now considering, we may hop almost from Aristophanes to Gay, from the *Æolosicon* to the *Beggar's Opera*. As Aristophanes claimed, in the *Frogs*, to have the purpose of ridiculing the bad tragedies of the time, so Gay professed, in his *Beggar's Opera*, to declare war against the Italian opera, which, at that time, was asserting its sway over the public taste, to the serious damage of the legitimate drama. Witnessing the *Beggar's Opera*, as it is performed in our day, we can readily understand its great popularity on its first production. Its songs are enough to account for that. But it is certainly not easy to understand how it came to be regarded as a telling and pungent burlesque upon Italian opera. It does not turn the laugh against opera, in the shape it now assumes. When Macheath sings song after song to Polly, with a few unmeaning words of prose "dialogue" between, we have no suspicion that he is ridiculing the absurd formula of the Italian opera. The actor does nothing to indicate anything of the kind. He is solely intent on singing his songs well, and we are solely intent on hearing them sung. Instead of being a burlesque upon opera, it is an opera itself, recommended only in that it possesses the one enjoyable element of an opera—good music. This is only another proof that the burlesque writer can never trust to his satire and his "purpose," to make his piece "go" with the public. Aristophanes introduced the gross jokes, which he condemned, to rescue his satire from dulness; and Gay adopted sprightly airs, for the same purpose. Walker, who first played Macheath, was a better actor than he was a singer; and it is probable that, to this circumstance, the *Beggar's Opera* owes its great reputation as a burlesque. Walker imitated the manner of the Italian actors to perfection, and caused roars of laughter by gestures and by mimicry of operatic action, which are now altogether lost sight of. Had Quin, for whom the part was originally intended, played Macheath, the burlesque of the piece would, probably, never have been brought out; and the *Beggar's Opera* would have been originally what it is now—simply a pleasing burletta. The most opposite opinions were expressed with regard to the piece at the time. Swift said, "It placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light." Another critic asserted that, "after an exhibition of the *Beggar's Opera*, the gains of robbers were multiplied." Dr. Johnson declares both these decisions to be exaggerated, and hits the real truth—a truth which applies to the burlesque drama universally. "The play," he says, "was written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is therefore not likely to do good; nor can it be

conceived, without more speculation than life requires and admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse, or mingle in elegant diversions; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob in safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage." The doctor's first remark was literally true. The piece was written solely to divert. Gay aimed at a "purpose" in his original design, and when he had carried it out, Colley Cibber rejected the piece. Gay's friends, Swift and Spence, did not think the piece would succeed, though the Duke of Argyle (with a preternatural perception of jokes for a Scotchman) swore that it would. It was not until Gay subdued his "purpose," and put in some extra ballads, that Rich accepted the piece; and then, in this shape, it made "Gay rich and Rich gay," as the jokers said at the time.

Having hopped from Aristophanes to Gay, we may now skip from Gay to Sheridan without overleaping any remarkable example of the burlesque drama. The *Critic* is possibly the smartest burlesque ever written; and yet its purpose is a shallow pretence. Like the *Beggar's Opera*, the *Critic* was written to amuse, and it fulfils no other object. It cannot be said to be a satire upon the critics of the period, since the remarks of Dangle and Sneer, during the rehearsal of the tragedy, are pointedly framed with the view of calling forth a smart response from Puff, and are not in any way examples of the theatrical criticism of the time. Sheridan arranges everything to give occasion for an exhibition of his own smartness. He spreads the stage with crackers, as it were, and cares not who steps upon them and sets them banging for the amusement of the audience. Thus the tragedy opens with two sentinels asleep, to give occasion for a joke when they awake:—

Dang. Hey! why, I thought these fellows had been asleep?

Puff. Only a pretence; there's the art of it: they were spies of Lord Burleigh's.

Sneer. But isn't it odd they were never taken notice of, not even by the commander-in-chief?

Puff. O Lud, sir! if people who want to listen, or overhear, were not always connived at in a tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

Dang. That's certain.

Here a laugh is raised at the artificiality of the stage; but the satire suggests no remedy. Both speakers are satisfied that these things must be so in a tragedy. In every instance where the satire is directed against the practices of the stage, the remarks, though highly diverting, are simply truisms. Thus, when Leicester asks the knights if they are all resolved to conquer or be free, and they answer, "All," Dangle chimes in, "*Nem. con.* egad." To which Puff replies, "Oh, yes! where they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful." This remark never fails to produce a hearty laugh; and yet it would be difficult to say what we laugh at. The dramatic art inexorably demands that where unanimity is to be expressed it should be expressed as briefly and *unanimously* as possible. If we laugh at anything here, it is at the fixed and unalterable

canons of the dramatic art, which the peculiar turn of Sneer's remark places in a ridiculous light. It is hard to discover at what particular folly or vice the *Critic* is aimed. All the characters are satirists by turns; Puff pokes his fun at the drama; and Sneer and Dangle poke their fun at Puff, only to encounter a sharper retort. All are so confoundedly witty, that you cannot tell which are the butts and which the sharp-shooters. Nothing is more apparent in the dialogue of the tragedy than the desire of the author to show off his own cleverness. Some passages which are intended as burlesques of fine writing are as near as possible the real thing. Thus, England's fate at the approach of the Armada—

"Like a clipp'd guinea, trembles in the scale."

The guinea is certainly a vulgar image, but the thought is a happy one. The whole of the passage in which this occurs contains no hint of the ridiculous until we come to the "trembling guinea," and that but very slightly turns the scale to the side of absurdity. When Sheridan tried fine writing in earnest he was not so successful. His own *Pizarro* was a greater burlesque than Mr. Puff's *Spanish Armada*. *Pizarro*, in its highest flights, is "downright booth at a fair."

Travelling downwards from Sheridan's time, we meet with no notable example of a burlesque in dramatic form until we come to *Bombastes Furioso*, first produced about the year 1809. We have never been able to discover that the author of this production had any special moral, political, literary, or other "purpose" whatever. At any rate, he claims none for himself; and we do not know that any one has made the claim for him. Bombast in general would seem to be the mark at which the arrows are let fly; but the incidents of the piece are so extravagant and capricious, that we are tempted to believe the author sat down to write without having any fixed idea what he was going to make it. A king and a general making love to a cook-maid in a kitchen presents but a very vulgar and commonplace antithesis, and would be altogether offensive, but for the mock chivalry which is sustained in the demeanour and language of the king and the general. The conduct of these two characters accords with a kind of harmless lunacy which is natural in so far as it exists in nature. Two lunatics of this class might extemporize the challenge and duel scene in their ward at Bedlam, and the random performance would be very funny. We are, therefore, inclined to regard *Bombastes Furioso* as a "lune." Still, the piece is characterized by many merits. Its thorough-paced extravagance is not the least of them. The peculiar diction, too, is singularly well suited to burlesque. Wit, there is little or none; but its place is more than supplied by humorous expression and absurd similitudes.

The entrance of Bombastes, followed by his army, consisting of one drummer, one fifer, and two soldiers of unequal stature, is in the true spirit of burlesque. In the whole range of burlesque-dramatic literature, there is, perhaps, no single passage which produces so much effect as Bombastes' address to his army. Yet it consists of only three lines—

Bombas. (*confidentially*). Meet me this ev'ning at the Barley-Mow;
I'll bring your pay—you see I'm busy now.
(*In a loud, commanding tone*) Begone, brave army, and don't
kick up a row!

Nor could anything be more ludicrous than the entrance of Bombastes in the wood, intent on suicide, preceded by a fifer playing "Michael Wiggins:"

Bombas. Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
Proceed—play "Michael Wiggins" o'er again.
Music's the food of love—give o'er, give o'er,
For I must batten on that food no more.

Who has not enjoyed the whimsical idea of challenging the whole human race by hanging a pair of jack boots on a tree, and writing on them—

Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face.

In *Bombastes Furioso*, we have burlesque clothed in its proper dress, not in the toga of a didactic philosopher, but in the spangled frippery of a mummer. For the first time it discards "purpose," and speaks in its own proper language—doggrel rhyme.

Mr. Planché was the pioneer of the new school, and his sole purpose was to divert holiday audiences (chiefly composed of boys and girls home for the Christmas and Easter vacations) with appropriate dramatic versions of pretty fairy tales. His compositions were rather extravaganzas than burlesques, and depended for their success more upon the romantic interest of the story and the wit of the dialogue than upon their satire. Mr. Planché may claim the merit—if merit it be—of having first introduced the pun into these compositions: and it must be allowed that he punned with discretion; which is certainly more than we can say of his younger successors in the craft of joke-making. When Mr. Planché was at the height of his fame as a burlesque writer, these pieces were brought out only at holiday time; in some cases as a substitute for the pantomime, which, in certain quarters, was beginning to be voted low and vulgar. It sufficed then to tell the dramatic story in sprightly rhymes, slightly sprinkled with puns and allusions to the events of the day. Ballet, glittering fairy scenery, parodies set to popular airs and red and blue fire, did the rest. The satire contained in these pieces was of a very harmless kind, and rarely aimed at any game higher than the Thames Tunnel or the Lord Mayor's show. Of late years, however, pieces of this class have asserted a much more extended sway. They are now played in season and out of season, and at one, if not two theatres they hold the stage all the year round, and constitute the chief attraction. The young school of burlesque writers follow a method peculiarly their own, though, of course, they are largely indebted to the traditions of their immediate predecessors. The chief elements which enter into the composition of these pieces are, pretty scenery, negro melodies, "break-down" dances, and outrageous puns. It is also a necessary condition to their success, that one or more saucy actresses with good legs should be employed in their

performance. The music and the scenery go for much, the puns go for more, but the comic dance goes for most of all. The literature which enters into the composition of the more successful pieces of this description is not by any means to be despised as an intellectual effort. The young men who can so industriously torture the English language into such strange and startling meanings, through a thousand lines of rhyme, evidently possess an amount of talent and application which, if properly directed, might be of real service to letters; or, if not to letters, to some industrial pursuit. Tom Hood, who was considered the prince of punsters, in his day, could have had no conception of the height to which punning has attained (or, perhaps, we ought to say the depth to which it has fallen) in our time. A pun a day would, perhaps, have been the extent of the indulgence which Hood would have allowed himself; but these burlesque writers fire them off in volleys, and glory in startling the English language from its propriety. As regards punning, the whole tribe of jokers follow exactly the same method, as may be seen by reference to the burlesques of the present season. Hear how Mr. William Brough, in his burlesque of *Endymion*, clatters his *pans* :—

Pan. Oh! long-ear'd but short-sighted fauns, desist;
To the great Pan, ye little pitchers, list;
Pan knows a thing or two. In point of fact,
He's a deep Pan, and anything but cracked;
A perfect *oracle* Pan deems himself; he
Is earthenwarish; so, of course, is delfy (Delphi).
Trust then to Pan your troubles to remove—
A warming-Pan he'll to your courage prove;
A prophet, he foresees the ills you fear;
So for them all you have your Pan a seer (panacea).

Here every thought is designed as a peg whereon to hang a pun. The author would seem to have been fearful of having nothing but his punning for his pains in two instances, where he finds it necessary to add explanatory notes. Now see with what labour Mr. Byron, in his *Cinderella*, carries coals to the joke market :—

Cind. Cinders and coals I am accustomed to,
They seem to me to tinge all things I view.
Prince. The fact I can't say causes me surprise,
For *Kohl* is frequently in ladies' eyes.
Cind. At morn, when reading, as the fire up burns,
The printer's stops to semi-*coal-uns* turns;
I might as well read *Coke*.
Prince. Quite right you are.
He's very useful reading at the *bar*.
Who is your favourite poet? *Hobbs?*
Cind. Not quite;
No; I think *Cole*ridge is my favourite;
His melan-*coally* suits my situation;
My dinner always is a *coald coal*-lation.
Smoke pictures all things seem, whate'er may be 'em,
A cyclorama, through the *Coal I see 'em*.

Prince. Is there no way from out a path so black?
Cind. There's no way out; my life's a *cul* de sac.

Of course, authors who have so little respect for the legitimate meaning of English words cannot be expected to pay regard to the rules of English grammar; nor is it to be imagined that their course of solid reading has been such as to enable them to know that Hobbes was not particularly distinguished for his poetry. But all this is included in the broad, general licence which these poets take out. In another piece, *Bluebeard from a New Point of Hue*,—the puns you see even extend to the playbill and the title-page of the production—the same author takes occasion, on the same principle, to pun until all is *blue*. Fatima calls Abomilique a "blue bore."

Abom. Everything takes that colour in my eyes;
This, 'stead of being fash'nablest of flies,
And red, when I look at it, in two twos,
Changes its form and colour—it's a *blouse*.
'Stead of yellow covering, my foot
Seems, in my eyes, clad in a *Blu*cher boot.
Every hotel I may put up at, boasts
The selfsame sign—of course, it's the *Blue*-Posts.
Whene'er a portrait-painter I employ,
He makes me look like Gainsborough's Blue Boy.
My palanquin, the one I bought for you,
Becomes an omnibus, the Royal *Blue*.
Ladies seem blue-stockings and bloomers through it;
Each song I hear appears composed by *Blewitt*;
In my siesta, every afternoon,
I dream I'm in the air in a big *b'loon*.

This is simply a long punning exercise, a sustained effort at the jingling of words of similar sound, but wholly destitute of similarity of sense. There is not that startling conjunction of similar dissimilarities which constitutes the true pun. It cannot be said that there is any wit in making Bluebeard see everything blue, because his beard is blue. If he had been remarkable for his blue eyes, there might have been some point in it.

Sydney Smith, who was as little accustomed to found his jokes upon a just estimate of things as any of the burlesque writers, once said that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. Yet plain James Hogg has given us a better specimen of a pun than any of these professional English wits. Some one at table mentioned that it was reported Dr. Parr had married a woman beneath him in station. "Ay, ay," said Hogg, "she is, nae doot, below Parr." Here is a pun perfect in all its parts, preserving at once exactness of sound and sense, and giving at the same time a humorous colouring to a commonplace fact. The above specimens, however, are the best in the pieces before us. The majority of the puns are of the most audacious kind, many of them suggestive of a joker in the last stage of drivelling senility.

This excessive and bad punning upon words merely is a poor substitute for true wit and humour. Half of the puns are lost upon the audience

owing to their obscurity and the rapidity with which they follow upon each other's heels. And even when they are "taken," the delight they give is simply of the kind which is afforded by a Chinese puzzle: they are ingenious, and that is all. Punning upon words merely is not a difficult thing, if you could only condescend to give your mind to it. The art might be taught in six easy lessons, as Mr. Smart teaches writing, and as other professors teach crochet and Berlin-wool work. We can quite imagine how any of these burlesque writers might have improved James the First in the art. James was a great punster; but his style would be considered primitive in these days. On one occasion, his Majesty made a punning speech to the professors of the University of Edinburgh.* They had been engaged in a philosophical disputation, and his Majesty complimented them one after the other by name. We may give this as a specimen of his Majesty's style before receiving lessons:—

"Methinks these gentlemen by their very names have been destined for the acts which they have had in hand to-day. Adam was the father of all, and very fitly Adamson had the first part in this act. The defender is justly called Fairly: his thesis had some fair lies, and he defended them very fairly and with many fair lies given to his oppugners. And why should not Mr. Lands be the first to enter the lands? but now I clearly see that all lands are not barren, for certainly he hath shown a fertile wit. Mr. Young is very old in Aristotle. Mr. Reed need not be red (oh!) with blushing for his actions this day. Mr. King disputed very kingly and of a kingly purpose anent the royal supremacy of reason over anger and all passions."

After six lessons his Majesty would have come out in the following flowing style:—

"Adam having been the *fust* man, it is only natural that Adamson should talk *fust*ian. We are in hopes, however, that *Adam*son will *Eve*ntually *Cain* (explanatory note: *gain*) experience, and be *Abel* to do better; for it is fit and proper that Adamson should be the first man in learning, re*garden* him in connection with *Eden*burgh. Mr. Young is *youngry* after knowledge, and we fear is in some danger, through studying Aristotle too much, of coming to be *'ung* before he is much *older*. We were afraid that Mr. Reed would have been *red*uced for an argument; but we perceive he is *red*ivivus, and has *red*eemed his character from being *red*iculous. Verily, Mr. Fairly"—but enough; this would have been quite sufficient for the punning preceptor to frame and glaze and put in his window as a testimony to his skill in teaching the whole art of pun-making. It is on record, that King James prepared himself for his jokes by a course of study and stimulants, and did not venture to fire them off until after the sixth bottle. If such simple exercises required so much stimulation, what must be the process which the punsters of our day find it necessary to resort to? The Turkish bath is said to bring

* *History of University of Edinburgh.*

out a vast amount of latent and unsuspected filth from the skin. Is there any similar process for acting upon the brain?

Satire is a weapon which has been used with good effect by skilful hands in books and in speeches, both in ancient and modern times; but we cannot discover that it has done any great or signal execution when wielded by the burlesque writer on the stage. Aristophanes certainly did not revive the palmy days of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. It is true it has been asserted that he did; but will any one please to mention the successors of these three great masters who are worthy to be named in the same category? It might be easier to specify the harm than to estimate the good which flowed from the comedies of Aristophanes. Not only the Greek drama, but Greece itself, dated its decline from those days. And, besides, it is not at all certain that when Aristophanes exhibited Socrates suspended in a basket, spouting incomprehensible doctrine—incomprehensible at that time—he did not sow the seeds of the hemlock to which the greatest of all the Greeks was condemned. It is true that Socrates was not sentenced until nearly twenty years afterwards; but Aristophanes was one of the first to throw mud at him, and it was only through the persistency with which his detractors followed the dramatist's example that some of the mud eventually stuck. The Athenians knew and felt, when it was too late, that the most virtuous man of their age had been sacrificed to an idle and reckless clamour. Here then, to begin with, is a suspicion of murder attaching to burlesque. In the present day, the only murder of which it can be found guilty is the murder of the English language.

If Dr. Johnson were alive to pronounce sentence, we know what would become of the burlesque writers: they would swing every man Jack—or shall we say Joe?—of them. It is to be laid to their charge that they have familiarized the educated public with the use of slang. Slang words and phrases are now of frequent occurrence in our literature. We meet with them not alone in a low class of publications, but in the leading articles of newspapers, in the orations of senators, and even in books of a solid and standard character. If these burlesques have done us this amount of harm, and have done us no other good than to excite the "loud laugh" indiscriminately at the expense of things worthy and unworthy, what shall we say of them? May we not sigh for those palmy days of the drama which are past and gone?

Nevertheless, we can have no sympathy with those who complain that these burlesques have elbowed the legitimate drama off the stage. The true legitimacy of the drama may well be questioned, when it cannot maintain its claims against this bastard pretender. We have seen (on rare occasions) that good sterling plays will always draw the public; and if, in default of these, the public prefer comparatively harmless puns and parodies to the pollution of translations from the French, perhaps it may be allowed that, of the two evils, they choose the least.

When thou Sleepest.

When thou sleepest, lulled in night,
  Art thou lost in vacancy?
Does no silent inward light,
  Softly breaking, fall on thee?
Does no dream on quiet wing
  Float a moment mid that ray,
Touch some answering mental string,
  Wake a note and pass away?

When thou watchest, as the hours
  Mute and blind are speeding on,
O'er that rayless path, where lowers
  Muffled midnight, black and lone;
Comes there nothing hovering near,
  Thought or half reality,
Whispering marvels in thine ear,
  Every word a mystery,

Chanting low an ancient lay,
  Every plaintive note a spell,
Clearing memory's clouds away,
  Showing scenes thy heart loves well?
Songs forgot, in childhood sung,
  Airs in youth beloved and known,
Whispered by that airy tongue,
  Once again are made thine own.

Be it dream in haunted sleep,
  Be it thought in vigil lone,
Drink'st thou not a rapture deep
  From the feeling, 'tis thine own?
All thine own; thou need'st not tell
  What bright form thy slumber blest;—
All thine own; remember well
  Night and shade were round thy rest.

Nothing looked upon thy bed,
  Save the lonely watch-light's gleam;
Not a whisper, not a tread
  Scared thy spirit's glorious dream.
Sometimes, when the midnight gale
  Breathed a moan and then was still,
Seemed the spell of thought to fail,
  Checked by one ecstatic thrill;

Felt as all external things,
  Robed in moonlight, smote thine eye;
Then thy spirit's waiting wings
  Quivered, trembled, spread to fly;
Then th' aspirer wildly swelling
  Looked, where mid transcendency
Star to star was mutely telling
  Heaven's resolve and fate's decree.

Oh! it longed for holier fire
  Than this spark in earthly shrine;
Oh! it soared, and higher, higher,
  Sought to reach a home divine.
Hopeless quest! soon weak and weary
  Flagged the pinion, drooped the plume,
And again in sadness dreary
  Came the baffled wanderer home.

And again it turned for soothing
  To th' unfinished, broken dream;
While, the ruffled current smoothing,
  Thought rolled on her startled stream.
I have felt this cherished feeling,
  Sweet and known to none but me;
Still I felt it nightly healing
  Each dark day's despondency.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER I.

PREFACE.

It will be observed by the literary and commercial world that, in this transaction, the name of the really responsible party does not show on the title-page. I—George Robinson—am that party. When our Mr. Jones objected to the publication of these memoirs unless they appeared as coming from the firm itself, I at once gave way. I had no wish to offend the firm, and, perhaps, encounter a lawsuit for the empty honour of seeing my name advertised as that of an author. We talked the matter over with our Mr. Brown, who, however, was at that time in affliction, and not able to offer much that was available. One thing he did say: "As we are partners," said Mr. Brown, "let's be partners to the end." "Well," said I, "if you say so, Mr. Brown, so it shall be." I never supposed that Mr. Brown would set the Thames on fire, and soon learnt that he was not the man to amass a fortune by British commerce. He was not made for the guild of Merchant Princes. But he was the senior member of our firm, and I always respected the old-fashioned doctrine of capital in the person of our Mr. Brown.

When Mr. Brown said, "Let's be partners to the end. It won't be for long, Mr. Robinson," I never said another word. "No," said I, "Mr. Brown; you're not what you was—and you're down a peg; I'm not the man to take advantage and go against your last wishes. Whether for long or whether for short we'll pull through in the same boat to the end. It shall be put on the title-page—'By One of the Firm.'" "God bless you, Mr. Robinson," said he; "God bless you."

And then Mr. Jones started another objection. The reader will soon realize that anything I do is sure to be wrong with Mr. Jones. It wouldn't be him else. He next declares that I can't write English, and that the book must be corrected, and put out by an editor? Now, when I inform the discerning British Public that every advertisement that has been posted by Brown, Jones, and Robinson, during the last three years has come from my own unaided pen, I think few will doubt my capacity to write the "Memoirs of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," without any editor whatsoever.

On this head I was determined to be firm. What! after preparing, and correcting, and publishing such thousands of advertisements in prose and verse and in every form of which the language is susceptible, to be

told that I couldn't write English! It was Jones all over. If there is a party envious of the genius of another party in this sublunary world that party is our Mr. Jones.

But I was again softened by a touching appeal from our senior partner. Mr. Brown, though prosaic enough in his general ideas, was still sometimes given to the Muses; and now, with a melancholy and tender cadence, he quoted the following lines:—

> "Let dogs delight," said he, "to bark and bite," said he,
> "For 'tis their nature to—
> But 'tis a shameful sight to see when partners of one firm like we
> Fall out, and chide, and fight!"

So I gave in again.

It was then arranged that one of Smith and Elder's young men should look through the manuscript, and make any few alterations which the taste of the public might require. It might be that the sonorous, and, if I may so express myself, magniloquent phraseology in which I was accustomed to invite the attention of the nobility and gentry to our last importations was not suited for the purposes of light literature, such as this. "In fiction, Mr. Robinson, your own unaided talents would doubtless make you great," said to me the editor of this Magazine; "but if I may be allowed an opinion, I do think that in the delicate task of composing memoirs a little assistance may perhaps be not inexpedient."

This was prettily worded; so what with this, and what with our Mr. Brown's poetry, I gave way; but I reserved to myself the right of an epistolary preface in my own name. So here it is.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am not a bit ashamed of my part in the following transaction. I have done what little in me lay to further British commerce. British commerce is not now what it was. It is becoming open and free like everything else that is British—open to the poor man as well as to the rich. That bugbear Capital is a crumbling old tower, and is pretty nigh brought to its last ruin. Credit is the polished shaft of the temple on which the new world of trade will be content to lean. That, I take it, is the one great doctrine of modern commerce. Credit—credit—credit. Get credit, and capital will follow. Doesn't the word speak for itself? Must not credit be respectable? And is not the word "respectable" the highest term of praise which can be applied to the British tradesman?

Credit is the polished shaft of the temple. But with what are you to polish it? The stone does not come from the quarry with its gloss on: man's labour is necessary to give it that beauteous exterior. Then wherewith shall we polish credit? I answer the question at once. With the pumice-stone and sand-paper of advertisement.

Different great men have promulgated the different means by which they have sought to subjugate the world. "Audacity—audacity—

audacity," was the lesson which one hero taught. "Agitate—agitate—agitate," was the counsel of a second. "Register—register—register," of a third. But I say—Advertise, advertise, advertise! And I say it again and again—Advertise, advertise, advertise! It is, or should be, the Shibboleth of British commerce. That it certainly will be so I, George Robinson, hereby venture to prophesy, feeling that on this subject something but little short of inspiration has touched my eager pen.

There are those—men of the old school, who cannot rouse themselves to see and read the signs of the time, men who would have been in the last ranks, let them have lived when they would—who object to it that it is untrue,—who say that advertisements do not keep the promises which they make. But what says the poet,—he whom we teach our children to read? What says the stern moralist to his wicked mother in the play? "Assume a virtue if you have it not?" And so say I. "Assume a virtue if you have it not." It would be a great trade virtue in a haberdasher to have forty thousand pairs of best hose lying ready for sale in his warehouse. Let him assume that virtue if he have it not. Is not this the way in which we all live, and the only way in which it is possible to live comfortably. A gentleman gives a dinner party. His lady, who has to work all day like a dray-horse and scold the servants besides, to get things into order, loses her temper. We all pretty well know what that means. Well; up to the moment when she has to show, she is as bitter a piece of goods as may be. But, nevertheless, she comes down all smiles, although she knows that at that moment the drunken cook is spoiling the fish. She assumes a virtue, though she has it not; and who will say she is not right?

Well; I say again and again to all young tradesmen—Advertise, advertise, advertise;—and don't stop to think too much about capital. It is a bugbear. Capital is a bugbear; and it is talked about by those who have it,—and by some that have not so much of it neither,—for the sake of putting down competition, and keeping the market to themselves.

There's the same game going on all the world over; and it's the natural game for mankind to play at. They who's up a bit is all for keeping down them who is down; and they who is down is so very soft through being down, that they've not spirit to force themselves up. Now I saw that very early in life. There is always going on a battle between aristocracy and democracy. Aristocracy likes to keep itself to itself; and democracy is just of the same opinion, only wishes to become aristocracy first.

We of the people are not very fond of dukes; but we'd all like to be dukes well enough ourselves. Now there are dukes in trade as well as in society. Capitalists are our dukes; and as they don't like to have their heels trod upon any more than the other ones, why they are always preaching up capital. It is their star and garter, their coronet, their ermine, their robe of state, their cap of maintenance, their wand of office, their noli me tangere. But stars and garters, caps and wands, and all

other noli me tangeres, are gammon to those who can see through them. And capital is gammon. Capital is a very nice thing if you can get it. It is the desirable result of trade. A tradesman looks to end with a capital. But it's gammon to say that he can't begin without it. You might as well say a man can't marry unless he has first got a family. Why, he marries that he may have a family. It's putting the cart before the horse.

It's my opinion that any man can be a duke if so be it's born to him. It requires neither wit nor industry, nor any pushing nor go-ahead whatsoever. A man may sit still in his arm-chair, half asleep half his time, and only half awake the other, and be as good a duke as need be. Well; it's just the same in trade. If a man is born to a dukedom there, if he begins with a large capital, why, I for one would not thank him to be successful. Any fool could do as much as that. He has only to keep on polishing his own star and garter, and there are lots of people to swear that there is no one like him.

But give me the man who can be a duke without being born to it. Give me the man who can go ahead in trade without capital; who can begin the world with a quick pair of hands, a quick brain to govern them, and can end with a capital.

Well, there you are; a young tradesman beginning the world without capital. Capital, though it's a bugbear, nevertheless it's a virtue. Therefore as you haven't got it, you must assume it. That's credit. Credit I take to be the belief of other people in a thing that doesn't really exist. When you go into your friend Smith's house, and find Mrs. S. all smiles, you give her credit for the sweetest of tempers. Your friend S. knows better; but then you see she's had wit enough to obtain credit. When I draw a bill at three months, and get it discounted, I do the same thing. That's credit. Give me credit enough, and I don't care a brass button for capital. If I could have but one wish, I would never ask a fairy for a second or a third. Let me have but unreserved credit, and I'll beat any duke of either aristocracy.

To obtain credit the only certain method is to advertise. Advertise, advertise, advertise. That is, assume, assume, assume. Go on assuming your virtue. The more you haven't got it, the more you must assume it. The bitterer your own heart is about that drunken cook and that idle husband who will do nothing to assist you, the sweeter you must smile. Smile sweet enough, and all the world will believe you. Advertise long enough, and credit will come.

But there must be some nous in your advertisements; there must be a system, and there must be some wit in your system. It won't suffice now-a-days to stick up on a black wall a simple placard to say that you have forty thousand best new hose just arrived. Any wooden-headed fellow can do as much as that. That might have served in the olden times that we hear of, twenty years since; but the game to be successful in these days must be played in another sort of fashion. There

must be some finish about your advertisements, something new in your style, something that will startle in your manner. If a man can make himself a real master of this art, we may say that he has learnt his trade, whatever that trade may be. Let him know how to advertise, and the rest will follow.

It may be that I shouldn't boast; but yet I do boast that I have made some little progress in this business. If I haven't yet practised the art in all its perfections, nevertheless I flatter myself I have learned how to practise it. Regarding myself as something of a master of this art, and being actuated by purely philanthropic motives in my wish to make known my experience, I now put these memoirs before the public.

It will, of course, be urged against me that I have not been successful in what I have already attempted, and that our house has failed. This is true. I have not been successful: our house has failed. But with whom has the fault been? Certainly not in my department.

The fact is, and in this my preface I will not keep the truth back from a discerning public, that no firm on earth—or indeed elsewhere—could be successful in which our Mr. Jones is one of the partners. There is an overweening vanity about that man which is quite upsetting. I confess I have been unable to stand it. Vanity is always allied to folly, and the relationship is very close in the person of our Mr. Jones. Of Mr. Brown I will never bring myself to say one disrespectful word. He is not now what he was once. From the bottom of my heart I pity his misfortunes. Think what it must be to be papa to a Goneril and a Regan —without the Cordelia. I have always looked on Mrs. Jones as a regular Goneril; and as for the Regan, why it seems to me that Miss Brown is likely to be Miss Regan to the end of the chapter.

No; of Mr. Brown I will say nothing disrespectful; but he never was the man to be first partner in an advertising firm. That was our mistake. He had old-fashioned views about capital which were very burdensome. My mistake was this—that in joining myself with Mr. Brown, I compromised my principles, and held out as it were a left hand to capital. He had not much, as will be seen; but he thought a deal of what he had got, and talked a deal of it too. This impeded my wings. This prevented me from soaring. One cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. I have been untrue to myself in having had any dealings on the basis of capital; and hence has it arisen that hitherto I have failed.

I make these confessions hoping that they may be serviceable to trade in general. A man cannot learn a great secret, and the full use of a great secret, all at once. My eyes are now open. I shall not again make so fatal a mistake. I am still young. I have now learned my lesson more thoroughly, and I yet anticipate success with some confidence.

Had Mr. Brown at once taken my advice, had his few thousand pounds been liberally expended in commencing a true system of advertising, we should have been—I can hardly surmise where we should have been. He was for sticking altogether to the old system. Mr. Jones was for mixing

the old and the new, for laying in stock and advertising as well, with a capital of 4,000*l*. What my opinion is of Mr. Jones I will not now say, but of Mr. Brown I will never utter one word of disparagement.

I have now expressed what few words I wish to utter on my own bottom. As to what has been done in the following pages by the young man who has been employed to look over these memoirs and put them into shape, it is not for me to speak. It may be that I think they might have read more natural-like had no other cook had a finger in the pie. The facts, however, are facts still. These have not been altered.

Ladies and gentlemen, you who have so long distinguished our firm by a liberal patronage, to you I now respectfully appeal, and in showing to you a new article I beg to assure you with perfect confidence that there is nothing equal to it at the price at present in the market. The supply on hand is immense, but as a sale of unprecedented rapidity is anticipated, may I respectfully solicit your early orders? If not approved of the article shall be changed.

Ladies and gentlemen,

We have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

With every respect,

Your most obedient humble servants,

BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON,

Per GEORGE ROBINSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF OUR MR. BROWN, WITH SOME FEW WORDS OF MR. JONES.

O COMMERCE, how wonderful are thy ways, how vast thy power, how invisible thy dominion! Who can restrain thee and forbid thy further progress? Kings are but as infants in thy hands, and emperors, despotic in all else, are bound to obey thee! Thou civilizest, hast civilized, and wilt civilize. Civilization is thy mission, and man's welfare thine appointed charge. The nation that most warmly fosters thee shall ever be the greatest in the earth; and without thee no nation shall endure for a day. Thou art our Alpha and our Omega, our beginning and our end; the marrow of our bones, the salt of our life, the sap of our branches, the corner-stone of our temple, the rock of our foundation. We are built on thee, and for thee, and with thee. To worship thee should be man's chiefest care, to know thy hidden ways his chosen study.

One maxim hast thou, O Commerce, great and true and profitable above all others—one law which thy votaries should never transgress. "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." May those divine words be ever found engraved on the hearts of Brown, Jones, and Robinson!

Of Mr. Brown, the senior member of our firm, it is expedient that

some short memoir should be given. At the time at which we signed our articles in 185–, Mr. Brown had just retired from the butter trade. It does not appear that in his early youth he ever had the advantage of an apprenticeship, and he seems to have been employed in various branches of trade in the position, if one may say so, of an outdoor messenger. In this capacity he entered the service of Mr. McCockerell, a retail butter dealer in Smithfield. When Mr. McCockerell died, our Mr. Brown married his widow, and thus found himself elevated at once to the full-blown dignity of a tradesman. He and his wife lived together for thirty years, and it is believed that in the temper of his lady he found some alloy to the prosperity which he had achieved. The widow McCockerell, in bestowing her person upon Mr. Brown, had not intended to endow him also with entire dominion over her shop and chattels. She loved to be supreme over her butter tubs, and she loved also to be supreme over her till. Brown's views on the rights of women were more in accordance with the law of the land as laid down in the statutes. He opined that a *femme couverte* could own no property, not even a butter tub;—and hence quarrels arose.

After thirty years of contests such as these Mr. Brown found himself victorious, made so not by the power of arguments, nor by that of his own right arm, but by the demise of Mrs. Brown. That amiable lady died, leaving two daughters to lament their loss, and a series of family quarrels by which she did whatever lay in her power to embarrass her husband, but by which she could not prevent him from becoming absolute owner of the butter business, and of the stock in trade.

The two young ladies had not been brought up to the ways of the counter; and as Mr. Brown was not himself especially expert at that particular business in which his money was embarked, he prudently thought it expedient to dispose of the shop and goodwill. This he did to advantage; and thus at the age of fifty-five he found himself again on the world with 4,000*l.* in his pocket.

At this period one of his daughters was no longer under his own charge. Sarah Jane, the eldest of the two, was already Mrs. Jones. She had been captivated by the black hair and silk waistcoat of Mr. Jones, and had gone off with him in opposition to the wishes of both parents. This, she was aware, was not matter of much moment, for the opposition of one was sure to bring about a reconciliation with the other. And such was soon the case. Mrs. Brown would not see her daughter, or allow Jones to put his foot inside the butter-shop; Mr. Brown consequently took lodgings for them in the neighbourhood, and hence a close alliance sprung up between the future partners.

At this crisis Maryanne devoted herself to her mother. It was admitted by all who knew her that Maryanne Brown had charms. At that time she was about twenty-four years of age, and was certainly a fine young woman. She was particularly like her mother, a little too much inclined to corpulence, and there may be those who would not allow that her hair was auburn. Mr. Robinson, however, who was then

devotedly attached to her, was of that opinion, and was ready to maintain his views against any man who would dare to say that it was red.

There was a dash about Maryanne Brown at that period which endeared her greatly to Mr. Robinson. She was quite above anything mean, and when her papa was left a widower in possession of four thousand pounds, she was one of those who were most anxious to induce him to go to work with spirit in his new business. She was all for advertising; that must be confessed of her, though her subsequent conduct was not all that it should have been. Maryanne Brown, when tried in the furnace, did not come out pure gold; but this, at any rate, shall be confessed in her behalf, that she had a dash about her, and understood more of the tricks of trade than any other of her family.

Mrs. McCockerell died about six months after her eldest daughter's marriage. She was generally called Mrs. McCockerell in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, though so many years had passed since she had lost her right to that name. Indeed, she generally preferred being so styled, as Mr. Brown was peculiarly averse to it. The name was wormwood to him, and this was quite sufficient to give it melody in her ears.

The good lady died about six months after her daughter's marriage. She was struck with apoplexy, and at that time had not been reconciled to her married daughter. Sarah Jane, nevertheless, when she heard what had occurred, came over to Smithfield. Her husband was then in employment as shopman at the large haberdashery house in Skinner Street, and lived with his wife in lodgings in Cowcross Street. They were supported nearly entirely by Mr. Brown, and therefore owed to him at this crisis not only obedience, but dutiful affection.

When, however, Sarah Jane first heard of her mother's illness, she seemed to think that she couldn't quarrel with her father fast enough. Jones had an idea that the old lady's money must go to her daughters, that she had the power of putting it altogether out of the hands of her husband, and that having the power she would certainly exercise it. On this speculation he had married; and as he and his wife fully concurred in their financial views, it was considered expedient by them to lose no time in asserting their right. This they did as soon as the breath was out of the old lady's body.

Jones had married Sarah Jane solely with this view; and, indeed, it was highly improbable that he should have done so on any other consideration. Sarah Jane was certainly not a handsome girl. Her neck was scraggy, her arms lean, and her lips thin; and she resembled neither her father nor her mother. Her light brown, sandy hair, which always looked as though it were too thin and too short to adapt itself to any feminine usage, was also not of her family; but her disposition was a compound of the paternal and maternal qualities. She had all her father's painful hesitating timidity, and with it all her mother's grasping spirit. If there ever was an eye that looked sharp after the pence, that could weigh the ounces of a servant's meal at a glance, and foresee and prevent

the expenditure of a farthing, it was the eye of Sarah Jane Brown. They say that it is as easy to save a fortune as to make one, and in this way, if in no other, Jones may be said to have got a fortune with his wife.

As soon as the breath was out of Mrs. McCockerell's body, Sarah Jane was there, taking inventory of the stock. At that moment poor Mr. Brown was very much to be pitied. He was always a man of feeling, and even if his heart was not touched by his late loss, he knew what was due to decency. It behoved him now as a widower to forget the deceased lady's faults, and to put her under the ground with solemnity. This was done with the strictest propriety; and although he must, of course, have been thinking a good deal at that time as to whether he was to be a beggar or a rich man, nevertheless he conducted himself till after the funeral as though he hadn't a care on his mind, except the loss of Mrs. B.

Maryanne was as much on the alert as her sister. She had been for the last six months her mother's pet, as Sarah Jane had been her father's darling. There was some excuse, therefore, for Maryanne when she endeavoured to get what she could in the scramble. Sarah Jane played the part of Goneril to the life, and would have denied her father the barest necessaries of existence, had it not ultimately turned out that the property was his own.

Maryanne was not well pleased to see her sister returning to the house at such a moment. She, at least, had been dutiful to her mother, or, if undutiful, not openly so. If Mrs. McCockerell had the power of leaving her property to whom she pleased, it would be only natural that she should leave it to the daughter who had obeyed her, and not to the daughter who had added to personal disobedience the worse fault of having been on friendly terms with her father.

This, one would have thought, would have been clear at any rate to Jones, if not to Sarah Jane; but they both seemed at this time to have imagined that the eldest child had some right to the inheritance as being the eldest. It will be observed by this and by many other traits in his character that Mr. Jones had never enjoyed the advantages of an education.

Mrs. McCockerell never spoke after the fit first struck her. She never moved an eye, or stirred a limb, or uttered a word. It was a wretched household at that time. The good lady died on a Wednesday, and was gathered to her fathers at Kensal Green Cemetery on the Tuesday following. During the intervening days Mr. Jones and Sarah Jane took on themselves as though they were owners of everything. Maryanne did try to prevent the inventory, not wishing it to appear that Mrs. Jones had any right to meddle; but the task was too congenial to Sarah Jane's spirit to allow of her giving it over. She revelled in the work. It was a delight to her to search out hidden stores of useless wealth,—to bring forth to the light forgotten hoards of cups and saucers, and to catalogue every rag on the premises.

The house at this time was not a pleasant one. Mr. Brown, finding

that Jones, in whom he had trusted, had turned against him, put himself very much into the hands of a young friend of his, named George Robinson. Who and what George Robinson was will be told in the next chapter.

"There are three questions," said Robinson, "to be asked and answered:—Had Mrs. B. the power to make a will? If so, did she make a will? And if so, what was the will she made?"

Mr. Brown couldn't remember whether or no there had been any signing of papers at his marriage. A good deal of rum and water, he said, had been drunk; and there might have been signing too,—but he didn't remember it.

Then there was the search for the will. This was supposed to be in the hands of one Brisket, a butcher, for whom it was known Mrs. McCockerell had destined the hand of her younger daughter. Mr. Brisket had been a great favourite with the old lady, and she had often been heard to declare that he should have the wife and money, or the money without the wife. This she said to coerce Maryanne into the match.

But Brisket, when questioned, declared that he had no will in his possession. At this time he kept aloof from the house and showed no disposition to meddle with the affairs of the family. Indeed, all through these trying days he behaved honestly, if not with high feeling. In recounting the doings of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, it will sometimes be necessary to refer to Mr. Brisket. He shall always be spoken of as an honest man. He did all that in him lay to mar the bright hopes of one who was perhaps not the most insignificant of that firm. He destroyed the matrimonial hopes of Mr. Robinson, and left him to wither like a blighted trunk on a lone waste. But he was, nevertheless, an honest man, and so much shall be said of him. Let us never forget that "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Brisket, when asked, said that he had no will, and that he knew of none. In fact there was no will forthcoming, and there is no doubt that the old woman was cut off before she had made one. It may also be premised that had she made one it would have been invalid, seeing that Mr. Brown, as husband, was, in fact, the owner of the whole affair.

Sarah Jane and Maryanne, when they found that no document was forthcoming, immediately gave out that they intended to take on themselves the duties of joint heiresses, and an alliance, offensive and defensive, was sworn between them. At this time Mr. Brown employed a lawyer, and the heiresses, together with Jones, employed another. There could be no possible doubt as to Mr. Brown being the owner of the property, however infatuated on such a subject Jones and his wife may have been. No lawyer in London could have thought that the young women had a leg to stand upon. Nevertheless, the case was undertaken, and Brown found himself in the middle of a lawsuit. Sarah Jane and Maryanne both remained in the house in Smithfield to guard the property on their own behalf. Mr. Brown also remained to guard it on his behalf. The business for a time was closed. This was done in opposition both to Mr.

Brown and Maryanne; but Mrs. Jones could not bring herself to permit the purchase of a firkin of butter, unless the transaction could be made absolutely under her own eyes; and even then she would insist on superintending the retail herself and selling every pound, short weight. It was the custom of the trade, she said; and to depart from it would ruin them.

Things were in this condition, going from bad to worse, when Jones came over one evening, and begged an interview with Mr. Brown. That interview was the commencement of the partnership. From such small matters do great events arise.

At that interview Mr. Robinson was present. Mr. Brown indeed declared that he would have no conversation with Jones on business affairs, unless in the presence of a third party. Jones represented that if they went on as they were now doing, the property would soon be swallowed up by the lawyers. To this Mr. Brown, whose forte was not eloquence, tacitly assented with a deep groan.

"Then," said Jones, "let us divide it into three portions. You shall have one; Sarah Jane a second; and I will manage the third on behalf of my sister-in-law, Maryanne. If we arrange it well, the lawyers will never get a shilling."

The idea of a compromise appeared to Mr. Brown to be not uncommendable; but a compromise on such terms as those could not of course be listened to. Robinson strongly counselled him to nail his colours to the mast, and kick Mr. Jones downstairs. But Mr. Brown had not spirit for this.

"One's children is one's children," said he to Robinson, when they went apart into the shop to talk the matter over. "The fruit of one's loins, and the prop of one's age."

Robinson could not help thinking that Sarah Jane was about as bad a prop as any that ever a man leant on; but he was too generous to say so. The matter was ended at last by a compromise. "Go on with the business together," said Robinson; "Mr. Brown keeping, of course, a preponderating share in his own hands."

"I don't like butter," said Jones. "Nothing great can be done in butter."

"It is a very safe line," said Mr. Brown, "if the connection is good."

"The connection must have been a good deal damaged," said Robinson, "seeing that the shop has been closed for a fortnight. Besides, it's a woman's business, and you have no woman to manage it," added he, fearing that Mrs. Jones might be brought in, to the detriment of all concerned.

Jones suggested haberdashery; Robinson, guided by a strong idea that there is a more absolute opening for the advertising line in haberdashery than in any other business, assented.

"Then let it be haberdashery," said Mr. Brown, with a sigh. And so that was settled.

CHAPTER III.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF MR. ROBINSON.

AND haberdashery it was. But here it may be as well to say a few words as to Mr. Robinson, and to explain how he became a member of the firm. He had been in his boyhood—a bill-sticker; and he defies the commercial world to show that he ever denied it. In his earlier days he carried the paste and pole, and earned a livelihood by putting up notices of theatrical announcements on the hoardings of the metropolis. There was, however, that within him which Nature did not intend to throw away on the sticking of bills, as was found out quickly enough by those who employed him. The lad, while he was running the streets with his pole in his hand, and his pot round his neck, learned first to read, and then to write what others might read. From studying the bills which he carried, he soon took to original composition; and it may be said of him, that in fluency of language and richness of imagery few surpassed him. In person Mr. Robinson was a genteel young man, though it cannot be said of him that he possessed manly beauty. He was slight and active, intelligent in his physiognomy, and polite in his demeanour. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to say anything further on this head.

Mr. Robinson had already established himself as an author in his own line, and was supporting himself decently by his own unaided abilities, when he first met Maryanne Brown in the Regent's Park. She was then walking with her sister, and resolutely persisted in disregarding all those tokens of admiration which he found himself unable to restrain.

There certainly was a dash about Maryanne Brown that at certain moments was invincible. Hooped petticoats on the back of her sister looked like hoops, and awkward hoops. They were angular, lopsided, and lumpy. But Maryanne wore her hoops as a duchess wears her crinoline. Her well-starched muslin dress would swell off from her waist in a manner that was irresistible to George Robinson. "Such grouping!" as he said to his friend Walker. "Such a flow of drapery! such tournure! Ah, my dear fellow, the artist's eye sees these things at a glance." And then, walking at a safe distance, he kept his eyes on them.

"I'm sure that fellow's following us," said Sarah Jane, looking back at him with all her scorn.

"There's no law against that, I suppose," said Maryanne tartly. So much as that Mr. Robinson did succeed in hearing.

The girls entered their mother's house; but as they did so, Maryanne lingered for a moment in the doorway. Was it accident, or was it not? Did the fair girl choose to give her admirer one chance, or was it that she was careful not to crush her starch by too rapid an entry?

"I shall be in Regent's Park on Sunday afternoon," whispered Robinson, as he passed by the house, with his hand to his mouth. It need hardly be said that the lady vouchsafed him no reply.

On the following Sunday George Robinson was again in the park, and after wandering among its rural shades for half a day, he was rewarded by seeing the goddess of his idolatry. Miss Brown was there with a companion, but not with Sarah Jane. He had already, as though by instinct, conceived in his heart as powerful an aversion for one sister as affection for the other, and his delight was therefore unbounded when he saw that she he loved was there, while she he hated was away.

'Twere long to tell, at the commencement of this narrative, how a courtship was commenced and carried on; how Robinson sighed, at first in vain and then not in vain; how good-natured was Miss Twizzle, the bosom friend of Maryanne; and how Robinson for a time walked and slept and fed on roses.

There was at that time a music class held at a certain elegant room near Osnaburgh Church in the New Road, at which Maryanne and her friend Miss Twizzle were accustomed to attend. Those lessons were sometimes prosecuted in the evening, and those evening studies sometimes resulted in a little dance. We may say that after a while that was their habitual tendency, and that the lady pupils were permitted to introduce their male friends on condition that the gentlemen paid a shilling each for the privilege. It was in that room that George Robinson passed the happiest hours of his chequered existence. He was soon expert in all the figures of the mazy dance, and was excelled by no one in the agility of his step or the endurance of his performances. It was by degrees rumoured about that he was something higher than he seemed to be, and those best accustomed to the place used to call him the Poet. It must be remembered that at this time Mrs. McCockerell was still alive, and that as Sarah Jane had then become Mrs. Jones, Maryanne was her mother's favourite, and destined to receive all her mother's gifts. Of the name and person of William Brisket, George Robinson was then in happy ignorance, and the first introduction between them took place in that Hall of Harmony.

'Twas about eleven o'clock in the evening, when the light feet of the happy dancers had already been active for some hour or so in the worship of their favourite muse, that Robinson was standing up with his arm round his fair one's waist, immediately opposite to the door of entrance. His right arm still embraced her slight girdle, whilst with his left hand he wiped the perspiration from his brow. She leaned against him palpitating, for the motion of the music had been quick, and there had been some amicable contest among the couples. It is needless to say that George Robinson and Maryanne Brown had suffered no defeat. At that moment a refreshing breeze of the night air was wafted into the room from the opened door, and Robinson, looking up, saw before him a sturdy, thickset man, with mottled beefy face, and by his side there stood a spectre. "It's your sister," whispered he to Maryanne, in a tone of horror.

"Oh, laws! there's Bill," said she, and then she fainted. The gentleman with the mottled face was indeed no other than Mr. Brisket, the purveyor of meat, for whose arms Mrs. McCockerell had destined the

charms of her younger daughter. Conduct baser than that of Mrs. Jones on this occasion is not perhaps recorded in history. She was no friend of Brisket's. She had it not at heart to forward her mother's views. At this period of their lives she and her mother never met. But she had learned her sister's secret, and having it in her power to crush her sister's happiness, had availed herself of the opportunity.

"There he is," said she, quite aloud, so that the whole room should hear. "He's a bill-sticker!" and she pointed the finger of scorn at her sister's lover.

"I'm one who have always earned my own living," said Robinson, "and never had occasion to hang on to any one." This he said knowing that Jones's lodgings were paid for by Mr. Brown.

Hereupon Mr. Brisket walked across the room, and as he walked there was a cloud of anger on his brow. "Perhaps, young man," he said,—and as he spoke he touched Robinson on the shoulder,—"perhaps, young man, you wouldn't mind having a few words with me outside the door."

"Sir," said the other with some solemnity, "I am not aware that I have the honour of your acquaintance."

"I'm William Brisket, butcher," said he; "and if you don't come out when I asks you, by jingo, I'll carry you."

The lady had fainted. The crowd of dancers was standing round with inquiring faces. That female spectre repeated the odious words, still pointing at him with her finger, "He's a bill-sticker!" Brisket was full fourteen stone, whereas Robinson might perhaps be ten. What was Robinson to do?

"Are you going to walk out, or am I going to carry you?" said the Hercules of the slaughter-house.

"I will do anything," said Robinson, "to relieve a lady's embarrassment."

They walked out on to the landing-place, whither not a few of the gentlemen and some of the ladies followed them.

"I say, young man," said Brisket, "do you know who that young woman is?"

"I certainly have the honour of her acquaintance," said Robinson.

"But perhaps you haven't the honour of knowing that she's my wife,—as is to be. Now you know it." And then the coarse monster eyed him from head to foot. "Now you may go home to your mother," said he. "But don't tell her anything of it, because it's a secret."

He was fifteen stone at least, and Robinson was hardly ten. Oh, how vile is the mastery which matter still has over mind in many of the concerns of life! How can a man withstand the assault of a bull? What was Robinson to do? He walked downstairs into the street, leaving Maryanne behind with the butcher.

Some days after this he contrived a meeting with his love, and he then learned the history of that engagement.

"She hated Brisket," she said. "He was odious to her. He was always greasy and smelt of meat;—but he had a respectable business."

"And is my Maryanne mercenary?" said Robinson.

"Now, George," said she, "it's no use you scolding me, and I won't be scolded. Ma says that I must be civil to him, and I'm not going to quarrel with ma. At any rate not yet."

"But surely, Maryanne——"

"It's no good you surelying me, George, for I won't be surelyed. If you don't like me, you can leave me."

"Maryanne, I adore you."

"That's all very well, and I hope you do; but why did you make a row with that man the other night?"

"But, dearest love, he made the row with me."

"And when you did make it," continued Maryanne, "why didn't you see it out?"

Robinson did not find it easy to answer. That matter has still dominion over mind, though the days are coming when mind shall have dominion over matter, was a lesson which, in after days, it would be sweet to teach her. But at the present moment the time did not serve for such teaching.

"A man must look after his own, George, or else he'll go to the wall," she said, with a sneer. And then he parted from her in anger.

But his love did not on that account wax cool, and so in his misery he had recourse to their mutual friend, Miss Twizzle.

"The truth is this," said Miss Twizzle, "I believe she'd take him, because he's respectable and got a business."

"He's horribly vulgar," said Robinson.

"Oh, bother!" said Miss Twizzle. "I know nothing about that. He's got a business, and whoever marries Brisket won't have to look for a bed to sleep on. But there's a hitch about the money."

Then Mr. Robinson learned the facts. Mrs. McCockerell, as she was still called, had promised to give her daughter five hundred pounds as her marriage portion, but Mr. Brisket would not go to the altar till he got the money. "He wanted to extend himself," he said, "and would not marry till he saw his way." Hence had arisen that delay which Maryanne had solaced by her attendance at the music-hall.

"But if you're in earnest," said Miss Twizzle, "don't you be down on your luck. Go to old Brown, and make friends with him. He'll stand up for you, because he knows his wife favours Brisket."

George Robinson did go to Mr. Brown, and on the father the young man's eloquence was not thrown away.

"She shall be yours, Mr. Robinson," he said, after the first fortnight. "But we must be very careful with Mrs. B."

After the second fortnight Mrs. B. was no more! And in this way it came to pass that George Robinson was present as Mr. Brown's adviser when that scheme respecting the haberdashery was first set on foot.

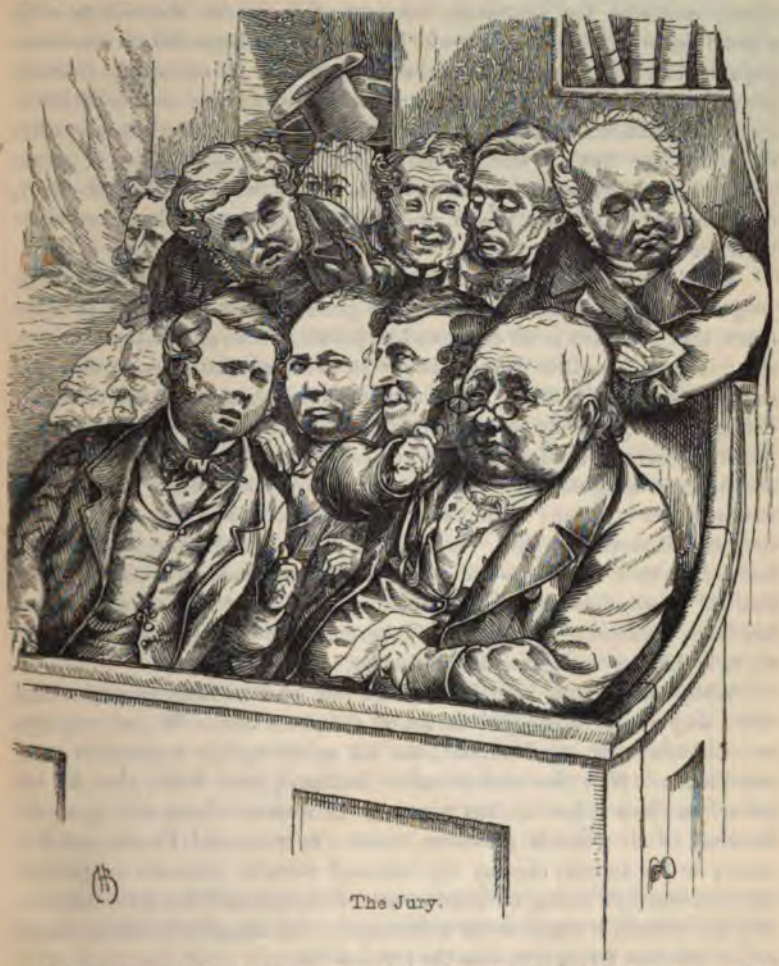
At Westminster.

THIS is Westminster Hall. You know it at once. To your left is one door for Parliament; to your right are seven, for the lawyers. If you peep into the first of these legal entrances, you will probably see the cake-woman; and if the court is sitting you will certainly find an eager knot of grey-bearded, spectacled, wigged, and gowned barristers, engaged on "three corners," Bath buns, and penny-worths of plum gingerbread. Passing through this reminiscence of schooldays, you will bewilder yourself among a series of doors that shut one upon another. You will possibly avoid the cross-cutting and divergent passages, and, with the help of a sad policeman, lifting a heavy crimson curtain, you will take off your hat, and find yourself in a court of justice. The first thing you look for is a "place," which you find high up in the back seats; and when this has been climbed into, with more or less noise, you find yourself facing the bench. By the bench, of course I mean the judges. They are peculiar. Their dress is rather startling at first, till you get used to it; but it is nothing to their caps, which are represented by a little black spot on the top of the wig, and, therefore, may be said to out-muffin the muffin cap of the Bluecoat boy. You may, perhaps, imagine that a remorseful, or, perhaps, shame-faced feeling on the part of the last invented judge has led to his contenting himself with a mere white spot. But be this as it may, from reasons of either dress or feature, our judges do not quite look like ordinary human beings; at all events, the casual observer is sure to deny them that privilege. One likens a celebrated dispenser of justice to a benevolent and intellectual gorilla; another believes that all judges give one some dim idea of a blinking, dozy kind of barn owl; a third suggests good old ladies—motherly persons, given to advice and management, and the having of their own way; while one more daring has even compared the celebrated and, as I said before, "newly invented" summer up, to a jolly apple-cheeked old maid, sitting in judgment upon her married

The Plaintiff.

The Defendant.

sisters. Perhaps it is not until these humourists see them as judges in their own cause that they discover them to be neither blind, weak, nor old-womanish.



The Jury.

But between the back seats and the bench, look for the bar, and if you don't exactly see the bar, you will the counsel, which is the same thing. Possibly you may hear them—for they are given to talking; to each other, if they have no better resource; but to the jury, or at all events to the judge, if they can find an occasion: some who, curiously enough, have round noses, round eyes, round mouths, and double chins, are sonorous, emphatic, and what we will call portwiney: others are ponderous, slow, chest-speaking men, but these are mostly tall, lank, and coarse-haired, with terrible noses—long, from the bridge downward, and blunt at the point; some, again, of the sharp, acid, suspicious sort—shriek a great deal; while there are a few—great men these—who are so

confidential and communicative, that they seem (using a colloquial phrase) to talk to the jury "like a father."

Among the counsel who having nothing to say either for self or client, and who (as I suppose, consequently) amuse themselves with a great deal of light-porter's work, in carrying fat bags, full of important papers; there are many who make a great show of extracting valuable precedents from thick calf-bound law books, and having neither briefs to study nor motions to make, engage themselves in inditing the obscurest directions for further thick volumes, on the smallest slips of paper procurable, which slips—folded into the semblance of pipe-lights—they, at the hazard of turning illegal summersaults, pass on to the short usher with the bald head.

But do not, for one moment, imagine that when you have looked at the judges and the counsel and taken in the general aspect and bearings of the court, that you have at all exhausted its points of interest; on the contrary, the "interest" is all to come. You wish to know what is going on—is it debt or slander? breach of promise or breach of contract? and curiously enough, it is generally the latter. Contracts of all sorts, that are supposed to form a kind of barrier against law, and which, at all events, are held as safeguards or talismans, are mostly the direct road to that monosyllabic mantrap; some people never think of breaking a contract so long as it is merely implied, but reduced to black and white they want to tear a hole in it directly,—indeed, in the sense in which it has been said that all mischief is caused by woman, you will find that every action at law has a "document" lying at the bottom of it—from promissory notes up to architects' estimates, this will always hold good.

Well, having seen both Bench and Bar, and wishing to understand what they are both engaged in, let us suppose a case. We will say that an obstinate man, one Bullhead, has his action against a plausible man, one Floater. Now the unconvincible Bullhead, who thinks that he has never yet been taken in, has somehow at various times, and upon the flimsiest of all possible pretences, handed over to said Floater sums of money to the amount of—say two hundred pounds: between the possible inconvenience of losing so large a sum of money and the wish to show that his wisdom is equal to his obstinacy, he has brought the little dispute out of his own frying-pan into the judicial fire.

There he stands, or rather leans in the witness-box, carefully checking off his short answers with his forefinger on the sleeve of his coat, and screwing his face on one side, as if to concentrate all his intellect into the left eye that is so widely open; he looks very untractable, with his stumpy brows knitted closely over his thick stumpy nose; but what chance can he possibly have against such a cool hand as the defendant, Floater, Esq., with his very white stick-up hair bearing witness to his respectability, and his very black lay-down eyebrows covering the unbarnacled portion of those side-glancing eyes? How gently his jewelled fingers are laid on the edge of the witness-box! how shockingly informal the "document"—of

whatever sort—proves to be during his examination—what a respectable man he is! Three letters after his name. Do you think he would have trusted himself in such a lion's den as this if he were not assured of getting the best of it? Oh, no! this is the sort of thing—either in court or out of court—that he lives on, and lives very well too. Barring anxieties and worries, which all are liable to—with the exception of constant flitting, which, to some people, is a mere matter of health; put on one side a few visits to the Queen's Bench, and this is a highly prosperous man! He has his spring lamb out of its due season; asparagus; five suits of clothes and three servants; he has managed somehow to rear a large family, and, what is more, to dispose of them in various ways; he will, most probably, fail in accumulating money, may, perhaps, die in extreme poverty—there is no knowing; but as he is not a miser, as he began life without a farthing, and as, moreover, he is an easy-going sort of philosopher in his way, he may content himself to the last; and contentment, as we know, is a very hard thing to compass after all.

Of course, and as usual, the jury hardly know what to make of it; the stout foreman inclines to the plaintiff in despite of law; but he is evidently puzzled all the same; the thin man with the bridgy nose, the cold man with the round head, and the argumentative juryman with the mutton-chop whisker, all look at it, as they say, "legally," and decide in favour of the defendant. The jocular "party," with the curly red hair and the two tufts of chin-growing beard, treats it all as good fun, and is ready to give his verdict for the defendant too, because as he says:—"He is such a jolly old humbug, you know," which mode of settlement, however, is not looked upon as sufficient by his two neighbours, to whom it is a much more serious matter. One of these is trying to make up his mind, a feat he has never yet successfully accomplished, so I suppose that as usual it will be made up for him by somebody else; as for the other, after three hours' reflection he has really come to a decision, but, unfortunately, it is entirely opposed to everything that the judge will tell them in his summing up, and of course they will all be led by his lordship.

My lord is neither a mumbling nor a short-tempered judge; he will take them in hand kindly, explain away both counsel for plaintiff and for defendant, and read them a great deal of his notes, which are a thousandfold clearer, fuller, and more accurate than the reporter's "flimsy," although during the trial he has been distinctly seen to write four long letters, has gone twice to sleep, and has made seven recondite legal jokes, including the famous ever-recurring and side-splitting innuendo of calling upon the usher to cry silence, or "Sss-h," whenever the somewhat indistinctly speaking junior for the plaintiff rises—there will be no withstanding his clear-headedness.

As you would imagine, these jurors have been in turn led away by the opposing counsel. For the plaintiff; they were made to admire the consummate common sense and discretion of the plaintiff, Bullhead, who having

The Judge.

The Counsel.

diluted his ordinary keenness with that admirable faith in human nature, which is the keystone of all commercial transactions in this arcadian world, has for the first time in his life, found his confidence misplaced by the conduct of the defendant. Said the advocate: far be it from him to call Floater, Esq., M.Q.S., by any derogatory appellations; he was not a swindler, he was not a rogue, he was not a wolf in sheep's clothing, he was perhaps the victim of a misconception or a want of memory, but a very honourable man all the same—an opinion which the jury would endorse by giving full damages to his discreet and sensible client.

The Attorneys.

But, said the counsel for the defendant—a foxy man with reddish hair, angular eyes, and a mouth that seems to have a hole punched in each end of it: he would not call Mr. Bullhead a villain of the deepest die, he would not say that he had laid a plot to blast the happiness of the domestic health of his unfortunate, his scrupulously respectable, and he would add his distinguished client; no, not he—far from it, he would suppose that an obtuseness of intellect on the part of the, at all events, short-tempered plaintiff, had led him to imagine, and so forth. And by the way, notice

how these foxy counsel do cuddle themselves up, how they look askance, and wriggle about to show their honesty and straightforwardness,—for indeed I suppose we must admit that they are honest and straightforward from their point of view, although they do shake their heads at his lordship whenever a particularly damaging statement is put forward by the opposite side, and although they do paint black with a grey tint, and find a few spots upon the purest white. Thank goodness, they have the attorneys to throw the blame upon when there happens to be any, and the attorneys sitting under the bar, and putting their heads together, have, I suppose, shoulders broad enough to bear it.

These two do not look ingenuous: here is the smooth and the rough. The rough one never seems to believe a word that is said to him, while the smooth one appears to take in everything. The one, half shutting his eyes, draws his face down and his forehead up, into all the fifty lines of unbelief, while Smoothman drags his cheeks into such a lovely smiling look of faith in everything you have to propose, that you really begin to wonder how that underhung jaw and knitted brow came into the same company. Well, there is not very much to choose between them—if Diogenes is given to sharp practice, Smoothman is a very bulldog for holding on wherever he gets his teeth in; and for twisting a grievance into court, for sublimating an action into a verdict, and a verdict into bills of costs, I think they are equally to be trusted.

So we will say that this trial has gone against the angry plaintiff; that it is one more feather in the cap of Foxy Q.C., and money in the purse to Floater, M.Q.S.; that the jury are aware of having supported the glory of the English nation and the majesty of the law; that the learned judge, disrobed and unwigged, is no longer a good old lady, but a distinguished gentleman; and the ushers having cried Ssss-h all the day, which seems to be their responsible and arduous and only duty, are going home to dinner, leaving the reporters to pack up and follow.

One word about the "Press" before we part. Just one word to note the elderly press-man, who is of a shrewd, parroty appearance, and who has sat in court so many years reporting, that his grey hair has at last taken the form, colour, and texture of a judge's wig: his aspect is severe; he seems to have imbibed the spirit of that justice which he has passed his life in recording.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER IX.

The Artist Monk.

On the evening when Agnes and her grandmother had returned from the convent, as they were standing after their supper looking over the garden parapet into the gorge, their attention was caught by a man in an ecclesiastical habit, slowly climbing the rocky pathway towards them.

"Isn't that brother Antonio?" asked Dame Elsie, leaning forward to observe more narrowly. "Yes, to be sure it is."

"Oh, how glad I am!" exclaimed Agnes, springing up with vivacity, and looking eagerly down the path by which the stranger was approaching.

A few moments more of clambering, and the stranger met the two women at the gate with a gesture of benediction. He was apparently a little past the middle point of life, and entering on its shady afternoon. He was tall and well proportioned, and his features had the spare delicacy of the Italian outline. The round brow fully developed in all the perceptive and æsthetic regions, the keen eye shadowed by long dark lashes, the thin flexible lips, the sunken cheek, where on the slightest emotion there fluttered a brilliant flush of colour,—all were signs telling of the enthusiast in whom the nervous and spiritual predominated over the animal. At times, his eye had a dilating brightness, as if from the flickering of some inward fire which was slowly consuming the mortal part, and its expression was brilliant even to the verge of insanity. His dress was the simple, coarse, white stuff gown of the Dominican friars, over which he wore a darker travelling garment of coarse cloth, with a hood, from whose deep shadows his bright mysterious eyes looked like jewels from a cavern. At his side dangled a great rosary and cross of black wood, and under his arm he carried a portfolio secured with a leathern strap, which seemed stuffed to bursting with papers.

Father Antonio, whom we have thus introduced to the reader, was a travelling preaching monk from the convent of San Marco in Florence, on a pastoral and artistic tour through Italy.

Convents in the Middle Ages were the retreats of multitudes, of different natures, who did not wish to live in a state of perpetual warfare and offence, and all the elegant arts flourished under their protecting shadows. Ornamental gardening, pharmacy, drawing, painting, carving in wood, illumination, and calligraphy, were not unfrequent occupations of the holy fathers, and the convent has given to the illustrious roll of Italian art some of its most brilliant names. No institution in modern Europe had a more established reputation in all these respects than the convent of

San Marco in Florence. In its best days, it was as near an approach to an ideal community, associated to unite religion, beauty, and utility, as ever has existed on earth. It was a retreat from the commonplace prose of life into an atmosphere at once devotional and poetic; and prayers and sacred hymns consecrated the elegant labours of the chisel and the pencil, no less than the more homely ones of the still and the crucible. San Marco, far from being that kind of sluggish lagoon often imagined in conventual life, was rather a sheltered hotbed of ideas—fervid with intellectual and moral energy, and before the age in every radical movement. At this period, Savonarola, the poet and prophet of the Italian religious world of his day, was Superior of this convent, pouring through all the members of the Order the fire of his own impassioned nature, and seeking to lead them back to the fervours of more primitive and evangelical ages, and in the reaction of a worldly and corrupt Church was beginning to feel the power of that current which at last drowned his eloquent voice in the cold waters of martyrdom. Savonarola was an Italian Luther—differing from him as the more ethereally strung and nervous Italian differs from the bluff and burly German; and like Luther he became in his time the centre of every living thing in society about him. He inspired the pencils of artists, guided the councils of statesmen, and, a poet himself, was an inspiration to poets. Everywhere in Italy the monks of his Order were travelling, restoring the shrines, preaching against the voluptuous and unworthy pictures with which sensual artists had desecrated the churches, and calling the people back by their exhortations to the purity of primitive Christianity.

Father Antonio was a younger brother of Elsie, and had early become a member of the San Marco, enthusiastic not less in religion than in art. His intercourse with his sister had few points of sympathy, Elsie being as decided a utilitarian as any old Yankee female born in the granite hills of New Hampshire, and pursuing with a hard and sharp energy her narrow plan of life for Agnes. She regarded her brother as a very properly religious person, considering his calling, but was a little bored with his exuberant devotion, and absolutely indifferent to his artistic enthusiasm. Agnes, on the contrary, had from a child attached herself to her uncle with all the energy of a sympathetic nature, and his yearly visits had been looked forward to on her part with intense expectation. To him she could say a thousand things which instinctively she concealed from her grandmother; and Elsie was well pleased with the confidence, because it relieved her a little from the vigilant guardianship that she otherwise held over the girl: when Father Antonio was about, she had leisure now and then for a little private gossip of her own.

"Dear uncle, how glad I am to see you once more!" was the eager salutation with which the young girl received the monk, as he gained the little garden; "and you have brought your pictures,—oh, I know you have so many pretty things to show me!"

"Well, well, child," said Elsie, "don't begin upon that now: a little

talk of bread and cheese will be more in point. Come in, brother, and wash your feet, and let me beat the dust out of your cloak, and give you something to stay nature; for you must be fasting."

"Thank you, sister," said the monk; "and as for you, pretty one, never mind what she says. Uncle Antonio will show his little Agnes everything by-and-by.—A good little thing it is, sister."

"Yes, yes, good enough,—and too good," said Elsie, bustling about; —"roses can't help having thorns, I suppose."

"Only our ever-blessed Rose of Sharon, the dear mystical Rose of Paradise, can boast of having no thorns," said the monk, bowing and crossing himself devoutly.

Agnes clasped her hands on her bosom and bowed also, while Elsie stopped with her knife in the middle of a loaf of black bread, and crossed herself with somewhat of impatience,—like a worldly-minded person of our day, who is interrupted in the midst of an observation by a grace.

After the rites of hospitality had been duly observed, the old dame seated herself contentedly at her door with her distaff, resigned Agnes to the safe guardianship of her uncle, and had a feeling of security in seeing them sitting together on the parapet of the garden, with the portfolio spread out between them; the warm twilight glow of the evening sky lighting up their figures as they bent in ardent interest over its contents. The portfolio showed a fluttering collection of sketches,—fruits, flowers, animals, insects, faces, figures, shrines, buildings, trees; all, in short, that might strike the mind of a man to whose eye nothing on the face of the earth is without beauty and significance.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed the girl, taking up one sketch, in which a bunch of rosy cyclamen was painted rising out of a bed of moss.

"Ah, that, indeed, my dear!" said the artist. "Would you had seen the place where I painted it! I stopped there to recite my prayers one morning; 'twas by the side of a beautiful cascade, and all the ground was covered with these lovely cyclamens, and the air was musky with their fragrance. Ah, the bright rose-coloured leaves! I can get no colour like them, unless some angel would bring me some from those sunset clouds yonder."

"And oh, dear uncle, what lovely primroses!" pursued Agnes, taking up another paper.

"Yes, child; but you should have seen them when I was coming down the south side of the Apennines;—these were everywhere so pale and sweet, they seemed like the humility of our most Blessed Mother in her lowly mortal state. I am minded to make a border of primroses to the leaf in the Breviary where is the 'Hail, Mary!' for it seems as if that flower doth ever say, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord!'"

"And what will you do with the cyclamen, uncle? does not that mean something?"

"Yes, daughter," replied the monk, readily entering into that symbolical strain which permeated all the heart and mind of the religious of

his day; "I *can* see a meaning in it. For you see that the cyclamen puts forth its leaves in early spring deeply engraven with mystical characters, and loves cool shadows and moist, dark places, but comes at length to wear a royal crown of crimson; and it seems to me like the saints who dwell in convents and other prayerful places, and have the word of God graven in their hearts in youth, till their hearts blossom into fervent love and they are crowned with royal graces."

"Ah!" sighed Agnes, "how beautiful and blessed to be among such!"

"Thou sayest well, dear child. Blessed are the flowers of God that grow in cool solitudes, and have never been profaned by the hot sun and dust of this world!"

"I should like to be such a one," said Agnes. "I often think, when I visit the sisters at the convent, that I long to be one of them."

"A pretty story!" cried Dame Elsie, who had heard the last words. "What! go into a convent and leave your poor grandmother all alone, when she has toiled night and day for so many years to get a dowry for you and find you a worthy husband!"

"I don't want any husband in this world, grandmamma," said Agnes.

"What talk is this? Not want a good husband to take care of you when your poor old grandmother is gone? Who will provide for you?"

"He who took care of the blessed Saint Agnes, grandmamma."

"Saint Agnes, to be sure! That was a great many years ago, and times have altered since then;—in these days girls must have husbands.

"But if the darling hath a vocation?" suggested the artist, mildly.

"Vocation! I'll see to that! She shan't have a vocation! Do you suppose I'm going to toil, and spin, and wear myself to the bone, and have her slip through my fingers at last with a vocation? No, indeed!"

"Indeed, dear grandmother, don't be angry!" pleaded Agnes. "I will do just as you say,—only I don't want a husband."

"Well, well, my little heart,—one thing at a time; you shan't have him till you say yes willingly," said Elsie, in a mollified tone.

Agnes turned again to the portfolio and busied herself with it, her eyes dilating as she ran over the sketches.

"Ah! what pretty, pretty bird is this?" she asked.

"Knowest thou not that bird, with his little red beak?" said the artist. "When our dear Lord hung bleeding and no man pitied Him, this bird, filled with tender love, tried to draw out the nails with his poor little beak—so much better were the birds than we hard-hearted sinners!—hence he hath honour in many pictures. See here—I shall put him in the office of the Sacred Heart, in a little nest curiously built in a running vine of passion-flower. See here, daughter—I have a great commission to execute a breviary for our house, and our holy father was pleased to say that the spirit of the blessed Angelico had in some little humble measure descended on me, and now I am busy day and night; for not a twig rustles, not a bird flies, nor a flower blossoms, but I begin to see therein some hint of holy adornment to my blessed work."

"Oh, uncle Antonio, how happy you must be!" exclaimed Agnes, her large eyes dilating and filling with tears.

"Happy!—child, am I not?" returned the monk, looking up and crossing himself. "Holy Mother, am I not? Do I not walk the earth in a dream of bliss, and see the footsteps of my most Blessed Lord and his dear Mother on every rock and hill? I see the flowers rise up in clouds to adore them. What am I, unworthy sinner, that such grace is granted me? Often I fall on my face before the humblest flower where my dear Lord hath written his name, and confess I am unworthy the honour of copying his sweet handiwork."

The artist spoke these words with his hands clasped and his fervid eyes upraised, like a man in an ecstasy; nor can our more prosaic English give an idea of the fluent simplicity and grace with which such images melt into that lovely tongue that seems made to be the natural language of poetry and enthusiasm.

Agnes looked up to him with awe, as to some celestial being; but there was a sympathetic glow in her face, and she crossed her hands on her bosom, as her manner often was when much moved, and, drawing a deep sigh, ejaculated:—"Would that such gifts were mine!"

"They are thine, sweet one," replied the monk. "In Christ's dear kingdom is no 'mine' or 'thine,' but all that each hath is the property of the others. I never rejoice so much in my art as when I think of the communion of saints; and that all that our Blessed Lord will work through me is the property of the humblest soul in his kingdom. When I see one flower rarer than another, or a bird singing on a twig, I take note of the same, and say, 'This lovely work of God shall be for some shrine, or the border of a missal, or the foreground of an altar-piece, and thus shall his saints be comforted.'"

"But," said Agnes, fervently, "how little can a poor young maiden do! Ah, I do so long to offer myself up in some way to the dear Lord who gave Himself for us, and for his most Blessed Church!"

As Agnes spoke these words, her cheek, usually so clear and pale, became suffused with a tremulous colour, and her dark eyes beamed with a deep, divine expression; a moment after, the colour slowly faded, her head drooped, and her long dark lashes fell on her cheek, while her hands were folded on her bosom. The eye of the monk was watching her with an enkindled glance.

"Is she not the very presentment of our Blessed Lady in the Annunciation?" said he to himself. "Surely, this grace is upon her for this special purpose. My prayers are answered."

"Daughter," he began, in a gentle tone, "a glorious work has been done of late in Florence under the preaching of our blessed Superior. Could you believe it, daughter, in these times of backsliding and rebuke there have been found painters base enough to paint the pictures of vile, abandoned women in the character of our Blessed Lady; yea, and princes have been found wicked enough to buy them and put them up

in churches, so that the people have had the Mother of all Purity presented to them in the guise of a vile harlot. Is it not dreadful?"

"How horrible!" ejaculated Agnes.

"Ah, but you should have seen the great procession through Florence, when all the little children were inspired by the heavenly preaching of our blessed Master. These dear little ones, carrying the blessed cross and singing the hymns our Master had written for them, went from house to house and church to church, demanding that everything that was vile and base should be delivered up to the flames; and the people, beholding, thought that the angels had indeed come down, so they brought forth all their loose pictures and vile books, such as Boccaccio's romances and other defilements, and the children made a great bonfire of them in the Grand Piazza, and thus thousands of vile things were consumed and scattered. And then our blessed Master exhorted the artists to give their pencils to Christ and his Mother, and to seek for her image among pious and holy women living a veiled and secluded life, like that our Lady lived before the blessed Annunciation. 'Think you,' he continued, 'that the blessed Angelico obtained the grace to set forth our Lady in such heavenly wise, by gazing about the streets on mincing women tricked out in all the world's bravery?—Did he not find her image in holy solitudes, among modest and prayerful saints?'"

"Ah," exclaimed Agnes, drawing in her breath with an expression of awe, "what mortal would dare to sit for the image of our Lady!"

"Dear child, there be women whom the Lord crowns with beauty when they know it not, and our dear Mother sheds so much of her spirit into their hearts that it shines out in their faces; among such must the painter look. Dear little child, be not ignorant that our Lord hath shed this great grace on thee. I have received a light that thou art to be the model for the 'Hail, Mary!' in my Breviary."

"Oh, no, no, no! it cannot be!" cried Agnes, covering her face.

"My daughter, thou art very beautiful, and this beauty was given thee not for thyself, but to be laid like a sweet flower on the altar of thy Lord. Think how blessed, if, through thee, the faithful be reminded of the modesty and humility of Mary, so that their prayers become more fervent! Would it not be a great grace?"

"Dear uncle," replied Agnes, "I am Christ's child. If it be as you say, —which I did not know,—give me some days to pray and prepare my soul, that I may offer myself in all humility."

During this conversation Elsie had left the garden and gone a little way down the gorge, to have a few moments of gossip with an old crony of hers. The light of the evening sky had gradually faded away, and the full moon was pouring a shower of silver upon the orange-trees. As Agnes sat on the parapet, with the moonlight streaming down on her young, spiritual face, now tremulous with deep suppressed emotion, the painter thought he had never seen any human creature that looked nearer to his conception of a celestial being.

They both sat awhile in that kind of quietude which often falls between two who have stirred some deep fountain of emotion. All was so still around them, that the drip and trickle of the little stream which fell from the garden wall into the dark abyss of the gorge, could be distinctly heard as it pattered from one rocky point to another, with a light, lulling sound. Suddenly their revery was disturbed by the shadow of a figure which passed into the moonlight and seemed to have risen from the side of the gorge. A man, enveloped in a dark cloak with a peaked hood, stepped across the moss-grown garden parapet, stood a moment irresolute, then the cloak dropped suddenly from him, and the cavalier appeared in the moonlight before Agnes. He bore in his hand a tall stalk of white lily, with open blossoms and buds and tender fluted green leaves, such as one sees in a thousand pictures of the Annunciation. The moonlight fell full upon his face, revealing his haughty yet beautiful features, agitated by some profound emotion. The monk and the girl were both too much surprised for a moment to utter a sound; and when, after an instant, the monk made a half-movement as if to speak, the cavalier raised his right hand with a sudden authoritative gesture which silenced him. Then turning toward Agnes, he knelt, and kissed the hem of her robe, and laying the lily in her lap, exclaimed, "Holiest and dearest—oh! forget not to pray for me!" He rose again in a moment, and, throwing his cloak around him, sprang over the garden wall, and was heard rapidly descending into the shadows of the gorge.

All this passed so quickly that it seemed to both the spectators like a dream. The splendid man, with his jewelled weapons, his haughty bearing and air of easy command, bowing with such solemn humility before the peasant girl, reminded the monk of the barbaric princes in the wonderful legends he had read, who had been drawn by some heavenly inspiration to come and render themselves up to the teachings of holy virgins, chosen of the Lord, in divine solitudes. In the poetical world in which he lived such marvels were possible: there were a thousand precedents for them in that dream-land of the devout, "The Lives of the Saints."

"My daughter," he said, after looking vainly down the dark shadows to track the path of the stranger, "have you ever seen this man before?"

"Yes, uncle; yesterday evening I saw him for the first time, when sitting at my stand at the gate of the city. It was at the Ave Maria; he came up there and asked my prayers, and gave me a diamond ring for the shrine of Saint Agnes, which I carried to the convent.

"Behold, my dear daughter, the confirmation of what I have just said to thee! It is evident that our Lady hath endowed thee with the great grace of a beauty which draws the soul upward toward the angels, instead of downward to sensual things, like the beauty of worldly women. What saith the blessed poet Dante of the beauty of the holy Beatrice?—that it said to every man who looked on her, '*Aspire!*' Great is the grace; and thou must give special praise therefor."

"I would," said Agnes, thoughtfully, "that I knew who this stranger

is, and what is his great trouble and need,—his eyes are so full of sorrow. Giulietta said he was the king's brother, and was called the Lord Adrian. What sorrow can he have, or what need for the prayers of a poor maid like me?"

"Perhaps the Lord hath pierced him with a longing after the celestial beauty and heavenly purity of paradise, and wounded him with a divine sorrow, as happened to Saint Francis and to the blessed Saint Dominic," said the monk. "Beauty is the Lord's arrow, wherewith He pierceth to the inmost soul, with a divine longing and languishment which find rest only in Him. Hence, thou seest, the wounds of love in saints are always painted by us with holy flames ascending from them. Have good courage, sweet child, and pray with fervour for this youth: there be no prayers sweeter before the throne of God than those of spotless maidens. The Scripture saith, 'The beloved feedeth among the lilies.'"

At this moment was heard the sharp, decided tramp of Elsie re-entering the garden.

"Come, Agnes," she cried, "it is time for you to begin your prayers, or, the saints know, I shall not get you to bed till midnight. I suppose prayers are a good thing," she added, seating herself wearily; "but if one must have so many of them, one must get about them early: there's reason in all things."

Agnes, who had been sitting abstractedly on the parapet, with her head drooped over the lily-spray, now seemed to collect herself. She rose up in a grave and thoughtful manner, and, going forward to the shrine of the Madonna, removed the flowers of the morning, and, holding the vase under the spout of the fountain all feathered with waving maiden-hair, filled it with fresh water, the drops falling from it in a thousand little silver rings in the moonlight.

"I have a thought," said the monk to himself, drawing from his girdle a pencil and hastily sketching by the moonlight. What he drew was a fragile maiden form, sitting with clasped hands on a mossy ruin, gazing on a spray of white lilies which lay before her. He called it, The Blessed Virgin pondering the Lily of the Annunciation.

"Hast thou ever reflected," he asked of Agnes, "what that lily might be like which the angel Gabriel brought to our Lady?—for, trust me, it was no mortal flower, but grew by the river of life. I have often meditated thereon, that it was like unto living silver with a light in itself, like the moon—even as our Lord's garments in the Transfiguration, which glistened like the snow. I have cast about in myself by what device a painter might represent so marvellous a flower."

"Now, brother Antonio," Elsie broke in, "if you begin to talk to the child about such matters, our Lady alone knows when we shall get to bed. I am sure I'm as good a Christian as anybody; but, as I said, there's reason in all things: one cannot always be wondering and inquiring into heavenly matters—as to every feather in Saint Michael's wings, and as to our Lady's girdle and shoestrings and thimble and work-basket; and

when one gets through with our Lady, then one has it all to go over about her mother, the blessed Saint Anne (may her name be ever praised!) I mean no disrespect, but the saints are reasonable folk, and must see that poor folk must live, and, in order to live, must think of something else now and then besides *them*. That's my mind, brother."

"Well, well, sister," returned the monk, placidly, "no doubt you are right. There shall be no quarrelling in the Lord's vineyard: every one hath his manner and place, and you follow the lead of the blessed Saint Martha, which is holy and honourable."

"Honourable! I should think it might be!" retorted Elsie. "I warrant me, if everything had been left to Saint Mary's doings, our Blessed Lord and the Twelve Apostles might have gone supperless. But it's Martha gets all the work, and Mary all the praise."

"Quite right, quite right," said the monk, abstractedly, while he stood out in the moonlight busily sketching the fountain. By just such a fountain he thought our Lady might have washed the clothes of the Blessed Babe. Doubtless there was some such in the court of her dwelling, all mossy and with sweet waters for ever singing a song of praise.

Elsie was now heard within the house making energetic commotion, rattling pots and pans, and effecting decided movements among the simple furniture of the dwelling; probably with a view to preparing for the night's repose of her guest.

Meanwhile Agnes, kneeling before the shrine, was going through, with great feeling and tenderness, the various manuals and movements of nightly devotion which her own religious fervour and the zeal of her spiritual advisers had enjoined upon her. Christianity, when it entered Italy, came among a people every act of whose life was coloured and consecrated by symbolic and ritual acts of heathenism. The only possible way to uproot this was in supplanting it by Christian ritual and symbolism equally minute and pervading. Besides, in those ages when the Christian preacher was utterly destitute of all such help as the press now gives in keeping under the eye of converts the great inspiring truths of religion, it was one of the first offices of every saint whose preaching stirred the heart of the people, to devise symbolic forms, signs, and observances, by which the mobile and fluctuating heart of the multitude might crystallize into habits of devout remembrance. The rosary, the crucifix, the shrine, the banner, the processions, were catechisms and tracts invented for those who could not read, wherein the substance of pages was condensed and gave itself to the eye and the touch. Let us not, from the height of our day, with the better appliances which a universal press gives us, sneer at the homely rounds of the ladder by which the first multitudes of the Lord's flock climbed heavenward.

[illegible] there seemed somewhat mechanical in the number of times which [illegible] repeated the "Hail, Mary!"—in the prescribed number of times [illegible]ser, or bowed, or crossed herself, or laid her forehead in low [illegible]y on the flags of the pavement, it was redeemed by the earnest

fervour which inspired each action. However foreign to the habits of a Northern mind or education such a mode of prayer may be, these forms to her were all helpful and significant; her soul was borne by them Godward, and often, as she prayed, it seemed to her that she could feel the dissolving of all earthy things, and the pressing nearer and nearer of the great cloud of witnesses who ever surround the humblest member of Christ's mystical body.

> "Sweet loving hearts around her beat,
> Sweet helping hands are stirred,
> And palpitates the veil between
> With breathings almost heard."

Certain English writers, looking entirely from a worldly and philosophical stand-point, are utterly at a loss to account for the power which certain Italian women of obscure birth came to exercise in the councils of nations merely by the force of a mystical piety; but the Northern mind of Europe is entirely unfitted to read and appreciate the psychological religious phenomena of Southern races. The temperament which in our modern days has been called the mediæval, and which with us is only exceptional, is more or less a race-peculiarity of Southern climates, and gives that objectiveness to the conception of spiritual things from which grew up a complete ritual and a whole world of religious art. The Southern saints and religious artists were seers—men and women of that peculiar fineness and delicacy of temperament which made them peculiarly apt to receive and project outward the truths of the spiritual life; they were in that state of "divine madness" which is favourable to the most intense conception of the poet and artist, and something of this influence descended through all the channels of the people.

When Agnes rose from prayer, she had a serene, exalted expression, like one who walks with some unseen excellence and meditates on some untold joy. As she was crossing the court to come towards her uncle, her eye was attracted by the sparkle of something on the ground, and, stooping, she picked up a heart-shaped locket, curiously made of a large amethyst, and fastened with a golden arrow. As she pressed upon this, the locket opened and disclosed to her view a folded paper. Her mood at this moment was so calm and elevated that she received the incident with no start or quiver of the nerves. To her it seemed a providential token, which would probably bring to her some further knowledge of this mysterious being who had been so especially confided to her intercessions.

Agnes had learned of the superior of the convent the art of reading writing, which would never have been the birthright of the peasant-girl in her times, and the moonlight had that dazzling clearness which revealed every letter.

She stood by the parapet, one hand lying in the white blossoming alyssum which filled its marble crevices, while she seriously read and pondered the contents of the paper.

TO AGNES.

Sweet saint, sweet lady, may a sinful soul
Approach thee with an offering of love,
And lay at thy dear feet a weary heart
That loves thee, as it loveth God above?
If blessed Mary may without a stain
Receive the love of sinners most defiled,
If the fair saints that walk with her in white
Refuse not love from earth's most guilty child,
Shouldst thou, sweet lady, then that love deny
Which all-unworthy at thy feet is laid?
Ah, gentlest angel, be not more severe
Than the dear heavens unto a loving prayer!
Howe'er unworthily that prayer be said,
Let thine acceptance be like that on high!

There might have been times in Agnes' life when the reception of this note would have astonished and perplexed her; but the whole strain of thought and conversation this evening had been in exalted and poetical regions, and the soft stillness of the hour, the wonderful calmness and clearness of the moonlight, all seemed in unison with the strange incident that had occurred, and with the still stranger tenor of the paper. The soft melancholy and half-religious tone of it was in accordance with the whole undercurrent of her life, and prevented that start of alarm which any homage of a more worldly form might have excited. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that she read it many times with pauses and intervals of deep thought, and then with a movement of natural and girlish curiosity examined the rich jewel which had enclosed the paper. At last, seeming to collect her thoughts, she folded the paper and replaced it in its sparkling recess, and, unlocking the door of the shrine, laid the gem with its inclosure beneath the lily-spray, as another offering to the Madonna. "Dear Mother," she prayed, "if indeed it be so, may he rise from loving me to loving thee and thy dear Son, who is Lord of all! Amen!" Thus praying, she locked the door and turned thoughtfully to her repose, leaving the monk pacing up and down in the moonlit garden.

Meanwhile the cavalier was standing on the velvet mossy bridge which spanned the stream at the bottom of the gorge, watching the play of moonbeams on layer after layer of tremulous silver foliage in the clefts of the black, rocky walls on either side. The moon rode so high in the deep violet-coloured sky, that her beams came down almost vertically, making green and translucent the leaves through which they passed, and throwing strongly marked shadows here and there on the flower-embroidered moss of the old bridge. There was that solemn, plaintive stillness in the air which makes the least sound—the hum of an insect's wing, the cracking of a twig, the patter of falling water—distinct and impressive.

It needs not to be explained how the cavalier, following the steps of Agnes and her grandmother at a distance, had threaded the path by

which they ascended to their little sheltered nook—how he had lingered within hearing of Agnes' voice, and moving among the surrounding rocks and trees, and drawing nearer and nearer as evening shadows drew on, had listened to the conversation, hoping that some unexpected chance might gain him a moment's speech with his enchantress.

The reader will have gathered from a previous chapter that the conception which Agnes had formed as to the real position of her admirer from the reports of Giulietta was false, and that in reality he was not Lord Adrian, the brother of the king, but an outcast and landless representative of one branch of an ancient and noble Roman family, whose estates had been confiscated and whose relations had been murdered, to satisfy the boundless rapacity of Cæsar Borgia, the infamous favourite of the notorious Alexander VI.

The natural temperament of Agostino Sarelli had been rather that of the poet and artist than of the warrior. In the beautiful gardens of his ancestral home it had been his delight to muse over the pages of Dante and Ariosto, to sing to the lute, and to write in the facile flowing rhyme of his native Italian the fancies of the dream-land of his youth.

He was the younger brother of the family and the favourite son and companion of his mother; who, being of a tender and religious nature, had brought him up in habits of the most implicit reverence and devotion for the institutions of his forefathers.

The storm which swept over his house and blasted all his worldly prospects, blasted, too, and withered all those religious hopes and beliefs by which alone sensitive and affectionate natures can be healed of the wounds of adversity without leaving distortion or scar. For his house had been overthrown, his elder brother cruelly and treacherously murdered, himself and his retainers robbed and cast out, by a man who had the entire sanction and support of the head of the Christian Church, the Vicar of Christ on Earth. So said the current belief of his times—the faith in which his sainted mother died; and the difficulty with which a man breaks away from such ties is in exact proportion to the refinement and elevation of his nature.

In the mind of our young nobleman there was a double current. He was a Roman, and the traditions of his house went back to the time of Mutius Scævola; and his old nurse had told him often that grand story of how the young hero stood with his right hand in the fire rather than betray his honour. If the legends of Rome's ancient heroes cause the pulses of colder climes and alien races to throb with sympathetic heroism, what must their power be to one who says, "*These were my fathers?*" Agostino read Plutarch, and thought, "*I*, too, am a Roman!" and then he looked on the power that held sway over the Tarpeian Rock and the halls of the old "Sanctus Senatus," and asked himself, "By what right does it hold these?" He knew full well that, in the popular belief, all those hardy and virtuous old Romans, whose deeds of heroism so transported him, were burning in hell for the crime of having been born

before Christ; and he asked himself, as he looked on the horrible and unnatural luxury and vice which defiled the papal chair and ran riot through every ecclesiastical Order, whether such men, without faith, without conscience, and without even decency, were indeed the only authorized successors of Christ and his Apostles?

To us, of course, from our modern stand-point, the question has an easy solution; but not so in those days, when the Christianity of the known world was in the Romish Church, and when the choice seemed to be between that and infidelity. Not yet had Luther flared aloft the bold, cheery torch which showed the faithful how to disentangle Christianity from Ecclesiasticism. Luther in those days was a star lying low in the gray horizon of a yet unawakened dawn.

All through Italy at this time there was the restless throbbing and pulsating, the aimless outreach of the popular heart, which marks the decline of one cycle of religious faith and calls for some great awakening and renewal. Savonarola, the priest and prophet of this dumb desire, was beginning to heave a great heart of conflict towards that mighty struggle with the vices and immoralities of his times, in which he was yet to sink a martyr; and even now his course was beginning to be obstructed by the full energy of the whole aroused serpent brood which hissed and knotted in the holy places of Rome.

Here, then, was our Agostino, with a nature intensely fervent and poetic—every fibre of whose soul and nervous system had been from childhood skilfully woven and intertwisted with the ritual and faith of his fathers,—yearning towards the grave of his mother; yearning towards the legends of saints and angels with which she had lulled his cradle slumbers and sanctified his childhood's pillow, and yet burning with the indignation of a whole line of old Roman ancestors against an injustice and oppression wrought under the full approbation of the head of that religion. Half his nature was all the while battling the other half. Would he be Roman, or would he be Christian? All the Roman in him said, "No!" when he thought of submission to the patent and open injustice and fiendish tyranny which had disinherited him, slain his kindred, and held its impure reign by torture and by blood. He looked on the splendid snow-crowned mountains whose old silver senate engirdle Rome with an eternal and silent majesty of presence, and he thought how often in ancient times they had been a shelter to free blood that would not endure oppression; and so gathering to his banner the crushed and scattered retainers of his father's house, and offering refuge and protection to multitudes of others whom the crimes and rapacities of the Borgias had stripped of possessions and means of support, he fled to a fastness in the mountains between Rome and Naples, and became an independent chieftain, living by his sword.

The rapacity, cruelty, and misgovernment of the various regular authorities of Italy at this time, made brigandage a respectable and honoured institution in the eyes of the people; though it was ostensibly banned

both by Pope and Prince. Besides, in the multitude of contending factions which were every day wrangling for supremacy, it soon became apparent, even to the ruling authorities, that a band of fighting-men under a gallant leader, advantageously posted in the mountains and understanding all their passes, was a power of no small importance to be employed on one side or the other; therefore it happened, that, though nominally outlawed or excommunicated, they were secretly protected on both sides, with a view to securing their assistance in critical turns of affairs.

Among the common people of the towns and villages their relations were of the most comfortable kind, their depredations being chiefly confined to the rich and prosperous; who, as they wrung their wealth out of the people, were not considered particular objects of compassion when the same kind of high-handed treatment was extended towards themselves.

The most spirited and brave of the young peasantry, if they wished to secure the smiles of the girls of their neighbourhood and win hearts past redemption, found no surer avenue to favour than in joining the brigands. The leaders of these bands sometimes piqued themselves on elegant tastes and accomplishments; and one of them is said to have sent to the poet Tasso, in his misfortunes and exile, an offer of honourable asylum and protection in his mountain-fortress.

Agostino Sarelli saw himself, in fact, a powerful chief; and there were times when the splendid scenery of his mountain-fastness, its inspiring air, its wild eagle-like grandeur, independence, and security, gave him a proud contentment, and he looked at his sword and loved it as a bride. But then again there were moods when he felt all that yearning and disquiet of soul which the man of wide and tender moral organization must feel who has had his faith shaken in the religion of his fathers. To such a man the quarrel with his childhood's faith is a never-ending anguish; especially is it so with a religion so objective, so pictorial, and so interwoven with the whole physical and nervous nature of man, as that which grew up and flowered in modern Italy.

Agostino was like a man who lives in an eternal struggle of self-justification,—his reason for ever going over and over with its plea before his regretful and never-satisfied heart, which was drawn every hour of the day by some chain of memory towards the faith whose visible administrators he detested with the whole force of his moral being. When the vesper-bell, with its plaintive call, sounded amid the purple shadows of the olive-silvered mountains,—when the distant voices of chanting priest and choir reached him solemnly from afar,—when he looked into a church with its cloudy pictures of angels and its window-panes flaming with venerable forms of saints and martyrs,—he experienced a yearning anguish, a pain and conflict, which all the effort of his reason could not subdue. How to be a Christian and yet defy the authorized Head of the Christian Church, or how to be a Christian and recognize foul men of obscene and rapacious

deeds as Christ's representatives, was the inextricable Gordian knot which his sword could not divide. He dared not approach the sacrament, he dared not pray; he sometimes felt wild impulses to tread down in riotous despair every fragment of a religious belief which seemed to live in his heart only to torture him. He had heard priests scoff over the wafer they consecrated,—he had known them to mingle poison for rivals in the sacramental wine,—and yet God had kept silence and not struck them dead. Like the Psalmist of old he cried, "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. Is there a God that judgeth in the earth?"

The first time he saw Agnes bending like a flower in the slanting evening sunbeams by the old gate of Sorrento, while he stood looking down the street lined with kneeling forms, and striving to hold his own soul in the sarcastic calm of utter indifference, he felt himself struck to the heart by an influence he could not define. The sight of that young face, with its clear beautiful lines and its tender fervour, recalled a thousand influences of the happiest and purest hours of his life, and drew him with an attraction he vainly strove to hide under an air of mocking gallantry.

When she looked him in the face with such grave, surprised eyes of innocent confidence, and promised to pray for him, he felt a remorseful tenderness, as if he had profaned a shrine. All that was passionate, poetic, and romantic in his nature was awakened, to blend itself in a strange mingling of despairing sadness and of tender veneration about this sweet image of perfect purity and faith. Never does love strike so deep and immediate a root as in a sorrowful and desolated nature; there it has nothing to dispute the soil, and soon fills it with its interlacing fibres.

In this case it was not merely Agnes that he sighed for, but she stood to him as the fair symbol of that life-peace, that rest of soul, which he had lost, it seemed to him, for ever.

"Behold this pure, believing child," he said to himself,—"a true member of that blessed Church to which thou art a rebel! How peacefully this lamb walketh the old ways trodden by saints and martyrs, while thou art an infidel and unbeliever!" And then a stern voice within him answered,—"What then? Is the Holy Ghost indeed alone dispensed through the medium of Alexander and his scarlet crew of cardinals? Hath the power to bind and to loose in Christ's Church been indeed given to whoever can buy it with the wages of robbery and oppression? Why does every prayer and pious word of the faithful reproach me? Why is God silent? Or is there any God? Oh, Agnes, Agnes! dear lily, fair lamb, lead a sinner into the green pastures where thou restest!"

So wrestled the strong nature, tempest-tossed in its strength,—so slept the trustful, blessed in its trust,—then in Italy, as now in all lands.

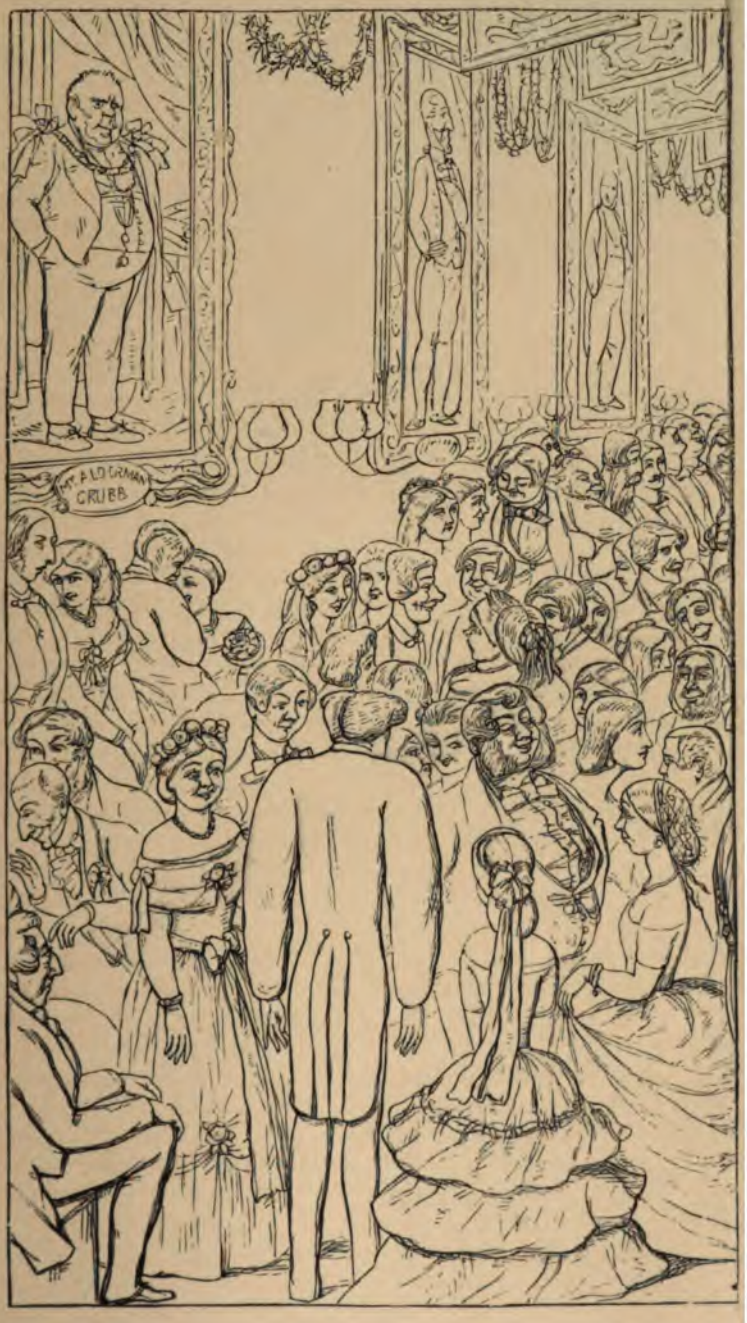
A County Ball.

MONGST the pleasures in pursuit of which it is the custom to undergo an extraordinary amount of hardship and suffering, the County Ball is entitled to be mentioned, inasmuch as it happens often at a time of year when frost and snow prevail; and that enthusiasm will carry carriage-loads of people a distance of twelve or even twenty miles, that they may dance in a crowd, denser even than that of a London ball, if that is possible, and not go home till morning, when daylight has probably appeared.

It generally takes place at the Town Hall, or at the best inn's best room, which is decorated with garlands and banners, on which are represented the arms of the noble and influential families of the neighbourhood; and there are portraits of aldermen and other distinguished citizens of the town, illustrious for their civic virtues or for having made their fortunes. And if you have not provided yourself with a ticket beforehand, you have the privilege of being able to pay at the door.

The music, when not supplied by the kind permission of the colonel of the nearest regiment, is formed of the town band, and is remarkable chiefly for the fact that, as the evening proceeds, their intonation becomes more uncertain, but their performance generally more spirited and wilder in execution. The company is composed partly of visitors and partly of natives; the visitors being mostly swells from London and other distant places, and having the conventional manners and customs of such; but the natives may be distinguished by something more of distinct individual character, and there is just a tinge of the rural in their aspect.

The native comes out strong in waistcoats—his array in that respect being gorgeous. In ordinary "society" the waistcoat may be said to be, as it were, merged in the man—a uniform sombreness pervading the entire evening dress. But the country gentleman evidently cherishes his waistcoat—has his favourite waistcoats, which he brings out on great occasions; and it is evident that he has expended much thought on the


Mr A.D. GRIMM
GRUBB

selection, and that as he expands his chest so as to display as much as possible of that portion of his person, he is proportionately proud of the result.

The County Ball is a great opportunity for the exhibition of uniforms, militia, deputy lieutenant, and other fancy dresses; and it is probable that there are few men with any position at all, who don't find an excuse for becoming something or other that entitles them to wear a little gold embroidery on their coat, or a silver stripe down their trousers. As for Scotchmen, it is believed that none are to be found, however mild in appearance or manners, who, if their wardrobes were searched, would not be found to possess, only waiting an opportunity to be worn, a complete Highland suit, kilt and etceteras—if, indeed, the word complete can ever be properly applied to that description of costume.

When the usual quantity of quadrilles, waltzes, lancers, country dances, cotillons, reels, and "pop-go-the-weasels," have been danced or struggled through, in the nature of things comes supper, and then you will observe that a comic man, generally recognized as such, and evidently a great favourite in that part of the country, is called upon to make a speech—returning thanks for the toast of "The Ladies," probably; and he rises to do so with the air of one who feels that he is the right man, and the confidence following from a conviction that he is in the right place. He proceeds to deliver a speech, which the county paper afterwards describes as "replete with wit and humour," and as received by the delighted company with "one continued roar of laughter."

I began by saying something about hardship and suffering, but those words are now withdrawn. What does it matter, if people are good-humoured, and bent upon being amused and amusing others, whether they are driven to the scene of the festivity one or twenty miles, or if the state of the weather is many degrees above freezing point? If the party be a merry one, the longer the journey the better. May County Balls continue and flourish!

My Scotch School.

I HAVE read a good deal of late, in this Magazine and elsewhere, about English public schools, their advantages and disadvantages, their merits and their shortcomings. Have the public any ears to hear something about the public schools of Scotland? Professor John Stuart Blackie has written often and with great force about the Scottish universities, showing that they exhibit the very defects which "Paterfamilias" has pointed out as existing in the public schools of England, with some others to boot. I am not aware that any one has treated in the same way of the Scottish public schools. I am desirous to supply this defect for two—as I think—good reasons. First, because I myself received the rudiments of my education at one of those Scottish schools, and therefore know something of the subject; and, secondly, because there is a great deal of misapprehension in England with respect to Scotch schools and Scotch education generally. The popular idea here seems to be that Scotland, as regards education, is a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground, a place where the people, both high and low, roll and wallow in education—a land where the rivers run with fertilizing lore; where all the pines are trees of knowledge; where grammar is raked out of the ditches; and where even Greek roots are to be had on the barren hill-sides for the trouble of digging. If this be true, Scotland stands not where it did when I went to school.

Let me premise that I am not going to enter into a disquisition on the subject, to analyze the plan of Scottish education, nor to be didactic in any way whatever. I am simply about to give a sketch of my Scotch school—the school I went to to be prepared for the university. There were penny postage-stamps when I went to my Scotch school; the Reform Bill had been passed eight years previously; daguerrotypes and the electric telegraph were coming in. So it was but the other day. My school was the parochial, or parish school, the school of all Scotch boys who dwell in the country, whether high or low, gentle or simple. Here in England the word "parish" is associated with all kinds of indignity—with the Workhouse, the lock-up, the pound, the pauper's allowance. It may, therefore, seem to the English reader, ignorant of Scottish matters, when I say I went to the parish school, that I wore a muffin cap and premature knee-breeches (if the English mind can associate Scotland with these nether integuments in any shape), and was educated at the public expense. Let me dissipate this popular error.

The parochial school in Scotland claims equal dignity with the parish Kirk. It is the chief educational establishment—the public school in fact—of the district, and is part of the national system for spreading

education and enlightenment among the people of Scotland. The Kirk in Scotland, that is to say, the Established Kirk, is supported by a levy upon the occupiers of the land. The tax, however, is an indirect one, and therefore does not provoke the discontent caused by tithes and church-rates in England. The heritors, that is to say the landowners, pay the amount (on a scale in proportion to the price of grain), and repay themselves out of the rents of their tenants. This payment is not set down as a separate item in the rent-charge, and so the tenant pays his tithes and rates as he pays the tax upon his tea and tobacco. He is bled without knowing it. The parish school shares in this revenue with the parish kirk, but to a limited extent. Turning to the statistical account of my parish—written by the hand which directed the earliest calligraphical exercises of the one which now pens this—I find that the said parish is six miles long by five miles broad, and contains—or did contain then—a population of 1,661 souls. Those English persons who indulge in extravagant notions of the abundance of educational provision in the North may be a little surprised to learn that for this widely-scattered population there were only two schools, each capable of accommodating no more than sixty or seventy scholars. The endowments of these educational establishments were by no means magnificent. The allowance to the master of the parochial school (who was required to be a college man of considerable classical attainments) was 34*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* per annum, with a dwelling-house and garden, and the fees of the scholars.* The fees ranged from 10*s.* to 1*l.* per annum—ten shillings for reading, writing, and arithmetic, and an extra ten for the classics. The master of the other school—an auxiliary seminary established by the General Assembly—received 25*l.* per annum and a cow's keep, with the fees, averaging about ten shillings per annum for each scholar. It was not required that the master of this establishment should be a high classic, or indeed a classic at all. The appointment was vested in the minister, who was well content to select the candidate, whose letter, soliciting the appointment, exhibited the fewest errors in orthography. Perfection in that branch of grammar he never looked for and never got; for how could you expect irreproachable orthography for 25*l.* a year and a cow's keep? The worthy man—the minister—made great exertions to establish and carry on this school; but it was always a great source of trouble to him. College men, of course, disdained to accept so trifling a salary; or to undertake so undignified a duty as the instruction of poor cottars' children in the alphabet. The minister was, therefore, obliged to accept the services of any half-educated aspirant for the honours of a dominie, who could bring testimony to his respectability, and write a tolerable letter. Most of the teachers—for there were frequent changes—were Highlanders,

* In an abstract of a bill for bettering the condition of the schoolmasters of Scotland, passed at the beginning of the century, it is laid down that "the amount of salary to each parochial schoolmaster shall not be less than the average annual wages of a day labourer, nor above that of two day labourers."

who were more conversant with Gaelic than with English, and who had learned the latter language as a foreign tongue. They all spoke with a fearful Highland twang, all were married, all had slatternly wives, and unreasonably large families. The cow that was kept at the public expense for the sustenance (lacteally) of the General Assembly's schoolmaster had a hard time of it. Provender was scarce, and the demand for milk excessive; and the schoolmaster's cow generally died of exhaustion, after a year or two of self-sacrifice.

I remember once going with the minister to pay a visit to the Assembly's Institute in these parts. When we arrived the academic grove was deserted, and we were informed that the "squeelmaister and the loons were oot on the peat moss." There we found them, the dominie putting his pupils through a very novel kind of military exercise. He had collected his army on his own division of the moss, where his peats lay in stacks, ready to be carted home, when he could afford to pay for the cartage. We arrived on the scene just as the review began. "Now, poys," said the dominie, taking up a peat in each hand, "this is a sword and this is a cun"—the Highland pronunciation of "gun"—"shoulder arms, poys." Here the "poys" took a peat in each hand and shouldered them. "March, poys," said the dominie, flourishing his peat sword; and away marched the boys with their peats, until they reached the schoolhouse, when the dominie made them defile into a shed and ground arms; that is to say, lay down their peats in a heap convenient for the domestic use. This was what the dominie called his gymnastic exercises, which, he boasted, combined amusement and exercise with instruction; but a suspicion arising that these gymnastics were nothing more nor less than a Highland device for carrying home the dominie's fuel on an economical principle, an order was issued from head-quarters that such military instruction should only take place in play-hours, and should not be included in the regular curriculum of study.

But I am wandering away from my own school, nestling five miles off among the trees under the shadow of the old kirk. It is a plain one-storey building divided into two parts; the one, consisting of three rooms and a kitchen, forming the home of the schoolmaster, and the other the schoolroom,—a tolerably large and airy apartment, with roughly plastered walls, and furnished with deal desks and forms of the universal school fashion. I do not remember that there were, at any time, more than sixty scholars. They were gathered together from all parts of the parish. Some of them came from a distance of four or five miles, and brought their dinners with them, the provision invariably consisting of a little tin can of milk and a bag of oat-cakes. It was a rule that each scholar should contribute a load or two of peats every quarter for the school fire; but some of them chose to bring a peat with them every morning. These scholars made their morning's journey to school rather heavily loaded, having to carry, besides their satchel, the tin can of milk, the white calico bag of oat-cake, and the peat. We were of all ages, sexes, and

conditions in this school. There was the son of the laird, the heir to an ancient baronetcy. He wore corderoys like the rest of us, and had five rows of broad-headed nails in his shoes. There were several sons of the minister, all destined for one or other of the learned professions; there were the sons of gentlemen farmers and the sons of poor cottars, their dependants; and with these, on terms of the broadest academic equality, mingled the grandson of the parish sexton and bell-ringer, the son of a widow occasionally receiving parochial relief, and the sons and daughters of carpenters, blacksmiths, and farm-servants, including the female descendant of old Lizzy—pauper and egg vendor—who lit the school fire and swept the school floor in discharge of young Lizzy's fees. No distinction of rank was preserved in any way whatever. The laird's son and the grave-digger's son stood up in the same class side by side, and I remember that the expectant baronet was often "taken down" by the heir of the mortuary mattock. In the reading classes the boys and girls were all mingled together, and I have often seen a big, hulking fellow of eighteen—some ambitious cottar's son who had taken to education late—standing next to a little girl in short petticoats and heel-strapped shoes. There was little jealousy on the score of religious belief in the parish. There were several Roman Catholic boys among us, and they joined in all our exercises, except the reading of the Bible and the saying of the Shorter Catechism. At these times the Roman Catholic boys sat in their seats and amused themselves; and not unfrequently, when memory failed with regard to Justification, Sanctification, and Adoption, we, Protestants, smarting under the consequences, were tempted to wish from the bottom of our hearts that we had been brought up Papists.

There was one feature of our school which appears very startling to me now, but which was never regarded as extraordinary by any of us at the time. It was this. Illegitimate mingled with the legitimate offspring of the same parents. Our parish was rather celebrated for irregularity in the matter of births, owing entirely to a local proneness to irregularity in the matter of marriage. This was not confined to the lower classes. Gentlemen farmers, who moved in the minister's own circle, occasionally appeared before the Session to be admonished, and this sometimes led to the scandalous anomaly of a gentleman farmer dining at the manse one week and sitting on the stool of repentance the next. As there was only one school in the neighbourhood, and as it was considered imperative that every child, no matter what the circumstances of its birth, or position, should be educated, it constantly happened that there were several duplicates of families at the parochial school. In several instances, that I well remember, the illegitimate scion lived in perfect harmony with the legitimate in the bosom of the same family, and not unfrequently the illegitimate member was regarded as the flower of the flock. I can call up before me now two Marys and two Peters. The two Marys lived under the same roof as sisters, and I never heard a word of reproach cast at the elder Mary, albeit she was prettiest, cleverest, and

illegitimate. It was different with the two Peters. Peter the First lived with his mother, Hagar, in the desert, an outcast from the paternal roof. But on the common ground of the parochial school, he sat on the same form, stood up in the same class, and shared equally in the Justification and Adoption of the Shorter Catechism with Peter the true-born. Peter the Base often enjoyed the satisfaction of giving Peter the True a "good licking;" but these quarrels never originated in resentment, arising out of their invidious relationship. So, you see, we were a strange, heterogeneous assemblage at this Scotch school.

A stranger aspect still was occasionally presented when two or three grown men and women took their places among us. I remember Betty, the laird's nurse, coming for a quarter to improve her handwriting; and, nearly at the same time, the grown-up son of a neighbouring farmer, who had an ambition to become acquainted with mensuration and surveying. Betty had scarcely got to "round hand," before the farmer's son, who was accustomed to pursue his studies on the opposite side of the desk, fell in love with her, and the upshot of it was that the farmer's son and Betty threw learning to the winds, and went and got married before the quarter was out. When Betty was squaring her elbows out at the large text, the laird's son was wont to take great delight in walking past her and jogging her arm, in revenge for the ruthless way in which Betty used to clean out his ears with a piece of rough flannel on washing nights.

An almost universal circumstance tends to make every Scottish parochial schoolmaster discontented with his position and impatient of his duties. The parish-school is the stepping-stone to the kirk, and each schoolmaster when he is installed at the dominie's desk, begins to long for the day when he will "wag his head in the poopit." The school-house is the hard shell of the chrysalis; the manse, the flowery elysium of the full-fledged butterfly. When I went to school, our schoolmaster was in full cry after a kirk and a cure of souls. He spent a good deal of his time in reading the newspapers, and, as it appeared to me, in looking out for the demise of neighbouring ministers. Every morning after prayers, he read the newspapers for about an hour, during which time, we, the pupils, sat and learned our lessons, or more often amused ourselves, as quietly as we could. When any unusual disturbance took place, the master threw the "tag"—a piece of a gig trace burnt at the end to make it hard—at the offender. The pupil hit by it—no matter whether he was the real culprit or not—was expected to carry the instrument of punishment to the master and to accept flagellation, commonly on the hands, but not unfrequently (when the prospect of a kirk looked hazy and dim) upon a part of the body which required preliminary untrussing of points to be got at. It fell to the lot of Lizzy, the sweeper's granddaughter, most frequently to have to take up the "tag." Lizzy, it is true, was a very "limb" in point of trouble; but she had always more than her fair share of the gig trace. The way in which our schoolmaster lifted his

hand against the female sex would have wholly disqualified him, in a nautical drama, from claiming the name of a British tar. The English reader may think that it equally disqualified him for the position of a British schoolmaster; but I do not remember that any one was shocked by these proceedings at the time. If a parent complained, it was not on the score of the indignity, but because the "tag" left its marks.

The course of instruction pursued at our school included reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the classics. In the general branches all sorts, sizes, and sexes, stood up together in the same classes, according to their relative state of advancement. The Greek and Latin classes only were select, they being composed of some half-dozen boys of superior station destined to go to college when they had mastered Latin enough to enable them to spell through Cæsar and Virgil. With these the master took considerable pains for his own credit's sake; for it would have been an eternal disgrace to him had his pupils been rejected on their first easy examination at Aberdeen. In the other branches the method pursued was one entirely of routine. Nothing was explained in a rational or intelligible way. The only reading books in the school were the Bible and McCulloch's first, second, and third *Courses of Reading*, three progressive volumes of badly selected extracts from various authors; and at these we hammered away day after day, and over and over again, from the moment we entered the school until the moment we left it. There was not a single History in the school—not even a History of England in its most modest form of abridgment. As for myself, my early knowledge of English history was entirely derived from a sheet of coloured portraits of the English kings pasted up on the wall of my box-bed at home. My knowledge of the dates of their reigns, and the order of their succession, is even now vividly associated with that coloured sheet. Geography was taught from a book. We learned boundaries and the names of countries by heart, and chattered them like parrots; but of the characteristics of countries and their inhabitants we learned nothing beyond that such and such a people "were a hardy race, who devoted themselves to agriculture," and the like. Arithmetic was taught in the same way. When we had, by an entirely mechanical and illogical process, committed to memory the multiplication table, we were given over to somebody's "Arithmetic," to puzzle over rules and make our answers to the questions tally, by any means whatever, with those in the book. I remember, with regard to the rule of three, that we used to try one position after the other, until we worked out the right answer. The dominie never condescended to explain the simple logic of the process. The result is, as regards myself, that I am to this day the greatest dunce at figures in the world. I believe I have been detected refusing to purchase oranges at two for three halfpence, but readily agreeing to take five for sixpence, with the idea that it was a better bargain.

At the time of which I speak it was a rule of faith with all Scotch schoolmasters that flagellation was the primary and most important agent

in the work of education. "Spare the rod, and you spoil the child," should have been written over the door of every parochial school. Every boy who entered the portals of my Scotch school with a consciousness of being imperfect in any lesson, left all hope of immunity from the tag behind him. The slightest mistake in spelling, or in saying the Shorter Catechism—that hated Shorter Catechism!—was punished by one or more strokes of the tag on the extended hand. I have seen the order go down a whole class, "Hold out your hand, sir." And crack, crack, crack went the tag on our unflinching palms. We knew if we flinched we should get a double dose, and perhaps on another and more sensitive part of our bodies. I think I may safely say that a day never passed without a flogging. Two or three times a week the "tag" was the occasion of a regular scene. This was when some spirited or big boy refused to hold out his hand or untruss. I remember one notable occasion when the master attempted to inflict the "extreme punishment" on a big ploughman of eighteen or nineteen. There was a regular fight between them: and several times master and pupil went down together on the floor, rolling and struggling with all the desperation of men engaged in a mortal combat. Both parties called upon the pupils to come to their assistance; but we, small boys, were too much alarmed to side with either, albeit our sympathies were decidedly with the ploughman. The result of this conflict was highly agreeable to us all. The dominie was laid up for a week with bruised legs, and during that time there was "no school." The terror inspired by the tag caused the boys to frequently play the truant; in the vernacular this was called "fugieing." Scarcely a day passed that some boy did not "fugie," or fly the school. There was one boy who was particularly distinguished for this art. He had been punished for it over and over again, and beaten at all points until he was black and blue, but still he would "fugie." He would come away from home in the morning with his satchel and dinner; but, instead of going to school, would betake himself to the forest, and spend the day in birds'-nesting, or in devouring "blaeberries." When his retreat was discovered, the master started one morning in pursuit of him, followed by all the scholars in a pack. We had a regular hunt, and greatly we enjoyed the sport, not caring so much for the fate of the fugitive, as for the holiday and the exemption for a few hours from lessons and the tag. Sandy, for that was the fugitive's name, was unearthed like a fox, and hunted like one, all through the wood, and over the burn, and up the hill-side to a clump of tall fir-trees, where, finding the dominie close upon him, with the tag vengefully waved aloft, Sandy clambered up the smooth stem of a tall larch-tree, and perched himself triumphantly among its topmost branches. The dominie, who was not deficient in pluck when upholding the prerogative of the tag, immediately made the attempt to follow him; but finding the branches rather too slight to bear his weight, he was glad to slide down again, after having successfully climbed the stem. Having in vain commanded

Sandy to come down, the dominie held a council of war with himself for a few minutes, and suddenly resolved upon his strategy. One of the boys was despatched to a neighbouring farm-house for an axe. When it was brought, the dominie set to work at the root of the tree, and, when he had given it two or three strokes, called out once more to Sandy—"Will you come down, sir?" Sandy looked cautiously over from his nest among the branches to see what probability there was of the dominie's being able to fell the tree, and, apparently, coming to the conclusion that he couldn't do it, contemptuously answered—"Na, I winna come doon." Once more the dominie laid the axe at the root of Sandy's citadel, and though he made little progress in cutting it, the tree shook at every stroke, until Sandy, becoming rather uncomfortable, consented to come down. He had no sooner reached the ground, than he was collared and marched off to the school in triumph, and was duly whipped by extreme process.

Our parents rarely interfered to protect us from the tag, when it was administered in moderation; though occasionally some noise was made when a boy was sent home utterly incapacitated from occupying a sitting position. The miller's wife—a strong-minded dame of the "rampaging" order—so far from being maternally indignant when her son, Johnny, was sent home in a state of pulp, would occasionally call in to enjoin the dominie not to spare him. This lady was a chief actor in one of our most memorable "scenes." Her son Johnny had "fugied" for several days running, and had been found out and duly whipped by the maternal order. Some time after this the good lady found Johnny hiding in the mill, about the middle of the day, when he ought to have been at school. I remember well what came of that discovery. Late one afternoon we were startled from our studies by a noise of wheels, the clattering of some iron instrument, and the accents of a shrill, angry voice. The master immediately ran out to see what was the matter, and we, the pupils, took the opportunity to rush to the windows. It was the miller's wife, who had arrived with her son Johnny in a cart, keeping guard over him with the kitchen tongs. The next minute Johnny was driven into the schoolroom by his infuriate parent, who banged him with the tongs as he ran. I shall never forget the scene that ensued. "Now have your wull o' him," said the Spartan parent to the dominie. The dominie thus licensed, got out the tag; but Johnny no sooner caught sight of that instrument than he was nerved to the most desperate resistance. The moment the dominie advanced to seize him Johnny scrambled over a desk and dodged him; and when the dominie ran round after him he scrambled back again. The miller's wife now came to the dominie's assistance, and for nearly a quarter of an hour both together hunted Johnny over the desks and forms, hitting out at him with the tag and the tongs, while the books, and slates, and milk-cans were scattered all over the floor like broken armour on a battle-field. It was not until Johnny was fairly out of breath that he gave in; and then he lay down on his back on the floor, and turning himself rapidly round as

on a pivot, menaced first the dominie and then his mother with his iron-shod feet. Johnny managed to resist the extreme penalty designed for him, but what with the bumps he received in riding over the desks, and the random blows from the tongs and the tag, he had punishment enough and to spare. Of course, as we all saw and felt that this constant flagellation was both cruel and unjust, we were never any better for it, and bore it or resisted it manfully, as martyrs bear and resist persecution.

But notwithstanding the loose and desultory, not to say brutal, system pursued at our school, the pupils of all degrees managed, in some way or other, to acquire a very respectable quantum of knowledge, or, if not knowledge itself, the groundwork of knowledge. The boys who learned Greek and Latin went to college and took their degrees; the farmers' sons went home to give a higher intellectual life to the society in which their families moved; and the humbler class of scholars carried away with them to the plough's tail, the carpenter's bench, and the smithy, just enough of the rudiments of learning to enable them to cultivate themselves by after study. This fact may seem a contradiction to the picture I have given of my Scotch school. In Scotland, however, bad teaching and a high state of mental cultivation among the masses are quite consistent. The fact is, the middle and lower classes in Scotland have a passion for learning. The dearest ambition of the poor cottar is to educate his children, and, if possible, to give one, at least, such an amount of schooling as will fit him for a higher station than that occupied by his parents. A poor hillside crofter will starve himself and his family for ten years of their life to send one of the boys to college and qualify him for the kirk. Such boys, however, learn more poring over their books by the humble fireside at home, or out in the fields in the intervals of their farm work, than at the school. They learn under every disadvantage, because they are spurred on by a love of knowledge and a desire to raise themselves. It is this universal thirst after knowledge and intellectual cultivation that gives Scotland so decided a pre-eminence as regards general education. Persons who can neither read nor write are common enough in England, not alone in the country districts, but also in the great towns. I doubt if you could find one such in all Scotland. The classes corresponding to the "hinds" and "navvies" of England, cannot only read and write, but are capable of enjoying literature in its higher developments. Our farming-men at home used to spend their evenings, after their frugal supper of kail brose, in reading the newspapers and discussing the debates in Parliament. Our herd-boy taught himself the elements of astronomy out in the fields, while tending the cattle. He was the first to tell me the names of the planets and point them out to me. I taught him, in return, a little Latin; and I remember, during my last year at college, meeting this herd-boy in the quadrangle, arrayed in the red toga. I have since heard that he carried off the first mathematical prize.

The Convict out in the World.

At stated periods, the governor of a convict prison gives audience to such inmates of his mansion as may have complaints to make, or petitions to prefer; and of the demands most commonly heard, from old and young, one of the commonest is: "Please, sir, may I grow?" It sounds odd to hear the naïve request put by some square-shouldered grey-haired fellow; but it is usually found so reasonable that, after a word or two of inquiry, the governor consents. The man wishes to let his hair grow within the next three or four months before his leaving the prison; and it is the first step towards his release, whether it be on the expiry of his sentence, or on his earning a "conditional pardon." Subsequently, the chaplain of the prison sends forth certain formal questions as to the man's prospect of obtaining honest employment out of doors; and about a month before the date of his departure, the chaplain addresses a letter to any person by whom the prisoner hopes to be employed, describing the man's state of health, stating his conduct in prison, and asking whether his report upon the subject of employment is true, or whether he has any other means of support. In the majority of cases, I am told, the replies are "satisfactory;" but, in some instances, they are otherwise, and, in some, the man can give no reference. Within my own very limited range of individual observation, I have observed in England the same circumstance which I have noticed in Ireland—that the prisoner often has a dread of returning to his friends, not only because he fears that his character will be known, but because he is too well aware that those with whom he has been acquainted before he entered the prison will draw him back into evil courses. At once, then, we perceive a very unexpected symptom of improvement: the desire of the prisoner to cut all connection with his family, and to avow that he has no means, no chance of obtaining help or employment, is one of the most tangible results of his reformation. In cases where the reply is unsatisfactory, or the man can give no reference, the governor and chaplain fill up a form in which they express an opinion whether he is able to earn his livelihood. From these inquiries and records returns are made to the Secretary of State, specifying the men who are eligible to be recommended for release under a conditional pardon. On receiving the order of the Secretary of State, the licence is printed on a small parchment form, and on the back of that form is the following schedule of conditions:—

"1. The power of revoking or altering the licence of a convict will most certainly be exercised in case of his misconduct.

"2. If, therefore, he wishes to retain the privilege which, by his good behaviour under penal discipline, he has obtained, he must prove, by his subsequent conduct, that he is really worthy of her Majesty's clemency.

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ners' own money; for it must be con-
e so much with such a narrow modicum

"3. To produce a forfeiture of the licence, it is by no means necessary that the holder should be convicted of any new offence. If he associate with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle and dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended, and recommitted to prison under his original sentence."

Dressed in clothes provided for him by the prison, and suited to his probable occupation, whether as an artisan or a labourer, his parchment licence in his pocket, and the first instalment of his gratuity—probably 2*l.*, more or less—with a soldier's railway pass for the place of his destination, the prisoner sets out. In less lucky instances, he simply walks forth into space "to take his chance"—that is, to beg for employment from those who are too busy to attend to him, or to supply his necessities by some more familiar means. Upon the whole, however, we might classify the prisoners into three classes: those who return to their friends, those who proceed at once to some familiar place of resort, and those who seek the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society."

I have already explained that those persons who were convicted under the Peel's Servitude Act of 1853, which accidentally omitted to provide for the conditional pardon, form a class which has occasioned some perplexity, but is gradually dying out. The men of this class are divided into four "stages:" those in the second stage have sixpence a week towards their gratuity, in the third ninepence, in the fourth one shilling. Men sentenced under the amended Act of 1857 are divided into three "stages:" in the second stage they receive fourpence a week, and in the third eightpence. The larger sums given to the men of the first class, together with some other indulgences in prison, are allowed as a compensation for their losing the chance of getting a ticket-of-leave, either in the colonies or at home. The accumulated gratuity sometimes rises to a considerable amount. A friend who has studied the subject minutely has found it to range as high as 27*l.* or 28*l.*; usually it ranges from 8*l.* to 20*l.*; and he computes the average to be about 12*l.* As you already know, this is not handed to the man in one sum. Supposing his gratuity to be of the average amount, on leaving the prison he will receive 2*l.*, with the deduction of a few pence for postage which will be incurred on his account after his departure. Ten days later he will receive 2*l.* more, at the end of two months 4*l.*, and at the end of three months the balance of 4*l.*; so that he will be five months and a half before he can draw the whole sum. Thus, if he is discharged on the 1st of January, he will not have cleared his prison account until the end of June. He cannot draw any of the instalments without obtaining the endorsement of a clergyman, magistrate, or some known persons, to a form which shows that he is living respectably and supporting himself by honest work. Some time since, I am told by the same friend, the discharged prisoners were often unable to obtain any of their gratuity, and in most instances could not arrive at the closing balance. It too frequently happened that the man would return to his

friends, recover his original character—that is, become a vagabond and a thief—and so lose the power to procure the valuable endorsement of a magistrate or clergyman. Another danger attended all convicts, and still, I fear, attends the most hardened or the most desolate. At every post where the man was likely to emerge from his seclusion was stationed an agent appointed by the very worst of all "the dangerous classes"—some Fagin or Fagin's man, the caterer for criminal customers. This functionary is of the same genus with those who tout at the landing-pier of watering-places, with vocal cards issuing from their mouths in praise of certain inns. The gentleman sallying forth from one of her Majesty's mansions, found himself suddenly courted as a welcome customer, a "distinguished person," with every convenience offered to him for spending the money in his pocket as fast as possible, and perhaps for discounting the great expectations of the next few months.

It was a knowledge of these facts which, in 1857, induced Mr. Whitbread, the Member for Bedford, at present one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to suggest the establishment of an Association for the express purpose of holding out a helping hand to the discharged prisoner. He invited Mr. William Bayne Rankin and other friends to assist him. Some lent him their names, which were in themselves of great value; others gave him their money, and some few rendered active co-operation. Mr. Rankin became the honorary secretary of the Association, and Mr. F. Partridge its secretary. By degrees the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society," which is still an independent charitable body, has become a sort of volunteer auxiliary to the Convict Department. The Association prepared forms, which were sent to every convict prison in England; the nature of the society is explained to each prisoner before his discharge; and he accepts the help or not entirely according to his own free choice. In early days, many prisoners hesitated to comply with the first peremptory condition imposed by the society—that the whole of the gratuity should be placed in its hands. Judged by graduates in a school not calculated to afford the happiest study of human motives, the charitable gentlemen in Westminster were regarded as a great joint-stock crimping establishment; and the newly released suspected that they were to be as much victimized as the German "redemptioners" were in America. By degrees, however, this suspicion wore off; a knowledge of the manner in which the society worked spread amongst the class on whose behalf it acted, and the business of the corporation has expanded accordingly. At first, there would be two or three cases a week; there are now three or four a day. At first, there was scarcely work enough for one secretary; now the society employs a secretary, two clerks, and one or two agents, and finds the machinery altogether insufficient for its exigencies. During the last year, the moneys passing through the hands of the society have amounted to an aggregate between 10,000*l.* and 12,000*l.*, composed principally of the prisoners' own money; for it must be confessed that no society has ever done so much with such a narrow modicum

of means. The list of actual subscribers is slender, and we observed that the heaviest share of the burden falls upon a very few in that short list. At the same time, gentlemen at a distance do not scruple to claim the co-operation of the society in helping forward individuals who may have excited a local or individual interest.

The prisoner comes to the office of the society, at 39, Charing Cross, with the papers of his discharge, including one of the forms stating that he is recommended by the governor of the prison which he has left. This paper specifies his registered number in the prison, his name and sentence, his age on conviction, religion and education, date and place of conviction, nature of crime, previous convictions and nature of crimes, character in separate confinements, character on public works, trade and degree of proficiency, capacity for hard labour, the employment desired, the prisoner's willingness to emigrate, amount of gratuity due, probable period of discharge, with any remarks which the governor may think fit to add. The society disposes of its clients in three ways—first, by obtaining employment for them; secondly, by enabling them to return to their friends; and thirdly, by assisting them to emigrate. The first case which came before the society was in May, 1857; in the interval it has helped more than 1,900 prisoners. The secretaries believe that, of the total number, not more than 100 have been re-convicted. There are no positive data to establish this fact, but there are hopes that hereafter it may be tested by direct record. With regard to the men who are helped, they may be subdivided into two classes—those for whom situations are found by the advice of the society; and those who obtain work themselves, and are helped to procure tools or materials for work. The women remain at a "Home" provided for them, and in most cases enter as domestic servants. Where the society itself recommends its client for employment, and gives him a character, his antecedents are distinctly mentioned; but where he obtains work by his own independent search, his circumstances are not disclosed. I have inspected the books of the society, and have traced a considerable number of cases, both of men and women. Out of the whole number, I have before me a list of twenty-five, and I am able to say that they are not exceptional, but may be paralleled by far more in the books for the current year. The kinds of employment are as various as that indicated in the *London Directory*. The men are engaged as bakers, milkmen, painters, builders, cabinet-makers, commercial travellers, fishmongers, engineers, watermen, hawkers, goldsmiths, &c. The cases to which I refer range over periods of more than a year; some very few are a little less, some extend to three or four years. A few men have been placed in independent business. In two instances a business was purchased for a man, and in both those instances the person assisted is going on well. In all these cases there is complete information down to the latest date in the present year. In one instance, a man who appears to have squandered a part of his gratuity, came to the society at the eleventh hour in want of five shillings to procure tools. There was something in the earnestness of

the man which attracted attention; on inquiry, his story proved to be correct; the tools were furnished him, and he is now employed by a great building firm. He learned the particular handicraft in which he is engaged, at Portland. Another instance falls under my personal observation, and it is interesting for special reasons. It is that of a young man who, since his discharge, has obtained work under an old employer, to whom he told all that had happened to him. By his discipline in prison, by acquiring a consciousness of his powers as a workman, with an insight into the opening offered through industry and energy, the man had evidently surmounted the original sense of the degradation. When I met him, accidentally, I observed no desire to parade himself, nor do I suppose he would have preferred to see his departure from his late residence announced in the *Court Circular;* but he did rather seek my notice, no doubt as that of a witness to his working skill, his diligence, and his substantial advancement; and he seemed to feel that the character which he had acquired at Portland was a substantial testimony to his capacity, industry, and resolution. The man is a very good specimen of a sharp Englishman. I have met, of course quite casually, with one or two instances of the same kind.

Another prisoner, assisted by the society, was discharged more than three years and a half ago. He found employment for himself; but after the society had assisted him, he came back to it for a character. He was warned that, if it were given, his employer must be told of his antecedents, but he still seemed to think the character necessary. The person who was about to engage him, a tradesman in a considerable way of business, called upon the secretary of the society. The instant he heard that his servant had been a convict, he turned away, declaring that it was useless to think of engaging him. The secretary stopped him, and inquired the amount of risk which the employer would incur; it turned out that the man would probably have 2*l.* or 3*l.* in his hands at a time, and that a guarantee of 5*l.* would cover the risk. The secretary undertook to guarantee that amount; and the man has remained in the same place for considerably more than three years, with such thorough satisfaction to his employer that that gentleman has spontaneously released the society from its liability. This case also is peculiarly interesting, as showing how the employing classes may be made to learn, by their own inquiry and practical experience, that a fellow-creature who is once a criminal needs not always be so.

Special arrangements are made for disposing of the women who leave the Refuge at Fulham. This place, as well as other portions of our English system, is pointed out as analogous to the "Intermediate" stage in Ireland, but the analogy is very faint. I mentioned the half-pint of beer allowed to the fourth class at Portland, as one amongst other indulgences to compensate for the loss of transportation for prisoners convicted between 1853 and 1857. Objections might be made to the dietary at Fulham, as being on too high a scale; and it is wholly unlike the homely fare which contents the hard-worked labourer at Lusk, or the penitent

at the Golden Bridge in Dublin. The Fulham Refuge is also distinguished from the Intermediate prisons of Ireland by less liberty of action, and by containing within itself places of punishment. Still, it is an improvement on older prisons, and is not without *proportionate* results. From the 1st of January to the end of May, 1861, seventy-two women were discharged from the Fulham Refuge, and were thus distributed:—Sent to parents, eighteen; sent to husbands, seven; to other relatives, fifteen; to friends, three; to service, direct from the Refuge, one; to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, with a view to service or emigration, twenty-six; sent out on their own account, having no home, eight. The reports of the first four classes are pronounced to be "satisfactory," with the exception of two in the first class and one in the second. Of the first class three had no home, but had children in workhouses, whom they went to rejoin. Three others have joined friends under anything but hopeful circumstances. One is at service in the house of a clergyman; and another, whose husband is a convict in Australia, is understood to be "going on well." When any woman is sent out from the Refuge, steps are taken to ascertain where she will be received, and to secure her safe arrival, with authenticated reports of the fact. Communication is always made with the clergyman of the district to which the discharged prisoner proceeds; and, says Mrs. Harpour, the lady superintendent of the Refuge at Fulham, in a letter to Sir Joshua Jebb, "much is learned in this mode of the sad and miserable way in which these poor creatures have been brought up, and the temptations with which they were surrounded immediately on their return to their deplorable haunts. It excites our sympathy, and makes us feel that something must be done by the public, or all our efforts cannot but be fruitless in many cases. I can only hope and pray that the publicity which is now being given to the convict system, will induce the Christian public to lend us a helping hand. We do not ask for their money, but for their sympathy and a little of their time." I have statements of cases in which prisoners who have left the Refuge have done well; but, in this as in other instances, I am cautioned against their publication, lest exaggerated inferences should be drawn from contracted data. And at the Refuge, as throughout the English establishments, I have failed to obtain anything like the same full, detailed, and long-continued information about convicts at large, which I was enabled to obtain by my own personal examination in Ireland.

One grand resource for the disposal of English convicts, especially of men whose term of incarceration may be shortened by "ticket-of-leave," is transportation. Theoretically, transportation is still continued to Bermuda, Gibraltar, and Western Australia; but the transport of convicts to Bermuda has been indefinitely suspended. Of the Australian arrangements the most recent account is afforded me in an extract from the unpublished Report to the Directors of Convict Prisons, by the religious instructor, who sailed in the convict ship *Palmerston*, and landed his charges at Fremantle in February.

"*Millbank Prison, May* 27, 1861.

". . . . I visited the prison on the third or fourth day after the men were landed. The chaplain and deputy superintendent kindly accompanied me. It resembles Portland more than any other I know. The cells are small in size, and the interior arrangements on the same principle as at that prison.

"There were two large association rooms occupied, I believe, at night by artisans whom I found employed in the smiths' forge and carpenters' shop, which are very extensive, and where work on a large scale was being carried on under the superintendence of the Royal Engineer department. Some large rooms on the basement floor were fitted up as printing-offices, and prisoners were employed here in doing all the Government printing required for the colony.

"There were, I believe, about 400 men in the prison at this time, including about eighty landed from the *Palmerston*. These last were employed, some few in the workshops, and the remainder on the roads, working in gangs.

"The rations were abundant, and of excellent quality; served, precisely as they are at Millbank, to the men in their cells.

"On the general parade, I noticed that the reconvicted, or men remitted to the establishment, and the men sent up for short sentences from the police-office, were paraded apart, and distinguished from the general prisoners by a different dress.

"Being desirous of seeing how the remainder of the men who had come out under our charge in the *Palmerston* were disposed of, and how the probationary period of six months (through which all convicts are required to pass before they can receive the greater degree of freedom of a ticket-of-licence) is passed through, I visited, in company with Dr. Watson, the surgeon superintendent, four of the out-stations. We found all these stations occupied by men who also had come out in the *Palmerston*; and I was informed that, for some time previous to the arrival of that ship, the road-making had been much interrupted for want of men.

"The parties consisted of from 40 to 80 men, lodged in huts. They were in charge of a warder; and in most places there was one of the Royal Engineers to direct the works on the roads, and two or three convict constables to preserve order and superintend the men at work and in their quarters. The men work on the roads from four to five miles each way, and, whenever I saw them, appeared to be diligently employed.

"Their sleeping-places were divided by partitions of slanting boards, and they took their meals in messes of six or eight at separate tables; the rations being supplied from the chief stations, Perth and Guildford, and the whole from the Commissariat in the first instance. They are also allowed tobacco.

"The men at these stations were cheerful and industrious; they made no complaints, except in reference to the heat of the climate and mosquitoes. Those within reach of the river were permitted to bathe in it in the morning. The hours of labour were from six to six—one hour, I believe, for breakfast, and one and a half for dinner were allowed.

"However desirable it may be to execute works of this nature at a distance from where a proper degree of control may be kept up, I cannot but say that I felt anxious for the welfare of the prisoners who, during their detention in these huts, would be exposed to great temptation and demoralization. In fact, these stations were, in every respect, inferior to the larger and more regularly-arranged stations which I recollect to have visited in Tasmania peninsula. It is also obvious that the sooner the men who go out in a convict-ship can be separated, after they are disembarked, the better for them in every way.

"The men at these stations appeared perfectly aware of the uselessness of attempting escape in a colony which has no known outlet to any other. In point of fact, were the attempt made, their footsteps in the sand would be unerringly traced by the extraordinary sagacity of the natives attached to each police-station for the purpose; they would be captured, or perish for want of water.

"I shall now endeavour to describe their prospects of employment when liberated on a ticket-of-leave, from what came under my own observation.

"A few men who were sent out in the *Palmerston*, having completed a large portion of their sentence at home (two of them with commuted sentence), were discharged from the establishment in about eight days after their arrival. They were supplied with a ticket-of-leave dress, a portion of their gratuity, and a pass for twenty-four hours, to enable them to seek employment. I travelled in the steamboat from Fremantle to Perth on the day some of them left the prison. . . . .

"The social status of the sober and industrious convict settler is perfectly assured. In the country districts no difference is made between him and the free settler.

"I am, gentlemen," &c. &c.

After reading only this brief, sober, and most authentic report, the reader will begin to doubt whether transportation can be what it was once supposed to be—a very terrible penalty, severance of natural ties, death to family associations, and so forth. It has had its terrors, and at more than one season, but the season has always been limited. In July, 1827, came into operation an Act extending transportation to various felonious offences. In the following year there was a great decline in such offences—the new Act had stricken terror; but in the very next year the influence of the punishment had declined; by degrees transportation ceased to be regarded with alarm, and now it is admitted to be a positive reward. Writing years back, Archbishop Whately shows the dawn of this feeling. He quotes the words of convicts, crying out with delight at the accommodation on board ship; thanking God for having been carried to a country where they were well off; writing home with presents to masters whom they had robbed, and even offering patronage and assistance in a country where a man is sure to make his fortune. The keen-sighted teacher of logic foresaw that such dangerous knowledge must spread in the mother-country.

If no longer available as a deterrent, is transportation a purely beneficial auxiliary? Let us look into *that* question. During the present session of Parliament, Mr. Childers, the Member for Pontefract, obtained a Select Committee "to inquire into the present system of transportation, its utility, and effect upon colonization, and to report whether any improvement could be effected therein." The committee was, upon the whole, well manned. Mr. Childers himself has a practical knowledge of the subject, from his connection with Australia; and I believe one purpose of the inquiry was to show that, in consideration for the Australian colonies generally, transportation ought to be wholly abandoned, even to Western Australia. The net result of the report is, that the committee advises no interference, but delicately suggests that transportation should continue as it is carried on now, under the actual circumstances of the day. These circumstances are remarkable. It has been resolved to suppress the convict prisons in Bermuda and Gibraltar. The gross number of convicts in England, as well as in Ireland, appears to be actually diminishing. The free colonies of Australia have passed laws for preventing the admission of any licence-holder or expiree, under severe penalties to be inflicted upon any ship-master who shall infringe the local law. Some convicts have escaped from Western Australia, but

not in great numbers, and the alarm on the subject appears to have subsided, though the feeling of repugnance is as strong as ever.

It comes out in evidence, that the Western Australians can employ a certain amount of convict labour, but cannot employ much more than they now have, at the present rate of annual supply. Many employers prefer convicts, as more tractable than free labourers, and they are decidedly pleased at the exclusion Acts of the free colonies. Mr. Burgess and other witnesses declare that crime has not increased in proportion to the number of convicts, a considerable proportion of the men having behaved well; but they draw marked distinctions between a bad order of convicts and a better order, strongly hinting that a careful selection should be made; and I am disposed to believe that these hints will not be lost upon the head office in Parliament Street. Several of the colonists had desired the introduction of convicts, because they looked forward to the official expenditure on account of the establishment, &c.; and these speculators have been disappointed. They were particularly annoyed because provisions for convicts were furnished from other colonies, whereas they claimed a protective system of trade, as the correlative of the convict burden. Amongst eastern colonists are many who formerly approved of transportation, but they found "the character of the convicts grow worse as the criminal laws of England were ameliorated and softened." A very curious lesson is brought out incidentally. "Formerly," says Mr. Hewitt, of Tasmania—the last colony in which convictism was abolished, much to the chagrin of Governor Denison and the authorities in England—"we got men sent to us for political offences, for poaching, machine-breaking, and so on; and there was always a very large body of convicts who prided themselves that they were not thieves and rogues; but since the alteration of the laws in this country, it seems to me that every man who comes out has committed some grave offence."

On one point all appear to be agreed: that the old assignment system, and *à fortiori* any Norfolk Island system, which tends to mass convicts together in bodies undiluted by the elements of ordinary society, can never more be tolerated. Those who view the subject with a practical knowledge, and yet without local predilections, believe that transportation cannot be continued much longer, even to Western Australia. I am wel aware that the Irish as well as the English authorities desire that that outlet should be retained, and I see objections to any *sudden* closing of it; but that it ought to be abolished within a comparatively few years I am convinced. I have the very highest authority for the avowal, that the crime, which irresistibly impelled Sir William Molesworth's Committee to pronounce the doom of convictism in Australia generally, cannot be prevented or effectively controlled in Western Australia, even now. One of the most experienced officials, Mr. Thomas Frederick Elliot, of the Colonial Office, was amongst those who stood against the abolition proceedings of 1837; but "further observation," he says, "has altered my opinion." The convicts who remained in Sydney and New South Wales

have done harm. Western Australia may profit from the expedient while the colony is in a languishing state, but it can never be a substitute for ordinary colonization. The relief is not "beneficial to this country" —"the numbers sent out are too trifling to be of any account," either to the mother country or to the colony. "In every point of view I think that transportation as a system has come to an end, and that its day is past."

Before I proceed to close this series of papers with the conclusions which have been forced upon me in my survey of the whole, in Ireland and England, I must refer once more to the case set forth on behalf of the English system. The fate of my last paper appears to have been curious. In some quarters it has been regarded as too favourable to the English system, while the chief conductors of that system think that I have "not done them justice." I am told that I have fallen into many errors, and that the comparison which I have made between England and Ireland is disparaging to England. In the most explicit terms that could be employed I have invited correction of errors. I have avowed my readiness to incorporate in this third paper any emendations with which I can be supplied; my object being, not to advocate one system or to disparage another, but simply to lay before your readers, as far as my examination of the two systems and your space would permit, the facts themselves. The communications upon the subject have been very numerous and protracted. Throughout all, I have been met by Sir Joshua Jebb with the most handsome consideration and a generous frankness. The result, however, is that I have a lengthened statement, from his pen, going over the ground from the time when "sound principles were laid down in 1842 by the then Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, for establishing probationary periods of discipline at home, in order to the disposal of the convict by transportation;" and this statement I now take bodily, with some very slight curtailment.

"The difficulties which occurred at that time in Van Diemen's Land prevented the development of these principles, and led to a modified arrangement under Earl Grey and Sir George Grey. Under the system as it was then settled, from 1847 to 1853, a printed notice was communicated to every convict, telling him that the first period of probation would be passed in solitary confinement for some time; and employment on the public works for the second period; the third stage under a ticket-of-leave in one of the colonies. The incentives to industry and good conduct, during the two first periods, were very fully explained in this document. They consisted of remissions of the imprisonment, gratuities, badges marking the progress of each individual, and other records, by which a man's fate was placed in his own hands, and was mainly dependent upon his own exertions.

"In regard to the third period of probation, however, with a ticket-of-leave, the following conditions were promulgated:—'The holder of a ticket-of-leave will be required to remain within a certain district; he will not be released from the custody of the Government until engaged to serve an employer for twelve months; he will then be placed under the supervision of the police, will be required to register his place of abode, and periodically report himself to the police,' &c. Pentonville and Portland afford the fullest means of judging of the system of discipline and the results of the two periods which were to be enforced in this country. The commissioners of the former prison, after anxiously watching the moral effects of the great experi-

ment conducted for five years under their superintendence, thus recorded the conclusion at which they had arrived, in a report dated in 1847:—'We feel warranted in expressing our firm conviction, that the moral results of the discipline have been most encouraging, and attended with a success which, we believe, is without parallel in the history of penal discipline.'

"With respect to Portland, Captain Whitty, in his report for 1850, after stating his conviction that the system of following up a period of separate confinement by associated labours, was working well, states:—'The subdued, improved, and disciplined state in which the convicts generally arrive at Portland from the stage of separate confinement, appears to be an admirable preparation for their transfer to the greater degree of freedom unavoidable on public works.' Captain Knight, who succeeded Captain Whitty as Governor, remarks in his report for 1851:—'I have frequently watched the working parties from positions in which I could not have been seen by them, and I have seldom seen a greater amount of willingness or industry displayed by men whose livelihood depended upon their exertions.' [I myself was a witness of the same degree of cheerful industry, in 1861.] It appears from the returns, that 400 men are at the present time quarrying and loading from the great ditch of the fortress about three tons a man, for which a contractor had previously received 1*s.* 5*d.* a ton. The net saving to the Government, after deducting 4*d.* for the cost of plant, would give 3*s.* 3*d.* a day as the net earnings of each man in the working parties; whilst the entire cost, exclusive of buildings, will not exceed 1*s.* 9*d.* a head. Were it not that a proportion of the convicts are detained at school, and employed as cooks, tailors, &c., the prison would be self-supporting; and had there been opportunity for the full development of convict labour, at least one-half of the usual cost of such works would have been saved.

"Though Portland is only known to the general public as a place where an outbreak occurred some years ago; and though the discipline has endured the rudest shocks from the changes consequent on the cessation of transportation,—which not only disappointed the expectations that had been held out to the men, but entirely shook their confidence, and was the cause of the outbreak referred to,—the establishment never was in a much higher state of discipline and efficiency than at the present time. The breakwater and fortifications, too, are advancing towards completion, and already constitute a grand and imperishable monument of what can be effected by convict labour.

"From 1848 to 1853, during which time alone the established system appears to have been in full operation, everything went on swimmingly. It was 'all right,' in the English prisons of Pentonville and Portland; and we have it on the authority of Sir W. Denison, the Governor of Van Diemen's Land, that in 1851 the convicts sent from public works were generally conducting themselves as honestly and industriously as unconvicted farm-servants in England. Every interest was then satisfied. The mother-country annually got rid of some 3,000 of her criminal population, and the colony obtained the advantage of cheap labour. This was the culminating point of a sound and carefully devised system of penal and reformatory discipline. [Sir Joshua Jebb states, in one of his reports, that we never may hope to see the like again. The last ship sailed in 1852; and though he must have cast a lingering look after it, he appears to have manfully set to work to repair the breach made in the system of discipline.]

"An Act was passed in 1853, under the provisions of which a large proportion of convicts might be sentenced to 'penal servitude,' instead of transportation. It will not escape notice that, during the whole period of a convict's being employed on public works, he is placed in a condition intermediate between imprisonment and liberty. During this portion of the sentence, as I described in a former article, the men work in association; good order being preserved by the presence of an officer with each party; and their return from distant works in the open quarries at Portland, or from dockyards or fortifications at Portsmouth or Chatham, being insured by watchfulness of guards. With a view to afford greater encouragement, it was considered desirable to divide this probationary period into four progressive stages, to each of which certain

ameliorations and privileges were attached. In the last stage, especially, a proportion of the men are selected for 'special service,' in which they pursue their several avocations, relieved from any direct supervision. At Portland, they may be seen passing to and fro with tools, attending points on the railways, &c.; at Dartmoor, they attend cattle on the hills, and perform various farm operations, independent of control. A large body of these men have also been employed at Woking assisting in the completion of the new prison, and others are to be sent to Broadmoor.

"We now come to the consideration of the third period of the system, with a probation pass or a ticket-of-leave designed for a distant colony, but now forced on our attention at home. Here the range is limited to the few convicts who since 1852 have been sent to Western Australia, and the English system in its entirety requires to be judged by the few openings afforded in that colony. Here we see an intermediate system, expressly designed to fit the man for colonial life and labour, in full operation, on a plan suggested by Sir Joshua Jebb in 1849. It is well known to any one who has experience of convicts, that release from imprisonment will alone afford any sure test of character; and it is to this test, in the face of all the difficulties which had to be encountered, that an appeal has necessarily been made. The system of granting pardons, revocable on certain conditions, popularly known as tickets-of-leave, has been adopted from the colonial stage, as a precautionary measure; and the benevolent assistance of the public has been sought in every way that has been possible. On mature consideration, however, and on very sufficient grounds, it has been deemed inexpedient to do more, either in giving effect to the principle of the probation gangs, or the supervision of police. There is scarcely an officer in the convict service who does not strongly entertain this conviction. [After alluding to the help afforded by the chaplains and the Prisoners' Aid Society, the statement proceeds.] Thousands have been rescued from criminal courses and tided over their greatest difficulties, by these most wise and economical preventive measures.

"We now come to the results, which are given in the accompanying comprehensive tabular returns. [The tables are placed at the end of this article.]

"If the results be carefully consulted, it must be confessed they have been more favourable than could have been anticipated; for though twenty, or perhaps even twenty-five, per cent., may have returned upon the hands of the Government in seven or eight years, it is a fact that the number sentenced has diminished from 3,311 in 1848, when the great majority were transported to Van Diemen's Land,* to an average, during the last three years, of 2,226, when the great majority have been released at home. Many causes must have combined to produce a result so wholly subversive of all previous calculations;† but a sound, deterrent, and, at the same time, an enlightened and Christian discipline, steadily persevered in under the authority of every Secretary of State since 1838, may fairly be allowed to claim its share.

"In an admirable article which appeared in the *Times* of the 18th of April last, the writer has 'hit the right nail on the head.' After a graphic description of desperate and highly-skilled ruffians returning to their malpractices, after confinement, with greater zest than ever, he states—'These constitute the ugly percentage of convicts with which nothing can be done, the true blackamoors of the system who can never be washed white.' Here it is, and, perhaps, here only we fail.

"We find the following, in Sir Joshua Jebb's report for 1849:—'In connexion with the subject of modification of the present system, I would submit the expediency of establishing a more severe system of discipline, and of enforcing a more protracted term of imprisonment, in the case of all men convicted of heinous offences, especially

* In the years from 1841 to 1845, the average annual number of convicts sent to Van Diemen's Land was 3,527.

† One of the official calculations laid before the Government was, that in the event of transportation being abolished, it would be necessary to provide accommodation for 28,000 offenders, in addition to that which then existed.

such as were accompanied by violence, and in certain cases. It is impossible to state the precise operations of such measures, or the extent to which they might be applied; but if the very worst characters were imprisoned for the whole term of life, or during their respective sentences, at some penal establishment at home, or in the colonies, others disposed of by tickets-of-leave in Western Australia, and the residue released at home with conditional pardons, or encouraged to emigrate, I believe that no sensible inconvenience could possibly be experienced.'

"The foregoing is a brief sketch of the English system and its results, deprived as it is of its mainstay, namely, a satisfactory means of disposing of the convicts who are subject to the two first probationary stages; and defective, as it is admitted to be, in the means of dealing with the 'true blackamoors of the system.'"

This document is, as I have said, the statement of Sir Joshua Jebb, very slightly curtailed to bring it within your space. I have abridged a small portion of the retrospect at the commencement, and have shortened the transitions here and there; and that is all the change. The writer has not allowed himself to take the broadest view of the subject; which we shall not quite understand, unless we glance at the chronic controversy between the two systems of England and Ireland. In 1857, Sir Joshua Jebb made a report professing to describe the Irish system, and stating his own opinion upon it. I certainly could not adopt Sir Joshua Jebb's description of the arrangements in Ireland; nor can I entirely agree with what he supposes to be the object of inquiry: namely, to ascertain whether the probationary prisoners should be withdrawn from the higher stages on public works, and congregated in the huts of the intermediate stage; whether discharged prisoners could not be placed under the supervision of the police, and whether employment could not be found for prisoners released on licence as in Ireland. Sir Joshua meets these questions in the negative, and I believe I am correct in stating his conclusions thus:—

"Firstly. The character of the convicts in this country, and the circumstances, differ so much from those of Ireland, that any plan for congregating them together under less control than is at present exercised, would not be calculated to render them more fit for discharge, or give the officers to whose care they might be consigned better, or even the same, opportunities of judging their character as those which exist at present.

"Secondly. That even if such objects could be promoted by removing selected convicts into separate, small, intermediate establishments, with diminished control and more voluntary action, the exhibition of convict discipline in such a form would impair the exemplary character and deterrent effects of a sentence of penal servitude, which, on all accounts, it is most essential to preserve as the most formidable of our secondary punishments.

"Thirdly. That any general superintendence of the police would be impossible in England, without obstructing the employment of the men.

"Fourthly. That if such measures could be systematically organized, it would be very desirable to afford convicts some special information or instruction in connection with their future prospects during the last few months of their confinement—not in separate, intermediate establishments disconnected from the prisons, but in the stage of discipline which precedes discharge."

I have already said, that controversy in the subjunctive mood is totally worthless. You can establish no logical conclusion except by a statement of facts, which, like the figures in an arithmetical sum, render the ultimate fact, the x to be proven, a matter of moral certainty.

Undoubtedly there are great differences in the character of Englishmen and of Irishmen, and, therefore, in the character of the convicts of the two countries; but the points of resemblance between all civilized communities are more numerous than the points of difference. This is peculiarly the case with races under the same governments and laws; and when we select a special class, formed by the aberrant tendencies of all humanity, we increase the ratio of resemblance. The treatment of convicts in the two countries might vary; we have no reason to assume that it should be fundamentally opposed.

Secondly, there is reason to doubt whether the deterrent element ever has much force in the operation of penal servitude, of imprisonment, or of any penalty save those involving acute physical suffering for very short periods. The deterrent effect is severe in the case of hanging, flogging, torture, and the like. In the case of correctional discipline, the effect seems to be produced, far more, by a sort of compulsory teaching. Through the force of facts, the involuntary student is made to learn that a dishonest line of conduct cannot be pursued, but must sooner or later be frustrated; therefore that an honester course of life is unavoidable, and the attempt to avoid it foolish. At one time transportation, was a penalty accounted "secondary" to death alone; but I have already shown you that in 1861 it is accounted an actual boon, an increase to the opportunities and enjoyments of life. Indeed it is, literally, in this auxiliary sense that transportation to Western Australia, which still tolerates the practice, is now recommended. In England, as well as in Ireland, it is claimed as usefully completing that round of correctional discipline which ends in reformation—holding out a hope to the reformed convict of employment in a sphere where he will have the reward of industry without disgrace. But in Ireland, we see that as the criminal advances through his course of penal servitude, the whole system is made to have the character of correction, and to awaken the hope of betterment through honest exertion.

Thirdly, the statement that the general superintendence of the police would be impossible in England, without obstructing the employment of the men or without converting the men into spies and tyrants, is thus far a pure assumption. Not a shadow of evidence to establish it has been shown to me. I know that policemen have interfered injuriously, but they have not yet been instructed in a different line of conduct; and I also know that there are, amongst the chief officers of the police in the counties, those who are perfectly competent to study such a subject, and who are prepared to begin the inquiry in a favourable spirit. But we must also remember that the police do not represent the only class of public servants who might be employed to act in this behalf, and report the conduct of men out on licence.

The fourth objection applies, in some degree, to the English arrangement, in which the teaching of trades is by no means systematic; for it is principally confined to the earlier stages of imprisonment, while the employment of the vast majority on public works sends them into the

world only as common labourers. In Ireland, the adaptation of the instruction is much more individualized, and the Intermediate stages turn out a much greater variety of callings.

A fifth objection on which the English authorities lay very great stress is, that if the English convict be suffered to go at large, as he is at Lusk, he will, perhaps in the very first hour of his freedom, run away to rejoin his friends; particularly if he be a married man: nothing will restrain him from decamping to rejoin his wife and family! "The introduction of the Irish system into this country, the first element being imperfect liberty granted to a man whose own act could make it absolute in a moment, and would debar the married man from the society of his wife and children, would do so much violence to every feeling of his mind, that we could not be surprised if the slight barrier were instantly broken which held him from the world. One of our most deserving prisoners, lately discharged, of whose sincerity I have the highest opinion, told me some months since that if 10,000*l.* were offered to him to stay for twelve months, with nothing if he insisted on going to his wife and children, then he would prefer the liberty to the money." So writes the chaplain of Portland Prison, in an unpublished report forwarded to me, with his usual kindness and frankness, by Sir Joshua Jebb; who also insists strongly on the same point.

Now, at several of the prisons I have been shown convicts who are employed on "special service," and whom I have confounded with the more numerous body of prisoners working at large on Southsea Common. This mistake is corrected by a friendly note from the Governor of Portsmouth Prison. "The greater number of the men," he says, "were ordinary prisoners—in the ordinary stages, and still under the usual surveillance." The man I referred to, who wished to be transferred from that spot, was not in the special class at all. "Had he been so," writes Captain Rose, "the privilege of change of labour would probably have been accorded to him. He merely asked for a transfer of party—a very common demand, and rarely founded on any sufficient reason. Another point in which I wish to correct you, or I should rather say, to make myself more clear than perhaps I did during our far too hurried interview, relates to the adoption of an 'Intermediate stage,' from which it might be inferred that I advocated the Irish system in its integrity (the word being there employed). I was careful to guard myself against this; and in saying that I would willingly enlarge the special class to one or two hundred men, for the purpose of employing them on Portsdown Hill, without prison dress, and merely attended by a few picked officers as general superintendents (equally undistinguished by any distinctive dress), I reserved the important question whether they should be there located as in Ireland, or be still subjected to the ordinary routine of prison discipline and restraint, going to and returning from their distant labour daily by special train. The difference would be most important, and, in fact, constitutes the point mainly at issue between Sir Joshua Jebb and

Captain Crofton. Should you write again, perhaps you will make this more clear."*

From these corrections with which I have been favoured, we gather two things. First, that the special class are exempted from surveillance: they are employed in carrying messages, and in other duties which send them abroad into the world, like the trusted members of the Intermediate class in Ireland. The application of the principle, indeed, is so fractional, that all comparisons which I see attempted between it and the Irish Intermediate system are untenable. But, secondly, the corrections appear to me to show that in England there is no resistless impulse to break through the moral restraint, and that in this respect the Englishman is quite as amenable as the Irishman. I have never been told, with regard either to Portsmouth or any other English prison, that they limit this privilege to bachelors.

Another incident appears to me sufficient not only to corroborate my doubt, but to annihilate the official presumption in England. Recently there have been those very important extensions of the Convict Prison at Woking, to which Sir Joshua Jebb alludes in the statement I have embodied. The work was carried on, in part at least, by convicts from another prison—from Portland, I believe. The men were not taken from those on special service; they were not selected even from those accustomed to labour out of bounds; they were, I have been told, "just the ordinary prisoners." I have not visited Woking, but I am also informed that they were diligent at their work; and that there was no escape, nor any serious attempt at escape, if any at all. The prisoners were fifty in number; and, again, I was not told that they were all selected from the unmarried class. It appears to me, therefore, that this imputed family *storge* is a myth.

I have bestowed great attention and pains on the endeavour to find out if the leading objectors in the English system had actually made themselves masters of the Irish system in its details, even so far as I have done myself. I have sometimes feared that I pressed my questions upon them further than was courteous; though I must confess that I have uniformly been met with a frankness as candid as it was kind. I have not only found that the study of the Irish system has been very partial, and that the judgment against it has been formed on arguments in the subjunctive mood and the most arbitrary assumptions, but I have also observed that even with regard to the English system, there is not the same mastery of the whole process in detail that I noticed in Ireland. For instance, I am not aware that the leading authorities of the English system have personally examined the working of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, or have in many instances personally traced the behaviour of discharged convicts out in employment.

The investigation of the subject, in one respect, is neither easy nor

* There were two other clerical errors in the part of the paper referring to Portsmouth. The thirty-three convicts were fulfilling sentence not under the new, but under the old Act; and in lieu of seventy-three under report for misconduct, it should have been thirteen—an important difference.

inviting. I have myself observed amongst discharged English prisoners an unbecoming levity, mingled with a marked ill feeling towards the prison authorities; and I am not satisfied that all the prisoners who seek the aid of the society in Charing Cross, are conscious of the obligations which they owe to it. I felt less pained at the exhibition for the sake of the society and its officers, than for the sake of the men who thus betrayed their total unfitness to guide themselves through the world into which they were again thrown. My hearing is considerably keener than most men's, and probably the applicants for succour were not aware that I could hear every word of the conversation which was going forward between them in groups; but I did, and the whispered talk related to plans of amusement, of social meetings, of sports by no means elevating, and of gambling. I have forborne to ask the secretary whether ingratitude is the rule, because no such questioning should be instituted without an authority to compel which should absolve the respondent from responsibility; but I believe that no investigation could be more interesting than one into the conduct of prisoners whom the society has relieved, and particularly into their bearing towards those who have helped them. I doubt whether the authorities of our convict system have examined into this part of the matter at all. It is impossible not to make a comparison between the peculiar bearing of the English prisoners and the entirely opposite demeanour of the prisoners in Ireland. The manner there is more free, the men speak with less reserve, and they look less "cowed," but they are much graver; and, if they do not deal in professions of gratitude, they permit you to see that the treatment that they have received and the opportunities opened to them are taken very much to heart.

The fact is, that the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society requires to be placed on a much broader basis. In order that it should act with thorough efficacy, it ought to be converted into a public department, with authority to take cognizance of all prisoners leaving prison, to follow up its information respecting discharged prisoners, and to dispose of them with a freer choice than it can at present command. As I have before remarked, there are several public organizations which might supply an agency, but it is not for me to dictate any particular arrangement. In my three reports on the convict systems, I have limited myself to a plain statement of such facts as I was able to verify, and as I could group into a summary of the general subject. Another change needed to render the society efficient, and therefore secure of public support and of its future position, is that the prisoners who seek its aid should be trained to a greater variety of callings, so that no opportunities may be lost through the over supply in one particular branch of industry or a want in another branch. But, thirdly, and most chiefly, the discharged prisoners who are candidates for the patronage of the society should come to it in a condition of better moral training. They should have learned, not simply the outward fashion of their behaviour, but the facts concerning themselves which would suffice alone to prompt better feelings; and they

should have been more thoroughly taught, by the mode of discipline, to appreciate the kindness so spontaneously extended to them.

The requirements which appear to me necessary for the complete efficiency of the society, and, therefore, for its stability, imply two radical changes in its position. The first is a more distinct legislative and official recognition of it as a constituent part of the English convict system. For either the society is surplusage, or it is an essential; and if it is essential, it should be brought into a more universal and co-ordinate working with the rest of the establishment. The second change is, that the convicts should pass through something analogous to the Intermediate stage of the Irish system.*

It seems to me quite time that the rivalry, displayed in the reports on both sides of the Channel, should be absolutely and finally discontinued. I must confess that the documents before me go to show that the initiative of aggression was taken on the English side,—that representations with regard to the working of the Irish system were put forward with a high official authority on this side of the Channel, and that they called for rectification from the other side; but it is idle to enter into any retrospective award upon the merits of that obsolete controversy. Our business is to take things as we find them *now*, and to do the best we can both for England and for Ireland. I have already said, that the Irish system appears to me to be the best; and I ascribe its excellence to these three reasons—that, being the most recent invention, it comprises the chief advantages of previous systems, with new applications and extensions of tried principles admirably designed by Captain Crofton; that it is planned upon a consideration of the objects to be attained, irrespectively of difficulties or predilections; and that it is carried out by men who are personally familiar with its details in every part.

I am not prepared to say that all details of the arrangement in Ireland are essential to the completeness of an equally good system in England; but the principles upon which the Irish system relies are applicable over the whole globe, and they are consequently drawing the attention of the most intelligent and active criminal reformers in distant countries. I know that their progress is watched from Heidelberg, which has itself been a

* The annual report of the Directors of Convict Prisons for 1860, published recently, more than confirms the report which I made to you, and which was published in your April number. The excellent working and progress of the Irish system continue with increasing force. The Government prisons contain accommodation for 3,000 convicts; the total number incarcerated in the first year of the new system, 1854, exclusively of the 345 convicts in the county prisons, and several hundreds in Bermuda or Gibraltar, was 3,933, and it has decreased, by a steady progress, to 1,492. In 1861 the number convicted has decreased from 710 to 331. This is the more remarkable, since the deportation of convicts from Ireland ranged from 600 to 1,540 in the five years preceding 1854. Out of 5,500 convicts discharged in the last seven years, 1,462 were discharged on licence; 89 licences have been revoked, amounting to seven per cent. "We do not," say the Directors, "believe a single case can be proved of a convict having been reported for infringing the condition of his licence, and still remaining at large in this country."

great centre of prison improvement, under that able and enthusiastic lawyer, Professor Mitternaier. Among the reforms which have been pushed forward by the immortal Cavour, is a system of convict discipline established at Pianosa, a small island lying south of Elba. Tuscany has always been celebrated for reforms of the kind; and it is not losing its reputation in our own day. One of the distinguishing traits in the Pianosa system is the introduction of the Intermediate stage, which Cavour had thoroughly studied; and the Superintendent of the Prisons, M. de Peri, reports with great satisfaction on the working of the new plan. A little farther east, at Corfu, we see M. Cozziris, the Inspector-general of the Prisons in the Ionian Islands, diligently following out the same work. His report for the year, which is now before me, shows a thorough acquaintance with the Intermediate system, and a proportionate admiration of it.* While I was in the United States, I had the opportunity of visiting some of those prisons which have often been mentioned as examples of modern improvement, and such unquestionably they were a few years back. It is no reproach to the intelligence of the American reformers that, in great part by their help, we have since surpassed them; and it must be allowed that they might have made more progress than they have, but for that unlucky working of their government system, which so periodically and thoroughly removes the higher officers in all departments of the State. Amongst the leading managers of these prisons, however, I found considerable interest excited by the reference to the Irish system, and a ready disposition to enter into its advantages; which have been the subject of a special explanation in the *Philadelphia Journal of Prison Discipline* for January of the present year. In other countries, therefore, even more remote from Ireland than England, there is no reluctance to study the newest experiment, and to profit by its instruction.

I can well understand that there are difficulties in altering the arrangements of any system; and our arrangements in England have been particularly designed to suit a past state of circumstances, and to attain particular objects. The leading objects were—the construction of prisons so designed as to facilitate the ready inspection of large numbers; the mustering of very numerous bodies of men upon public works, which was thought to be an economical and beneficial employment of convict labour; and the ultimate disposal of the convict by transportation. Transportation has nearly ceased; we have arrived at the perception that labouring on public works is not exclusively the best discipline for all criminals; and we have learned that the best system of our day attains its striking success by subdividing the prisoners into small bodies and dealing with them in detail individually. A show of transportation exists to tantalize the English officials, the system of public works goes on with as much success as ever, and we have large prisons on our hands; to say nothing

* Statistica del Penitenziario di Corfu, per gli Anni 1857, 1858, 1859. Compilata da Giovanni Cozziris, Governatore del Penitenziario di Corfu, ed Inspettore Generale delle Prigioni dello Stato Ionio.

of the fact, that the authors of the living picture are naturally proud of the high development which has been given to it. To get rid of these accessories of the system is the greatest difficulty in any change, and I admit it in its fullest force.

Other difficulties have been alleged—the greater delicacy of the Englishman who has been criminal in concealing his shame, and, therefore, in shrinking from any Intermediate stage; his impatience, under the enforcement of conditions, to the ticket-of-licence, and the indomitable impetuosity which will make every married convict break bounds the instant he is placed in a state of half freedom; the reluctance of English employers to co-operate, and other special distinctions ascribed to the English character. But, on closer scrutiny, the force of these difficulties is refuted by facts which I have stated in the foregoing pages. Indeed, I have found the raw materials for the Irish system scattered throughout English prisons, only they are not turned to account, and are not placed in their natural order. I have expressed my readiness to put forward any facts to prove that the English system attains results equal to those which exist in Ireland, but I have been supplied with no such facts. What we claim in England, by all the rights of urgent necessity, of national intelligence, and of national resources, is the most perfect system of convict system that the world can supply,—whether we call that system "Irish," or, as I should prefer to call it, British. The one step needed for the introduction of those tried principles amongst us is, to institute a thorough inquiry; and, undoubtedly, Parliament is bound to inquire, and, having inquired, to deal with the ascertained facts. Until that be done, we English are left with a system not so good as the one we might have; we are compelled to suffer for more crime than would otherwise exist in the country; and uneducated misguided multitudes are suffered to stray into destruction, from which they might otherwise be rescued.

Subjoined are the tables mentioned at page 240. The following facts are necessary to complete the information conveyed in the first table:—

No. 1.—9,180 orders of licence have been issued to the directors for the release of male convicts from the different convict prisons since the commencement of the system in October, 1853, out of which 834 have had their licences revoked and 1,038 have been reconvicted to penal servitude or transportation, making a total of 1,872 who have forfeited their licence; being an average percentage of 20·3, or an average of 2·2 per annum, during the seven and a half years of its operation.

No. 2.—9,180 orders of licence have been issued; out of which number, 1,363, or 14·8 per cent., were returned to convict prisons for larceny and light offences, and 509, or 5·5 per cent., for offences of a graver character, in seven and a half years; being 1·9 per cent. per annum of light offences, and 0·7 per cent. per annum of more serious crimes.

No. 3.—3,307 convicts have been transported to Western Australia during the years 1853 to 1861; out of which, it may be assumed from the reports received, that from 5 to 8 per cent. only may have relapsed into crime. This, if taken into account, would reduce the average results of the English system.

RETURN of the NUMBER of MALE CONVICTS released under ORDERS of LICENCE in each Year, from October 1853, to April 1861; showing the NUMBER returned to the CONVICT PRISONS, either by having had their LICENCES REVOKED for trifling Offences, or by being sentenced to PENAL SERVITUDE or TRANSPORTATION.

Years.	No. Licensed	Number of MALE CONVICTS whose Licences have been revoked, or who have been reconvicted.																		Total Rev.	Total Rec.	Grand Total.	Per Centage.		Period.	
		1853.		1854.		1855.		1856.		1857.		1858.		1859.		1860.		1861.								
		Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec	Rev.	Re	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.				Rev.	Rec.	Y.	M.
1853*	335	1	..	7	10	3	5	2	4	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	24	39	4·5	7·1	7	6
1854	1,895	..	..	14	19	63	53	38	64	19	33	5	10	2	3	2	..	..	..	143	182	325	7·5	9·6	7	3
1855	2,528	..	..	..	..	40	47	126	190	99	64	36	24	12	15	1	7	..	1	314	348	662	12·5	13·7	6	3
1856	2,007	..	..	..	..	..	..	49	131	122	106	52	52	26	33	8	13	..	2	257	337	594	12·8	16·7	5	3
1857	674	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	34	31	20	14	22	8	5	1	1	69	82	151	10·2	12·1	4	3
1858	318	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	12	12	6	4	..	..	25	26	51	7·8	8·1	3	3
1859	260	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	3	10	..	1	8	15	23	3·0	6·1	2	3
1860	818	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	15	..	..	2	15	17	0·2	1·8	1	3
1861†	345	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	9	1	9	10	0·2	2·6	0	3
Totals	9,180	1	..	21	29	106	105	215	389	257	242	131	116	71	89	30	54	2	14	834	1,038	1,872	9·0	11·3		

* From October to December 31st, 1853.

† To 31st March, 1861.

The following shows the percentage per annum of Male Convicts return to Convict Prisons, either by revocation of licence, or under fresh sentences, to Penal Servitude or Transportation, during the 7½ years the system has been in operation:—

					Per ct.		Yrs.		Per ct.	
Of the Number	335	licensed from	Oct. to 31st Dec. 1853	..	11·6	or in	7½	..	1·5	per ann.
"	1,895	"	in the year 1854	..	16·11	"	7½	..	2·2	"
"	2,528	"	" 1855	..	26·2	"	6¼	..	4·1	"
"	2,007	"	" 1856	..	29·5	"	5¼	..	5·5	"
"	674	"	" 1857	..	22·3	"	4½	..	5·1	"
"	318	"	" 1858	..	15·9	"	3½	..	4·5	"
"	260	"	" 1859	..	9·1	"	2¼	..	4·0	"
"	818	"	" 1860	..	2·0	"	1¼	..	1·5	"
"	345	"	to 31st March, 1861	..	2·8	"	3 mos.		0·12	"

As regards the nature of the Crimes for which the 834 Male Convicts had their licences only revoked, and the 1,038 who have been re-convicted for fresh offences, the following is an analysis:—

MINOR OFFENCES.

Larceny	650
Offences against vagrant act ..	126
Assaults on police	34
Desertion	18
Picking pockets	27
Wilful damage	14
Assault	118
Offences against game laws ..	21
Theft, misdemeanour, and other offences	355
Total	1,363

OFFENCES OF A GRAVER CHARACTER.

Murder	2
Forgery, uttering forged notes or base coin	44
Burglary	106
Robbery	41
Robbery with violence	16
Highway robbery	6
Cutting and wounding with intent	6
Felony, housebreaking, sheep-stealing, &c.	284
Arson	4
Total	509
Minor offences	1,363
Total	1,872

RETURN of the NUMBER of FEMALE CONVICTS released under ORDERS of LICENCE in each Year, from October 1853, to June 1861; showing the NUMBER returned to CONVICT PRISONS, either by having had their LICENCES REVOKED for trifling Offences, or by being sentenced to PENAL SERVITUDE or TRANSPORTATION.

Years.	No. Licensed	Number of FEMALE CONVICTS whose Licences have been revoked, or who have been reconvicted.																		Total Re.	Total Rec.	Grand Total.	Per Centage.		Period.	
		1853.		1854.		1855.		1856.		1857.		1858.		1859.		1860.		1861.					Rev.	Rec.		
		Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.	Rev.	Rec.						Y.	M.
1853*	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1854	40	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	3	5'	1·5	7	8
1855	115	..	..	..	..	2	1	10	7	5	2	1	3	..	1	..	..	..	..	18	14	32	14·7	12·1	6	5
1856	221	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	14	8	7	9	2	1	..	1	..	..	33	30	63	14·9	13·5	5	5
1857	55	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	1	1	1	1	..	2	..	..	7	7	14	12·7	12·7	4	5
1858	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	2	2	..	11·1	3	5
1859	29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	1	1	2	3·4	3·4	2	5
1860	183	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	..	5	4	8	12	2·1	4·2	1	5
1861†	103	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	2	2	..	1·9	0	5
Totals	764	..	..	..	..	3	1	21	19	24	13	9	14	4	3	4	8	..	7	65	65	130	8·5	8·5		

* From October, 1853. † To June, 1861.

The following shows the percentage per annum of Female Convicts returned to Convict Prisons, either by revocation of licence, or under fresh sentences, to Penal Servitude or Transportation, during the seven years and eight months the system has been in operation:—

						Per ct.	Yrs.	M.	Per ct.
Of the No.	40	licensed from	Oct. 1853	to 31st Dec. 1854	..	6·5 or in	7	8	.. 0·8 per ann.
"	115	"	"	in the year 1855	..	26·8 "	6	5	.. 4·0 "
"	221	"	"	" 1856	..	28·4 "	5	5	.. 5·2 "
"	55	"	"	" 1857	..	25·4 "	4	5	.. 5·9 "
"	18	"	"	" 1858	..	11·1 "	3	5	.. 3·2 "
"	29	"	"	" 1859	..	6·8 "	2	5	.. 3·3 "
"	183	"	"	" 1860	..	6·3 "	1	5	.. 4·4 "
"	103	"	"	to 1st June 1861	..	1·9 "	0	5	.. .. "

As regards the nature of the Crimes for which the 65 Female Convicts had their licences only revoked, and the 65 who have been re-convicted for fresh offences, the following is an analysis:—

MINOR OFFENCES.

Larceny	72
Wilful damage	2
Breach of peace	3
Vagrancy	5
Theft	26
Disorderly conduct	4
Picking pockets	4
Total	116

OFFENCES OF A GRAVER CHARACTER.

Uttering base coin	2
Unlawful possession	3
Horse-stealing	1
Robbery	2
Receiving stolen goods	1
Wounding	1
Housebreaking	4
Total	14
Minor offences	116
Total	130

Roundabout Papers.—No. XV.

OGRES.

DARESAY the reader has remarked that the upright and independent vowel, which stands in the vowel-list between E and O, has formed the subject of the main part of these essays. How does that vowel feel this morning?—fresh, good-humoured, and lively? The Roundabout lines, which fall from this pen, are correspondingly brisk and cheerful. Has anything, on the contrary, disagreed with the vowel? Has its rest been disturbed, or was yesterday's dinner too good, or yesterday's wine not good enough? Under such circumstances, a darkling, misanthropic tinge, no doubt, is cast upon the paper. The jokes, if attempted, are elaborate and dreary. The bitter temper breaks out. That sneering manner is adopted, which you know, and which exhibits itself so especially when the writer is speaking about women. A moody carelessness comes over him. He sees no good in any body or thing; and treats gentlemen, ladies, history, and things in general, with a like gloomy flippancy. Agreed. When the vowel in question is in that mood; if you like airy gaiety and tender gushing benevolence—if you want to be satisfied with yourself and the rest of your fellow-beings; I recommend you, my dear creature, to go to some other shop in Cornhill, or turn to some other article. There are moods in the mind of the vowel of which we are speaking, when it is ill-conditioned and captious. Who always keeps good health, and good humour? Do not philosophers grumble? Are not sages sometimes out of temper? and do not angel-women go off in tantrums? To-day my mood is dark. I scowl as I dip my pen in the inkstand.

Here is the day come round—for everything here is done with the utmost regularity:—intellectual labour, seventeen hours; meals, thirty-two minutes; exercise, a hundred and forty-eight minutes; conversation

with the family, chiefly literary, and about the housekeeping, one hour and four minutes; sleep, three hours and fifteen minutes (at the end of the month, when the Magazine is complete, I own I take eight minutes more); and the rest for the toilette and the world. Well, I say, the *Roundabout Paper Day* being come, and the subject long since settled in my mind, an excellent subject—a most telling, lively, and popular subject—I go to breakfast determined to finish that meal in 9¾ minutes, as usual, and then retire to my desk and work, when—oh, provoking!—here in the paper is the very subject treated, on which I was going to write! Yesterday another paper which I saw treated it—and of course, as I need not tell you, spoiled it. Last Saturday, another paper had an article on the subject; perhaps you may guess what it was—but I won't tell you. Only this is true, my favourite subject, which was about to make the best paper we have had for a long time; my bird, my game that I was going to shoot and serve up with such a delicate sauce, has been found by other sportsmen; and pop, pop, pop, a half-dozen of guns have banged at it, mangled it, and brought it down.

"And can't you take some other text?" say you. All this is mighty well. But if you have set your heart on a certain dish for dinner, be it cold boiled veal, or what you will; and they bring you turtle and venison, don't you feel disappointed? During your walk you have been making up your mind that that cold meat, with moderation and a pickle, will be a very sufficient dinner: you have accustomed your thoughts to it; and here, in place of it, is a turkey, surrounded by coarse sausages, or a reeking pigeon-pie, or a fulsome roast-pig. I have known many a good and kind man made furiously angry by such a *contretemps*. I have known him lose his temper, call his wife and servants names, and a whole household made miserable. If, then, as is notoriously the case, it is too dangerous to baulk a man about his dinner, how much more about his article? I came to my meal with an ogre-like appetite and gusto. Fee, faw, fum! Wife, where is that tender little Princekin? Have you trussed him, and did you stuff him nicely, and have you taken care to baste him and do him, not too brown, as I told you? Quick! I am hungry! I begin to whet my knife, to roll my eyes about, and roar and clap my huge chest like a gorilla; and then my poor Ogrina has to tell me that the little princes have all run away, whilst she was in the kitchen, making the paste to bake them in! I pause in the description. I won't condescend to report the bad language, which you know must ensue, when an ogre, whose mind is ill-regulated, and whose habits of self-indulgence are notorious, finds himself disappointed of his greedy hopes. What treatment of his wife, what abuse and brutal behaviour to his children, who, though ogrillons, are children! My dears, you may fancy, and need not ask my delicate pen to describe, the language and behaviour of a vulgar, coarse, greedy, large man with an immense mouth and teeth, that are too frequently employed in the gobbling and crunching of raw man's meat.

And in this circuitous way you see I have reached my present subject, which is, Ogres. You fancy they are dead or only fictitious characters—mythical representatives of strength, cruelty, stupidity, and lust for blood? Though they had seven-leagued boots, you remember all sorts of little whipping-snapping Tom Thumbs used to elude and outrun them. They were so stupid that they gave into the most shallow ambuscades and artifices: witness that well-known ogre who, because Jack cut open the hasty-pudding, instantly ripped open his own stupid waistcoat and interior. They were cruel, brutal, disgusting with their sharpened teeth, immense knives, and roaring voices: but they always ended by being overcome by little Tom Thumbkins, or some other smart little champion.

Yes; that they were conquered in the end, there is no doubt. They plunged headlong (and uttering the most frightful bad language) into some pit where Jack came with his smart *couteau de chasse* and whipped their brutal heads off. They would be going to devour maidens,

> "But ever when it seemed
> Their need was at the sorest,
> A knight, in armour bright,
> Came riding through the forest."

And, down after a combat, would go the brutal persecutor with a lance through his midriff. Yes, I say, this is very true and well. But you remember that round the ogre's cave, the ground was covered, for hundreds and hundreds of yards, *with the bones of the victims* whom he had lured into the castle. Many knights and maids came to him and perished under his knife and teeth. Were dragons the same as ogres? Monsters dwelling in caverns, whence they rushed, attired in plate armour, wielding pikes and torches, and destroying stray passengers who passed by their lair? Monsters, brutes, rapacious tyrants, ruffians, as they were, doubtless they ended by being overcome. But, before they were destroyed, they did a deal of mischief. The bones round their caves were countless. They had sent many brave souls to Hades, before their own fled, howling, out of their rascal carcasses, to the same place of gloom.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that fairies, champions, distressed damsels, and by consequence ogres have ceased to exist. It may not be *ogreable* to them (pardon the horrible pleasantry, but, as I am writing in the solitude of my chamber, I am grinding my teeth—yelling, roaring, and cursing—brandishing my scissors and paper-cutter, and, as it were, have become an ogre). I say there is no greater mistake than to suppose that ogres have ceased to exist. We all *know* ogres. Their caverns are round us, and about us. There are the castles of several ogres within a mile of the spot where I write. I think some of them suspect I am an ogre myself. I am not: but I know they are. I visit them. I don't mean to say that they take a cold roast prince out of the cupboard, and have a cannibal feast before *me*. But I see the bones

lying about the roads to their houses, and in the areas and gardens. Politeness, of course, prevents me from making any remarks; but I know them well enough. One of the ways to know 'em is to watch the scared looks of the ogres' wives and children. They lead an awful life. They are present at dreadful cruelties. In their excesses those ogres will stab about, and kill not only strangers who happen to call in and ask a night's lodging, but they will outrage, murder, and chop up their own kin. We all know ogres, I say, and have been in their dens often. It is not necessary that ogres who ask you to dine should offer their guests the *peculiar dish* which they like. They cannot always get a Tom Thumb family. They eat mutton and beef too; and I daresay even go out to tea, and invite you to drink it. But I tell you there are numbers of them going about in the world. And now you have my word for it, and this little hint, it is quite curious what an interest society may be made to have for you, by your determining to find out the ogres you meet there.

What does the man mean? says Mrs. Downright, to whom a joke is a very grave thing. I mean, madam, that in the company assembled in your genteel drawing-room, who bow here and there and smirk in white neckcloths, you receive men who elbow through life successfully enough, but who are ogres in private: men wicked, false, rapacious, flattering; cruel hectors at home; smiling courtiers abroad; causing wives, children, servants, parents, to tremble before them, and smiling and bowing as they bid strangers welcome into their castles. I say, there are men who have crunched the bones of victim after victim; in whose closets lie skeletons picked frightfully clean. When these ogres come out into the world, you don't suppose they show their knives, and their great teeth? A neat simple white neckcloth, a merry rather obsequious manner, a cadaverous look, perhaps, now and again, and a rather dreadful grin; but I know ogres very considerably respected: and when you hint to such and such a man, "My dear sir, Mr. Sharpus, whom you appear to like, is, I assure you, a most dreadful cannibal;" the gentleman cries, "Oh, psha, nonsense! Daresay not so black as he is painted. Daresay not worse than his neighbours." We condone everything in this country—private treason, falsehood, flattery, cruelty at home, roguery, and double dealing—What? Do you mean to say in your acquaintance you don't know ogres guilty of countless crimes of fraud and force, and that knowing them you don't shake hands with them; dine with them at your table; and meet them at their own? Depend upon it, in the time when there were real live ogres in real caverns or castles, gobbling up real knights and virgins—when they went into the world—the neighbouring market-town, let us say, or earl's castle; though their nature and reputation were pretty well known, their notorious foibles were never alluded to. You would say, "What, Blunderbore, my boy! How do you do? How well and fresh you look! What's the receipt you have for keeping so young and rosy?" And your wife would softly ask after Mrs. Blunderbore and

the dear children. Or it would be, "My dear Humguffin! try that pork. It is home-bred, home-fed, and, I promise you, tender. Tell me if you think it is as good as yours? John, a glass of Burgundy to Colonel Humguffin!" You don't suppose there would be any unpleasant allusions to disagreeable home-reports regarding Humguffin's manner of furnishing his larder? I say we all of us know ogres. We shake hands and dine with ogres. And if inconvenient moralists tell us we are cowards for our pains, we turn round with a *tu quoque*, or say that we don't meddle with other folk's affairs; that people are much less black than they are painted, and so on. What? Won't half the county go to Ogreham Castle? Won't some of the clergy say grace at dinner? Won't the mothers bring their daughters to dance with the young Rawheads? And if Lady Ogreham happens to die—I won't say to go the way of all flesh, that is too revolting—I say if Ogreham is a widower, do you aver, on your conscience and honour, that mothers will not be found to offer their young girls to supply the lamented lady's place? How stale this misanthropy is! Something must have disagreed with this cynic. Yes, my good woman. I daresay you would like to call another subject. Yes, my fine fellow; ogre at home, supple as a dancing-master abroad, and shaking in thy pumps, and wearing a horrible grin of sham gaiety to conceal thy terror, lest I should point thee out:—thou art prosperous and honoured, art thou? I say thou hast been a tyrant and a robber. Thou hast plundered the poor. Thou hast bullied the weak. Thou hast laid violent hands on the goods of the innocent and confiding. Thou hast made a prey of the meek and gentle who asked for thy protection. Thou hast been hard to thy kinsfolk, and cruel to thy family. Go, monster! Ah, when shall little Jack come and drill daylight through thy wicked cannibal carcass? I see the ogre pass on, bowing right and left to the company; and he gives a dreadful sidelong glance of suspicion as he is talking to my lord bishop in the corner there.

Ogres in our days need not be giants at all. In former times, and in children's books, where it is necessary to paint your moral in such large letters that there can be no mistake about it, ogres are made with that enormous mouth and *ratelier* which you know of, and with which they can swallow down a baby, almost without using that great knife which they always carry. They are too cunning now-a-days. They go about in society, slim, small, quietly dressed, and showing no especially great appetite. In my own young days there used to be play ogres—men who would devour a young fellow in one sitting, and leave him without a bit of flesh on his bones. They were quiet gentlemanlike-looking people. They got the young fellow into their cave. Champagne, paté de foie-gras, and numberless good things were handed about; and then, having eaten, the young man was devoured in his turn. I believe these card and dice ogres have died away almost as entirely as the hasty-pudding giants whom Tom Thumb overcame. Now, there are ogres in City courts who lure you into their dens. About our Cornish mines I am

told there are many most plausible ogres, who tempt you into their caverns and pick your bones there. In a certain newspaper there used to be lately a whole column of advertisements from ogres who would put on the most plausible, nay, piteous appearance, in order to inveigle their victims. You would read, "A tradesman, established for seventy years in the City, and known, and much respected by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Baring Brothers, has pressing need for three pounds until next Saturday. He can give security for half a million, and forty thousand pounds will be given for the use of the loan," and so on; or, "An influential body of capitalists are about to establish a company, of which the business will be enormous and the profits proportionately prodigious. They will require A SECRETARY, of good address and appearance, at a salary of two thousand per annum. He need not be able to write, but address and manners are absolutely necessary. As a mark of confidence in the company, he will have to deposit," &c.; or, "A young widow (of pleasing manners and appearance) who has a pressing necessity for four pounds ten for three weeks, offers her Erard's grand piano valued at three hundred guineas; a diamond cross of eight hundred pounds; and board and lodging in her elegant villa near Banbury Cross, with the best references and society, in return for the loan." I suspect these people are ogres. There are ogres and ogres. Polyphemus was a great, tall, one-eyed, notorious ogre, fetching his victims out of a hole, and gobbling them one after another. There could be no mistake about *him*. But so were the Syrens ogres—pretty blue-eyed things, peeping at you coaxingly from out of the water, and singing their melodious wheedles. And the bones round their caves were more numerous than the ribs, skulls, and thigh-bones round the cavern of hulking Polypheme.

To the castle-gates of some of these monsters up rides the dapper champion of the pen; puffs boldly upon the horn which hangs by the chain; enters the hall resolutely, and challenges the big tyrant sulking within. We defy him to combat, the enormous roaring ruffian! We give him a meeting on the green plain before his castle. Green? No wonder it should be green: it is manured with human bones. After a few graceful wheels and curvets, we take our ground. We stoop over our saddle. 'Tis but to kiss the locket of our lady-love's hair. And now the vizor is up: the lance is in rest (Gillott's iron is the point for me). A touch of the spur in the gallant sides of Pegasus, and we gallop at the great brute.

"Cut off his ugly head, Flibbertygibbet, my squire!" And who are these who pour out of the castle? the imprisoned maidens, the maltreated widows, the poor old hoary grandfathers, who have been locked up in the dungeons these scores and scores of years, writhing under the tyranny of that ruffian! Ah! ye knights of the pen! May honour be your shield and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him.

Morning Greetings.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XIX.

QU'OR EST BIEN À VINGT ANS.

FAIR correspondent—and I would parenthetically hint that all correspondents are *not* fair—points out the discrepancy existing between the text and the illustrations of our story; and justly remarks that the story dated more than twenty years back, while the costumes of the actors of our little comedy are of the fashion of to-day.

My dear madam, these anachronisms must be, or you would scarcely be able to keep any interest for our characters. What would be a woman without a crinoline petticoat, for example? an object ridiculous, hateful, I suppose hardly proper. What would you think of a hero who wore a large high black-satin stock cascading over a figured silk waistcoat, and a blue dress-coat, with brass buttons, mayhap? If a person so attired came up to ask you to dance, could you refrain from laughing? There was, when young men so decorated found favour in the eyes of damsels who had never beheld hooped petticoats, except in their grand-

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mothers' portraits. Persons who flourished in the first part of the century never thought to see the hoops of our ancestors' age rolled downwards to our contemporaries and children. Did we ever imagine that a period would arrive when our young men would part their hair down the middle, and wear a piece of tape for a neckcloth? As soon should we have thought of their dying their bodies with woad, and arraying themselves like ancient Britons. So the ages have their dress and undress; and the gentlemen and ladies of Victoria's time are satisfied with their manner of raiment; as no doubt in Boadicea's court they looked charming tattooed and painted blue.

The times of which we write, the times of Louis Philippe the king, are so altered from the present, that when Philip Firmin went to Paris it was absolutely a cheap place to live in; and he has often bragged in subsequent days of having lived well during a month for five pounds, and bought a neat waistcoat with a part of the money. "A capital bed-room, *au premier*, for a franc a day, sir," he would call all persons to remark, "a bedroom as good as yours, my lord, at Meurice's. Very good tea or coffee breakfast, twenty francs a month, with lots of bread and butter. Twenty francs a month for washing, and fifty for dinner and pocket-money—that's about the figure. The dinner, I own, is shy, unless I come and dine with my friends; and then I make up for banyan days." And so saying Philip would call out for more truffled partridges, or affably filled his goblet with my Lord Ringwood's best Sillery. "At those shops," he would observe, "where I dine, I have beer: I can't stand the wine. And you see, I can't go to the cheap English ordinaries, of which there are many, because English gentlemen's servants are there, you know, and it's not pleasant to sit with a fellow who waits on you the day after."

"Oh! the English servants go to the cheap ordinaries, do they?" asks my lord, greatly amused, "and you drink *bière de Mars* at the shop where you dine?"

"And dine very badly, too, I can tell you. Always come away hungry. Give me some champagne—the dry, if you please. They mix very well together—sweet and dry. Did you ever dine at Flicoteau's, Mr. Pecker?"

"*I* dine at one of your horrible two-franc houses?" cries Mr. Pecker, with a look of terror. "Do you know, my lord, there are actually houses where people dine for two francs?"

"Two francs! Seventeen sous!" bawls out Mr. Firmin. "The soup, the beef, the rôti, the salad, the dessert, and the whitey-brown bread at discretion. It's not a good dinner, certainly—in fact, it is a dreadful bad one. But to dine so would do some fellows a great deal of good."

"What do you say, Pecker? Flicoteau's; seventeen sous. We'll make a little party and try, and Firmin shall do the honours of his restaurant," says my lord, with a grin.

"Mercy!" gasps Mr. Pecker.

"I had rather dine here, if you please, my lord," says the young man. "This is cheaper, and certainly better."

My lord's doctor, and many of the guests at his table, my lord's henchmen, flatterers, and led captains, looked aghast at the freedom of the young fellow in the shabby coat. If *they* dared to be familiar with their host, there came a scowl over that noble countenance which was awful to face. They drank his corked wine in meekness of spirit. They laughed at his jokes trembling. One after another, they were the objects of his satire; and each grinned piteously, as he took his turn of punishment. Some dinners are dear, though they cost nothing. At some great tables are not toads served along with the entrées? Yes, and many amateurs are exceedingly fond of the dish.

How do Parisians live at all? is a question which has often set me wondering. How do men in public offices, with fifteen thousand francs, let us say, for a salary—and this, for a French official, is a high salary—live in handsome apartments; give genteel entertainments; clothe themselves and their families with much more sumptuous raiment than English people of the same station can afford; take their country holiday, a six weeks' sojourn *aux eaux;* and appear cheerful and to want for nothing? Paterfamilias, with six hundred a year in London, knows what a straitened life his is, with rent high, and beef at a shilling a pound. Well, in Paris, rent is higher and meat is dearer; and yet madame is richly dressed when you see her; monsieur has always a little money in his pocket for his club or his café; and something is pretty surely put away every year for the marriage portion of the young folks. "Sir," Philip used to say, describing this period of his life, on which and on most subjects regarding himself, by the way, he was wont to be very eloquent, "when my income was raised to five thousand francs a year, I give you my word I was considered to be rich by my French acquaintance. I gave four sous to the waiter at our dining-place:—in that respect I was always ostentatious:—and I believe they called me Milor. I should have been poor in the Rue de la Paix: but I was wealthy in the Luxembourg quarter. Don't tell me about poverty, sir! Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her, or truckle to her. Poverty is good-natured enough if you meet her like a man. You saw how my poor old father was afraid of her, and thought the world would come to an end if Dr. Firmin did not keep his butler, and his footman, and his fine house, and fine chariot and horses? He was a poor man, if you please. He must have suffered agonies in his struggle to make both ends meet. Everything he bought must have cost him twice the honest price; and when I think of nights that must have been passed without sleep—of that proud man having to smirk and cringe before creditors—to coax butchers, by George, and wheedle tailors—I pity him: I can't be angry any more. That man has suffered enough. As for me, haven't you remarked that since I have not a guinea in the world, I swagger, and am a much greater swell than before?" And the truth is that a Prince Royal could not have called for his *gens* with a more

magnificent air than Mr. Philip when he summoned the waiter, and paid for his *petit verre.*

Talk of poverty, indeed! That period, Philip vows, was the happiest of his life. He liked to tell in after days of the choice acquaintance of Bohemians which he had formed. Their jug, he said, though it contained but small beer, was always full. Their tobacco, though it bore no higher rank than that of caporal, was plentiful and fragrant. He knew some admirable medical students; some artists who only wanted talent and industry to be at the height of their profession; and one or two of the magnates of his own calling, the newspaper correspondents, whose houses and tables were open to him. It was wonderful what secrets of politics he learned and transmitted to his own paper. He pursued French statesmen of those days with prodigious eloquence and vigour. At the expense of that old king he was wonderfully witty and sarcastical. He reviewed the affairs of Europe, settled the destinies of Russia, denounced the Spanish marriages, disposed of the Pope, and advocated the liberal cause in France, with an untiring eloquence. "Absinthe used to be my drink, sir," so he was good enough to tell his friends. "It makes the ink run, and imparts a fine eloquence to the style. Mercy upon us, how I would belabour that poor King of the French under the influence of absinthe, in that café opposite the Bourse where I used to make my letter! Who knows, sir, perhaps the influence of those letters precipitated the fall of the Bourbon dynasty! Before I had an office, Gilligan, of the *Century*, and I used to do our letters at that café; we compared notes and pitched into each other amicably."

Gilligan of the *Century*, and Firmin of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, were, however, very minor personages amongst the London newspaper correspondents. Their seniors of the daily press had handsome apartments, gave sumptuous dinners, were closeted with ministers' secretaries, and entertained members of the Chamber of Deputies. Philip, on perfectly easy terms with himself and the world, swaggering about the embassy balls—Philip, the friend and relative of Lord Ringwood—was viewed by his professional seniors and superiors with an eye of favour, which was not certainly turned on all gentlemen following his calling. Certainly poor Gilligan was never asked to those dinners, which some of the newspaper ambassadors gave, whereas Philip was received not unhospitably. Gilligan received but a cold shoulder at Mrs. Morning Messenger's Thursdays; and as for being asked to dinner, bedad! "That fellow, Firmin, has an air with him which will carry him through anywhere!" Phil's brother correspondent owned. "He seems to patronize an ambassador when he goes up and speaks to him; and he says to a secretary, 'My good fellow, tell your master that Mr. Firmin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, wants to see him, and will thank him to step over to the Café de la Bourse.'" I don't think Philip for his part would have seen much matter of surprise in a minister stepping over to speak to him. To him all folk were alike, great and small: and it is recorded of him that when,

on one occasion, Lord Ringwood paid him a visit at his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, Philip affably offered his lordship a *cornet* of fried potatoes, with which, and plentiful tobacco of course, Philip and one or two of his friends were regaling themselves when Lord Ringwood chanced to call on his kinsman.

A crust and a carafon of small beer, a correspondence with a weekly paper, and a remuneration such as that we have mentioned,—was Philip Firmin to look for no more than this pittance, and not to seek for more permanent and lucrative employment? Some of his friends at home were rather vexed at what Philip chose to consider his good fortune; namely, his connection with the newspaper and the small stipend it gave him. He might quarrel with his employer any day. Indeed no man was more likely to fling his bread and butter out of window than Mr. Philip. He was losing precious time at the bar; where he, as hundreds of other poor gentlemen had done before him, might make a career for himself. For what are colonies made? Why do bankruptcies occur? Why do people break the peace and quarrel with policemen, but that barristers may be employed as judges, commissioners, magistrates? A reporter to a newspaper remains all his life a newspaper reporter. Philip, if he would but help himself, had friends in the world who might aid effectually to advance him. So it was we pleaded with him, in the language of moderation, urging the dictates of common sense. As if moderation and common sense could be got to move that mule of a Philip Firmin; as if any persuasion of ours could induce him to do anything but what he liked to do best himself!

"That *you* should be worldly, my poor fellow" (so Philip wrote to his present biographer)—"that you should be thinking of money and the main chance, is no matter of surprise to me. You have suffered under that curse of manhood, that destroyer of generosity in the mind, that parent of selfishness—a little fortune. You have your wretched hundreds" (my candid correspondent stated the sum correctly enough; and I wish it were double or treble; but that is not here the point:) "paid quarterly. The miserable pittance numbs your whole existence. It prevents freedom of thought and action. It makes a screw of a man who is certainly not without generous impulses, as I know, my poor old Harpagon: for hast thou not offered to open thy purse to me? I tell you I am sick of the way in which people in London, especially good people, think about money. You live up to your income's edge. You are miserably poor. You brag and flatter yourselves that you owe no man anything; but your estate has creditors upon it as insatiable as any usurer, and as hard as any bailiff. You call me reckless, and prodigal, and idle, and all sorts of names, because I live in a single room, do as little work as I can, and go about with holes in my boots: and you flatter yourself you are prudent, because you have a genteel house, a grave flunkey out of livery, and two greengrocers to wait when you give your half-dozen dreary dinner parties. Wretched man! You are a slave: not

a man. You are a pauper, with a good house, and good clothes. You are so miserably prudent, that all your money is spent for you, except the few wretched shillings which you allow yourself for pocket-money. You tremble at the expense of a cab. I believe you actually look at half-a-crown before you spend it. The landlord is your master. The livery-stablekeeper is your master. A train of ruthless, useless servants are your pitiless creditors, to whom you have to pay exorbitant dividends every day. I, with a hole in my elbow, who live upon a shilling dinner, and walk on cracked boot soles, am called extravagant, idle, reckless, I don't know what; while you, forsooth, consider yourself prudent. Miserable delusion! You are flinging away heaps of money on useless flunkeys, on useless maid-servants, on useless lodgings, on useless finery—and you say, 'Poor Phil! what a sad idler he is! how he flings himself away! in what a wretched, disreputable manner he lives!' Poor Phil is as rich as you are, for he has enough, and is content. Poor Phil can afford to be idle, and you can't. You must work in order to keep that great hulking footman, that great rawboned cook, that army of babbling nursery-maids, and I don't know what more. And if you choose to submit to the slavery and degradation inseparable from your condition;—the wretched inspection of candle-ends, which you call order;—the mean self-denials, which you must daily practise—I pity you, and don't quarrel with you. But I wish you would not be so insufferably virtuous, and ready with your blame and pity for *me?* If I am happy, pray need you be disquieted? Suppose I prefer independence, and shabby boots? Are not these better than to be pinched by your abominable varnished conventionalism, and to be denied the liberty of free action? My poor fellow, I pity you from my heart; and it grieves me to think how those fine honest children—honest, and hearty, and frank, and open as yet—are to lose their natural good qualities, and to be swathed, and swaddled, and stifled out of health and honesty by that obstinate worldling their father. Don't tell *me* about the world, I know it. People sacrifice the next world to it, and are all the while proud of their prudence. Look at my miserable relations, steeped in respectability. Look at my father. There is a chance for him, now he is down and in poverty. I have had a letter from him, containing more of that dreadful worldly advice which you Pharisees give. If it weren't for Laura and the children, sir, I heartily wish you were ruined like your affectionate—P. F.

"N.B., P.S.—Oh, Pen! I am so happy! She is such a little darling! I bathe in her innocence, sir! I strengthen myself in her purity. I kneel before her sweet goodness and unconsciousness of guile. I walk from my room, and see her every morning before seven o'clock. I see her every afternoon. She loves you and Laura. And you love her, don't you? And to think that six months ago I was going to marry a woman without a heart! Why, sir, blessings be on the poor old father for spending our money, and rescuing me from that horrible fate! I might have been like that fellow in the *Arabian Nights*, who married Amina—

the respectable woman, who dined upon grains of rice, but supped upon cold dead body. Was it not worth all the money I ever was heir to, to have escaped from that ghoul? Lord Ringwood says he thinks I was well out of that. He calls people by Anglo-Saxon names, and uses very expressive monosyllables; and of aunt Twysden, of uncle Twysden, of the girls, and their brother, he speaks in a way which makes me see he has come to just conclusions about them.

"PS. No. 2.—Ah, Pen! She is such a darling. I think I am the happiest man in the world."

And this was what came of being ruined! A scapegrace, who, when he had plenty of money in his pocket, was ill-tempered, imperious, and discontented; now that he is not worth twopence, declares himself the happiest fellow in the world! Do you remember, my dear, how he used to grumble at our claret, and what wry faces he made, when there was only cold meat for dinner? The wretch is absolutely contented with bread and cheese and small-beer—even that bad beer which they have in Paris!

Now and again, at this time, and as our mutual avocations permitted, I saw Philip's friend, the Little Sister. He wrote to her dutifully from time to time. He told her of his love affair with Miss Charlotte; and my wife and I could console Caroline, by assuring her that this time the young man's heart was given to a worthy mistress. I say console, for the news, after all, was sad for her. In the little chamber which she always kept ready for him, he would lie awake, and think of some one dearer to him than a hundred poor Carolines. She would devise something that should be agreeable to the young lady. At Christmas time there came to Miss Baynes a wonderfully worked cambric pocket-handkerchief, with "Charlotte" most beautifully embroidered in the corner. It was this poor widow's mite of love and tenderness which she meekly laid down in the place where she worshipped. "And I have six for him, too, ma'am," Mrs. Brandon told my wife. "Poor fellow! His shirts was in a dreadful way when he went away from here, and that you know, ma'am." So you see this wayfarer, having fallen among undoubted thieves, yet found many kind souls to relieve him, and many a good Samaritan ready with his twopence, if need were.

The reason why Philip was the happiest man in the world of course you understand. French people are very early risers; and, at the little hotel where Mr. Philip lived, the whole crew of the house were up hours before lazy English masters and servants think of stirring. At ever so early an hour Phil had a fine bowl of coffee and milk and bread for his breakfast; and he was striding down to the Invalides, and across the bridge to the Champs Elysées, and the fumes of his pipe preceded him with a pleasant odour. And a short time after passing the Rond Point in the Elysian fields, where an active fountain was flinging up showers of diamonds to the sky,—after, I say, leaving the Rond Point on his right, and passing under umbrageous groves in the direction of the present

Castle of Flowers, Mr. Philip would see a little person. Sometimes a young sister or brother came with the little person. Sometimes only a blush fluttered on her cheek, and a sweet smile beamed in her face as she came forward to greet him. For the angels were scarce purer than this young maid; and Una was no more afraid of the lion, than Charlotte of her companion with the loud voice and the tawny mane. I would not have envied that reprobate's lot who should have dared to say a doubtful word to this Una: but the truth is, she never thought of danger, or met with any. The workmen were going to their labour; the dandies were asleep; and considering their age, and the relationship in which they stood to one another, I am not surprised at Philip for announcing that this was the happiest time of his life. In later days, when two gentlemen of mature age happened to be in Paris together, what must Mr. Philip Firmin do but insist upon walking me sentimentally to the Champs Elysées, and looking at an old house there, a rather shabby old house in a garden. "That was the place," sighs he. "That was Madame de Smolensk's. That was the window, the third one, with the green jalousie. By Jove, sir, how happy and how miserable I have been behind that green blind!" And my friend shakes his large fist at the somewhat dilapidated mansion, whence Madame de Smolensk and her boarders have long since departed.

I fear that baroness had engaged in her enterprise with insufficient capital, or conducted it with such liberality that her profits were eaten up by her boarders. I could tell dreadful stories impugning the baroness's moral character. People said she had no right to the title of baroness at all, or to the noble foreign name of Smolensk. People are still alive who knew her under a different name. The baroness herself was what some amateurs call a fine woman, especially at dinner-time, when she appeared in black satin and with cheeks that blushed up as far as the eyelids. In her peignoir in the morning, she was perhaps the reverse of fine. Contours which were round at night, in the forenoon appeared lean and angular. Her roses only bloomed half an hour before dinner-time on a cheek which was quite yellow until five o'clock. I am sure it is very kind of elderly and ill-complexioned people to supply the ravages of time or jaundice, and present to our view a figure blooming and agreeable, in place of an object faded and withered. Do you quarrel with your opposite neighbour for painting his house front or putting roses in his balcony? You are rather thankful for the adornment. Madame de Smolensk's front was so decorated of afternoons. Geraniums were set pleasantly under those first-floor windows, her eyes. Carcel lamps beamed from those windows: lamps which she had trimmed with her own scissors, and into which that poor widow poured the oil which she got somehow and anyhow. When the dingy breakfast papillotes were cast of an afternoon, what beautiful black curls appeared round her brow! The dingy papillotes were put away in the drawer: the peignoir retired to its hook behind the door: the satin raiment came forth, the shining, the ancient, the well-kept, the well-wadded: and at

the same moment the worthy woman took that smile out of some cunning box on her scanty toilet-table—that smile which she wore all the evening along with the rest of her toilette, and took out of her mouth when she went to bed and to think—to think how both ends were to be made to meet.

Philip said he respected and admired that woman: and worthy of respect she was in her way. She painted her face and grinned at poverty. She laughed and rattled with care gnawing at her side. She had to coax the milkman out of his human kindness: to pour oil—his own oil—upon the stormy épicier's soul: to melt the butterman: to tap the wine merchant: to mollify the butcher: to invent new pretexts for the landlord: to reconcile the lady boarders, Mrs. General Baynes, let us say, and the Honourable Mrs. Boldero, who were always quarrelling: to see that the dinner, when procured, was cooked properly; that François, to whom she owed ever so many months' wages, was not too rebellious or intoxicated; that Auguste, also her creditor, had his glass clean and his lamps in order. And this work done and the hour of six o'clock arriving, she had to carve and be agreeable to her table; not to hear the growls of the discontented (and at what table-d'hôte are there not grumblers?); to have a word for everybody present; a smile and a laugh for Mrs. Bunch (with whom there had been very likely a dreadful row in the morning); a remark for the colonel; a polite phrase for the general's lady; and even a good word and compliment for sulky Auguste, who just before dinner-time had unfolded the napkin of mutiny about his wages.

Was not this enough work for a woman to do? To conduct a great house without sufficient money, and make soup, fish, roasts, and half a dozen entrées out of wind as it were? to conjure up wine in piece and by the dozen? to laugh and joke without the least gaiety? to receive scorn, abuse, rebuffs, insolence, with gay good-humour? and then to go to bed wearied at night, and have to think about figures and that dreadful, dreadful sum in arithmetic—given, 5*l.* to pay 6*l.*? Lady Macbeth is supposed to have been a resolute woman: and great, tall, loud, hectoring females are set to represent the character. I say No. She was a weak woman. She began to walk in her sleep, and blab after one disagreeable little incident had occurred in her house. She broke down, and got all the people away from her own table in the most abrupt and clumsy manner, because that drivelling, epileptic husband of hers fancied he saw a ghost. In Lady Smolensk's place Madame de Macbeth would have broken down in a week, and Smolensk lasted for years. If twenty gibbering ghosts had come to the boarding-house dinner, madame would have gone on carving her dishes, and smiling and helping the live guests, the paying guests; leaving the dead guests to gibber away and help themselves. "My poor father had to keep up appearances," Phil would say, recounting these things in after days; "but how? You know he always looked as if he was going to be hung." Smolensk was the gayest

of the gay always. That widow would have tripped up to her funeral pile and kissed her hands to her friends with a smiling "Bon jour!"

"Pray, who was Monsieur de Smolensk?" asks a simple lady who may be listening to our friend's narrative.

"Ah, my dear lady! there was a pretty disturbance in the house when *that* question came to be mooted, I promise you," says our friend, laughing, as he recounts his adventures. And, after all, what does it matter to you and me and this story who Smolensk was? I am sure this poor lady had hardships enough in her life campaign, and that Ney himself could not have faced fortune with a constancy more heroical.

Well. When the Bayneses first came to her house, I tell you Smolensk and all round her smiled, and our friends thought they were landed in a real rosy Elysium in the Champs of that name. Madame had a *Carrick à l'Indienne* prepared in compliment to her guests. She had had many Indians in her establishment. She adored Indians. *N'était ce la polygamie*—they were most estimable people the Hindus. Surtout, she adored Indian shawls. That of Madame la Générale was ravishing. The company at Madame's was pleasant. The Honourable Mrs. Boldero was a dashing woman of fashion and respectability, who had lived in the best world—it was easy to see that. The young ladies' duets were very striking. The Honourable Mr. Boldero was away shooting in Scotland at his brother, Lord Strongitharm's, and would take Gaberlunzie Castle and the duke's on his way south. Mrs. Baynes did not know Lady Estridge, the ambassadress? When the Estridges returned from Chantilly, the Honourable Mrs. B. would be delighted to introduce her. "Your pretty girl's name is Charlotte? So is Lady Estridge's—and very nearly as tall;—fine girls the Estridges; fine long necks—large feet—but your girl, Lady Baynes, has beautiful feet. Lady Baynes, I said? Well, you must be Lady Baynes soon. The general *must* be a K.C.B. after his services. What, you know Lord Trim? He will, and must, do it for you. If not, my brother Strongitharm shall." I have no doubt Mrs. Baynes was greatly elated by the attentions of Lord Strongitharm's sister; and looked him out in the *Peerage*, where his lordship's arms, pedigree, and residence of Gaberlunzie Castle are duly recorded. The Honourable Mrs. Boldero's daughters, the Misses Minna and Brenda Boldero, played some rattling sonatas on a piano which was a good deal fatigued by their exertions, for the young ladies' hands were very powerful. And madame said, "Thank you," with her sweetest smile; and Auguste handed about on a silver tray—I say silver, so that the convenances may not be wounded—well, say silver that was blushing to find itself copper—handed up on a tray a white drink which made the Baynes boys cry out, "I say, mother, what's this beastly thing?" On which madame, with the sweetest smile, appealed to the company, and said, "They love orgeat, these dear infants!" and resumed her picquet with old M. Bidois—that odd old gentleman in the long brown coat, with the red ribbon, who took so much snuff and blew his nose so often and so loudly. One, two, three rattling sonatas

Minna and Brenda played; Mr. Clancy, of Trinity College, Dublin (M. de Clanci, madame called him), turning over the leaves, and presently being persuaded to sing some Irish melodies for the ladies. I don't think Miss Charlotte Baynes listened to the music much. She was listening to another music, which she and Mr. Firmin were performing together. Oh, how pleasant that music used to be! There was a sameness in it, I dare say, but still it was pleasant to hear the air over again. The pretty little duet *à quatre mains*, where the hands cross over, and hop up and down the keys, and the heads get so close, so close. Oh, duets, oh, regrets! Psha! no more of this. Go downstairs, old dotard. Take your hat and umbrella and go walk by the sea-shore, and whistle a toothless old solo. "These are our quiet nights," whispers M. de Clanci to the Baynes ladies, when the evening draws to an end. "Madame's Thursdays are, I promise ye, much more fully attended." Good night, good night. A squeeze of a little hand, a hearty hand-shake from papa and mamma, and Philip is striding through the dark Elysian fields and over the Place of Concord to his lodgings in the Fanbourg St. Germain. Or, stay! What is that glowworm beaming by the wall opposite Madame de Smolensk's house?—a glowworm that wafts an aromatic incense and odour? I do believe it is Mr. Philip's cigar. And he is watching, watching at a window by which a slim figure flits now and again. Then darkness falls on the little window. The sweet eyes are closed. Oh, blessings, blessings be upon them! The stars shine overhead. And homeward stalks Mr. Firmin, talking to himself, and brandishing a great stick.

I wish that poor Madame Smolensk could sleep as well as the people in her house. But care, with the cold feet, gets under the coverlid, and says, "Here I am; you know that bill is coming due to-morrow." Ah, atra cura! can't you leave the poor thing a little quiet? Hasn't she had work enough all day?

CHAPTER XX.

Course of True Love.

WE beg the gracious reader to remember that Mr. Philip's business at Paris was only with a weekly London paper as yet; and hence that he had on his hands a great deal of leisure. He could glance over the state of Europe; give the latest news from the salons imparted to him, I do believe, for the most part, by some brother hireling scribes; be present at all the theatres by deputy; and smash Louis Philippe or Messieurs Guizot and Thiers in a few easily turned paragraphs, which cost but a very few hours' labour to that bold and rapid pen. A wholesome though humiliating thought it must be to great and learned public writers, that their eloquent sermons are but for the day; and that, having read what the philosophers say on Tuesday or Wednesday, we think about their yesterday's sermons or essays no more. A score of years hence, men will read the papers of 1861 for the occurrences narrated—births, marriages, bankruptcies, elections, murders, deaths, and so forth; and not for the leading articles. "Though there were some of my letters," Mr. Philip would say, in after times, "that I fondly fancied the world would not willingly let die. I wanted to have them or see them reprinted in a volume, but I could find no publisher willing to undertake the risk. A fond being, who fancies there is genius in everything I say or write, would have had me reprint my letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette;* but I was too timid, or she, perhaps, was too confident. The letters never were republished. Let them pass." They *have* passed. And he sighs, in mentioning this circumstance; and I think tries to persuade himself, rather than others, that he is an unrecognized genius.

"And then, you know," he pleads, "I was in love, sir, and spending all my days at Omphale's knees. I didn't do justice to my powers. If I had had a daily paper, I still think I might have made a good public writer; and that I had the stuff in me—the stuff in me, sir!"

The truth is that, if he had had a daily paper, and ten times as much

work as fell to his lot, Mr. Philip would have found means of pursuing his inclination, as he ever through life has done. The being, whom a young man wishes to see, he sees. What business is superior to that of seeing her? 'Tis a little Hellespontine matter keeps Leander from his Hero? He would die rather than not see her. Had he swum out of that difficulty on that stormy night, and carried on a few months later, it might have been, "Beloved! my cold and rheumatism are so severe that the doctor says I must not *think* of cold bathing at night;" or, "Dearest! we have a party at tea, and you mustn't expect your ever fond Lambda to-night," and so forth, and so forth. But in the heat of his passion water could not stay him; tempests could not frighten him; and in one of them he went down, while poor Hero's lamp was twinkling and spending its best flame in vain. So Philip came from Sestos to Abydos daily—across one of the bridges, and paying a halfpenny toll very likely—and, late or early, poor little Charlotte's virgin lamps were lighted in her eyes, and watching for him.

Philip made many sacrifices, mind you: sacrifices which all men are not in the habit of making. When Lord Ringwood was in Paris, twice, thrice he refused to dine with his lordship, until that nobleman smelt a rat, as the saying is—and said, "Well, youngster, I suppose you are going where there is metal more attractive. When you come to twelve lustres, my boy, you'll find vanity and vexation in that sort of thing, and a good dinner better, and cheaper, too, than the best of them." And when some of Philip's rich college friends met him in his exile, and asked him to the Rocher or the Trois Frères, he would break away from those banquets; and as for meeting at those feasts doubtful companions, whom young men will sometimes invite to their entertainments, Philip turned from such with scorn and anger. His virtue was loud, and he proclaimed it loudly. He expected little Charlotte to give him credit for it, and told her of his self-denial. And she believed anything he said; and delighted in everything he wrote; and copied out his articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette;* and treasured his poems in her desk of desks: and there never was in all Sestos, in all Abydos, in all Europe, in all Asia Minor or Asia Major, such a noble creature as Leander, Hero thought; never, never! I hope, young ladies, you may all have a Leander on his way to the tower where the light of your love is burning steadfastly. I hope, young gentlemen, you have each of you a beacon in sight, and may meet with no mishap in swimming to it.

From my previous remarks regarding Mrs. Baynes, the reader has been made aware that the general's wife was no more faultless than the rest of her fellow-creatures; and having already candidly informed the public that the writer and his family were no favourites of this lady, I have now the pleasing duty of recording my own opinions regarding *her*. Mrs. General B. was an early riser. She was a frugal woman; fond of her young, or, let us say, anxious to provide for their maintenance; and here, with my best compliments, I think the catalogue of her good qualities is

ended. She had a bad, violent temper; a disagreeable person, attired in very bad taste; a shrieking voice; and two manners, the respectful and the patronizing, which were both alike odious. When she ordered Baynes to marry her, gracious powers! why did he not run away? Who dared first to say that marriages are made in heaven? We know that there are not only blunders, but roguery in the marriage office. Do not mistakes occur every day, and are not the wrong people coupled? Had Heaven anything to do with the bargain by which young Miss Blushrose was sold to old Mr. Hoarfrost? Did Heaven order young Miss Tripper to throw over poor Tom Spooner, and marry the wealthy Mr. Bung? You may as well say that horses are sold in heaven, which, as you know, are groomed, are doctored, are chanted on to the market, and warranted by dexterous horse-vendors, as possessing every quality of blood, pace, temper, age. Against these Mr. Greenhorn has his remedy sometimes; but against a mother who sells you a warranted daughter, what remedy is there? You have been jockeyed by false representations into bidding for the Cecilia, and the animal is yours for life. She shies, kicks, stumbles, has an infernal temper, is a crib-biter—and she was warranted to you by her mother as the most perfect, good-tempered creature, whom the most timid might manage! You have bought her. She is yours. Heaven bless you! Take her home, and be miserable for the rest of your days. You have no redress. You have done the deed. Marriages were made in heaven, you know; and in yours you were as much sold as Moses Primrose was when he bought the gross of green spectacles.

I don't think poor General Baynes ever had a proper sense of his situation, or knew how miserable he ought by rights to have been. He was not uncheerful at times: a silent man, liking his rubber and his glass of wine; a very weak person in the common affairs of life, as his best friends must own; but, as I have heard, a very tiger in action. "I know your opinion of the general," Philip used to say to me, in his grandiloquent way. "You despise men who don't bully their wives; you do, sir! You think the general weak, I know, I know. Other brave men were so about women, as I daresay you have heard. This man, so weak at home, was mighty on the war-path; and in his wigwam are the scalps of countless warriors."

"In his wig *what?*" say I. The truth is, on his meek head the general wore a little curling chesnut top-knot, which looked very queer and out of place over that wrinkled and war-worn face.

"If you choose to laugh at your joke, pray do," says Phil, majestically. "I make a noble image of a warrior. You prefer a barber's pole. *Bon!* Pass me the wine. The veteran whom I hope to salute as father ere long—the soldier of twenty battles;—who saw my own brave grandfather die at his side—die at Busaco, by George; you laugh at an account of his wig. It's a capital joke." And here Phil scowled and slapped the table, and passed his hand across his eyes, as though the death of his grandfather, which occurred long before Philip was born, caused him a very serious

pang of grief. Philip's newspaper business brought him to London on occasions. I think it was on one of these visits, that we had our talk about General Baynes. And it was at the same time Philip described the boarding-house to us, and its inmates, and the landlady, and the doings there.

For that struggling landlady, as for all women in distress, our friend had a great sympathy and liking; and she returned Philip's kindness by being very good to Mademoiselle Charlotte, and very forbearing with the general's wife and his other children. The appetites of those little ones were frightful, the temper of Madame la Générale was almost intolerable, but Charlotte was an angel, and the general was a mutton—a true mutton. Her own father had been so. The brave are often muttons at home. I suspect that, though madame could have made but little profit by the general's family, his monthly payments were very welcome to her meagre little exchequer. "Ah! if all my locataries were like him!" sighed the poor lady. "That Madame Boldero, whom the generaless treats always as Honourable, I wish I was as sure of her! And others again!"

I never kept a boarding-house, but I am sure there must be many painful duties attendant on that profession. What can you do if a lady or gentleman doesn't pay his bill? Turn him or her out? Perhaps the very thing that lady or gentleman would desire. They go. Those trunks which you have insanely detained, and about which you have made a fight and a scandal, do not contain a hundred francs' worth of goods, and your creditors never come back again. You do not like to have a row in a boarding-house any more than you would like to have a party with scarlet-fever in your best bedroom. The scarlet-fever party stays, and the other boarders go away. What, you ask, do I mean by this mystery? I am sorry to have to give up names, and titled names. I am sorry to say the Honourable Mrs. Boldero did not pay her bills. She was waiting for remittances, which the Honourable Boldero was dreadfully remiss in sending. A dreadful man! He was still at his lordship's at Gaberlunzie Castle, shooting the wild deer and hunting the roe. And though the Honourable Mrs. B.'s heart was in the Highlands, of course, how could she join her Highland chief without the money to pay madame? The Highlands, indeed! One dull day it came out that the Honourable Boldero was amusing himself in the Highlands of Hesse Homburg; and engaged in the dangerous sport which is to be had in the green plains about Loch Badenbadenoch!

"Did you ever hear of such depravity? The woman is a desperate and unprincipled adventuress! I wonder madame dares to put me and my children and my general down at table with such people as those, Philip!" cries madame la générale. "I mean those opposite—that woman and her two daughters who haven't paid madame a shilling for three months—who owes me five hundred francs, which she borrowed until next Tuesday, expecting a remittance—a pretty remittance indeed—from Lord Strongitharm. Lord Strongitharm, I daresay! And she pretends to be most

intimate at the embassy; and that she would introduce us there, and at the Tuileries: and she told me Lady Garterton had the small-pox in the house; and when I said all ours had been vaccinated, and I didn't mind, she fobbed me off with some other excuse; and it's my belief the woman's a *humbug*. Overhear me! I don't care if she *does* overhear me. No. You may look as much as you like, my *Honourable* Mrs. Boldero; and I don't care if you do overhear me. Ogoost! Pomdytare pour le général! How tough madame's boof is, and it's boof, boof, boof every day, till I'm sick of boof. Ogoost! why don't you attend to my children?" And so forth.

By this report of the worthy woman's conversation, you will see that the friendship which had sprung up between the two ladies had come to an end, in consequence of painful pecuniary disputes between them; that to keep a boarding-house can't be a very pleasant occupation; and that even to dine in a boarding-house must be only bad fun when the company is frightened and dull, and when there are two old women at table ready to fling the dishes at each other's fronts. At the period of which I now write, I promise you, there was very little of the piano-duet business going on after dinner. In the first place, everybody knew the girls' pieces; and when they began, Mrs. General Baynes would lift up a voice louder than the jingling old instrument, thumped Minna and Brenda ever so loudly. "Perfect strangers to me, Mr. Clancy, I assure you. Had I known her, you don't suppose I would have lent her the money. Honourable Mrs. Boldero, indeed! Five weeks she has owed me five hundred frongs. Bong swor, Monsieur Bidois! Sang song frong pas payy encor! Prommy, pas payy!" Fancy, I say, what a dreary life that must have been at the select boarding-house, where these two parties were doing battle daily after dinner! Fancy, at the select soirées, the general's lady seizing upon one guest after another, and calling out her wrongs, and pointing to the wrong-doer; and poor Madame Smolensk, smirking, and smiling, and flying from one end of the salon to the other, and thanking M. Pivoine for his charming romance, and M. Brumm for his admirable performance on the violoncello, and even asking those poor Miss Bolderos to perform their duet—for her heart melted towards them. Not ignorant of evil, she had learned to succour the miserable. She knew what poverty was, and had to coax scowling duns, and wheedle vulgar creditors. "Tenez, Monsieur Philippe," she said, "the générale is too cruel. There are others here who might complain, and are silent." Philip felt all this; the conduct of his future mother-in-law filled him with dismay and horror. And some time after these remarkable circumstances, he told me, blushing as he spoke, a humiliating secret. "Do you know, sir," says he, "that that autumn I made a pretty good thing of it with one thing or another. I did my work for the *Pall Mall Gazette:* and Smith of the *Daily Intelligencer*, wanting a month's holiday, gave me his letter and ten francs a day. And at that very time I met Redman, who had owed me twenty pounds ever since we were at college, and who was

just coming back flush from Hombourg, and paid me. Well, now. Swear you won't tell. Swear on your faith as a Christian man! With this money I went, sir, privily to Mrs. Boldero. I said if she would pay the dragon—I mean Mrs. Baynes—I would lend her the money. And I *did* lend her the money, and the Boldero never paid back Mrs. Baynes. Don't mention it. Promise me you won't tell Mrs. Baynes. I never expected to get Redman's money you know, and am no worse off than before. One day of the Grandes Eaux we went to Versailles I think, and the Honourable Mrs. Boldero gave us the slip. She left the poor girls behind her in pledge, who, to do them justice, cried and were in a dreadful way; and when Mrs. Baynes, on our return, began shrieking about her 'sang song frong,' Madam Smolensk fairly lost patience for once, and said, 'Mais, madame, vous nous fatiguez avec vos cinq cent francs;' on which the other muttered something about 'Ansolong,' but was briskly taken up by her husband, who said, 'By George, Eliza, madame is quite right. And I wish the five hundred francs were in the sea.'"

Thus, you understand, if Mrs. General Baynes thought some people were "stuck-up people," some people can—and hereby do by these presents—pay off Mrs. Baynes, by furnishing the public with a candid opinion of that lady's morals, manners, and character. How could such a shrewd woman be dazzled so repeatedly by ranks and titles? There used to dine at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house a certain German baron, with a large finger ring, upon a dingy finger, towards whom the lady was pleased to cast the eye of favour, and who chose to fall in love with her pretty daughter; young Mr. Clancy, the Irish poet, was also smitten with the charms of the fair young lady; and this intrepid mother encouraged both suitors, to the unspeakable agonies of Philip Firmin, who felt often that whilst he was away at his work these inmates of Madame Smolensk's house were near his charmer—at her side at lunch, ever handing her the cup at breakfast, on the watch for her when she walked forth in the garden; and I take the pangs of jealousy to have formed a part of those unspeakable sufferings which Philip said he endured in the house whither he came courting.

Little Charlotte, in one or two of her letters to her friends in Queen Square, London, meekly complained of Philip's tendency to jealousy. "Does he think, after knowing him, I can think of these horrid men?" she asked. "I don't understand what Mr. Clancy is talking about, when he comes to me with his 'pomes and potry;' and who can read poetry like Philip himself? Then the German baron—who does not call even himself baron: it is mamma who will insist upon calling him so—has such very dirty things, and smells so of cigars, that I don't like to come near him. Philip smokes too, but his cigars are quite pleasant. Ah, dear friend, how *could* he ever think such men as these were to be put in comparison with him! And he scolds so; and scowls at the poor men in the evening when he comes! and his temper is so high! Do say a *word* to him—quite cautiously and gently, you know—in behalf of your

fondly attached and most happy—only he will make me unhappy sometimes; but you'll prevent him, won't you?—CHARLOTTE B."

I could fancy Philip hectoring through the part of Othello, and his poor young Desdemona not a little frightened at his black humours. Such sentiments as Mr. Philip felt strongly, he expressed with an uproar. Charlotte's correspondent, as usual, made light of these little domestic confidences and grievances. "Women don't dislike a jealous scolding," she said. "It may be rather tiresome, but it is always a compliment. Some husbands think so well of themselves, that they can't condescend to be jealous." Yes, I say, women prefer to have tyrants over them. A scolding you think is a mark of attention. Hadn't you better adopt the Russian system at once, and go out and buy me a whip, and present it to me with a curtsey, and your compliments; and a meek prayer that I should use it. "Present you a whip! present you a goose!" says the lady, who encourages scolding in other husbands, it seems, but won't suffer a word from her own.

Both disputants had set their sentimental hearts on the marriage of this young man and this young woman. Little Charlotte's heart was so bent on the match, that it would break, we fancied, if she were disappointed; and in her mother's behaviour we felt, from the knowledge we had of the woman's disposition, there was a serious cause for alarm. Should a better offer present itself, Mrs. Baynes, we feared, would fling over poor Philip: or, it was in reason and nature, that he would come to a quarrel with her, and in the course of the pitched battle which must ensue between them, he would fire off expressions mortally injurious. Are there not many people, in every one's acquaintance, who, as soon as they have made a bargain, repent of it? Philip, as "preserver" of General Baynes, in the first fervour of family gratitude for that act of self-sacrifice on the young man's part, was very well. But gratitude wears out; or suppose a woman says, "It is my duty to my child to recal my word; and not allow her to fling herself away on a beggar." Suppose that you and I, strongly inclined to do a mean action, get a good, available, and moral motive for it? I trembled for poor Philip's course of true love, and little Charlotte's chances, when these surmises crossed my mind. There was a hope still in the honour and gratitude of General Baynes. *He* would not desert his young friend and benefactor. Now General Baynes was a brave man of war, and so was John of Marlborough a brave man of war; but it is certain that both were afraid of their wives.

We have said by whose invitation and encouragement General Baynes was induced to bring his family to the boarding-house at Paris; the instigation, namely, of his friend and companion in arms, the gallant Colonel Bunch. When the Baynes family arrived, the Bunches were on the steps of madame's house, waving a welcome to the new-comers. It was, "Here we are, Bunch, my boy." "Glad to see you, Baynes. Right well you're looking, and so 's Mrs. B." And the general replies, "And so are you,

Bunch; and so do *you*, Mrs. B." "How do, boys? Hoy d'you do, Miss Charlotte? Come to show the Paris fellows what a pretty girl is, hey? Blooming like a rose, Baynes!" "I'm telling the general," cries the colonel to the general's lady, "the girl's the very image of her mother." In this case poor Charlotte must have looked like a yellow rose, for Mrs. Baynes was of a bilious temperament and complexion, whereas Miss Charlotte was as fresh pink and white as—what shall we say?—as the very freshest strawberries mingled with the very nicest cream.

The two old soldiers were of very great comfort to one another. They toddled down to Galignani's together daily, and read the papers there. They went and looked at the reviews in the Carrousel, and once or twice to the Champ de Mars;—recognizing here and there the numbers of the regiments against which they had been engaged in the famous ancient wars. They did not brag in the least about their achievements, they winked and understood each other. They got their old uniforms out of their old boxes, and took a *voiture de remise*, by Jove! and went to be presented to Louis Philippe. They bought a catalogue; and went to the Louvre, and wagged their honest old heads before the pictures; and, I daresay, winked and nudged each other's brave old sides at some of the nymphs in the statue gallery. They went out to Versailles with their families; loyally stood treat to the ladies at the restaurateur's. (Bunch had taken down a memorandum in his pocket-book from Benyon, who had been the duke's aide-de-camp in the last campaign, to "go to Beauvillier's," only Beauvillier's had been shut up for twenty years). They took their families and Charlotte to the Théâtre Français, to a tragedy; and they had books: and they said it was the most confounded nonsense they ever saw in their lives; and I am bound to say that Bunch, in the back of the box, snored so, that, though in retirement, he created quite a sensation. "Corneal," he owns, was too much for him: give him Shakspeare: give him John Kemble: give him Mrs. Siddons: give him Mrs. Jordan. But as for this sort of thing? "I think our play days are over, Baynes,—hey?" And I also believe that Miss Charlotte Baynes, whose knowledge of the language was imperfect as yet, was very much bewildered during the tragedy, and could give but an imperfect account of it. But then Philip Firmin was in the orchestra stalls; and had he not sent three bouquets for the three ladies, regretting that he could not come to see somebody in the Champs Elysées, because it was his post day, and he must write his letter for the *Pall Mall Gazette?* There he was, *her* Cid; her peerless champion: and to give up father and mother for *him?* our little Chimène thought such a sacrifice not too difficult. After that dismal attempt at the theatre, the experiment was not repeated. The old gentlemen preferred their whist, to those pompous Alexandrines sung through the nose, which Colonel Bunch, a facetious little colonel, used to imitate, and, I am given to understand, very badly.

The good gentleman's ordinary amusement was a game at cards after

dinner; and they compared madame's to an East Indian ship, quarrels and all. Selina went on just in that way on board the *Burrumpooter*. Always rows about precedence, and the services, and the deuce knows what. Women always will. Selina Bunch went on in that way: and Eliza Baynes also went on in that way: but I should think, from the most trustworthy information, that Eliza was worse than Selina.

"About any person with a title, that woman will make a fool of herself to the end of the chapter," remarked Selina of her friend. "You remember how she used to go on at Barrackpore about that little shrimp Stoney Battersby, because he was an Irish viscount's son? See how she flings herself at the head of this Mrs. Boldero,—with her airs, and her paint, and her black front! I can't bear the woman! I know she has not paid madame. I know she is no better than she should be—and to see Eliza Baynes coaxing her, and sidling up to her, and flattering her:—it's too bad, that it is! A woman who owes ever so much to madame! a woman who doesn't pay her washerwoman!"

"Just like the *Burrumpooter* over again, my dear," cries Colonel Bunch. "You and Eliza Baynes were always quarrelling; that's the fact. Why did you ask her to come here? I knew you would begin again, as soon as you met." And the truth was that these ladies were always fighting and making up again.

"So you and Mr. Bunch were old acquaintances?" asked Mrs. Boldero of her new friend. "My dear Mrs. Baynes! I should hardly have thought it: your manners are so different! Your friend, if I may be so free as to speak, has the camp manner. You have not the camp manner at all. I should have thought you—excuse me the phrase, but I'm so open, and always speak my mind out—you haven't the camp manner at all. You seem as if you were one of us. Minna! doesn't Mrs. Baynes put you in mind of Lady Hm——?" (The name is inaudible, in consequence of Mrs. Boldero's exceeding shyness in mentioning names—but the girls see the likeness to dear Lady Hm—— at once.) "And when you bring your dear girl to London, you'll know the lady I mean, and judge for yourself. I assure you I am not disparaging you, my dear Mrs. Baynes, in comparing you to her!"

And so the conversation goes on. If Mrs. Major MacWhirter at Tours chose to betray secrets, she could give extracts from her sister's letters to show how profound was the impression created in Mrs. General Baynes's mind by the professions and conversation of the Scotch lady.

"Didn't the general shoot and love deer-stalking? The dear general must come to Gaberlunzie Castle, where she would promise him a Highland welcome. Her brother Strongitharm was the most amiable of men; *adored* her and her girls: there was talk even of marrying Minna to the captain, but she for her part could not *endure* the marriage of first-cousins. There was a tradition against such marriages in their family. Of three Bolderos and Strongitharms who married their first-cousins, one was drowned in Gaberlunzie lake three weeks after the marriage;

one lost his wife by a galloping consumption, and died a monk at Rome; and the third married a fortnight before the battle of Culloden, where he was slain at the head of the Strongitharms. Mrs. Baynes had *no idea* of the splendour of Gaberlunzie Castle; seventy bedrooms and thirteen company rooms, besides the picture gallery! In Edinburgh, the Strongitharm had the right to wear his bonnet in the presence of his sovereign." A bonnet! how very odd, my dear! But with ostrich plumes, I daresay it may look well, especially as the Highlanders wear frocks too. "Lord Strongitharm had no house in London, having almost ruined himself in building his princely castle in the north. Mrs. Baynes *must* come there and meet their noble relatives and all the Scottish nobility." Nor do *I* care about these vanities, my dear, but to bring my sweet Charlotte into the world: is it not a mother's duty?

Not only to her sister, but likewise to Charlotte's friends of Queen Square, did Mrs. Baynes impart these delightful news. But this is in the first ardour of the friendship which arises between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero, and before those unpleasant money disputes of which we have spoken.

Afterwards, when the two ladies have quarrelled regarding the memorable "sang song frong," I think Mrs. Bunch came round to Mrs. Boldero's side. "Eliza Baynes is too hard on her. It is too cruel to insult her before those two unhappy daughters. The woman is an odious woman, and a vulgar woman, and a schemer, and I always said so. But to box her ears before her daughters—her honourable friend of last week! it's a shame of Eliza!"

"My dear, you'd better tell her so!" says Bunch, drily. "But if you do, tell her when I'm out of the way, please!" And accordingly, one day when the two old officers return from their stroll, Mrs. Bunch informs the colonel that she has had it out with Eliza; and Mrs. Baynes, with a heated face, tells the general that she and Mrs. Colonel Bunch have quarrelled; and she is determined it shall be for the last time. So that poor Madame de Smolensk has to interpose between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero; between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Bunch; and to sit surrounded by glaring eyes, and hissing innuendos, and in the midst of feuds unhealable. Of course, from the women the quarrelling will spread to the gentlemen. That always happens. Poor madame trembles. Again Bunch gives his neighbour his word that it is like the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman—the *Burrumpooter* in very bad weather, too.

"At any rate, *we* won't be lugged into it, Baynes, my boy!" says the colonel, who is of a sanguine temperament, to his friend.

"Hey, hey! don't be too sure, Bunch; don't be too sure!" sighs the other veteran, who, it may be, is of a more desponding turn, as, after a battle at luncheon, in which the Amazons were fiercely engaged, the two old warriors take their walk to Galignani's.

Towards his Charlotte's relatives poor Philip was respectful by duty and a sense of interest, perhaps. Before marriage, especially, men are very

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And so the conversation went
Tours chose to betray secrets,
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house; and she and Mrs. Boldero had returning from India were immensely might be the Honourable Mrs. Strong- and walk in a coronation in robes, with Baynes yielded in loyalty to no woman, but ssed a speedy royal demise, as this thought e Honourable Lenox Strongitharm. She and found that young nobleman designated arm. Charlotte might be the Honourable When poor Phil stalked in after dinner and smoky paletot, Mrs. Baynes gave He went and prattled unconsciously by the tender eyes dwelt upon his, and whose of welcome. He prattled away. He Minna and Brenda were thumping their Monsieur Philippe," cries madame, putting The Honourable Mrs. Boldero looked at dear her shoulders. Poor Philip! would he (and so rudely, too, as I own) had he known the minds of those women? Treason was passing glance of knowing scorn, shot from the Honourable dear Mrs. General Baynes faltered. How very curt Philip! how testy with Charlotte! Poor Philip, charmer was in the power of her mother, was pretty gun; and attempted, by uncooth flatteries, to soothe She had a queer, dry humour, and loved a joke; but at this night. Mrs. Baynes received his pleasantries deed! She was sure she heard one of the children crying y. Do, pray, go and see, Charlotte, what that child is " And away goes poor Charlotte, having but dim pre- isfortune as yet. Was not mamma often in an ill humour; y not all used to her scoldings?

Mrs. Colonel Bunch, I am sorry to say that, up to this time, not only no favourite with her, but was heartily disliked by I have told you our friend's faults. He was loud: he was he was rude often: and often gave just cause of annoyance by iter, his disrespect, and his swaggering manner. To those whom he was as gentle as a woman; and treated them with an extreme ness and touching rough respect. But those persons about whom indifferent, he never took the least trouble to conciliate or please. told long stories, for example, he would turn on his heel, or inter- n by observations of his own on some quite different subject. el Bunch, then, positively disliked that young man, and I very good reasons for her dislike. As for Bunch, Bunch said "Cool hand, that young fellow!" and winked. And Baynes h, "Queer chap. Fine fellow, as I have reason to know

kind to the relatives of the beloved object. They pay compliments to mamma; they listen to papa's old stories, and laugh appositely; they bring presents for the innocent young ones, and let the little brothers kick their shins. Philip endured the juvenile Bayneses very kindly: he took the boys to Franconi's, and made his conversation as suitable as he could to the old people. He was fond of the old general, a simple and worthy old man; and had, as we have said, a hearty sympathy and respect for Madame Smolensk, admiring her constancy and good-humour under her many trials. But those who have perused his memoirs are aware that Mr. Firmin could make himself, on occasions, not a little disagreeable. When sprawling on a sofa, engaged in conversation with his charmer, he would not budge when other ladies entered the room. He scowled at them, if he did not like them. He was not at the least trouble to conceal his likes or dislikes. He had a manner of fixing his glass in his eye, putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and talking and laughing very loudly at his own jokes or conceits, which was not pleasant or respectful to ladies.

"Your loud young friend, with the cracked boots, is very *mauvais ton*, my dear Mrs. Baynes," Mrs. Boldero remarked to her new friend, in the first ardour of their friendship. "A relative of Lord Ringwood's, is he? Lord Ringwood is a very queer person. A son of that dreadful Dr. Firmin, who ran away after cheating everybody? Poor young man! He can't help having such a father, as you say, and most good, and kind, and generous of you to say so. And the general and the Honourable Philip Ringwood were early companions together, I daresay. But, having such an unfortunate father as Dr. Firmin, I think Mr. Firmin might be a little less *prononcé;* don't you? And to see him in cracked boots, sprawling over the sofas, and hear him, when my loves are playing their duets, laughing and talking so very loud,—I confess isn't pleasant to me. I am not used to that kind of *monde*, nor are my dear loves. You are under great obligations to him, and he has behaved nobly, you say? Of course. To get into your society an unfortunate young man will be on his best behaviour, though he certainly does not condescend to be civil to us. But . . . . What! That young man engaged to that lovely, innocent, charming child, your daughter? My dear creature, you frighten me! A man, with such a father; and, excuse me, with such a manner; and without a penny in the world, engaged to Miss Baynes! Goodness, powers! It must never be. It shall not be, my dear Mrs. Baynes. Why, I have written to my nephew Hector to come over, Strongitharm's favourite son and my favourite nephew. I have told him that there is a sweet young creature here, whom he must and ought to see. How well that dear child would look presiding at Strongitharm Castle? And you are going to give her to that dreadful young man with the loud voice and the cracked boots—that smoky young man—oh, impossible!"

Madame had, no doubt, given a very favourable report of her new

lodgers to the other inmates of her house; and she and Mrs. Boldero had concluded that all general officers returning from India were immensely rich. To think that her daughter might be the Honourable Mrs. Strongitharm, Baroness Strongitharm, and walk in a coronation in robes, with a coronet in her hand! Mrs. Baynes yielded in loyalty to no woman, but I fear her wicked desires compassed a speedy royal demise, as this thought passed through her mind of the Honourable Lenox Strongitharm. She looked him out in the *Peerage*, and found that young nobleman designated as the Captain of Strongitharm. Charlotte might be the Honourable Mrs. Captain of Strongitharm! When poor Phil stalked in after dinner that evening in his shabby boots and smoky paletot, Mrs. Baynes gave him but a grim welcome. He went and prattled unconsciously by the side of his little Charlotte, whose tender eyes dwelt upon his, and whose fair cheeks flung out their blushes of welcome. He prattled away. He laughed out loud whilst Minna and Brenda were thumping their duet. "*Taisez-vous donc*, Monsieur Philippe," cries madame, putting her finger to her lip. The Honourable Mrs. Boldero looked at dear Mrs. Baynes, and shrugged her shoulders. Poor Philip! would he have laughed so loudly (and so rudely, too, as I own) had he known what was passing in the minds of those women? Treason was passing there: and before that glance of knowing scorn, shot from the Honourable Mrs. Boldero's eyes, dear Mrs. General Baynes faltered. How very curt and dry she was with Philip! how testy with Charlotte! Poor Philip, knowing that his charmer was in the power of her mother, was pretty humble to this dragon; and attempted, by uncooth flatteries, to soothe and propitiate her. She had a queer, dry humour, and loved a joke; but Phil's fell very flat this night. Mrs. Baynes received his pleasantries with an "Oh, indeed! She was sure she heard one of the children crying in their nursery. Do, pray, go and see, Charlotte, what that child is crying about." And away goes poor Charlotte, having but dim presentiment of misfortune as yet. Was not mamma often in an ill humour; and were they not all used to her scoldings?

As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, I am sorry to say that, up to this time, Philip was not only no favourite with her, but was heartily disliked by that lady. I have told you our friend's faults. He was loud: he was abrupt: he was rude often: and often gave just cause of annoyance by his laughter, his disrespect, and his swaggering manner. To those whom he liked he was as gentle as a woman; and treated them with an extreme tenderness and touching rough respect. But those persons about whom he was indifferent, he never took the least trouble to conciliate or please. If they told long stories, for example, he would turn on his heel, or interrupt them by observations of his own on some quite different subject. Mrs. Colonel Bunch, then, positively disliked that young man, and I think had very good reasons for her dislike. As for Bunch, Bunch said to Baynes, "Cool hand, that young fellow!" and winked. And Baynes said to Bunch, "Queer chap. Fine fellow, as I have reason to know

pretty well. I play a club. No club? I mark honours and two tricks." And the game went on. Clancy hated Philip: a meek man whom Firmin had yet managed to offend. "That man," the pote Clancy remarked, "has a manner of treading on me corrans which is intolerable to me!"

The truth is, Philip was always putting his foot on some other foot, and trampling it. And as for the Boldero clan, Mr. Firmin treated them with the most amusing insolence, and ignored them as if they were out of existence altogether. So you see the poor fellow had not with his poverty learned the least lesson of humility, or acquired the very earliest rudiments of the art of making friends. I think his best friend in the house was its mistress, Madame Smolensk. Mr. Philip treated her as an equal: which mark of affability he was not in the habit of bestowing on all persons. Some great people, some rich people, some would-be-fine people, he would patronize with an insufferable audacity. Rank or wealth do not seem somehow to influence this man, as they do common mortals. He would tap a bishop on the waistcoat, and contradict a duke at their first meeting. I have seen him walk out of church during a stupid sermon, with an audible remark perhaps to that effect, and as if it were a matter of course that he should go. If the company bored him at dinner, he would go to sleep in the most unaffected manner. At home we were always kept in a pleasant state of anxiety, not only by what he did and said, but by the idea of what he might do or say next. He did not go to sleep at madame's boarding-house, preferring to keep his eyes open to look at pretty Charlotte's. And were there ever such sapphires as his? she thought. And hers? Ah! if they have tears to shed, I hope a kind fate will dry them quickly!

Food—How to Take it.

THE health that is purchased by a rigorous watching of the diet, thought Montesquieu, is but a tedious disease; and indeed, if health were to be obtained in any such way, this would be a true description of it. We may very heartily congratulate ourselves, in this case at least (as, perhaps, we might in many others, if the truth were known), on failure rather than success, and count it one of our felicities that whenever science hitherto has attempted to lay down dietetic laws, it has but exposed its own incompetence. On this subject experience, and not theory, has given us all the rules of any practical value that we possess; and in truth science itself has grown wiser, gaining modesty with maturity, and has accepted an humbler part than that of dictating laws to nature. In respect to food, it declares for liberty, and concedes the rule to instinct. The physiologist now is well content with the subordinate part of explaining or supplementing our natural desires. He recognizes that a deeper wisdom than his own utters itself in these, and acknowledges, in the perfect conformity of his inductions with that which they declare, the ultimate seal of truth.

It is pitiful to think how often, in trying to escape from the bondage of ignorance, men have merely subjected themselves to a worse yoke of pedantry. Certainly, in their digestive "struggle for existence" they have often been as unfortunate as the poor Britons were when they called on the Saxons to help them against the Danes; exchanging the sharp attacks of indiscretion for the leaden tyranny of routine. But this is no more the case. To apply the present principles of physiology to diet, is not to forfeit, but to confirm, and by understanding its conditions, to enlarge, our liberty.

To see how truly science has become in these matters the servant and interpreter of instinct, we need only listen to what Dr. Edward Smith, who has recently made some very extensive experiments on the influence of various modes of living, says, in reference to the inclination or dislike to special articles of diet. "It is known that whilst there is a general correspondence among men in the food which they desire, there are many exceptions both in the healthy and diseased system. In my inquiries I found that with a disrelish for an article of food there was less influence from it than under ordinary circumstances; so that in reference to milk, the effect of every element of it was less on another gentleman who took part in my experiments than on myself, and neither he nor any member of his family can take milk or cheese. Hence, appetite for food is the expression not only of desire, but of fitness. Moreover, it was found

that in the same person the various substances which were disliked had a common mode of action; also that with this disrelish there was an unusual enjoyment of some other article having a similar mode of action. Thus, one disliking milk and sugar was very fond of tea. It is, therefore, very questionable how far it is proper to induce a person to take that which he disrelishes. An important meaning is shown to exist in that which is commonly regarded as irrational or capricious."

If we reflect, we see at once how reasonable and how significant these facts are. Nutrition thus appears not as a mere appropriation of material effected by some overruling force, but as an exact interlinking of powers without with corresponding powers within. The inexhaustible variety of life is maintained by an equally inexhaustible variety of means. And nothing can exhibit in a more striking light the mutual subservience of mind and matter, and the wonderful exactness of the relations which exist between them, than the mode in which the problem of nutrition is thus worked out. For the support of healthy life the natural forces must be brought into union with the living frame, not grossly, but in detail; each organism demands its own special nutriment distinguished by the minutest shades of difference, by shifting and evanescent qualities which no analysis could detect. To fulfil these demands might well seem a task impossible, but the instrument is provided in this piercing instinct, which like a chemic affinity searches out its own; and if it be not overborne by force, or ruined by abuse, selects and rejects with unfailing accuracy. Lowest of all our faculties as it seems, mere appetite, or discriminative desire, becomes invested with a strange dignity when we reflect upon it. Appetite reveals to us deep and wide relations, links and affinities of things, to which we should otherwise be entirely blind; more deeply than all our other faculties together it carries us into the recesses of the material world, and is the revealer of hidden harmonies. As the eye sees more than the light-picture can present—colour as well as form; so can the appetite discern what the chemist misses and must miss—a *colour* in our food.

The relation which constitutional diversities bear to slight differences in food, of which the appetite is the chief test, becomes more evident as a wider view is taken. Thus M. Esquiros, in his recent papers on the English and their ways, observes the characteristic differences which separate the beer and the wine consuming nations of Europe, with a manifest leaning to the view that the beverages have a considerable share in their production. And if we look lower in the animal scale, we find striking evidence in favour of the theory. In a hive from which the queen is removed, a new queen bee is developed from an ordinary grub, by supplying it with a different and more abundant food.

Recognizing thus the function of our instincts in respect to food, science invests them with a significance and value that can hardly be exaggerated. Indicating as they do the existence of relations the most important, yet revealed to us only in this way, they are demonstrated to

be our natural and rightful guides. Accordingly, the fundamental law in the kingdom of the stomach is, to fulfil the instinctive impulses and legitimately to gratify the natural desires.

An easy rule to follow does this seem? In some respects it is so, doubtless; yet there are a few conditions which cannot be overlooked. Thus, to gratify our instincts we must, at least, preserve them, suffering them neither to be blunted nor perverted; and we must give them fair play, by a certain simplicity of living. Being guided by nature, implies so much as this: we must have natural tastes to gratify; we must give them opportunity to indicate their real preferences. The habitual use of strongly-seasoned dishes, of artificial flavours, of modes of cooking which conceal the natural taste of the substance, or even of a great variety of dishes at a single meal, are all opposed to this fundamental rule. Probably the old-fashioned English "joint" enjoys a supremacy, in this respect, over the more elaborate modes of cooking which so seriously threaten to displace it. At least it has the advantage of challenging and clearly eliciting the expression of the natural taste of the consumer. It is more than probable that some men lead languid and unenjoyable lives in the midst of every advantage, chiefly for want of some little article of food which nature needs, and which, under a simpler regimen, their tastes would decisively demand. Nor is this an extravagant idea, for there is ample proof that the importance of special portions of our food cannot be estimated merely by the value of their direct contribution to the system. The yeast is small in quantity, but it is all-important to the loaf. And there is every reason to believe that certain portions of our food act a part that may be compared to that of yeast in respect to bread. Digestion is by no means a simple transference of so much matter into the body, but a long series of changes, in which certain elements are subservient to others. The repair of the substance of the body by one part of the food, is dependent upon forces derived from the changes which other parts undergo. No mere quantity, although ample, and every portion unexceptionable in its way, will give the true result, unless there be present the complementary substances in due proportion to supply the needful stimulus. The addition of half a pint of milk a day to the diet at Wakefield gaol, in 1853, diminished the sick list from 22 to 14 per cent.: an effect much beyond that which could be attributed to the amount of nourishment contained in the milk. It supplied elements which aided the appropriation of the rest. We must all have experienced how a feeling of indifference or repugnance to a certain article of diet may be converted into desire, if it be united with, or follow, another to which it may have no obvious relation.

But though the actual demands of the system as indicated by appetite constitute the chief claim of our likings to rule our eating, there is a second reason, scarcely less potent, in the influence which enjoyment has in promoting the digestive process. Thus these two laws work most admirably together: that what is most relished is at once most needed by

us and best digested. In truth, the great duty of the dietetic code is to enjoy. Pleasure is made the judge and ruler in the cause: and that is the best diet which gives the most genuine and permanent satisfaction.

The natural limitations of this law of liking are, for the most part, obvious. Children, of course, need controlling; and, in disease, the stomach may get a sort of twist which makes its preferences most perverse. But even in such cases, though the indications of appetite have not authority, they are never without a certain significance. The sick man's longings are the physician's sign-posts; and the youthful love for sweetmeats reveals an adaptation of sugar-containing food to the early stage of life.

To gratify the natural inclinations, then, is the first rule in taking food. The second might be, to have a natural inclination to gratify. In other words, if we eat what we have an appetite for, we should, as a rule, have an appetite before we eat. What the cause of the feeling of hunger may be, the best authorities cannot quite decide; but there is no doubt that its presence indicates the proper condition for eating, and that, except in certain cases, such as disease, exhaustion, or great mental excitement, its access should be waited for. For thus the proper interval is secured which should always intervene between successive meals. There is no more prevalent cause of indigestion than burdening the stomach (even with small quantities) before it is ready for its work. And the necessity of a regard to this point is demonstrated by ascertained facts respecting the mode of the secretion of the gastric juice. For that is a result of *growth*, and depends upon the development of cells within which the secretion is formed. As a process of growth, therefore, it requires time; the digestive fluids, once exhausted, can be furnished again only after certain intervals. In adults, these intervals can be scarcely reckoned less than five or six hours. They are shorter in children, in whom all the vital processes are more rapid, and the need of food proportionately greater. Children accordingly should eat, as parents well know, more frequently than their elders. One of the most needful cautions in respect to diet arises from the greater demand for food in early than in mature life. The relative diminution of quantity, which is indicated at the period when growth ceases, is easily ignored when everything invites to a contrary course.

In respect to the number of meals, there are three plans which are sanctioned by experience and conformable to our knowledge. Two meals a day: a substantial breakfast at nine or ten, and dinner from five to seven, with or without a light lunch, comprising salads, fruit, or soup, but without meat: this is suitable for strong digestions. Or three meals a day: an earlier breakfast, dinner towards the middle of the day, and a solid tea in the evening. Or, lastly, four meals: tea being taken as a liquid meal, about four hours after dinner, and a slight supper an hour or two before retiring. There are some strong constitutions for whom one meal a day not only suffices, but seems to answer best; a

plan which was more common among the Romans than it is with us. Theoretically, the most perfect way is the three moderate meals at nearly equal intervals; but the great point is to allow time for the perfect digestion of each before the hour arrives for the next, not passing the limits of over-fatigue. A meat lunch, followed in a few hours by a hearty dinner, probably with little bodily exercise between, is a frequent source of evil. In this case, the best plan often is to make the lunch (perhaps postponed to a little later hour) the dinner.

Dr. Paris suggests, as an additional reason for the necessity of a good interval between the successive meals, that the assimilation of food into the blood goes on alternately with digestion, properly so called, so that the latter should have ceased in order for the former to be well performed. The period at which digestion is succeeded by the assimilating processes is marked by a feeling of lightness and disposition to bodily exercise, which should be gratified, if possible.

If to digest our food we should enjoy it, it should, of course, be taken leisurely, and in a pleasant frame of mind. The cheerful society of friends should not be absent. Chatted food, the proverb says, is half digested. And the longer time spent over the meal thus socially enjoyed has its part in the benefit. Next to anxiety, the worst foe to digestion is hurry; and this for several reasons. The stomach, in its normal action, contracts on each morsel as it is swallowed, and relaxes again to receive the next. Insufficient time allowed for this interferes with the rhythm of its movements and disorders the play of its muscles. Cramps and painful feelings of distension could have no more likely cause. That haste cuts short mastication is obvious, and on the perfection of that process chiefly depends the rapidity with which the solution of the food can be effected. Again, it creates an artificial thirst, partly by not allowing time for the due admixture of saliva ; and, above all, it deprives us of the natural guide to the proper amount of food, and remits almost to chance a decision than which scarcely any is more important to our wellbeing. For the natural indication of a sufficiency of food is the feeling of satisfaction; not *satiety*, which is always a symptom of excess, but a feeling of perfect comfort, the true luxury of eating. This feeling the hurried eater cannot know; it never exists for him. Either the unnatural violence to the stomach induces a premature feeling of repletion, and stints him of his due supply, or he eats on until the warning (which ever comes too late) of satiety arrests him. But perhaps it is in vain to protest, to hurried men, against hurry in their eating; and it is well, therefore, that there exists a means by which its ill effects may be, to a great degree, escaped. *Meat* may be eaten rapidly; if cut small, even with very little mastication. Animal food, if well divided, may be, without much risk, almost *bolted;* but vegetable food may not. The reason of this difference is that the digestion of the former is carried on entirely by the secretions of the internal organs; that of the latter depends in considerable part upon the action of the saliva. If, therefore, little time

can be secured for a meal, a chop may be swallowed rapidly, and bread, fresh or dried fruit, &c., taken afterwards at leisure—when riding, perhaps, or at such intervals as may occur. By acting on this plan a tolerable digestion may be secured, even by those whose avocations compel them to compress their set times for eating into the most inadequate compass. The rapidity with which the carnivora consume their prey, and the slow feeding of the vegetable eaters, confirm this rule. And perhaps in the omnivorous character of man, rightly taken advantage of, provision is made alike for his social development in the prolonged and cheerful meal, and for the imperative subordination of all pleasures and all needs to the inevitable call of duty. If perfect mastication be from any cause impossible, the various instruments which perform that office artificially cannot be too highly commended. Some of them are admirably suited for domestic use. But it is always advisable that the act of masticating should be well performed, since the motions concerned in it are important stimuli to the secretions of the mouth.

The temptation to ravenous haste is one reason for avoiding too long intervals between the meals. But, in addition, such intervals debilitate the digestive power, and render the stomach less fit to receive even a reasonable quantity of food. If this were not sufficiently proved by ordinary experience, it would be demonstrated by the extreme instances of prolonged starvation, in which it is well known that the greatest caution is necessary in administering food. Restraint, therefore, should be put upon the appetite after unusually long abstinence, and the same rule applies after very great exertion. Prostration from toil impairs the digestive powers, and is to be met, not by large supply, but by small quantities of highly nutritious and somewhat stimulating food; at the head of which stands the concentrated juice of meat prepared by heating beef in a closed earthen jar. This preparation, also, is an admirable substitute for stimulants.

If, after great exertion, though short of exhaustion, appetite fails, it is best to take a very little food, and follow it by perfect rest. The usual amount, followed by activity, in such circumstances, would be almost sure to do mischief.

Drinking, in so far as unstimulating liquids are concerned, if the habits are otherwise reasonable, should be regulated by inclination. For some constitutions, however, it is decidedly preferable not to drink during a meal; but, if thirst be felt, to take liquid two or three hours afterwards. The habit of washing down almost every mouthful, however (as is sometimes done at breakfast), is always objectionable, and great benefit often arises from its abandonment. It cannot be said, on experimental grounds, that the addition of liquid hinders digestion; on the other hand, it is found that, after the gastric juice has ceased to act, solution will recommence on the addition of a moderate amount of water. Perhaps, it is thus that water is useful at a late period of digestion. For those who can take it without disturbance, a glass of pure spring or filtered water, taken immediately on rising, is of great advantage. It should be followed

by gentle exercise, but not to a great extent, except by those who are accustomed to it. Much unaccustomed exertion before breakfast is apt to be followed by languor through the day.

By regularity in the periods of eating, digestion is brought within the sphere of that great law of periodicity which characterizes all the processes of life, animal and vegetable alike, and of which the succession of sleep and waking is the chief instance. At the habitual periods the digestive system is prone to the actions demanded of it. But there seems to be a counterbalancing advantage in the stimulus given by an occasional change. A deviation from the accustomed hours will sometimes seem to endow the jaded organs with a fresh vivacity, while the change of season itself operates as a pleasant charm. In a similar way, if the ordinary food be ample, an occasional fast, or partial fast, even though not specially made necessary, is a great preservative of health. On this point the art of "training" gives confirmation to ordinary experience. "It is well known," says Dr. Paris, "that race-horses and fighting cocks, as well as men, cannot be preserved at their *athletic weight*, or at the 'top of their condition,' for any length of time; and that any attempt to force its continuance is followed by disease. A person, therefore, in robust health should (occasionally) diminish the proportion of his food, in order that he may not attempt to force it beyond the athletic standard." Some celebrated men have taken nothing more solid than an egg on Sundays; some, although Protestants, have fasted on Fridays. In truth, the human body seems attuned to variety; it rusts in sameness, and has wonderful power of accommodation to circumstances. We find, in point of fact, that the most robust and long-lived men are by no means those who have passed the most regular lives. A new spring seems often to be taken by the entire vital machinery from some unusual shock. And the pleasantness of variety (for a time) to the eye and mind, perhaps, are the fruits of the freer play and healthful stimulus it gives to the bodily processes. The animal frame is not a fixed and unvarying machine, but a channel for the forces of Nature, ever adapting, and meant to adapt, itself anew.

On the vexed question of suppers, theory must be silent in the presence of experience. As far as any rule can be given, it would seem to be that at the hour of sleep the stomach should have nearly finished its task, but that the blood should be well supplied with new materials. This, at least, seems the wisest plan in the perhaps somewhat irritable state of constitution which at present prevails; it can hardly be reckoned a natural requirement. Sleeping after food is general throughout the animal creation; and, so far as we know, the condition of the brain during sleep is such as would be every way suitable to the carrying out of an active process of digestion. It is certain that sound and refreshing, or at least restoring, sleep is not to be obtained by abstinence. So far as we can judge, the very purpose and end of sleep is that the system may build itself up and restore its waste, and for this purpose it is necessary

that materials should be at its disposal. Sleep, with an impoverished circulation, would be sleep thrown away. Every one who has had to do with children knows that they cannot be got to sleep with an empty stomach; and herein, doubtless, the demands of nature are indicated. Sound sleep is often obtained, after sickness, only by means of a substantial supper. And if disturbed slumbers follow a meal taken shortly before retiring, they are probably caused by some indiscretions which a little caution would prevent.

In respect to the quantity of food required to support life in the best way, some reliable information has been obtained by experiment. The precise amount which in the adult maintains the weight of the body unchanged during a life of moderate exercise is theoretically the right average quantity. Of course, it varies with the kind of food employed; some articles furnishing much more nourishment in an equal weight than others. On a diet of fresh meat, bread, and butter, with coffee or water for drink, Dr. Dalton found the entire quantity required during twenty-four hours by a man in full health, and taking free exercise in the open air, to be—of meat, 1 lb.; of bread, 1 lb. 3 oz.; of butter or fat, 3½ oz.; water, 3⅓ lbs. That is to say, rather less than 2½ lbs. of solid food, and rather more than 3 pints of liquid. These weights would of course be exceeded if less nutritious substances, such as rice, potatoes, or fruits, formed any considerable portion of the diet. Dr. Hammond found that he maintained his exact weight by a daily consumption of 1 lb. of meat, 18 oz. of bread, 6 oz. of soup, 4 oz. of beetroots, 1 oz. of butter, with salt, drinking at the same time 3 pints of water and 10 oz. of coffee, with cream and sugar. Any excess above this caused an increase of weight, any diminution caused a loss.

Remembering that the doctor is 6 feet 2 in. in height, and weighs 14 stone, we may take these quantities as a fair average for a strong man somewhat beyond the ordinary stature.* But no average is of much practical avail; for individuals in this respect differ very widely, as much as different breeds of cattle. Some can be kept in health only by continual abundance; with others, a small light diet will alone agree. But as a rule, a good and liberal diet is the right thing for health—liberal

* Generally speaking, the average amount of food necessary for healthy men is estimated at 12 oz. of beef, 20 oz. of bread, with about ½ oz. of butter. These articles contain a force, capable, if applied by a machine, of raising fourteen million pounds weight to a height of one foot; that is, the oxidation of the elements contained in them would give rise to an amount of heat equivalent to that effect. But in the human body, though it far surpasses all machines in economy of force, the utmost amount of power attainable from them is not more than equivalent to three and a half millions of pounds raised to the height of a foot; and an average day's labour does not exceed two millions of pounds thus raised. The difference is mainly due, doubtless, to the number of internal actions which are carried on in the living body; such as the circulation, the movements of respiration, and the production of animal heat. These consume a great part of the force of the food, and leave only a remainder to be disposed of in muscular exertion.

diet and plentiful exercise in the open air. Mr. Chadwick, in a paper published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* (1856), has adduced striking evidence to prove how intimately the amount and value of the work that can be performed by a labouring man is connected with ample nourishment. Repeated and unvarying experience has proved that well-fed labourers, working under the stimulus of high wages, do better and cheaper work than those whose wages are low, and whose living is correspondingly scanty. Mr. Chadwick says:—

"I have ascertained in England, that in highly-cultivated districts, where agricultural labour costs 14*s.* and 16*s.* a week, the work is, for quantity, as cheap as in districts where agriculture is lower, and where wages are only 8*s.* or 9*s.* a week. Nay, we have in my county—Lancashire—a class of workmen strangely called navigators, or 'navvies,' it is supposed from having been originally employed in digging canals and works for serving inland navigation. These Lancashire men work in gangs of five, and will admit no man into their gangs who cannot, as their minimum task, load twenty cubic yards, or twenty single horse-loads, of earth in a day. I have known instances of men of this class, as a feat, doing even double that quantity. A mile of road made by labourers of this superior class, earning 3*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, or 5*s.* 6*d.* per diem, has been executed in a much shorter time, and has been finished as cheaply, as a mile of precisely the same sort of road done in Ireland by pauper labourers whose wages were only 1*s.* per diem. Common agricultural labourers, when they have been allowed to join these gangs of navvies, and have been 'alimented' and seasoned to their tremendous discipline, on their return have astonished the farmers by doing an ordinary day's agricultural work before noon, and by putting their spades on their shoulders, and going away for the rest of the day. My noble friend, Lord Shaftesbury, brought down to his estate in Dorsetshire a foreman accustomed to superior labour at piecework. Judging of what would be his answer, I said to this foreman, 'Will you not get this work done cheaply; here the labourers are got for only 8*s.* per week?' 'But *they* would be dear at 6*s.*,' was the reply. 'How is it here with your other classes of artisans?' I inquired,—'your journeymen bricklayers, for example, what sort of workpeople are they?' 'Such as, from their wages, you, sir, would expect,' was the answer. 'And what wages are those?' 'About 12*s.* per week.' 'And how many bricks do they lay in a day?' 'Not more than between three or four hundred.' 'And how many do your town bricklayers lay, to whom you pay double wages?' 'More than a thousand a day!' was the answer."

Similar evidence is given by Dr. Letheby. The navigators who performed the task of making the railroad in the Crimea, were daily supplied with 20 oz. of bread, 20 oz. of meat, 2 oz. of peas, 2 oz. of rice, 1¾ oz. of coffee, and 4 oz. of rum, per man. This was much more than the full allowance of the soldier, and the results are seen in the following statement:—

"In the Crimea, under the directions of our army administration, the ordinary labour and tasks of earthwork required from soldiers—raised chiefly from those same districts from whence the best navvies have been obtained, and acknowledged by impartial observers to have in physique no superiors amongst all the troops in the field—were only to remove ten cubic yards a day in a loose soil; that is to say, that at least two soldiers were required to do the work done with an interest and a will by one navvy—the navvy very often the brother or relation of the soldiers, or coming from the same villages."

The bearing of these facts on the prospects of the agricultual labourer is full of hope. It has been shown, too, by researches into the health of towns that all other causes of disease together are insignificant when compared with want.

But in order to derive benefit from ample consumption of food, ample exercise is necessary—exercise of the limbs, and in the air. For only that part of the food which is made to participate in those energetic processes of change in which life consists, contributes to the strength; and for these processes muscular exertion and plenty of oxygen are essential. Without them, the excess of food oppresses the stomach, or if it gets farther, it is distributed through the body as masses of fat, or, worse still, converts into fat, and spoils, the very organs of life itself. Abstinence is better than good feeding without exercise. Thus the prize-fighter's training, by which he is put into the highest condition of health and vigour, consists in eating largely of animal food, and undergoing enormous muscular exercise; drinking the while only a little weak beer, but any amount of water.

Essentially the kind of living best fitted for the athlete, is that which is most suited to those whose exertions may be hardly less in amount, though of a different character. Work of brain exhausts, and needs supply, though not in exactly the same way. The fact seems to be, so far as we can penetrate these somewhat obscure relations, that while in mental work there is no less expenditure of force and substance, there is not given by it an equal stimulus to reconstruction; probably because the secretions are not brought into activity to the same degree as by muscular exertion. For life consists in the balance of two opposite actions, the formation and the decomposition of the frame, and in the vigorous performance of these operations, each in due proportion, consists the vigour of the man. Now neither of these can be well performed if the other is languid. On the nourishment of the body depends the possibility of its action; on the activity of every organ again depends its nourishment. The energy disengaged in vigorous exercise is restored in part to the body itself, and adds an impetus to the forces which are engaged in absorbing and uplifting the new materials. Accordingly, there should be a certain difference in the kind of food taken by workers with the brain and with the muscles. If vigorous exercise cannot lend its impulse to the vivifying of the new materials, then a more considerable portion of the food itself might be of a kind to serve this office. For the sedentary, the subordinate class of food (that which contains no nitrogen) is fitting in larger proportions than for the powerfully active. A less vigorous life may thus result indeed, but it may be the best attainable, and the most truly balanced. The sedentary man should be largely a vegetable feeder; farinaceous articles, with milk, might constitute a valuable portion of his food. Speaking, however, of the exercise which the head worker should take, there is one caution to be remembered. Such exercise may be carried to an extreme. Great physical and great mental exertion com-

bined, will often exhaust too much, and leave no power for vital uses. The mental labour must be moderated for the most part, by those who are accustomed to hard thought, when active bodily exercise is undertaken.

There are many instances on record of great temporary abstinence during a specially severe strain upon the mind. How Newton, during the birth-throes of his great discovery, took only a few biscuits and a little wine, is well known. During the siege of Gibraltar, Lord Elliott for eight days "took only four ounces of rice per day as solid food." But it is probable that not a few hard workers in these days take on the whole too little food. It is certain that some so-called bilious headaches, for which fasting is commonly supposed to be a proper remedy, are signs of the need of better living.

The question of the use of animal or vegetable food may well be remitted to the arbitrament of nature, as expressed in the desires; by which it would be victoriously decided, in all such climates as ours, in favour of the flesh-eater. But the sufficiency of vegetable food, if widely varied, to maintain health and even strength, is not to be questioned, for those who like it. When we hear that the ancient Persians lived a good deal on water-cress, we naturally connect in our minds their physical inferiority with the poverty of their diet; but finding, on the other hand, that the Romans, in the best period of the Republic, largely sustained themselves on turnips, and that degeneracy came in as turnips went out, we are compelled to reconsider our opinion. In brief, an exclusively vegetable food may be best suited to those by whom it really is preferred. Children in this respect exhibit the greatest difference; some, with manifest advantage, eat meat in large quantity—others can hardly be prevailed on to taste it, and yet retain perfect vigour. Similar differences, in all probability, exist among adults; but a vegetarianism self-imposed against the promptings of desire, would tend, as a vigorous writer says, to make us, "not the children, but the abortions of Paradise."*

For those who cannot, or not without repugnance, eat meat, there is one caution necessary; that the food which is substituted should be such as to contain the elements essential to perfect nourishment. This is a caution made necessary by the refinements of modern culture, which has given us a vast variety of artificially prepared articles of diet, deluding the ignorant with an appearance of strengthening qualities in which they are wholly deficient. In this category come the entire group of starches—arrowroot, tapioca, sago, the patent corn-flour, and so on. To these, though of much more value than they, must be added rice

* An army surgeon once wrote—"I have wandered a good deal about the world, and never followed any prescribed rule in anything; my health has been tried in all ways; and, by the aids of temperance and hard work, I have worn out two armies in two wars, and probably could wear out another before my period of old age arrives; I eat no animal food, drink no wine, or malt liquor, or spirits of any kind; I wear no flannel, and neither regard wind nor rain, heat nor cold, where business is in the way."

and the potato, which are admirable adjuncts of a richer diet, poor and inadequate in themselves. It is calculated that, comparing value for value in respect of nourishment, potatoes are two-and-a-half times as dear as bread; bread, on the other hand, and preparations of wheat and similar grains, seem to be the very best and cheapest single article of food. Alone, bread is far superior to meat alone. But there is great difference in its value, according to the mode in which it is prepared. The unfermented seems to be the more nourishing; but the whole question of the best kind of bread is yet very much in the dark. There is great reason to fear that the light white bread from which all the external portions of the grain are rejected, so universally used in England, is dangerously deficient in the nutritive qualities essential to the support of a hard worker. "A good pure brownish bread," says Dr. Brinton, "of simple wheat-meal, with even an admixture of a fourth or fifth of rye, would, for equal money value, give the labouring population a food incomparably more abundant and nutritious than that which they now make use of as pure white bread; and in no way could the dyspeptic affluent set their poorer neighbours a better dietetic example, than by adopting, were it at some little pains, a bread which might sometimes cure their own ailments by its mechanical quality; as well as prevent disease and deformity among the lower classes by its nutritive value."

To a certain extent the diet should vary with the seasons. The heat of the body being maintained at an almost constant level, the external temperature constitutes an important element in the demands made on the system. In winter, therefore, rather more food is called for; in summer, somewhat less. Meat, also, may rightly constitute a larger proportion of the winter food; a rule to which appetite for the most part inclines. But here, too rigid a conclusion should not be drawn; for there are instances of larger consumption of animal food in tropical countries, of which no sufficient explanation can be given, and if nature prompt to a freer use of food, and of the more solid kinds, during the higher temperature, no theory is competent to forbid it.

Of the evils of adulteration and unwholesome quality, this is not the place to speak. It may be remarked, however, that meat or grain kept until anything like decomposition commences, has a disastrous influence on health. The natives of New Zealand at one time steeped their corn until it began to decay, and a high mortality was the consequence. The use of wholesome grain diminished the death-rate by a third. It should be known, also, that the consumption of any kind of meat, in the form of sausages or otherwise, without its being subjected to a thorough process of cooking, is liable to generate disease from worms and other parasites.

The use of stimulating drinks is too large a question to be summarily disposed of here. As a brief judgment, it may be said, that while the tendency of physiological research is more and more unfavourable to their employment, every theory which assigns to them any intelligible part in life being in turn disproved, experience seems to speak with more

authority on the other side. The relation of that combination of ingredients which constitutes wine or beer to the human frame, is too recondite, as yet, to be demonstrated in the test-tube, or estimated by the balance. The very different degrees in which they can be borne, or profited by, under different conditions of the nervous system, seems to point to an influence on the brain and its dependencies as the chief, or at least the primary, channel of their operation. Under great anxiety or excess of toil, their advantages are most apparent; on the other hand, they have not been found beneficial under extreme cold, the opinion of the Arctic voyagers being unfavourable to their use. The amount of alcohol which they contain is by no means the main element in their operation; independently of this, they have different and even opposite effects, as is evident from the emaciation produced by spirit-drinking, and the obesity consequent on the free consumption of beer—portrayed by Hogarth in "Gin Alley," and "Beer Lane." The choice must depend, therefore, on individual peculiarities; and variety and occasional intermission in their use is always advisable. They should be taken as an aid to digestion; not, habitually, to relieve sinking or depression—a practice full of danger. To those who will have recourse to the hurtful indulgence of spirit and water, or for whom it is a necessary medicine, it is recommended, on the highest authority, to mix their beverage twelve hours before use, since the perfect solution of the spirit is effected slowly.

The use of condiments with food is justified by instinct. All the vegetable-feeding animals—to which man is most akin—seek after bitter and aromatic principles. Coffee, tea, and spices, therefore, are natural in the strictest sense, and doubtless supply, besides stimulation, some elements cunningly suited to the constitution of mankind. They are apt, however, to be abused: witness our "bride cake," which was originally an aromatic conserve, designed to promote digestion! The aid which a moderate use of vinegar affords to the solution of the fibres of meat or fish is well known.

Is sleep after dinner a good thing? On the part of some persons of weak digestion it seems to be so. The habit should not be acquired without an attempt to ward off the necessity by a reduction of the amount of food. If this have unfavourable effects, an ample compensation for the time given to a short post-prandial sleep may be obtained by earlier wakefulness in the morning. On the other hand, Dr. Beaumont found, in the case of St. Martin, that digestion was promoted by moderate exercise, such as walking, immediately following the meal. In all cases experience must decide.

There is one more element which plays a most important part in digestion, and that is the state of the nervous system. More often than men think, the seat of their digestive difficulties lies neither on their tables nor in their stomach, but in their brain. Worry, agitation, oppression with care, restlessness of aim, a monotonous or despondent life, all these express themselves in capricious appetites and undigested food. Very

often, too, a remedy for these evils is vainly sought in change or restriction of a diet by no means particularly faulty. The influence of the mental state upon the disposal of the food has been demonstrated in the case of prisoners. The depression attending the prison life, has made absolutely indispensable a compensation, in the form of a more liberal diet, for those whose sentence extends over any considerable period; and thus has arisen that comparative good feeding of the criminal, as compared with other classes of the community, which has sometimes excited so much comment. In his heavy mental atmosphere, the prisoner languishes upon a diet which might suffice a hope- and home- cheered man with the same amount of work.

That food difficulties are often merely a symptom, and bid us correct other things than our diet, we have proof, too, in the almost immediate effect of a change of scene and occupation. Who cannot eat anything when he is travelling, or when otherwise his nerves are kept in good order and his mind in pleasant excitement? Those patient and laborious servants upon whom is laid the office of keeping in repair the ever-wasting fabric of our life, work well and cheerfully, or painfully and ill, just as the superior powers whose needs they serve shed on them a bright or a depressing influence. They are infinitely accommodating; they will accept the conditions of any circumstance: man can live from the equator to the pole, and may embrace any variety of position in the intermediate zones, unchecked by murmurings from them; but they demand to serve a happy master. And thus, here, as everywhere, nature speaks a moral language, and her laws shine with a veiled spiritual light. It is true that for sound digestion the physical conditions must be fulfilled; but in these, wide latitude is given, and secret monitors within prompt or check all who are willing to be led. Not for these does nature most imperatively demand our care; but for a conscience void of offence, a sympathetic and kindly heart, a thoughtfulness diverted from selfish to generous ends. These are, above all, the conditions of a good digestion. And the most fatal violation of those conditions is to ponder with excessive carefulness the question, What shall I eat, or what shall I drink? The very organs themselves repel the misdirected zeal. It has been shown that attention fixed on any part of the body alters its condition, deranges to a slight degree the circulation in its vessels, and disturbs its perfect balance of nourishment and work. Thought cannot safely rest on any of the processes of life within us. These, as they are carried on without our co-operation, must be free also from the fretful importunities of our anxiety. Man was made to give the dominion to the spiritual part within him and the moral law without; and his organization, in the point of food at least, is true to his destiny.

An Old John Bull.

CHAPTER I.

A-COURTING.

LAMBETH is one of our national heirlooms. We could not want the old palace, with its rippling Thames, the bolls of its great trees, its Water Tower, and its Lollard Tower, and its memories of the Queens Mary and Bess—a pair of sisters between whom no love was lost. We may go down to it, and be sceptical and cynical, and say Mary and Bess were no better than two termagants, only the one was a thin-lipped shrew, under Spanish Philip's guidance, and the other was a sharp-chinned English virago and virgin, who was not without her own ideas of justice, credit, and renown. Still, they are our Bloody Mary and Good Queen Bess; and such is the mellowing effect of time, sweetening our tempers, as it ripened the cardinal's figs, that we are even tempted to make a historical walking-stick of Cardinal Pole. No: we could not do without Lambeth buttress and pinnacle, stained glass and woodwork. What do you say? Would not even Low Church or No Church spare the vestiges of archi-episcopal glory?

The scene is English, as we see, and neither to-day nor yesterday. The very huge olive leaves of the sycamore, rough-tanned, with their great sun-burnt black spots—the russet autumn pears and apples in an orchard—the noble towers in the background—the September sun glowing, but with no brooding heat on the blue river—the air at once of ripeness and coolness in the autumn sunset—the pervading tints of brown, red, and blue on the foundation of green, all are English.

The man whom we see in the porch of the yellow-tinted brick house, shaded by the sycamore tree, and fronting the orchard running down to the Thames, before Cromwell's Colonel has taken strange liberties with all that was left of a better man than he, reverent, hard-working Archbishop Parker, is also in his way a thorough English institution, of which Hudibras could not rob us. In spite of the Knight and Ralpho, an Englishman's heart warms instinctively to a portly fellow, young, but not so far from his prime, serious, and hearty, and resolved to have his rights, though he should draw his rusty sword for them. Strange to say, those broad, strong hands only wield a pen as yet: but a pen which fires the hearts of the people with its rough and ready, strong and ardent, religious poetry. Yes: he is English, with his brick-brown firm flesh, his curling nut-brown hair and beard: English in his dress; for though the

doublet, great collar, and long boots are queer and theatrical to one's eyes, trained to frock-coats, and Leopold collars, and Wellingtons, disappearing summarily from our gaze, they are of strong, respectable, grave stuff—and somehow we always fancy stout Saxons in sad colours: tolerably English in his occupation and expression, though he is not at this time snorting defiance at the pile of buildings and its hierarchy yonder, but taking a pull at a tankard, and glancing shyly, but doggedly, at a scornful woman.

That man may be betrayed into fanaticism and wild enthusiasm; he may quote the strangest Scripture texts at the strangest times and places; but we own his heavy brow, his clear eye, his hearty lip, his very solid neck; they are more national than yon scholar's fair, cold face, drooping curls, and eyes too dark and deep not to grow dim ere long: those traits belong to the world.

The woman is not more English than any other daughter of Eve. A young woman has rarely a decided, defined stamp; she shows traces of her rearing, that is all. This is a woman who has not even lived long enough to know her own mind: a pouting, pettish, skittish, uncertain lass, not over well pleased with her companion, but looking at him with the corner of her eye, uncertain about giving him up altogether. Marry! he is a big fellow and a scholar, only greatly set on psalm-singing, which Mrs. Elizabeth is not sure that she likes, except on proper occasions; and he is mortal stern when he is offended. There is no more than the making of a woman yet in this round-cheeked, slight, black-eyed, berry-brown lass, with the longest of eyelashes, the thought of a dimple, and the most bewitching of dainty beauty-marks, which the Court ladies afterwards parodied in the form of patches, on her olivander cheek and chin. She is not of great rank—the daughter of some retired sempster, like Izaak Walton in time to come, who can still afford her a cloth skirt, a silk lace to her bodice, and cherry-coloured ribbons in her hair.

"Since your father is not at home to give me the discourse he promised, and your mother is engaged in her linen-press, and your sisters are gone to that vain show, the bear-baiting—you need not frown, mistress, it is a worldly, wicked affair, and I am prepared to prove tendeth to cruelty and cowardice both in man and woman. But in the meantime I'll sing you a song, Mrs. Emerson," offers Master George, pointedly; and adds, with a little more hesitation, "a song of my own making."

"Do," answers Elizabeth, encouragingly enough; "but let it be a lively measure. I cannot abide the notes of owls and ravens out of season," she finishes, unable to resist being pert, yet looking frightened at her own pertness—the half-bold, half-timid pertness of a child whose roguishness distracts its conscientious guardians.

But Master George was not a man to be diverted from his purpose by any outbreak either of woman or child. He folded his arms, and he cleared his throat, and he started his stave. Not a psalm, certainly—not a psalm this time, but about as dauntless, daring, self-asserting a love-

song as ever descendant of old Goth and Sea-King trolled out of his shaft of a throat.

> "Shall I, wasting in despair,
> Die, because a woman's fair?
> Shall my cheeks grow pale with care,
> Because another's rosy are?
>
> "Be she fairer than the day,
> Than the dewy meads of May,
> So she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be?"

Poor dear Mrs. Elizabeth! and Mrs. Phyllis on the right-hand side of her, and Mrs. Phœbe on the left, were wooed in the softest, most courtly strains of Marlowe, Lovelace, Craushaw; strains ecstatically summing up their charms, lusciously dwelling on them, abjectly confessing their sway, piteously beseeching their mercy: and this insolent man flouted her with his independence, and defied her to work him harm! Mrs. Elizabeth put her grass-green apron to her eyes, gave way to a little sob of mortification and exasperation (she ought to have boxed that imperturbable fellow's ears: he deserved it a vast deal more than the poor rogue who twirls the woman's flax and is unmercifully belaboured by the ungrateful amazon in the *Skimmington*), and then she runs into the house, shuts the door with a bang behind her; and the stout lover, to do his human feeling justice, plucks at the curls of his beard, and looks discomfited. He meant, in his worship's strength and wisdom, to humble a saucy damsel who verily was playing with him, but he did not mean to send her off like a lapwing.

In spite of his bragging ditty, Master George felt and looked forlorn for a man full of solemn and weighty interests, and only deserted by a baggage of a girl; and he puffed out a sigh as he took up his cap and tramped back to the city and attended another secret meeting, which might have cost him his brave red ears, and then sat at his desk until the steel gray dawn, in place of taking his evening's diversion and his sound night's rest among the white, lavender-scented sheets of the Orchard House at Lambeth on the Thames. Had the old mother who had always looked on him, at the height of his austerity, as her spruce young lad, seen him when he dropped asleep at last in his leathern chair, she would have started back at the grim and haggard lines which sleep—that photographs some of us with prophetic harshness—had brought out on the full-fleshed, well-coloured face of her youth. Why, her David—her beautiful David's blooming severity—looked gaunt and gruesome as his father Jesse's carking care.

CHAPTER II.

THE REFORMER.

THE next locality we may be thankful is by no means specially English; though, unfortunately, it was notably prominent in honest Englishmen's lives for a hundred years and more, two centuries ago; else why did John Bunyan, Colonel Hutchinson, Daniel Defoe, and many another worthy, equally distinct and far removed from each other in position, know it too well? It was the dark, sombre, hopeless, heartless interior of a country gaol, from whose grated windows prisoners in want and wretchedness, wanness and wantonness, gazed with a dull stare or an ugly leer, and in the stocks before whose damp, decaying walls vagabonds commonly sat impaled.

Doubtless, a man sometimes grew reckless, and did not mind such a dwelling; and another, from genteel manners, became a favourite, and was allowed a little dearly-prized liberty even in a gaol, or else he enjoyed the opportunity of becoming jolly with his gaoler; but no stretch of imagination could regard it as a pretty spot. To a man with a true poet's organization—a healthy enamourment of all things fair and sweet, fresh and fragrant—the iron of this den, though it was not more sordid or filthy than its neighbours, must have pierced deep even as it entered the boy Joseph's soul. On a man of the English type of righteousness—a faulty type, like all human copies: but we have a tenderness for it on account of the proprietorship of the pattern—resolute, not so much wilful as obdurate, and at the same time keen and fiery when roused, the iniquity of his forcible detention in this atmosphere of degradation and disgrace must have acted like whip and spur, galling and goading him to desperation, in spite of his godliness and kindliness. We have high authority for recognizing adversity as a man's friend; but to the best of men it comes as a friend in disguise; and we cannot pretend that its buffets are always well taken, or that it does not begin with causing a fellow to scowl and double his fists, and glare fiercely with his old, just, generous, frank eyes.

So Master George had paced his narrow, close room, and sat on his truckle bed, and stamped and fumed—though, well for him, he also said his prayers like a man and a Christian—till we can scarcely recognize his familiar features. What sleep produced for a second to the scared old mother, trouble is doing of a constancy. His big, manly face is all lined with passion; there are furrows about the mouth, and hollows round the eyes, and the temples have grown ominously prominent, like ivory bullets. He sits there on the window-seat, his hand in his bosom, pondering on his wrongs and the evils of the generation, and shaping and colouring them by the peculiar faith of his day, heady and half-digested, but made up of noble materials. You perceive this man is not such a *spiritual dreamer* as yon grey-headed, resigned prisoner, with his blind

girl's hand in his, selling laces before the gaol at Bedford. Master George has always appeared more of a muscular Daniel Defoe, but with a greater religious bias: hating all oppression, guile, and effeminacy; an energetic, passionate fellow in his very Christianity, not letting the grass grow beneath his feet in the writing of the sacred poetry which sped over the middle class in England like a fiery cross, and not always stopping to mind humility and mercy, while he was brandishing aloft truth and holiness with his brawny arm, and summoning champions in thousands to his standard.

As to being nice about tropes, and figures, and rhymes, in such a course, you might as well ask a man to pick his steps running a race, that he might gratify you by letting his pace fall into a graceful amble.

But now it is hard and sad to say what that diligent brain and those determined fingers, which helped to discipline the Ironsides well nigh as much as General Cromwell, will next propagate. For hark to him! how he mutters of the cursed races of Canaan, and smiting Ammon hip and thigh; and how red his eyeballs glow in the gloomy dusk, as he whispers to himself hoarsely of the vision he saw in the watches of the night, of pale horses up to the saddle-girths in blood, and an angel in terrible majesty, with a drawn sword in the shadowy hand, which no heaps of slain men would sheathe. When the poet turns a seer and foretels horrors uncommissioned and uninspired, then—then woe, woe to the poet and woe to his audience!

Unexpectedly, for Master George had not been attending to any sound without, the key of his door turned, the heavy door opened, and walking in advance of the turnkey, so as to hide him as he did his duty, and shut again the barrier of solid oak, appeared a token of Lambeth on the Thames—stately Lambeth with its ancient towers, fresh Lambeth with its great bushy tree-tops, rural Lambeth with its Orchard House, where busy men relaxed their turmoil and sweetened their flesh-used appetites with curds and whey. Had Lambeth wafted the air of its thyme-beds or the crystal purity of its waters (they were crystal then), or the dignity and picturesqueness of its palace and Bishop's Walk, by some magic, into the squalor of a gaol, none of these particulars could have been more inappropriate than Mistress Emerson, with her grass-green apron and her cambric hood—lily white it looked in the yellow air, round her youthful face, half pathetic, half frolicsome, with a little wicker basket on her arm, like that in which little Red Ridinghood carried the famous pats of butter and the cakes to her unlucky old grandmother; and making a hasty reverence, positively from not knowing very well what else to do.

We wonder what Samson would have felt just before he pulled down the Temple of Dagon, had the blind giant's quick ear caught the step and voice of his first love—that woman of the Philistines who pleased him well in his "long, long ago," as she stepped up to him with her old tripping walk and lightsome carol? How would Wallace have looked—(if you

please we will allow him to have lived and married, let alone looked, just for the sake of the picture)—if his young wife, whom the English murdered, had risen up before him in her thoughtlessness and gaiety, and clasped his neck as she was wont to do—say on the eve of the burning of the Barns of Ayr?

Master George shut his dazzled eyes, opened them wide, and then said, coldly and bitterly, "This is no place for you, Mistress Emerson. What, in the name of wilfulness and folly, hath brought you here?" Misfortune in its ferment, ere its scum had settled, had rendered the man savage: what it had made the woman, you will see presently.

She shrank a little at his tone, and then she looked fixedly and wistfully at him, and advanced straight to him, and spoke calmly, in her liquid tones, which had a ring of the birds in them—not the daws that stuffed up the palace chimneys, but the thrushes and the blackbirds that built in her own soft-mossed, silver-lichened orchard trees: "Master George, father was coming to the town for some marketing, and you know that it is only a long day's ride from Lambeth; and I have an aunt hereabouts, my poor aunt Dolly, who will refuse my mother's daughter nothing, because when my aunt Dolly ran off with a wild fellow, and displeased her parents, my mother took her in, and patched up the strife; though, for that matter, it was but a sorry match for my aunt Dolly, seeing her partner turned out a ne'er-do-well, and was rarely out of scrapes and penances." Mistress Elizabeth paused, disconcerted, either aware that she had given the conversation an awkward turn, or sensible that she had said enough for a fellow who was willing and clever, and that he ought to have interrupted her long before now. Poor tender heart! how it palpitated, fit to crack the silken lace of that bodice.

But Master George did no more than rise, and lounge as he could upon his legs, not inviting his poor little visitor to make a throne of the window-seat, and he exclaimed, "Humph! the fellow would be a psalm-singer—now, was he not, mistress?" very rudely. It was bad of him, bad of his manliness; but John Bull is as stubborn as an ox when he is fairly provoked; and it put him in a rage to think how Elizabeth Emerson had been off with him in a jilt's fashion (after that intolerable song), when he was in prosperity, and how she would be on with him now, and condole with him — that condolence which was the toughest bit his proud stomach found to digest, in his battle and martyrdom.

Notwithstanding, Mistress Elizabeth was not to be beaten—not a bit, her true heart leapt up only not to find him indifferent: she did not care for his ill-humour, except to pity him a thousand times more, and love him a thousand times better—she was instinctively rather glad at his pique. He had always held himself a stage above her, from which pulpit he had launched that philosophic song at her giddy head. She much preferred him disordered and taunting: there is no accounting for tastes. Any way, sure she was not come to the horrid gaol, exposing herself

to the base suspicions of the gross public and the wrath of her temporizing kindred if she should be found out, to plague him, a prisoner—the worthiest, most upright, devout fellow of his years, and the greatest scholar, she verily believed, in the kingdom—a prisoner! Shame! shame! On the contrary, she replied, meekly, "Alack! no, Master George; it was for drunkenness and ribaldry; it would have been another sight of a matter to my poor aunt Dolly to-day, had his confinement e'er concerned any question of conscience or religion. But here—" and she came nearer to him, and spoke lower, as she drew a broadsheet from her basket; "here is your last divine song; they have printed it, and it is sounding over all England, though you be lying there."

In spite of himself, his eyes flashed, and he grasped the offspring of his piety, patriotism, and genius—not of his triumph alone, but the triumph of his solemn belief in Heaven—stamped on the sedate, stern, roused people of England, among whom the Star Chamber, the Privy Council, and the tyranny of Laud were now working like yeast. But he let his hand fall again with the precious paper; and he continued in a somewhat cracked, flimsy, jesting vein, thinking to take refuge in scoffing at sentiment—he who would have died ten deaths before he had scoffed at religion. "And what have you besides in these panniers to expose you to the pillory, mistress?"

"Little more," she answered, a little sadly: for, to tell the truth, she was disappointed at not producing a deeper impression upon him by the danger she had run for his sake, at not affording him more solace by what had cost her a great effort of magnanimity to fetch and carry for him—the bare proof of his success as a people's poet, which she trembled to think might be fatal to him as a man. "Little more, master; a crisp cake or so" (you see it was simple little Red Ridinghood's basket), "a fresh egg or two of my own speckled hen's laying, a bunch of clove carnations from my garden: but you never cared for cakes, or eggs, or posies, Master George," she ended, disconsolately.

"But I do care for them," cried Master George, quivering all over; in the one moment sensible of his collar open to give him air, his slovenly coat, his tumbled hair and beard; in the next, snapping his fingers at such trifles, and flinging them over his shoulder. "You mistake entirely: I care for them here in prison very much. Don't the cakes and eggs whet my appetite, and the carnations delight my nose?" And he caught the crimson, spicy flowers and stooped his face over them. "They mind me of Lambeth, when I forgot the habitation of the prelate, and took breath for a stroll, and you were not saucy. But you have brought your poor fellow something more than cakes, and eggs, and flowers, Elizabeth Emerson."

"Nay, now, Master George," protested Elizabeth coyly, becoming all at once lovely, and crimson, and rich in promise as her own clove-carnations—like our vanished musk-roses, Stratford-on-Avon flowers these—"I did think that you would be the last to abuse discretion."

"Abuse discretion, my little wench! I would not abuse your shoetie," declared Master George, with the drops in his eyes; "but lest another man should not be so nice, when I get out of this hole I will make bold to make you my wife, whether you will or no. I have no fear of your father; the good man knows honesty will be the best policy, before the day be done; he would not refuse to trust you to me if I were once again abroad. I confess I was so faithless as to have renounced all hope of such a pledge. I did not dream this morning that I would have another personal interest in this world. For all that, I take the good which is sent to me thankfully, and leave the rest in a high hand. But eh! Mistress Elizabeth, you seem to have put off the judgment of the wicked, like Lot in Sodom," concluded Master George, thoughtfully and shyly, with the touch of surprise and pensiveness with which a man is aware of a delusion dissolving around him, like morning mist before the broad day breaking in the east over his head.

CHAPTER III.

A-SOLDIERING.

MASTER George has associated himself with two fine pictures, that of Bunyan selling his wares before Bedford gaol, by Hervey, and that of a little child mounted before a stout old soldier of the Commonwealth days, by Millais. The last glimpse we have of George Withers, poet and very nearly divine, is as a Colonel of the Parliament, in buff coat and bandolier, standing on the floor of the summer parlour of his country-house one fine June morning, taking leave of his wife and family before he sets out on one of those campaigns, of which a series are to trample down the wheat and clover of many an English field, and make desolate the hearth of many an English home.

Volunteering was rather more serious work in the seventeenth century than in the nineteenth as yet. These amateurs—and the yeomen and tradesbands must have been amateurs to begin with—had tough customers cut out for them, in Gage, and Goring, and Prince Rupert, half a Parliament man in his old age, when he was honest Andrew Marvel's pupil, and his brave grizzled head hung fire before his graceless, heartless nephew.

The odds were very even in those days, whether such a stalwart, energetic commander as Master George would return in peace and joy, or lie stiff and cold by the hedge, or in the high road, or in the street of the Royalist town. Master George could look forward to such an end with resignation and hope like every good man, but he had much to detain him on earth. There were many threads wound about his heart from reels centering in that prosperous country-house, with its parks now white *with daisies* and boisterous with young lowing calves and neighing fillies,

besides his public concerns. If you asked any other worthy middle-aged family man, with a reverent, obedient eye beyond this world, he would tell you that he would fain be spared for the sake of his wife and the young ones—the partner, who is the faithful, loving soul to whom his has cleaved, so that they have been but one flesh; and the little square-built men and women ascending under his hand like steps and stairs, who have wills of their own in different ways, he warrants, and who will give the house-mother hard and heavy work if their master is removed betimes. He would even live as long as he can for the familiar friends and acquaintances, and servants, and dumb animals, and the old green world which he has lived in so long and loved so well, that he is sad to part with it, though it is to go to a better.

But Master George is cheerier and more sanguine than he was of old; and that, again, like a good man whose keenness, like the sharpness of good wine, goes, and only the racy flavour, the body, and strength, and gladness remain behind. He talks quite hopefully to the anxious household of being home again before the Martinmas, or the Michaelmas at the farthest; and as he stoops to kiss his little daughters, reaching up to him from the toe of his great boot, he says, heartily, that he trusts the civil war will soon come to an end, in time for his lasses to find good men who have never spilt their brothers' blood.

Many a breast in the army of the Parliament is beginning to echo that wish. It is very much of a conservative war now, to keep what they have gained; they don't regret their fiery reformation, their rising for liberty of body and soul; they would not pass the ship-tax or submit to Laud for all that is come or gone. But well-a-day! they are so weary of this work of destruction between men of the same nation, and nurture, and speech; so sick of those engagements where either they or their fellows must be butchered wholesale; so certain that all that is good will be disturbed, shaken, and will at last go down, and only rapine and lust will be left to hold sway. They have been ready enough to appeal to the Lord of Hosts: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," has been, perhaps, but too freely in their hot mouths; but they have not altogether forgotten Him as a God of peace. They would stop short, and welcome; they are suspicious of further changes, of their mighty Oliver, and of the future. Anon these sagacious, valiant partisans will receive back the old House with something like a jubilee; they will endure the renunciation of every obligation; they will even suffer the years without a Parliament rather than provoke a return of those fearful hostilities: only the mad papist James can compel that risk. Just so, eager, vigorous men, all for the overthrow of existing selfishness and humbug in great courts and small circuits, grow mild, patient, long-suffering, hopeful, from no hypocrisy, but from sheer experience, in the decline of life; else their blessings and trials have not done much for them.

Well! Master George does bear a kind of resemblance to that egregious parody the knight; but don't we all, whether in our jests or sulks,

privately admit a grain of truth in our grossest caricatures? He is portly, perhaps rather too portly for his martial calling, and his beard—between ourselves—his beard is not unlike that beard—

> "The upper part whereof was whey,
> The nether, orange, mixed with grey."

But, to be sure, Elizabeth and the children think that faded, tawny beard absolutely superior to the locks of Apollo, as they probably consider his bulk the magnitude of Jupiter. Even Bluebeard's wife had her own opinion to cast in the teeth of sister Anne, when the latter presumed on her services, of that inimitable appendage, which fairly outbid all the achievements of Eastern travellers and Crimean soldiers; but there is no question that this is the weather-worn badge of a firm, true, nobly-gifted man.

Time had been gentle to Elizabeth. He is often a courtly fellow to happy wives and mothers. The buxom dame was not only plumper but fairer and rosier than the lass of Lambeth, in her old bonny arch brownness and slenderness. Her face was blanched and clouded on this occasion; but are not all our faces paled and darkened on some days? And she had so often seen George go and come again, and she knew he was so good and useful, and that he was her and his children's stay; so, in natural, pardonable, worship and egotism, the poor wife was only tearful and prayerful, like Lucy Hutchinson; not in anguish and frenzy.

Master George mounted and rode away, rather stooping his broad back and fumbling with his bridle for a little bit. Well! well! we must all part one day, and meet again, we reverently hope and pray; most of us, with all our errors, will uncover our heads and say Amen to that aspiration.

However, for the comfort of any sympathetic reader, one may have the grace to record that there is no particular mention of George Withers' name among the multitude of slain in all these battles; and it is not likely that, had he thus perished, so marked a man would have been forgotten. The probability is, that his parting from his Elizabeth was not a violent one, and that, if she was spared, she received his last blessing, and smoothed his dying pillow, and held his hand—that strong, capable hand once, which was so brave and loyal to his king, which wrote so rapidly and fought so slowly—until it fell from her clasp.

Keeping up Appearances.

The great peculiarity of periodical literature is, that it reflects, with minute exactness, the moral and intellectual features of the society in which it exists; and there is no particular in which it does this more precisely than in respect of the different degrees of earnestness and power with which different subjects are discussed. In good newspapers, such of the political articles as refer to the party discussions of the day, to foreign politics, or to personal controversies, are usually written in a careful, straightforward, business-like manner, and with as much talent as the resources and standing of the paper enable it to obtain. As the general and permanent interest of the subject in hand increases, the skill, and even more the care, with which it is treated generally diminish. The writer always conveys the impression that his object is merely to sport with the subject and to dish up with more or less dexterity the current commonplaces respecting it, and that he is well aware that any serious investigation would appear to his readers unwelcome, if not impertinent. An article in *The Times* about a change in the Ministry, Louis Napoleon's designs on Sardinia, or the state of affairs in North America, is always worth reading, and is sure to be written upon the assumption that those who do read it will care enough for the subject to wish to be addressed in plain language. An article which professes to take a wider range and to discuss the principles of measures or institutions is generally sugared over with conventional geniality, and introduced by a paragraph about the Queen of Sheba, Æsop's Fables, or some other bait to idleness. This arises from the fact that periodicals in general, and newspapers more particularly, are established and maintained for purely practical objects, and only play at speculation. Nothing sets this in a stronger light than the manner in which matters of general private interest are treated in *The Times*. "We" never notices these in his own proper person till he has sported with them under an alias. Some "we" dressed up with elaborate playfulness, like a comic countryman on the stage, writes a letter to himself under the signature of "Seven Belgravian Mothers," or "Habitans in Sicco," bewailing the bad preaching, the worldly-mindedness, or some other prevailing evil of the day. Thereupon a number of other persons, who are real beefeaters, and not knights-templars in disguise, write other letters upon the same subject, almost always vulgar, and, generally speaking, silly into the bargain;—for every one who does so, considers himself bound to wear a cap and bells for the occasion, and to put what little he has to say into a form which makes the trouble of discovering the meaning overbalance any advantage which could attach to it when discovered. Finally,

"we" reappears on the stage in his own proper person, and after a few paragraphs about a benevolent Brahmin, or a statesman of the Byzantine Empire, dismisses the whole subject with a few commonplaces, in a style unattainable to any one except a practised writer indifferent to the subject.

Though such letters answer the purpose for which they are designed, of amusing the public, there can be little doubt that their general effect is either injurious, or at least not beneficial. They produce no real conviction, but tend only to increase that accumulated mass of floating sentiment upon subjects of importance, which is at once the bane of serious thought upon them, and an obstacle to rational conduct. To the great mass of mankind, an inquiry into the questions whether early marriages are becoming less common than they formerly were, what is the cause of this state of things if it exists, and whether it is or is not to be regarded as an evil, is at least as serious a matter as an inquiry into the effect of remitting the paper duty; nor is there any reason why they should not be discussed, if at all, with as much gravity and completeness. People seem to think that some apology is required for giving an opinion on one of the most interesting and important branches of human affairs; and that, though it would be an impertinence to smirk and simper in a discussion about the state of parties or the analysis of a division list, matters involving the domestic happiness of some of the most important classes of the community cannot be properly discussed, unless a kept mistress is facetiously described as a pretty horse-breaker. It would be tedious to travel through the various phases which the controversy on the comparative advantages of wives and concubines assumed in the columns of *The Times*. It was plain enough that a good deal of it was levelled at the improprieties of a very few women, whose notorious impudence might, it was supposed, be abashed by laying their sins on the shoulders of society. It would no doubt be brutal as well as libellous to attack such persons by name; but it is hard on the world to treat a few offenders as average specimens of contemporary morality, because tenderness to their sex makes it impossible to specify their offences. Apart from this, the gist of the correspondence was, that young men in the present day prefer mistresses to wives, partly because women are not sufficiently well educated for the more honourable position, but mostly because marriage is too expensive. The controversy, according to the established course described above, was summed up by *The Times*, though in a somewhat more serious manner than it usually adopts on such topics, and in a tone which contrasted favourably with most of the letters of its numerous correspondents. The gist of the article is contained in the following passages, which suggested the title of this essay, and which require somewhat more discriminating and qualified examination than such assertions usually receive.

After mooting the question whether, in the higher classes of society, early marriages are less common now than formerly, the writer proceeds: "There is one besetting sin of modern society which must necessarily act *in this direction*" (*i. e.* towards the diminution of early marriages). "We

allude to the vulgar, but almost universal desire to keep up appearances which makes newly married couples expect to begin where their fathers and mothers ended. If a daughter is to have the comforts to which she has been used, and to start with a house and establishment as costly as her parents are able to keep up with the accumulations of a life, it can be shown mathematically, that marriages must become fewer in each successive generation. . . . We should be slow to believe that the majority of either sex in the world of rank and fashion know so little of true love that they cannot bring themselves to start from small beginnings, to climb the hill together as all who do not inherit wealth and position must, and as all who would experience the full value of the conjugal tie would choose to do."

There is something winning both in the matter and manner of these sentences; but they are unjust towards many of those for whose guidance they are intended. The class to which such considerations can be addressed is a small one, and it is essential to anything like a fair discussion of the subject to have a definite notion of its position and prospects. To the poor such advice has obviously no application whatever, and to many of those who are not poor it has as little. Practically it concerns men who have money enough to live like gentlemen so long as they remain unmarried, but not enough to maintain a family on the same scale. And the reproach addressed to them amounts to this: If you really love a woman, you are guilty of cold-heartedness, cowardice, and vulgarity if you hesitate to marry her simply because your joint means would not enable you to live like gentlefolks. You ought to be willing for the sake of contracting such a marriage to live like persons who are not gentlefolks, trusting to your industry and good fortune to restore you at a later period of life to the condition in which you were born and bred. If you are not willing to do this, you care more for "keeping up appearances"—that is, for what other people think about you—than for the substantial happiness of conjugal affection; and this is mean and cowardly.

The first question which these charges raise is, whether a man placed in the circumstances suggested would in fact forfeit the social rank of a gentleman by living in an extremely frugal manner, and what would be the extent of the evil incurred by doing so. The exact amount of self-denial which would be required in order to enable a married couple to live on the income which would be sufficient or even ample for a single man during the early years of professional life, cannot be exactly ascertained. If they had no children, it would not be great; but if they had several, it would not be less than this: that, in order to enable the husband to meet the inevitable expenses of almost any liberal profession, it would be necessary that they should live almost entirely without servants, without change of air or scene, without the society of their equals, without any, or at least any adequate, provision for such emergencies as illness; and with the most minute and rigorous

economy in every detail of domestic expenditure. Unless, as years went on, their income increased both largely and quickly, they would not have the means of educating their children to fill the same station in life as that in which their own youth was passed. It is no doubt true that persons living in this manner might retain the respect of their acquaintances, and might be recognized as people of education and refinement; for, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is little disposition in the world to be unjust and contemptuous towards poverty as such, especially if it is poverty combined with good manners and a liberal education. But though they might not be despised or insulted, such a couple would be very likely to be forgotten and dropped out of sight by all except their most intimate friends and relations. Nor is this a consequence of which any one could complain; for it is absurd to suppose that the mere fact that one person is thrown to some extent in the way of another, and occasionally meets him at a dinner-table or a club, imposes on either the obligation of diligently seeking out the other and cultivating his intimacy for the rest of his life, under whatever circumstances he may be placed. Almost all society depends upon opportunity. The fact that a man removes from one street to another a couple of miles off, has nothing to do with his personal titles to regard and intimacy; but it constantly makes the difference between intimate friendship and casual acquaintance. In just the same manner, if people born in easy circumstances choose to live upon terms which involve either great poverty, or at least close economy, they fall out of the way of their old acquaintances and connections, and must expect, without any loss of good-will or any intentional unkindness, to be forgotten by them. To this extent a marriage involving what must be described in reference to the parties concerned as comparative poverty, may be said to imply loss of social position; but there is another and a more important sense in which the same thing is true. Not only do the less intimate friends of the persons contracting such a marriage lose sight of them, but they lose the opportunity of making many other connections, which, if they had remained single, they probably would have made. A young man entering a liberal profession upon independent terms is held in very different estimation, and has much greater opportunities of advancing in his profession and otherwise, though he has fewer motives for doing so, whilst he remains single, than after he is married. It is far from being a mere question of personal luxury and enjoyment. A single man can entertain schemes and run risks which in a married man would be unjustifiable. People risk less by helping him, and commit themselves to less by associating with him. In these and other ways, which will readily suggest themselves, an early and poor marriage involves a great loss of personal social consideration.

This is, generally speaking, not questioned, but it is not uncommon to ask whether this is a loss which a man of spirit would regard? whether it is not an act of social injustice, and whether it is not a

duty to feel, and to show by one's conduct, a contempt for it, which it is asserted to deserve? For many obvious reasons the insinuation which such questions convey is highly popular. There is nothing which people are so fond of despising and reviling as the abstraction called "the world" and "society;" and perhaps there are no more flagrant cases of social injustice than those of which society itself is the object. Closer examination will, however, show that such opinions are not as true as they are popular. If the abstraction called "society" has any duties at all (which is a curious and by no means a simple question), it can hardly be contended that it is under the obligation of assessing the claims which each of its members may possess to the respect and good offices of all the others, and of enforcing the concession of that respect, and the discharge of those good offices, by all the penalties which it can inflict. No one is bound to have an opinion on a question in which he has no evidence; and if people take steps which naturally and inevitably withdraw them from the notice of their neighbours, they cannot complain if their neighbours forget them.

It follows from these considerations that there is nothing in the view taken by society of the class of marriages in question which can fairly be resented as an injustice; and much might be said in favour of even a stronger view upon the subject. The diminution of a man's social consideration by his contracting a poor marriage may be justified on the grounds that such matters must be regulated by general rules; that social consideration is awarded in respect of the possession of the qualities which make a man's society pleasant, particularly good manners, and the tastes and habits which go with refinement; and that these things are, as a general rule, hardly reconcileable, especially in women, with the sort of life which such marriages render necessary. No doubt, the most important of the qualities which entitle a man to be considered a gentleman are personal, and may almost be described as moral; but their retention depends to a great extent upon the external conditions under which people live. Here and there men and women may be found possessed of sufficient energy and elasticity of mind to be capable of passing from pursuits which exercise and develop their understandings to almost menial offices, without ceasing to profit by the first or to discharge the second properly; but these are rare exceptions. Not one man in a thousand can do so, and not one woman in a hundred thousand.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it does cost a great deal of money to be a gentleman, and a great deal more to be a lady. Where the mistress of the house has to be a nurse and domestic servant as well as a wife, she will be almost sure to sink the last character in the first. Unless a woman has extraordinary health and vigour, her husband will enjoy very little of her society if she is always looking after the children or the dinner; and if both he and she are forced to spend a great deal of time and thought in contriving ways to make their income cover their expenses, their minds will be very apt to assume a petty cast, and to be fixed for the

most part on small and somewhat sordid though important objects. The obscure difficulties and struggles of such a mode of life are, in plain truth, great enemies both to refinement and to high aims in life. A couple to whom every sixpence is an object have to think and talk a great deal about sixpences. Although it is perfectly right that they should do so, it would be better for them both to be free from the obligation.

It follows from all this, that the desire to keep up appearances is neither an empty nor a vulgar one, for the appearances so kept up cover substantial realities. It is quite true that the first, and perhaps the most obvious result of the sort of marriage which is so warmly advocated, is a loss of social station; but the reason why that loss is incurred is, that such marriages almost always render possessions of great importance extremely precarious. They endanger the independence and the refinement of those who contract them, and they make it probable that they will become the parents of children who will hold a position in life altogether different from their own. This simple account of the matter will continue to be the true one so long as the average energy and self-restraint of mankind continue substantially unchanged. Whether or no such a risk is worth running, and such a price worth paying for the gratification of affection, is a separate question; but it is of great importance to understand rightly what the price really is.

Almost every one who has the ear of the public, and who writes upon the subject, falls into the error of arguing as if the sacrifice required for the sake of such marriages was no more than a sacrifice of personal luxury and enjoyment. The extracts quoted from *The Times* proceed on the assumption that it is a question of carriages, fine clothes, and expensive amusements. If this were true, that conclusion would be irresistible: a man must indeed be a paltry fellow who cared more for horses and good dinners than for love and marriage. But every one who has a practical knowledge of the subject is aware of the great injustice of charging the bulk of the prosperous part of the classes referred to with useless ostentation. The vanities which it is usual to deride as the rivals of marriage—champagne, stalls at the opera, and expensive dinners—are not the real difficulties. For 100*l.* a judicious man may get a great amount of that sort of enjoyment; but if he wants to keep a roomy house, and to provide clothes, food, washing, attendance, change of air, doctors, repairs, and furniture for a wife and several young children, his 100*l.* will go much faster than it would in any prudent and reasonable kind of personal indulgence. A married man must be prepared either to meet these expenses on a constantly increasing scale, or to cut them down at the expense of converting his wife into a drudge, and allowing his children to grow up in unwholesome and dirty habits.

With our present notions of the amount of provision required for health and comfort, the most puritanical avoidance of the very shadow of ostentation or extravagance would not affect very materially the average expenses of the great majority of the families of gentlefolks. The

real reason why marriage is so expensive is, that the educated part of the community consider a reasonable certainty of solid comfort as indispensable to a prudent marriage, and solid comfort is the most expensive thing in the world. It is most unjust to deny that both men and women are perfectly ready to dress plainly, to live quietly, to renounce expensive parties, to consider even an omnibus as a luxury, and to do altogether without amusements; but they are not ready to turn a lady into a nursemaid, to content themselves with a single maid-of-all-work of low habits and manners, to let the children go dirty for want of clean linen, and to be without any resources in the case of illness or misfortune: no sacrifices short of these will enable people to marry on the income which would support a single man as a gentleman.

When it is once clearly understood that this is the nature of the sacrifice which such a marriage requires, the question whether it is worth while to make it becomes in practice considerably simplified; but these are not the only sacrifices which are required. It must be remembered that the question relates mainly to the marriage of the members of liberal professions, though somewhat similar questions may be raised in reference to other pursuits. A man's prospect of success in any calling whatever, in any high sense of the word success, depends almost entirely on the general spirit in which he pursues it. The proverb that it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright, goes far towards exhausting what is to be said as to the bearing upon professional success of marriages in which appearances and the realities which they cover are set aside. Whatever a man's business may be, his chance of prosecuting it honourably or usefully depends upon his being proud of it, attached to it, and pursuing it not only for the sake of making a living by it, but from a genuine interest in it. This becomes first difficult, and then practically impossible, in proportion to the degree of money pressure to which a man is subjected. A single man who is independent of his profession can afford to observe its rules, to enter into its spirit, and to study its principles with genuine zeal and interest; but if he marries and has a family, his independence is gone. He must live by his profession, and that at once. The motive to exertion thus supplied is the most powerful in the world, but it is a motive to exertion merely. It is not a motive to reflection. Here and there, no doubt, it may spur a man at once able and sluggish (which is not an uncommon combination) into activity; but it does not act in this manner on men in general. It constantly drives them into petty devices and unprofitable byways by which they eke out their income at the expense of higher objects which they might otherwise have attained. In many a neglected parish the clergyman takes pupils, and many a man who might have written books worth reading shreds his mind into magazines and newspapers. Many a lawyer or doctor who might otherwise have distinguished himself has to put up with a half acquaintance with his profession, and an obscure country

practice, because he determined, as he thought magnanimously, in early life to do a brave thing, and marry as he pleased, setting appearances at defiance.

No doubt there are cases the other way. Such a career as Lord Eldon's is an excellent illustration; but these cases occur only to people of extraordinary energy. A heavy load may pique a very powerful man into exertions which he would not otherwise have made; but no man goes the better for being overweighted; and the weight imposed by poverty, and the pressing necessity for an immediate income, is too great for the spirit of most men, and even for the honesty of many. Lord Eldon himself was so much pressed by the difficulties in which his marriage involved him, that he endeavoured at one point in his career to reach a very humble shelf on which he would have considered himself fortunate to be able to rest.

The consequence of this is, that the considerations by which men are held back from entering into marriages by which they would forfeit that degree of independence which belongs to a single man possessed of property just sufficient for his own comfortable maintenance during the early part of professional life, are not fairly represented by phrases about keeping up appearances; that the sacrifices which such a marriage renders necessary are matters not of appearance merely, but of substance; and that the view which people in general take of them as expressed by the common sentiment of society upon the subject cannot be considered as too serious. It appears to follow that in most cases the adoption of a liberal profession is inconsistent with early marriage, unless the joint income of the parties concerned is considerable; and this is a matter which every one who proposes to enter upon a liberal profession ought to take very seriously into consideration before he forms the resolution to do so; but when the resolution is formed and the step actually taken, it will often happen that a man will have to choose between sacrificing his feelings, entering on a long engagement, or giving up the prospect of professional success. It is not uncommon to speak and write as if the last of these three courses were the one which a high-minded man ought in such a case instantly to adopt; and indeed much, if not most, of the language which is generally used upon the subject is traceable to a low estimate of the claim which a man's profession has over him. It is common to sneer at success, and to blame ambition when they come into competition with love; and it is insinuated in a thousand ways that the one passion is noble and exalted, whilst the other is altogether worldly and contemptible. The discussion of the objects for which people ought to live has been almost entirely abandoned by serious inquirers to novelists and sentimental writers; and in our own time and country they hold up to admiration with one consent domestic happiness as the ideal towards which men's efforts should be directed. "Live," is the practical advice offered from many quarters in the present day to every one entering life—"live to be a happy husband and father. *If you* succeed in this, the objects of life are attained, and you should

regulate your course of life mainly with a view towards this result." This advice is nowhere given in so many words, but it is the net result of a vast amount of exhortation, direct and indirect, addressed to mankind through a variety of channels. Almost all the light literature of the day, an immense proportion of the popular theology, and the current sentiment of society, expressed in various other channels, all point in this direction. It would be easy to show how closely it is connected with many of the most characteristic features of modern speculation; for instance, with the current theories about education, and with all the language which we are in the habit of using about progress and civilization.

No one, of course, would, for a moment, deprecate the vast importance of such objects. It is useless to dwell on the self-evident proposition that nothing else could afford any compensation for the habitual undervaluing of domestic happiness and the domestic relations; but it ought never to be forgotten that they, like everything else that is beautiful and valuable, may be turned into idols, and that there is considerable danger that this may occur when pleasure and duty are so ingeniously combined. The course of peace, prosperity, and scientific discovery through which we have so long been passing seems likely to produce a strange result. We have produced an unexampled number of comfortable people; we seem likely to increase their number to an extent almost unlimited; and attention will probably begin to be directed before long with considerable earnestness to the question why these people exist, and whether any reasonable account of their existence can be given or ought to be required? Is the mere fact that a man is born, grows up, and, by dint of persistent though not unreasonable efforts, succeeds in leading a happy life, and in leaving representatives behind him to repeat the process, a sufficient explanation of his existence; or is something further required, and, if so, what is it? There are times in the history of mankind when such questions hardly can be asked, not, at least, without exciting a sense of absurdity; and many passages in the history of the last few years supply illustrations of them. No one, for example, who was in India during the Mutiny would have thought of asking such a question. The salvation of the empire was a broad intelligible object to which most of those who were on the spot had the power of contributing in one way or another, and which so far exceeded in importance individual questions of feeling or success that no one would have ventured to justify himself openly in setting them in competition. In the quiet routine of ordinary life the case is, at least apparently, different. Many persons may reasonably enough ask the question whether, after all, there is anything better or higher for them to do than to choose that path of life in which they may most readily succeed in making a happy marriage and bringing up a well-behaved family of children, taking in the meantime such opportunities as present themselves of helping their neighbours to do the same. The answer to this question is, that this is so far from being a high view of life, that it is one which, if it prevailed generally, would dwarf the

national character, and render domestic happiness in any of its higher forms impossible. A touching old song says, with great truth,—

> "I could not love thee, dear, so well,
> Loved I not honour more."

Love is not a mere sense of value for a possession. It cannot exist for any good purpose unless it is fed by admiration and respect for qualities fitted to rouse those emotions; and if the whole of a man's thoughts centre in his family, if he views his occupations as nothing more than means for promoting their enjoyments in life, how is he to cultivate the qualities by which love is justified? A man cannot, with any self-respect, take a woman's place. He must live for something more than his wife and children, and in quiet times that for which, generally speaking, he ought to live is his occupation—the position in life, whatever it may be, which circumstances have assigned to him. There is probably no form of duty of which the recognition is either so rare or so important as that which consists in looking upon the common occupations of life as matters in which the public, as well as private persons, have an interest; yet the extent to which this sentiment prevails is perhaps the most searching of all tests of national greatness. To a superficial eye the question whether a particular man enjoys more or less prosperity, and attains to a greater or less distinction in his own walk of life, appears a matter so entirely relative to himself, that it looks like affectation to say that he ought to consider that society at large is interested in his individual success in life, and that he ought not to take his own individual desire to advance himself as the measure of his efforts to do so. These assertions, however, are indisputably true. A nation is nothing more than an aggregate of individuals, and it will be vigorous, independent, energetic and successful, in exact proportion to the number of individuals contained in it to whom such epithets can be properly applied. In the very lowest rank of life the interest which society at large has in the ambition of individuals is so plain, that its assertion has almost become a commonplace. No person of ordinary acquaintance with the commonest principles of political economy would give a day labourer or mechanic the sort of advice which is so often given to young men of the higher classes. After much debate and investigation it has come at last to be pretty generally admitted that people have no business to gratify their affections at the expense of breeding paupers. It is hardly matter of serious dispute that it is one of the most important of all political and social objects to lead labourers and artisans to adopt a standard of comfort high enough to deter them from marriage until they have a reasonable prospect of being able to maintain and to educate their families up to that standard. A young carpenter who makes his 5*s.* a day is in a condition closely analogous to that of a young barrister with 200*l.* a year of his own. Any reasonable adviser would earnestly dissuade the carpenter from marrying until he had saved money enough to buy clothes and furniture, to provide for illness, and to furnish

his wife with the extra comforts which the birth of children would render acceptable, perhaps indispensable, to her health and to the preservation of anything like youthfulness of mind or body. If, besides this, he wished to make sure of a cottage and a piece of land of his own, or if he put off his marriage till he could take a shop and rise from being a journeyman to being a master in a small way, every one would applaud his frugality and self-restraint.

The reproaches of cowardice and worldliness which are so often addressed to persons of higher social rank for refusing to marry on the terms of forfeiting their security of independence, and rendering their retention of the social position in which they were born and bred contingent on their professional success, proceed upon principles altogether opposed to the advice which is admitted to be sound in the other case. To say to the young professional man, "Don't be such a coward as to care about appearances; marry the woman you love, and take your chance about living like a gentleman," is in principle identical with advising the mechanic to take his chance of breeding a family of paupers, and to rely, like a brave fellow, on the permanence of his health, skill, and high wages. The only difference between the two cases is, that the harm done by the self-indulgence of the professional man is more extensive and less tangible than that which is done by the folly of the mechanic. A man who has received a careful and elaborate education owes a debt to those who gave it him. A costly and elaborate machine may be worth thousands of pounds, and repay many times over the cost of its production; but it cannot be applied to any useful purpose without a great deal of preliminary arrangement and contrivance. It would be the worst form of penny wise and pound foolish economy to let it out for paltry purposes because some difficulty is found in employing it in those for which it was intended. The proper course in such a case is to submit to the temporary loss and inconvenience of leaving the machine unemployed rather than sacrifice the advantages to be ultimately derived from it.

In precisely the same way a man who has received a careful education owes it to himself and to others to do something worthy of it, and has no right to place himself in a position in which it will be hardly possible that he should use in any worthy manner and in any becoming spirit the powers which he has acquired. No one can have observed the careers of members of professions without seeing instances of the disastrous results of a neglect of this duty—results disastrous not merely to individuals but to the public at large. The clergy afford the most frequent illustrations of it. There are few commoner subjects of complaint than the poverty of a large proportion of the clergy, and the all but universal cause of this is to be found in imprudent marriages. The harm that a clergyman does by allowing himself to become very poor is hardly to be told. In the first place, he sets one of the worst and also one of the most conspicuous of bad examples. A man may preach self-restraint and self-denial as long as he pleases, but if, by reason of his own self-indulgence, he

owes money to the butcher, the baker, and the tailor, he will preach in vain; nor will this be all, for he will exhibit to every labourer and mechanic in the parish a practical violation of all those rules the observance of which is the indispensable condition of their own respectability and independence. Besides this, he forfeits the opportunity of discharging some of the most important of the social duties of his office. If a clergyman with a small fixed income chooses to subject himself to an expenditure liable to indefinite increase, he makes the obtaining of preferment a matter of all but absolute necessity. This being so, he must conciliate those who have preferment to give, and this is almost sure to involve a dereliction of some of his most sacred functions. He will be able neither to think, nor to speak, nor to advise with freedom. He will not be able to stand up for an unpopular opinion, or to countenance an unpopular man. Some persons, no doubt, might be found sufficiently heroic to do so at whatever risk to their own prospects and those of their families; but no one has a right to count on his own heroism beforehand. Hardly any one is really able to resist the pressure of debt or the claims of a family. The whole nature of the man is changed under such pressure, and nothing but the gradual depravation of conscience saves him from being unconscientious.

Perhaps there is no other walk of life in which the absolute necessity of reasonable comfort in money matters is proved so clearly and by so many different though concurrent forms of experience; but illustrations of the same principle are to be found in every walk of life. Lawyers ought not to tremble before their clients, nor ought doctors to be afraid of their patients; but if their livelihood and that of their families entirely depends upon them, it is not in human nature to do otherwise, and the whole nature of the relationship is injured in consequence.

It is to be observed that such considerations as these apply rather to men than to women. A woman's horizon is limited by her family. She has nothing corresponding to a man's profession and position in life. Marriage is almost the only profession open to her; and if she marries, all her energies and all her feelings are sure to be absorbed in the duties which marriage entails. A woman, moreover, has none of the freedom of choice in respect of marriage which belongs to a man. She cannot, without indelicacy, take direct steps to get a husband; and the range of her choice depends upon the attractions which she presents to others, not upon the attractions which others have for her. This being so, women certainly are right in regarding the subject as a matter rather of feeling than of prudence; for though a man may cripple himself and desert his duty by making a poor marriage, it is pretty sure to exercise to the utmost the resources of his wife; and if the marriage were a rich one, she could do no more than her duty to her husband and children. Ease, or even wealth, really is to a woman what it is falsely assumed to be to a man—a matter of taste rather than an instrument indispensable to the attainment of objects which it is essential to attain. Hence the two questions, whether A ought

to make an offer to B, and whether B ought to accept A's offer, depend upon different principles.

The fact that they do so gives rise, no doubt, to many of the sharpest trials to which people are exposed in such a society as ours. A man may feel, as many men no doubt do, that he cannot, consistently with his duty, make a single step towards marrying a woman who on her side may wish for nothing better than to share with him any amount of poverty or difficulty. Hence arises bitter disappointment to the woman, and a necessity for the most arduous self-denial in the man. This is frequently regarded as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles on which our social arrangements depend. Is it possible, it is said, to justify ways of living and habits of thought which condemn a considerable number of amiable and affectionate people to find their sharpest trials in the legitimate exercise of their best feelings? The answer is, that it is as justifiable as many other parts of the constitution of society which are admitted to be necessary. In some points of view, no doubt, it is difficult to say why there should be such things in the world as pain and sorrow; but, the world being what it is, we could ill afford to spare them. If it were accepted as a general fundamental social principle that, whenever two persons become attached to each other, they were both immediately to act upon the principle that thenceforth marriage was to be the great object of their lives, and that the man in particular was bound to choose his profession with an exclusive eye to his marrying as soon and as comfortably as possible, love would contract a sordid character. The woman would become the head of the man, and every other object would be subordinated to domestic happiness. As yet this is not the case. It is impossible for any one to tell how much of that great unrecognized mass of power, by which the most important affairs of life are transacted, might have been diverted into other channels, if the indulgence of the inclinations which tend to domestic happiness had not been resolutely deferred till, in some cases, the inclinations themselves died out; or till, in others, the opportunity of indulging them passed by. In every rank of life men, as Mr. Kingsley says, must work, and women must weep; and it happens, perhaps not unfrequently, that the necessity of sacrificing the deepest and tenderest of human feelings gives the character that element of self-sacrifice and nobleness, without which we are but grovelling creatures, and from which so many persons are debarred by our elaborate contrivances for providing comforts of the most solid and reasonable kind for every part of life.

The extent to which such feelings as these act below the calm and unruffled surface of private life can never be known. It must always be matter of conjecture, and different people will, of course, estimate their importance at different rates; but it may be observed that, for obvious reasons, the importance of prudence, in regard of marriage, to success in any of the higher callings in life, is likely to be underrated. The cases which come before the world are, of course, all the other way. If, by dint of great energy, great talent, or great good fortune, a man attains

eminence in his profession, though he may have married rashly, he is naturally and even justifiably proud of it; but the fact that a man has sacrificed in early life honourable affection to honourable ambition, or to a sense of duty, is known to himself alone, and is not one of which he is likely to boast; and the corresponding fact, that, by reason of contracting a happy marriage, a man has condemned himself to a life of obscure drudgery, and has given up for daily bread, or suffered to lie altogether idle, talents that might have done great and permanent service to mankind, is one on which it would be invidious to insist.

It does not, however, require any very wide experience of life to have met with such cases. It would be as easy as it would be brutal to mention many of them. Many an enterprise of great pith and moment has been gently smothered by a happy marriage, and a large family of fine children. Many a vigorous career, both in action and in speculation, has been cut short by baby fingers. There are things which many men for their children's sake dare not do, and there are subjects of the deepest importance on which they dare not think, because they cannot take the responsibility of teaching their children the results of their thoughts. Almost every influence of our day tends to discourage such enterprises, and to make individual happiness the one object for which men should live. The higher and purer the ideal of such happiness becomes, the larger is the number and the greater the calibre of the minds which it enslaves. If mere sensual enjoyment were put forward as the object of life, no one but a sot would be misled by it. If mere intellectual greatness were chosen, it would not affect one man in a hundred thousand; but domestic happiness is so beautiful an idol that it will never want worshipers, and there is great fear that they may become so numerous and so zealous that all other shrines may be deserted. It thus becomes highly important to insist upon the fact, that whatever may be the case with a few persons of rare energy and flexibility of mind and body, the great mass of educated men must accept, as one of the trials incidental to their position, the chance of a conflict between their feelings and one of their most important duties—the duty of producing some permanent good effects proportionate to the labour and the self-denial which have procured for them the advantages by which they are distinguished from the rest of the world. It is surely unwise to weight the scale of feeling and inclination, and to stigmatize the discharge of one of the most painful of all duties as an act of cowardly deference to a vulgar admiration of wealth.

My Neighbour Rose.

Though slender walls our hearths divide,
No word has pass'd from either side,
Your days, red-letter'd all, must glide
Unvex'd by labour:
I've seen you weep, and could have wept;
I've heard you sing, and may have slept;
Sometimes I hear your chimneys swept,
My charming neighbour!

Your pets are mine. Pray what may ail
The pup, once eloquent of tail?
I wonder why your nightingale
Is mute at sunset?
Your puss demure—a pensive nun—
Sleeps on the wall and in the sun,
So fat a cat should flirt, for fun,
With mice she once ate.

Our tastes agree. I doat upon
Frail jars, turquoise, and celadon,
The "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn,
And *Penseroso*.
When sorely tempted to purloin
Your *pietà* of Marc Antoine,
Fair Virtue doth fair play enjoin,
Fair virtuoso!

At times an Ariel, cruel-kind,
Will kiss my lips, and stir your blind,
And whisper low, "She hides behind;
Thou art not lonely."
The tricksy sprite did erst assist
At hushed Verona's moonlight tryst,
Sweet Capulet! thou wert not kist
By light winds only.

I miss the simple days of yore,
When too long braids of hair you wore,
And *Chat Botté* was wonder'd o'er,
In corner cosy.

But gaze not back for tales like those:
'Tis all in order, I suppose,
The bud is now a blooming ROSE,
A rosy posy!

Indeed, farewell to bygone years;
How wonderful the change appears—
For curates now and cavaliers
In turn perplex you:
The last are birds of feather gay,
Who swear the first are birds of prey;
I'd scare them all had I my way,
But that might vex you.

At times I've envied, it is true,
That joyous hero, twenty-two,
Who sent bouquets and billets-doux,
And wore a sabre.
The rogue! how tenderly he wound
His arm round one who never frown'd;
He loves you well. Now, is he bound
To love my neighbour?

The bells are ringing. As is meet,
White favours fascinate the street,
Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet,
'Twixt tears and laughter:
They crowd the door to see her go—
The bliss of one brings many woe—
Oh! kiss the bride, and I will throw
The old shoe after.

What change in one short afternoon,
My charming neighbour, gone, so soon!
Is yon pale orb her honey-moon
Slow rising hither?
O gentle lady luminous,
How often have we commun'd thus;
Sweet memories shall dwell with us,
And joy go with her.

F. L.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER IV.

NINE TIMES NINE IS EIGHTY-ONE. SHOWING HOW BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON SELECTED THEIR HOUSE OF BUSINESS.

AND haberdashery it was. But there was much yet to be done before any terms for a partnership could be settled. Mr. Jones at first insisted that he and his father-in-law should begin business on equal terms. He considered that any questions as to the actual right in the property would be mean after their mutual agreement to start in the world as friends. But to this Mr. Brown, not unnaturally, objected.

"Then I shall go back to my lawyer," said Jones. Whereupon he did leave the room, taking his hat with him; but he remained below in the old shop.

"If I am to go into partnership with that man alone," said Mr. Brown, turning to his young friend almost in despair, "I may prepare for the Gazette at once.—And for my grave!" he added, solemnly.

"I'll join you," said Robinson. "I haven't got any money. You know that. But then neither has he."

"I wish you had a little," said Mr. Brown. "Capital is capital, you know."

"But I've got that which is better than capital," said Robinson, touching his forehead with his forefinger. "And if you'll trust me, Mr. Brown, I won't see you put upon." The promise which Mr. Robinson then gave he kept ever afterwards with a marked fidelity.

"I will trust you," said Mr. Brown. "It shall be Brown, Jones, and Robinson."

"And Brown, Jones, and Robinson shall carry their heads high among the greatest commercial firms of this wealthy metropolis," said Robinson, with an enthusiasm which was surely pardonable at such a moment.

Mr. Jones soon returned with another compromise; but it was of a low, peddling nature. It had reference to sevenths and eighths, and went into the payments of the household bills.

"I, as one of the partners, must object to any such arrangements," said Robinson.

"You!—you one of the partners!" said Jones.

"If you have no objection—certainly!" said Robinson. "And if you should have any objection—equally so."

"You!—a bill-sticker!" said Jones.

In the presence of William Brisket, George Robinson had been forced to acknowledge that matter must still occasionally prevail over mind; but he felt no such necessity in the presence of Jones. "I'll tell you what it is," said Robinson; "I've never denied my former calling. Among friends I often talk about it. But, mind you, Mr. Jones, I won't bear it from you! I'm not very big myself, but I think I could stand up before you!"

But in this quarrel they were stopped by Mr. Brown. "Let dogs delight," he said, or sung, "to bark and bite ——" and then he raised his two fat hands feebly, as though deprecating any further wrath. As usual on such occasions Mr. Robinson yielded, and then explained in very concise language the terms on which it was proposed that the partnership should be opened. Mr. Brown should put his "capital" into the business, and be entitled to half the profits. Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson should give the firm the advantage of their youth, energies, and genius, and should each be held as the possessor of a quarter. That Mr. Jones made long and fierce objections to this, need hardly be stated. It is believed that he did, more than once, go back to his lawyer. But Mr. Brown, who, for the time, put himself into the hands of his youngest partner, remained firm, and at last the preliminaries were settled.

The name of the house, the nature of the business, and the shares of the partners were now settled, and the site of the future labours of the firm became the next question. Mr. Brown was in favour of a small tenement in Little Britain, near to the entrance into the Charter House.

"There would not be scope there," said Robinson.

"And no fashion," said Jones.

"It's safe and respectable," pleaded Mr. Brown; "there have been shops in Little Britain these sixty years in the same families."

But Robinson was of opinion that the fortunes of the firm might not improbably be made in six, if only they would commence with sufficient distinction. He had ascertained that large and commanding premises might be had in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the frontage of which the square feet of plate glass could be counted by the hundred. It was true that the shop was nearly all window; but then, as Mr. Robinson said, an extended front of glass was the one thing necessary: and it was true also that the future tenants must pay down a thousand pounds before they entered; but then, as he explained, how could they better expend the trifle of money which they possessed?

"Trifle of money!" said Mr. Brown, thinking of the mountains of butter and years of economy which had been required to put together those four thousand pounds;—thinking also, perhaps, of the absolute impecuniosity of his young partner who thus spoke.

Jones was for the West End and Regent Street. There was a shop only two doors off Regent Street, which could be made to look as if it was almost in Regent Street. The extension of a side piece of plate glass would show quite into Regent Street. He even prepared a card,

describing the house as "2 doors from Regent Street," printing the figure and the words "Regent Street" very large, and the intermediate description very small. It was ever by such stale, inefficient artifices as these that he sought success.

"Who'll care for your card?" said Robinson. "When a man's card comes to be of use to him, the thing's done. "He's living in his villa by that time, and has his five thousand a-year out of the profits."

"I hope you'll both have your willas before long," said Brown, trying to keep his partners in good humour. "But a cottage *horney* will be enough for me. I'd like to be able to give my children their bit of dinner on Sunday hot and comfortable. I want no more than that."

That was a hard battle, and it resulted in no victory. The dingy shop in Little Britain was, of course, out of the question; and Mr. Brown assisted Robinson in preventing that insane attempt at aping the unprofitable glories of Regent Street. The matter ended in another compromise, and a house was taken in Bishopsgate Street, of which the frontage was extensive and commanding, but as to which it must certainly be confessed that the back part of the premises was inconveniently confined.

"It isn't exactly all I could wish," said Robinson, standing on the pavement as he surveyed it. "But it will do. With a little originality and some dash, we'll make it do. We must give it a name."

"A name?" said Mr. Brown; "it's 81, Bishopsgate Street; ain't it? They don't call houses names in London."

"That's just why we'll have a name for ours, Mr. Brown."

"The 'Albert Emporium,'" suggested Jones; "or 'Victoria Mart.'"

Mr. Jones, as will be seen, was given to tuft-hunting to the backbone. His great ambition was to have a lion and unicorn, and to call himself haberdasher to a royal prince. He had never realized the fact that profit, like power, comes from the people, and not from the court. "I wouldn't put up the Queen's arms if the Queen came and asked me," Robinson once said in answer to him. "That game has been played out, and it isn't worth the cost of the two wooden figures."

"'The Temple of Fashion' would do very well," said Jones.

"The Temple of Fiddlestick!" said Robinson.

"Of course you say so," said Jones.

"Let dogs delight——" began Mr. Brown, standing as we were in the middle of the street.

"I'll tell you what," said Robinson; "there's nothing like colour. We'll call it Magenta House, and we'll paint it magenta from the roof to the window tops."

This beautiful tint had only then been invented, and it was necessary to explain the word to Mr. Brown. He merely remarked that the oil and paint would come to a deal of money, and then gave way. Jones was struck dumb by the brilliancy of the idea, and for once forgot to object.

"And, I'll tell you what," said Robinson—"nine times nine is eighty-one."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Brown, who delighted to agree with his younger partner when circumstances admitted it. "You are right there, certainly." Jones was observed to go through the multiplication table mentally, but he could detect no error.

"Nine times nine is eighty-one," repeated Robinson with confidence, "and we'll put that fact up over the first floor windows."

And so they did. The house was painted magenta colour from top to bottom. And on the front in very large figures and letters, was stated the undoubted fact that nine times nine is 81. "If they will only call us 'The nine times nine,' the thing is done," said Robinson. Nevertheless, the house was christened Magenta House.

"And now about glass," said Robinson, when the three had retired to the little back room within

Mr. Robinson, however, admitted afterwards that he was wrong about the colour and the number. Such methods of obtaining attention were, he said, too easy of imitation, and devoid of any inherent attraction of their own. People would not care for nine times nine in Bishopsgate Street, if there were nine times nines in other streets as well. "No," said he, "I was but beginning, and made errors as beginners do. Outside there should be glass, gas, gold and glare. Inside there should be the same, with plenty of brass, and if possible a little wit. If those won't do it, nothing will." All the same the magenta colour and the nine times nine did have their effect. "Nine times nine is eighty-one," was printed on the top of all the flying advertisements issued by the firm, and the printing was all done in magenta.

Mr. Brown groaned sorely over the expenditure that was necessary in preparation of the premises. His wish was that this should be paid for in ready money; and indeed it was necessary that this should be done to a certain extent. But the great object should have been to retain every available shilling for advertisements. In the way of absolute capital,—money to be paid for stock,—4,000*l.* was nothing. But 4,000*l.* scattered broadcast through the metropolis on walls, omnibuses, railway stations, little books, pavement chalkings, illuminated notices, porters' backs, gilded cars, and men in armour, would have driven nine times nine into the memory of half the inhabitants of London. The men in armour were tried. Four suits were obtained in Poland Street, and four strong men were hired who rode about town all day on four brewers' horses. They carried poles with large banners, and on the banners were inscribed the words which formed the shibboleth of the firm :—

MAGENTA HOUSE,

9 TIMES 9 IS 81,

BISHOPSGATE STREET.

And four times a day these four men in armour met each other in front of the windows of the house, and stood there on horseback for fifteen

minutes, with their backs to the curbstone. The forage, however, of the horses became so terribly large an item of expenditure that Mr. Brown's heart failed him. His heart failed him, and he himself went off late one evening to the livery stable-keeper who supplied the horses, and in Mr. Robinson's absence, the armour was sent back to Poland Street.

"We should have had the police down upon us, George," said Mr. Brown, deprecating the anger of his younger partner.

"And what better advertisement could you have wished?" said Robinson. "It would have been in all the papers, and have cost nothing."

"But you don't know, George, what them beastesses was eating! It was frightful to hear of! Four-and-twenty pounds of corn a day each of 'em, because the armour was so uncommon heavy." The men in armour were then given up, but they certainly were beginning to be effective. At 6 P.M., when the men were there, it had become impossible to pass the shop without going into the middle of the street, and on one or two occasions the policemen had spoken to Mr. Brown; then there was a slight accident with a child, and the newspapers had interfered.

But we are anticipating the story, for the men in armour did not begin their operations till the shop had been opened.

"And now about glass," said Robinson, as soon as the three partners had retired from the outside flags into the interior of the house.

'It must be plate, of course," said Jones. Plate! He might as well have said when wanting a house, that it must have walls.

"I rather think so," said Robinson; "and a good deal of it."

"I don't mind a good-sized common window," said Brown.

"A deal better have them uncommon," said Robinson, interrupting him. "And remember, sir, there's nothing like glass in these days. It has superseded leather altogether in that respect."

"Leather!" said Mr. Brown, who was hardly quick enough for his junior partner.

"Of all our materials now in general use," said Robinson, "glass is the most brilliant, and yet the cheapest; the most graceful and yet the strongest. Though transparent it is impervious to wet. The eye travels through it, but not the hailstorm. To the power of gas it affords no obstacle, but is as efficient a barrier against the casualties of the street as an iron shutter. To that which is ordinary it lends a grace; and to that which is graceful it gives a double lustre. Like a good advertisement, it multiplies your stock tenfold, and like a good servant, it is always eloquent in praise of its owner. I look upon plate glass, sir, as the most glorious product of the age; and I regard that tradesman who can surround himself with the greatest quantity of it, as the most in advance of the tradesmen of his day. Oh, sir, whatever we do, let us have glass."

"It's beautiful to hear him talk," said Mr. Brown; "but it's the bill I'm thinking of."

"If you will only go enough ahead, Mr. Brown, you'll find that nobody will trouble you with such bills."

"But they must be paid some day, George."

"Of course they must; but it will never do to think of that now. In twelvemonths or so, when we have set the house well going, the payment of such bills as that will be a mere nothing,—a thing that will be passed as an item not worth notice. Faint heart never won fair lady, you know, Mr. Brown." And then a cloud came across George Robinson's brow as he thought of the words he had spoken; for his heart had once been faint, and his fair lady was by no means won.

"That's quite true," said Jones; "it never does. Ha! ha! ha!"

Then the cloud went away from George Robinson's brow, and a stern frown of settled resolution took its place. At that moment he made up his mind, that when he might again meet that giant butcher he would forget the difference in their size, and accost him as though they two were equal. What though some fell blow, levelled as at an ox, should lay him low for ever. Better that, than endure from day to day the unanswered taunts of such a one as Jones!

Mr. Brown, though he was not quick-witted, was not deficient when the feelings of man and man were concerned. He understood it all, and taking advantage of a moment when Jones had stepped up the shop, he pressed Robinson's hand and said,—

"You shall have her, George. If a father's word is worth anything, you shall have her." But in this case,—as in so many others,—a father's word was not worth anything.

"But to business!" said Robinson, shaking off from him all thoughts of love.

After that Mr. Brown had not the heart to oppose him respecting the glass, and in that matter he had everything nearly his own way. The premises stood advantageously at the corner of a little alley, so that the window was made to jut out sideways in that direction, and a full foot and a half was gained. On the other side the house did not stand flush with its neighbour,—as is not unfrequently the case in Bishopsgate Street,—and here also a few inches were made available. The next neighbour, a quiet old man who sold sticks, threatened a lawsuit; but that, had it been instituted, would have got into the newspapers and been an advertisement. There was considerable trouble about the entrance. A wide, commanding centre doorway was essential; but this, if made in the desirable proportions, would have terribly crippled the side windows. To obviate this difficulty, the exterior space allotted for the entrance between the frontage of the two windows was broad and noble, but the glass splayed inwards towards the shop, so that the absolute door was decidedly narrow.

"When we come to have a crowd, they won't get in and out," said Jones.

"If we could only crush a few to death in the doorway our fortune would be made," said Robinson.

"God forbid!" said Mr. Brown; "God forbid! Let us have no bloodshed, whatever we do."

In about a month the house was completed, and much to the regret of both the junior partners, a considerable sum of ready money was paid to the tradesmen who performed the work. Mr. Jones was of opinion that by sufficient cunning such payments might be altogether evaded. No such thought rested for a moment in the bosom of Mr. Robinson. All tradesmen should be paid, and paid well. But the great firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson would be much less likely to scrutinize the price at which plate glass was charged to them per square foot, when they were taking their hundreds a day over the counter, than they would be now, when every shilling was of importance to them.

"For their own sake you shouldn't do it," said he to Mr. Brown. "You may be quite sure they don't like it."

"I always liked it myself," said Mr. Brown. And thus he would make little dribbling payments, by which an unfortunate idea was generated in the neighbourhood that money was not plentiful with the firm.

CHAPTER V.

The Division of Labour.

There were two other chief matters to which it was now necessary that the Firm should attend; the first and primary being the stock of advertisements which should be issued; and the other, or secondary, being the stock of goods which should be obtained to answer the expectations raised by those advertisements.

"But, George, we must have something to sell," said Mr. Brown, almost in despair. He did not then understand, and never since has learned the secrets of that commercial science which his younger partner was at so much pains to teach. There are things which no elderly man can learn, and there are lessons which are full of light for the new recruit, but dark as death to the old veteran.

"It will be so doubtless with me also," said Robinson, soliloquizing on the subject in his melancholy mood. "The day will come when I too must be pushed from my stool by the workings of younger genius, and shall sink, as poor Mr. Brown is now sinking, into the foggy depths of fogeydom. But a man who is a man ——" and then that melancholy mood left him, "can surely make his fortune before that day comes. When a merchant is known to be worth half a million, his fogeydom is respected."

That necessity of having something to sell almost overcame Mr. Brown so days. "What's the good of putting down 5,000 Kolinski and Beus in the bill, if we don't possess one in the shop?" he asked; must have some if they're asked for." He could not understand for a first start effect is everything. If customers should want

Kolinski Boas, Kolinski Boas would of course be forthcoming,—to any number required; either Kolinski Boas, or quasi Kolinski, which in trade is admitted to be the same thing. When a man advertises that he has 40,000 new paletots, he does not mean that he has got that number packed up in a box. If required to do so, he will supply them to that extent,—or to any further extent. A long row of figures in trade is but an elegant use of the superlative. If a tradesman can induce a lady to buy a diagonal Osnabruck cashmere shawl by telling her that he has 1,200 of them, who is injured? And if the shawl is not exactly a real diagonal Osnabruck cashmere, what harm is done as long as the lady gets the value for her money? And if she don't get the value for her money, whose fault is that? isn't it a fair stand-up fight? And when she tries to buy for 4*l.*, a shawl which she thinks is worth about 8*l.*, isn't she dealing on the same principles herself? If she be lucky enough to possess credit, the shawl is sent home without payment, and three years afterwards fifty per cent. is perhaps offered for settlement of the bill. It is a fair fight, and the ladies are very well able to take care of themselves.

And Jones also thought they must have something to sell. "Money is money," said he, "and goods is goods. What's the use of windows if we haven't anything to dress them? and what's the use of capital unless we buy a stock?"

With Mr. Jones, George Robinson never cared to argue. The absolute impossibility of pouring the slightest ray of commercial light into the dim chaos of that murky mind, had long since come home to him. He merely shook his head, and went on with the composition on which he was engaged. It need hardly be explained here that he had no idea of encountering the public throng on their opening day, without an adequate assortment of goods. Of course there must be shawls and cloaks; of course there must be muffs and boas; of course there must be hose and handkerchiefs. That dressing of the windows was to be the special care of Mr. Jones, and Robinson would take care that there should be the wherewithal. The dressing of the windows, and the parading of the shop, was to be the work of Jones. His ambition had never soared above that, and while serving in the house on Snow Hill, his utmost envy had been excited by the youthful aspirant who there walked the boards, and with an oily courtesy handed chairs to the ladies. For one short week he had been allowed to enter this Paradise. "And though I looked so sweet on them," said he, "I always had my eye on them. It's a grand thing to be down on a well-dressed woman as she's hiding a roll of ribbon under her cloak." That was his idea of grandeur.

A stock of goods was of course necessary, but if the firm could only get their name sufficiently established, that matter would be arranged simply by written orders to two or three wholesale houses. Competition, that beautiful science of the present day, by which every plodding cart-horse is converted into a racer, makes this easy enough. When it should once become known that a firm was opening itself on a great scale in

a good thoroughfare, and advertising on real, intelligible principles, there would be no lack of goods.

"You can have any amount of hose you want, out of Cannon Street," said Mr. Robinson, "in forty-five minutes. They can be brought in at the back while you are selling them over the counter."

"Can they?" said Mr. Brown: "perhaps they can. But nevertheless, George, I think I'll buy a few. It'll be an ease to my mind."

He did so: but it was a suicidal act on his part. One thing was quite clear, even to Mr. Jones. If the firm commenced business to the extent which they contemplated, it was quite out of the question that they should do everything on the ready-money principle. That such a principle is antiquated, absurd, and uncommercial; that it is opposed to the whole system of trade as now adopted in this metropolis, has been clearly shown in the preface to these memoirs. But in this instance, in the case of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, the doing so was as impracticable as it would have been foolish, if practicable. Credit and credit only was required. But of all modes of extinguishing credit, of crushing, as it were, the young baby in its cradle, there is none equal to that of spending a little ready money, and then halting. In trade as in love, to doubt—or rather, to seem to doubt—is to be lost. When you order goods, do so as though the bank were at your back; look your victim full in the face, and write down your long numbers without a falter in your pen. And, should there seem a hesitation on his part, do not affect to understand it. When the articles are secured, you give your bill at six months' date: then your credit at your bankers—your discount system—commences. That is another affair. When once your bank begins that with you—and the banks must do so, or they may put up their shutters—when once your bank has commenced, it must carry on the game. You are floated then, placed well in the centre of the full stream of commerce, and it must be your own fault if you do not either retire with half a million, or become bankrupt with an éclat, which is worth more than any capital in refitting you for a further attempt. In the meantime it need hardly be said that you yourself are living on the very fat of the land.

But birds of a feather should flock together, and Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson were not exactly of the same plumage.

It was finally arranged that Mr. Robinson should have carte blanche at his own particular line of business, to the extent of fifteen hundred pounds, and that Mr. Brown should go into the warehouses and lay out a similar sum in goods. Both Jones and Mrs. Jones accompanied the old man, and a sore time he had of it. It may here be remarked that Mrs. Jones struggled very hard to get a footing in the shop, but on this point it should be acknowledged that her husband did his duty for a while.

"It must be you or I, Sarah Jane," said he; "but not both."

"I have no objection in life," said she; "you can stay at home, if you please."

"By no means," he replied. "If you come here, and your father permits it, I shall go to America. Of course the firm will allow me for my share." She tried it on very often after that, and gave the firm much trouble, but I don't think she got her hand into the cash drawer above once or twice during the first twelve months.

The division of labour was finally arranged as follows. Mr. Brown was to order the goods; to hire the young men and women, look after their morality, and pay them their wages; to listen to any special applications when a desire might be expressed to see the firm; and to do the heavy respectable parental business. There was a little back room with a sky-light, in which he was to sit; and when he was properly got up, his manner of shaking his head at the young people who misbehaved themselves, was not ineffective. There is always danger when young men and women are employed together in the same shop, and if possible this should be avoided. It is not in human nature that they should not fall in love, or at any rate amuse themselves with ordinary flirtations. Now the rule is that not a word shall be spoken that does not refer to business. "Miss O'Brien, where is the salmon-coloured sarsenet? or, Mr. Green, I'll trouble you for the ladies' sevens." Nothing is ever spoken beyond that. "Morals, morals, above everything!" Mr. Brown was once heard to shout from his little room, when a whisper had been going round the shop, as to a concerted visit to the Crystal Palace. Why a visit to the Crystal Palace should be immoral, when talked of over the counter, Mr. Brown did not explain on that occasion.

"A very nice set of young women," the compiler of these memoirs once remarked to a commercial gentleman in a large way, who was showing him over his business, "and for the most part very good-looking."

"Yes, sir, yes; we attend to their morals especially. They generally marry from us, and become the happy mothers of families."

"Ah," said I, really delighted in my innocence. "They've excellent opportunities for that, because there are so many decent young men about."

He turned on me as though I had calumniated his establishment with a libel of the vilest description. "If a whisper of such a thing ever reaches us, sir," said he, quite alive with virtuous indignation; "if such a suspicion is ever engendered, we send them packing at once! The morals of our young women, sir—" And then he finished his sentence simply by a shake of his head. I tried to bring him into an argument, and endeavoured to make him understand that no young woman can become a happy wife unless she first be allowed to have a lover. He merely shook his head, and at last stamped his foot. "Morals, sir!" he repeated. "Morals above everything. In such an establishment as this, if we are not moral, we are nothing." I supposed he was right, but it seemed to me to be very hard on the young men and women. I could only hope that they walked home together in the evening.

In the new firm in Bishopsgate Street, Mr. Brown, of course, took

upon himself that branch of business, and some little trouble he had, because his own son-in-law and partner would make eyes to the customers.

"Mr. Jones," he once said before them all; "you'll bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; you will, indeed." And then he put up his fat hand, and gently stroked the white expanse of his bald pate. But that was a very memorable occasion.

Such was Mr. Brown's business. To Mr. Jones was allocated the duty of seeing that the shop was duly dressed, of looking after the customers, including that special duty of guarding against shop-lifting, and of attending generally to the retail business. It cannot be denied that for this sort of work he had some specialties. His eye was sharp, and his ear was keen, and his feelings were blunt. In a certain way, he was good-looking, and he knew how to hand a chair with a bow and smile, which went far with the wives and daughters of the East End little tradesmen, and he was active enough at his work. He was usually to be seen standing in the front of the shop, about six yards within the door, rubbing his hands together, or arranging his locks, or twiddling with his brass watch-chain. Nothing disconcerted him, unless his wife walked into the place; and then, to the great delight of the young men and women, he was unable to conceal his misery. By them he was hated—as was perhaps necessary in his position. He was a tyrant, who liked to feel at every moment the relish of his power. To the poor girls he was cruel, treating them as though they were dirt beneath his feet. For Mr. Jones, though he affected the reputation of an admirer of the fair sex, never forgot himself by being even civil to a female who was his paid servant. Woman's smile had a charm for him, but no charm equal to the servility of dependence.

But on the shoulders of Mr. Robinson fell the great burden of the business. There was a question as to the accounts; these, however, he undertook to keep in his leisure moments, thinking but little of the task. But the work of his life was to be the advertising department. He was to draw up the posters; he was to write those little books which, printed on magenta-coloured paper, were to be thrown with reckless prodigality into every vehicle in the town; he was to arrange new methods of alluring the public into that emporium of fashion. It was for him to make a credulous multitude believe that at that shop, number Nine Times Nine in Bishopsgate Street, goods of all sorts were to be purchased at prices considerably less than the original cost of their manufacture. This he undertook to do; this for a time he did do; this for years to come he would have done, had he not experienced an interference in his own department, by which the whole firm was ultimately ruined and sent adrift.

"The great thing is to get our bills into the hands of the public," said Robinson.

"You can get men for one and nine a day to stand still and hand 'em out to the passers-by," said Mr. Brown.

"That's stale, sir, quite stale; novelty in advertising is what we require;—something new and startling."

"Put a chimney-pot on the man's head," said Mr. Brown, "and make it two and three."

"That's been tried," said Robinson.

"Then put two chimney-pots," said Mr. Brown. Beyond that his imagination did not carry him.

Chimney-pots and lanterns on men's heads avail nothing. To startle men and women to any purpose, and drive them into Bishopsgate Street, you must startle them a great deal. It does not suffice to create a momentary wonder. Mr. Robinson, therefore, began with eight footmen in full livery, with powdered hair and gold tags to their shoulders. They had magenta-coloured plush knee-breeches, and magenta-coloured silk stockings. It was in May, and the weather was fine, and these eight excellently got-up London footmen were stationed at different points in the city, each with a silken bag suspended round his shoulder by a silken cord. From these bags they drew forth the advertising cards of the house, and presented them to such of the passers-by as appeared from their dress and physiognomy to be available for the purpose. The fact has now been ascertained that men and women who have money to spend will not put out their hands to accept common bills from street advertisers. In an ordinary way the money so spent is thrown away. But from these men, arrayed in gorgeous livery, a duchess would have stayed her steps to accept a card. And duchesses did stay their steps, and cards from the young firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson were, as the firm was credibly informed, placed beneath the eyes of a very illustrious personage indeed.

The nature of the card was this. It was folded into three, and when so folded, was of the size of an ordinary playing card. On the outside, which bore a satin glaze with a magenta tint, there was a blank space as though for an address, and the compliments of the firm in the corner; when opened there was a separate note inside, in which the public were informed in very few words, that "Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson were prepared to open their house on the 15th of May, intending to carry on their trade on principles of commerce perfectly new, and hitherto untried. The present rate of money in the city was five per cent., and it would be the practice of the firm to charge five and a half per cent. on every article sold by them. The very quick return which this would give them, would enable B. J. and R. to realize princely fortunes, and at the same time to place within the reach of the public goods of the very best description at prices much below any that had ever yet been quoted." This also was printed on magenta-coloured paper, and "nine times nine is eighty one" was inserted both at the top and the bottom.

On the inside of the card, on the three folds, were printed lists of the goods offered to the public. The three headings were "cloaks and shawls," "furs and velvets," "silks and satins;" and in a small note at the bottom it was stated that the stock of hosiery, handkerchiefs, ribbons, and gloves,

was sufficient to meet any demand which the metropolis could make upon the firm.

When that list was first read out in conclave to the partners, Mr. Brown begged almost with tears in his eyes, that it might be modified.

"George," said he, "we shall be exposed."

"I hope we shall," said Robinson. "Exposition is all that we desire."

"Eight thousand African monkey muffs! Oh, George, you must leave out the monkey muffs."

"By no means, Mr. Brown."

"Oh, bring them down to a few hundreds. Two hundred African monkey muffs would really be a great many."

"Mr. Brown," said Robinson on that occasion—and it may be doubted whether he ever again spoke to the senior partner of his firm in terms so imperious and decisive; "Mr. Brown, to you has been allotted your share in our work, and when you insisted on throwing away our ready money on those cheap Manchester prints, I never said a word. It lay in your department to do so. The composition of this card lies in mine, and I mean to exercise my own judgment." And then he went on, "Eight thousand real African monkey muffs; six thousand ditto, ditto, ditto, very superior, with long fine hair." Mr. Brown merely groaned, but he said nothing further.

"Couldn't you say that they are such as are worn by the Princess Alice?" suggested Jones.

"No, I could not," answered Robinson. "You may tell them that in the shop if you please. That will lie in your department."

In this way was the first card of the firm drawn out, and in the space of a fortnight, nineteen thousand of them were disseminated through the metropolis. When it is declared that each of those cards cost B. J. and R. fivepence three farthings, some idea may be formed of the style in which they commenced their operations.

CHAPTER VI.

It is our Opening Day.

And now the day had arrived on which the firm was to try the result of their efforts. It is believed that the 15th of May in that year will not easily be forgotten in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street. It was on this day that the experiment of the men in armour was first tried, and the four cavaliers, all mounted and polished as bright as brass, were stationed in the front of the house by nine o'clock. There they remained till the doors and shop windows were opened, which ceremony actually took place at twelve. It had been stated to the town on the preceding day by a man dressed as Fame, with a long horn, who had

"That's safe, sir, quite safe; [illegible] explosion,—something new and [illegible]

"Put a chimney-pot on the [illegible] it two and three."

"That's been tried," said [illegible]

"Then put two chimney-p[illegible] imagination did not carry him.

"Chimney-pots and lectures [illegible] men and women to my purpose, [illegible] you must muzzle them a great deal [illegible] wonder." Mr. Robinson, [illegible] with powdered hair and gold [illegible] coloured plush knee-breeches [illegible] was in May, and the weather [illegible] London dowagers were [illegible] a silken bag suspended [illegible] bags they drew forth the [illegible] fans to each of the [illegible] physiognomy to be [illegible] ascertained that men [illegible] on their hands to [illegible] ordinary way the [illegible] accepted in gorgeous [illegible] accept a card. And [illegible] young firm of Bowen, [illegible] informed, placed [illegible]

The nature of the [illegible] as folded, was of [illegible] which bore a strik[illegible] though for an [illegible] when opened [illegible] informed in very [illegible] were prepared to [illegible] on their trade [illegible] untried. The [illegible] would be the [illegible]

of musk and patchouli; about his neck also the colours of the were displayed, and in his hand he waved a magenta handkerchief. was leaning on his arm, and on such an occasion as this even had consented to her presence. She was dressed from head in magenta. She wore a magenta bonnet, and magenta stockings, it was said of her that she was very careful to allow the latter article seen. The only beauty of which Sarah Jane could boast, rested in and ankles.

But on the other side of Mr. Brown stood a pair, for whose presence George Robinson had not expressed his approbation, and as to one whom it may be said that better taste would have been shown on all had he not thus intruded himself. Mr. Brisket had none of the of proprietorship in that house, nor would it be possible that he have as long as the name of the firm contained within itself that Mr. Robinson. Had Brown, Jones, and Brisket agreed to open shop her, it would have been well for Brisket to stand there with that shawl round his neck, and waving that magenta towel in his But as it was, what business had he there?

"What business has he there? Ah, tell me that; what business has there?" said Robinson to himself, as he sat moodily in the small back upstairs. "Ah, tell me that, what business has he here? Did not old man promise that she should be mine? Is it for him that I have all; for him that I have collected the eager crowd of purchasers that the hall of commerce below, which my taste has decorated? Or her—— Have I done this for her,—the false one? But what recks She shall live to know that had she been constant to me she might sat—almost upon a throne!" And then he rushed again to his work, with eager pen struck off those well-known lines about the house, which some short time after ravished the ears of the metropolis.

In the following number of these memoirs it will be necessary to back for a while to the domestic life of some of the persons con- ned, and the fact of Mr. Brisket's presence at the opening of the will then be explained. In the meantime the gentle reader is treated to take it for granted that Mr. William Brisket was actually here, standing on the left hand of Mr. Brown, waving high above his and a huge magenta cotton handkerchief, and that on his other arm was hanging Maryanne Brown, leaning quite as closely upon him as her sister did upon the support which was her own. For one moment George Robinson allowed himself to look down upon the scene, and he plainly saw that clutch of the hand upon the sleeve. "Big as he is," said Robinson to himself, "pistols would make us equal. But the huge ox has no sense of chivalry."

was unfortunate for the future intrinsic comfort of the firm that mber of it who was certainly not the least enterprising should nd himself unable to join in the ceremony of opening the house; vertheless, it must be admitted that that ceremony was imposing.

Maryanne Brown was looking her best, and dressed as she was in the correctest taste of the day, wearing of course the colours of the house, it was not unnatural that all eyes should be turned on her. "What a big man that Robinson is!" some one in the crowd was heard to observe. Yes; that huge lump of human clay that called itself William Brisket, the butcher of Aldersgate Street, was actually taken on that occasion for the soul, and life, and salt of an advertising house. Of Mr. William Brisket, it may here be said, that he had no other idea of trade than that of selling at so much per pound the beef which he had slaughtered with his own hands.

But that ceremony was imposing. "Ladies and gentlemen," said those five there assembled—speaking as it were with one voice,—"we bid you welcome to Magenta House. Nine times nine is eighty-one. Never forget that." Robinson had planned the words, but he was not there to assist at their utterance! "Ladies and gentlemen, again we bid you welcome to Magenta House." And then they retired backwards down the shop, allowing the crowd to press forward, and all packed themselves for awhile into Mr. Brown's little room at the back.

"It was smart," said Mr. Brisket.

"And went off uncommon well," said Jones, shaking the scent from his head. "All the better too, because that chap wasn't here."

"He's a clever fellow," said Brisket.

"And you shouldn't speak against him behind his back, Jones. Who did it all? And who couldn't have done it if he hadn't been here?" When these words were afterwards told to George Robinson, he forgave Mr. Brown a great deal.

The architect, acting under the direction of Mr. Robinson, had contrived to arch the roof, supporting it on five semi-circular iron girders, which were left there visible to the eye, and which were of course painted magenta. On the foremost of these was displayed the name of the firm —Brown, Jones, and Robinson. On the second, the name of the house—Magenta House. On the third, the number—Nine times nine is eighty-one. On the fourth, an edict of trade against which retail houses in the haberdashery line should never sin—"Terms: Ready cash." And on the last, the special principle of our trade—"Five-and-a-half per cent. profit." The back of the shop was closed in with magenta curtains, through which the bald head of Mr. Brown would not unfrequently be seen to emerge; and on each side of the curtains there stood a tall mirror, reaching up to the very ceiling. Upon the whole, the thing certainly was well done.

"But the contractor"—the man who did the work was called the contractor—"the contractor says that he will want the rest of his money in two months," said Mr. Brown, whining.

"He would not have wanted any for the next twelve months," answered Robinson, "if you had not insisted on paying him those few hundreds."

"You can find fault with the bill, you know," said Jones, "and delay it almost any time by threatening him with a lawyer."

"And then he will put a distress on us," said Mr. Brown.

"And after that will be very happy to take our bill at six months," answered Robinson. And so that matter was ended for the time.

Those men in armour stood there the whole of that day, and Fame in his gilded car used his trumpet up and down Bishopsgate Street with such effect, that the people living on each side of the street became very sick of him. Fame himself was well acted—at 16*s.* the day—and when the triumphal car remained still, stood balanced on one leg, with the other stretched out behind, in a manner that riveted attention. But no doubt his horn was badly chosen. Mr. Robinson insisted on a long single-tubed instrument, saying that it was classical; but a cornet à piston would have given more pleasure.

A good deal of money was taken on that day; but certainly not so much as had been anticipated. Very many articles were asked for, looked at, and then not purchased. But this, though it occasioned grief to Mr. Brown, was really not of much moment. That the thing should be talked of—if possible mentioned in the newspapers—was the object of the firm.

"I would give my bond for 2,000*l.*," said Robinson, "to get a leader in the *Jupiter*."

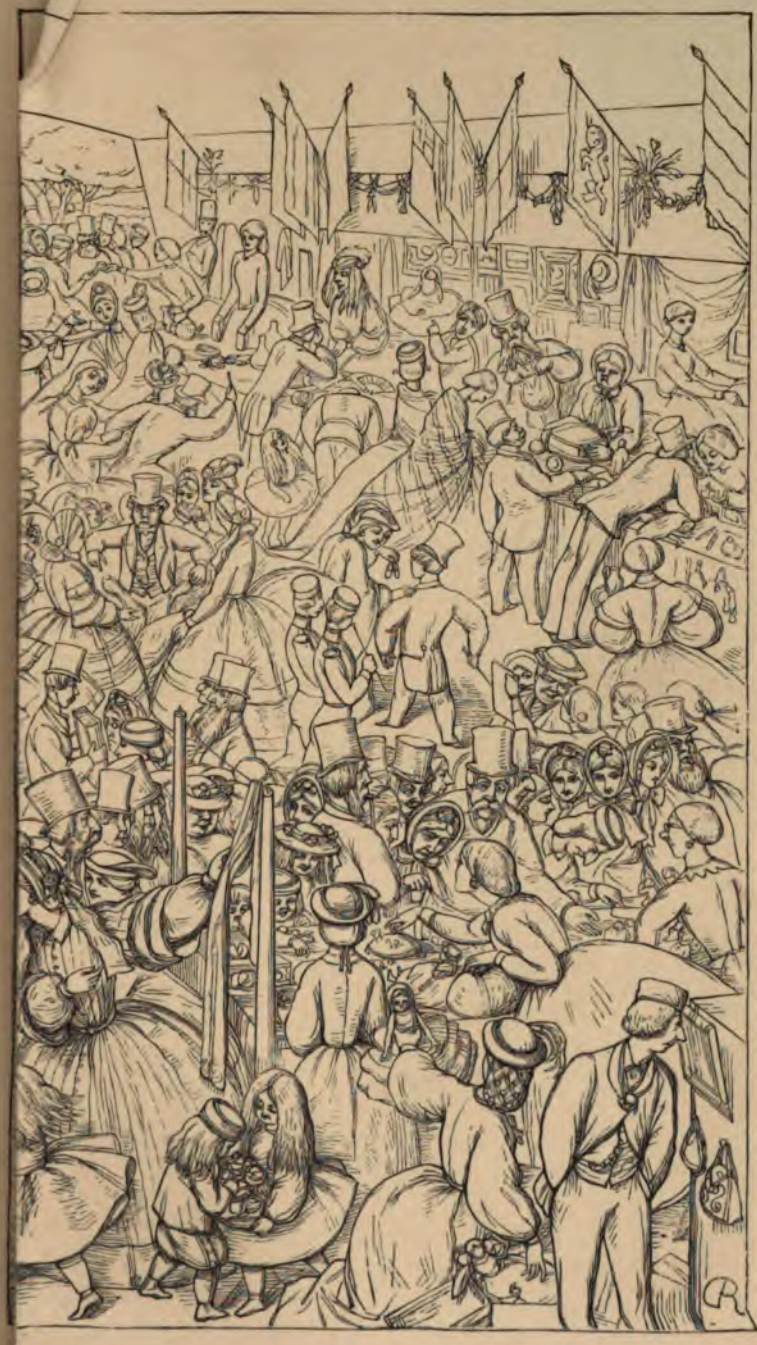
The first article demanded over the counter was a real African monkey muff, very superior, with long fine hair.

"The ships which are bringing them have not yet arrived from the coast," answered Jones, who luckily stepped up at the moment. "They are expected in the docks to-morrow."

A Charity Bazaar.

CHARITY BAZAARS and Fancy (Vanity) Fairs are on the increase. And why not? If rosebuds can be sold at a pound a-piece, if a large business can be done in cigars at half-a-crown, if cups of tea remain steady at half a sovereign, and a roaring business can be done in single strawberries at any figure you please, and the proceeds go to support the sick, or to educate the poor, it surely does not much matter whether a little frivolity and display take part in what results in so much good. It is only as if—to take an illustration from a stall at one of these entertainments—the beautiful bouquet which is handed across the counter for your acceptance, in return for a large sum of money, and with such a fascinating and irresistible manner, contained, tied up with the roses and lilies, say, a single "forget-me-not," or a little bunch of "pride."

Besides, although it may be true that all the stall-keepers are not moved by the highest motives, think of the number of kind, charitable fingers that have worked at all those gorgeous tobacco-pouches, and brilliant muffetees, elaborately ornamental slippers, and magnificent pieces of worsted-work, many of the owners of which fingers do not appear, and take no part in the "vanity," satisfied with having lent a hand to a good work. And so do you go and purchase recklessly, and don't let the circumstance of your not wanting anything stand for a moment in the way of your buying any quantity. And, you rigid but mistaken moralist, who disapprove because amusement is blended with benevolence,—you had better say nothing, unless you are prepared to pay out of your own pocket the whole sum likely to be realized. In that case, the promoters will probably be delighted to have attained their object by a process much simpler and in every way less troublesome.



And if you do come, make up your mind beforehand how much you intend to spend, and spend it like a man, and with a cheerful countenance, and without any absurd anxiety as to getting your money's worth; and don't dole out the coins with that agonized and heart-rending expression of countenance as if you were parting with your life's blood, so common with persons of unlimited wealth.

The bazaar is held in a large marquee, which is surrounded by stalls gaily decked out with ribbons, wreaths, and flags, and covered with merchandise; and numberless young ladies preside at the stalls, dressed in the height and breadth of the fashion, and never cease to attract public attention to the goods with the most winning, coaxing, insinuating, and, if one may be allowed the expression, wheedling ways. If they remained behind the counters, in a tradesman-like manner, a man might have a chance; but not content with engaging him in front, they throw out scouts; and light troops (of young ladies), in skirmishing order, are spread over the field; and should he survive the heavy artillery of the stalls, a dexterous flank movement forces him to surrender at discretion. He must buy that enormous pincushion, and that piece of worsted-work, and that chair, and the baby's cap, and the box of chocolate, and put his name and money down in the raffle for an "old master."

You may see a swell, for the fun of the thing, by Jove! mildly doing duty behind a stall, recommending "novelties," or good, sound, serviceable articles that will wear or wash, with such perfect gravity, that you might fancy he was brought up to it.

And you may, if you look, perhaps see a young and lovely stall-keeper, forgetful of her duties in that position in life which she has chosen for the day, and which enjoins upon her an unceasing persecution of every creature supposed to possess money, absorbed in conversation with a party of prepossessing exterior, and so deeply interested therein that business is entirely suspended. And there is reason to suppose, from appearances, that the subject of conversation is not the "shop."

As the day closes, the prizes in the raffles are drawn and, amid much excitement, are lost and won. The exertions of the sellers give way to physical exhaustion, and the pockets of the buyers have become exhausted also. Fabulous bargains may now be had: articles, which were offered in the morning for ten times their value, are now "given away." The worn-out stall-keepers have scarcely energy enough left to ask any price at all. An auction is improvised, and the whole of the remaining stock, at a most alarming sacrifice, is going—going—gone!

Negroes Bond and Free.

Colour, like beauty, is only skin-deep, as philosophers and moralists tell us; but few of us are sincere believers in the doctrine. We are all prejudiced, more or less. To some very worthy folks there is something innately attractive in a dusky complexion; their sympathies are evoked at once by the sorrows of their sable brethren, while a pale Lazarus may shiver in vain upon their doorsteps. There are others in whom the sight of a black face inspires repugnance and contempt; and between the poles of these rival opinions there is room for every shade of prejudice.

The negro has been a very Proteus in public estimation, presenting a different aspect to successive generations. First, came the old convenient creed of ethics, which accepted the slavery of men as it accepted the slavery of animals, and which classed the African as a two-legged beast of burden. To this succeeded an uneasy qualm of the public conscience, a feeling of remorse for centuries of wrong, and a strong desire to make amends to black men present and future for the sufferings of black men in days past. This was the missionary epoch, and to its influence may be traced much legislation which less sensitive nations regard as suicidal. The great heart of England was stirred, and the atonement was not unworthy of the penitent, comprising as it did much treasure, the ruin of at least one of our colonies, and a fatal and costly blockade of the Guinea Coast. We wept over negroes in those days: we hailed them as men and brothers: we regarded them with a sentimental affection.

Sambo and Gumbo have not always been so indulgently looked on: they have been compared to lazy lotus-eaters, born to consume fruits that they had neither wit nor industry to plant or graft, and as indolent as the sloth was currently reputed, before Mr. Waterton vindicated his character. More than this, there have been unfriendly fingers to point out, and malicious tongues to blazon abroad, the little flaws and failings from which the duskiest of Adam's offspring are not exempt. See, cried certain cynics, how sensual, how lethargic, how full of petty vices, petty lies, and thefts, and frauds, is this negro that you have enfranchised! Bad enough, if this were all; but the evil does not end here. The black man is without ambition: a born Diogenes, he only asks the white man to keep out of his sunshine, and let him bask and saunter at his pleasure: he has not the least wish to be more rich, more clever, or more civilized, than his fathers were before him. Such was the indictment against the creole negro of the Antilles, drawn up by those whose sugar plantations were lying waste, while black squatters reared their hovels and fenced in their yam patches on "massa's" abandoned estate. It was

not entirely just—such sweeping strictures seldom are—but neither was it absolutely unfounded.

It is worthy of notice, that while the negro has been described as a martyr by one party, and as a mere locust and cumberer of the earth by another, his has always been by common consent an exceptional position. He is of a race set apart: a race which tempts oppression, and which can only be free from encroachments when artificially protected. Strange, that an ounce or two of pigment, more or less, between the false skin and the true, should make such a difference: and yet the difference exists.

There are and have been well-meaning persons, from the time of Sir Richard Phillips to the present day, who have striven to prove the identity of the fair and dark races, and who have denied that the African differed mentally from the European. But the fact remains that these two branches of the great human family are not on a level. The negro invents nothing, originates nothing, improves nothing. Even migration, the stern school in which the nomades of Europe and Asia graduated, seems to have been denied him. The black vegetated in his tropical swamps until his fair-complexioned brother, the world's bully, pioneer, and schoolmaster, came to draw him forth and load him with his burdens. It is then a mistaken kindness to declare the negro to be the white man's equal in energy and intellect: if he were so, he would indeed be deserving of blame for lagging in the race of life. But he is a being of another stamp. He is that backward pupil that we sometimes see, a big hulking boy among the minors, and who plods painfully through the lesson which tiny urchins make light of. Most of us have seen the great, slow, stupid fellow bending over his books, blundering and stammering, rated by the master for a blockhead, jeered at by this youngster, patronized by that, but always behindhand. Add to this picture an extra hankering after idleness, great animal spirits, overflowing good humour, and a considerable development at the back of the head, and the negro is before you: that is, the negro of the West Indies; for humanity, whether white or black, is many-sided, and there are numerous free blacks in Canada and the United States who might justly complain of such a portraiture. But just as an Englishman, whether in Tudor trunks and a slashed doublet, or in the sober garments of Victoria's reign, is an Englishman still in all essentials, so is a negro a negro. The black who dances and whoops to the beating of the native drum, when Mumbo Jumbo claims a living sacrifice, is not altogether unlike the Kentucky slave singing as the broadhorn is rowed down stream, though one is a Pagan and the other a Ranter or Shaker. There is the same lightsome spirit, the same versatility, the same racy enjoyment of the passing minute, without a regret for the past or a fear for the future. Also, there is a bitter drop in the cup: a proneness to unreasoning despair, to apathy and hopelessness: a degree of dejection which we sometimes observe in the lower animals, but which is unknown to the white man beyond the walls of a cell.

If we desire to estimate the negro as he may one day be; if we

would gauge his adaptation for the teaching he sorely needs, and indulge a hope that Ham's children may hereafter sit at meat with those of his brethren, we must look his condition fairly in the face. Nor is the black man, just now, an unimportant personage. He is not belligerent, but he is the cause of quarrels between others. Disguise it as they may, our American cousins are fighting about HIM. Slavery is the Helen of this internecine war. He, the negro, is the bone of contention; on his almost fatal facility of working in a sultry climate, the whole dispute hinges.

There are thinking men in all countries, who see the sin and the shame of slavery clearly enough, who wish, out of pure kindness, to emancipate both bondsman and taskmaster from a fatal system, yet who shrink from reducing the Southern States to the level of St. Domingo. The main argument of the paladins who, with General Davis at their head, publish apologies for the peculiar institution, is that negro labour would run to waste were coercion at an end. In plain Saxon English, such euphuisms imply that the black will only work under the whip. This is a plausible assertion, confidently made, and illustrated by highly-coloured pictures of the condition of the West Indies. But is it true? and again, if true, is it valid? The voice of the North, speaking trumpet-tongued and angrily, gives it the lie direct. Firstly, it is replied, the negro may prove, and would prove, as industrious when free, as he now is; secondly, the blacks are but four millions, and might be provided for by deportation, or, as in the case of the Indians, by reserves of land; thirdly, evil must not be done that good may result: it would be preferable that, if needs must, all the fair provinces of the South should be swallowed up again by swamp and forest, than that one coloured person should be the victim of legal injustice. The last argument, which is of that order of axioms common in periods of fierce popular excitement, may be expected to increase in frequency and bitterness as the strife goes on. *Fiat justitia* is sometimes from hostile lips a synonym for *Væ victis.*

But, happily, there is a more promising solution of the difficulty than to hand over the cotton-producing countries to desolation and savagery. Of course, it is now beyond mortal power, by tongue or pen, to avert the suicidal struggle between North and South; but should the old Federation, thoroughly roused, set its feet on the prostrate Dagon of slavery, a better time may be in store for both white and black. The negro, though not a model pupil, is far from being the unteachable barbarian, the animated stock, which some pronounce him. True, he is very slow to learn from precept, but he is alive to the force of example. The inexorable logic of circumstances can convince even him. In Barbadoes, for instance, where labour is in brisk demand, where, from local causes, employment is plentiful and various, the black man is completely unlike his brother of Jamaica: the "Badian nigger" is known throughout the sugar islands as an independent, active, disputatious worker; more resembling the artisan of Europe than the thoughtless peasant of the Antilles content with yams and fish. In Demerara, too, where well-applied capital has

done wonders of late years, the more intelligent negroes are rapidly making and hoarding money.

But the mainland of North America can show more than this. Not only are there great numbers of free blacks in the United States who live by the work of their own hands, but in many cases they have contrived to accumulate property, to possess a farm, a store, or a coasting vessel, and to give their children as high an education as white prejudice will permit. Even in Canada, in the rigorous climate of the Great Lakes, the villages of fugitive slaves that have settled themselves in that cold land of Goshen, manage to gain a livelihood. Unfit as the deep snows and long frosts may appear for the wellbeing of the African race, these poor people plant their potatoes and pumpkins, make baskets for sale, and live *somehow*. But in the United States, the negro, when set free, has the advantage of a good example on every hand; especially in the North. Wherever he turns his eyes, he sees the white population busy and astir, taming the wilderness, producing, improving, and condensing into every decade the progress of a century of the olden time. Pompey has no weak desire to be a drone in the midst of that humming, hurrying hive; nor is he proof against the fiery contagion of industry that overspreads the land. Accordingly, we soon find him occupied: a honey-maker like the rest, only in a more humble way, and a worshipper of the "almighty dollar" from an awful distance.

But when Britannia snatched away the overseer's whip in her own colonies, paid the planter for his slaves in hard cash and set the Africans free, a very natural result followed.

The schoolmaster deposed, the usher disarmed of his ferule, and a perpetual holiday proclaimed, what wonder that few lessons were cared for afterwards! Mother Nature, with the kindly, genial smile she wears in the tropics, with a lap overflowing with fruits more luscious than those of the classic Pomona, lent her large hospitality to the truant crew. And as Dibdin's sailor sprang ashore, to haul at tack and brace no more while his purse had a coin in it, so did the negroes, quite as excusably, indulge in an idleness made delicious by a lifetime of compulsory work. Even then the majority came back to the hoe and cane cutter more early than might have been expected; though at irregular intervals, and for short spells of toil.

Public opinion—the public opinion of their social equals—went strongly with the coloured lazzaroni. Massa Buckra had never given his dark serf a very exalted idea of the dignity of labour. Lorenzo, whether he "returned from the isles of the West," with a yellow complexion and a fabulous fortune, or whether he resided permanently in his great, gaunt mansion, with its verandahs and sunblinds, was but a languid Sybarite at best. The planters, their wives and offspring, had a peculiar laziness which nothing in our bustling Christendom can equal, and actually gloried in being passive and helpless in the midst of a crowd of obsequious attendants. A thousand things which the son of an English

Duke will cheerfully do for himself, or for another during his fagging novitiate, appeared to Lorenzo as utterly impossible and degrading. To do nothing was held the perfection of earthly bliss, and work was esteemed absolutely disgraceful. Accordingly, the poor whites — the "mean whites"—who officiated as carpenters or smiths throughout the islands, were despised by the negroes as pitiful renegadoes who had wilfully abjured the proud distinction of personal idleness which was the glorious attribute of their colour. The overseer, though his influence was immense, was yet too busy a man to attain the highest standard of humanity in negro eyes, and the bookkeepers and clerks were still lower in the scale; but "great massa" himself—he who was supposed to have nothing to do but to sip his Madeira or smoke his cigar—he was a Jupiter whose indolent Olympus was envied by young and old. No wonder, then, that the abandoned estates proved a resistless temptation to swarms of emancipated blacks; that they reared their huts, fenced in a patch of land whereon to cultivate "plawn" and sweet potatoes, and prepared for what to them was an absolute Eden.

The uncertainty of negro labour, the caprice of the husbandmen, who would work till they had earned enough for some grand junket, or the purchase of some coveted piece of finery, have elicited the bitterest curses of the ruined landowners; but scarcely with justice. The negro recognized no reason for toiling an hour longer than suited his own convenience. To him, political economy was a sealed book, and the destruction of the colony a myth. He once worked under dread of the cowhide, now he worked for a shilling, when he wanted a shilling. But as for sustained, regular industry, that was hardly to be expected from a man who had but to walk a score of yards to pick as many star-apples or plantains as would appease his hunger. The wonder is that the black worked so often, not that his vacations were so frequent. But here his local attachments came into play. The negro has, in truth, a cat-like affection for his cottage and plot of garden-ground; and when an estate is kept under tillage, the labourers will often work cheerfully because they are under the orders of massa, whose tenants as well as hirelings they are.

But no man can depend on a permanent supply of black labour; strange as such a thing may seem to us who are surrounded by hard-handed men actually praying for employment. But here we are braced to our task, all of us, by the climate and its products: we must work, or endure cold and hunger enough to conquer laziness, however inveterate; and we cannot play the part of Diogenes without a genuine vocation for the stoic's calling. It is not so in the Antilles.

There is one hopeful feature in the negro character: an innate reverence for learning. The black has the same awe of erudition, the same respect for a scholar, the same love of fine language, which Mrs. Hall remarked in her Irish countrymen. A negro delights in picking up scraps of incongruous lore, and is fond of interlarding his childish prattle with the

longest-tailed words in the language. A coloured preacher knows no more certain road to the hearts of his sable brethren than by battering their ears with tremendous sesquipedalians; and if he can season his discourse with a little timely Latin, his chapel will never be empty. Easy as it is to laugh at a taste so certain to become ridiculous, there is much that is suggestive and encouraging in this trait of African nature. A pupil who has a spontaneous craving after light has a better chance of emerging from intellectual darkness than one whose crass ignorance is guarded by a shell of dull conceit. And even in the most backward islands of the Western group, the negroes are desirous that their children should attend school, and feel the utmost anxiety that they should acquire as much information as possible.

It has been constantly alleged that poor Quashee is without ambition: his opportunities of rising in life have not hitherto been great, certainly, and he has been only too keenly intent on enjoying the passing hour; but he will often save, that his children may be helped a few steps up the social ladder. In religious and moral points of view, the negro is not lower than many a light-complexioned race. He is of a sentimental, imitative nature, with a large stock of reverence, and a great deal of excitability. A revivalist movement finds admirable material in his versatile disposition and irritable nerves, and the indulgence of unbridled emotion is to him a downright luxury. But ministers of religion long settled in the islands have usually outlived the first gratification with which they listened to the edifying discourse of their penitents. Blacks are probably neither better nor worse than whites, but they are a great deal more specious, more fluent, and more given to dilating on their spiritual state and its blessings.

Great crimes are not frequent, certainly, but small frauds and pilferings are constant; and it is somewhat provoking to a missionary to see arraigned for larceny or embezzlement the very negro who but yesterday spoke and looked like a saint of the Barebones Parliament. And yet hypocrisy is not one of the African failings in any high degree: the negro is sincere for the moment, and will be so again to-morrow, very likely; but his moods change like an April sky. Dishonesty is general enough: yet, after all, we have little reason to grumble if the black robs us behind our backs, and rarely tells us the truth: centuries of slavery have been but a poor school wherein to learn principles of honour; and there are such things as pickings and stealings, ay, and forked tongues to boot, nearer home. The negro is not more immoral than the Ionian or the Neapolitan; not more roguish, not more deceitful: lax principles generally go with a warm climate, and there are good instincts in the neglected race.

One African trait has puzzled many who have known the black man well, and been fond of him, and sorrowed over him; and that is, the cruelty to animals, so usual in the islands and on the mainland. A negro groom, a negro jockey, would provoke the temper of Job by a thousand acts of neglect, recklessness, or abuse of the beasts in their charge. The

master's eye is nowhere so necessary as in a colonial stable, if the horse is to get any guinea corn at all; while Argus could not prevent the wild gallops about the country by night, the merciless spurrings and floggings, and the other peccadilloes of the tribe. But all this cruelty is the usual concomitant of ignorance. Children are cruel, schoolboys are cruel, and untaught or enslaved nations are uniformly wanton in the infliction of pain, and callous as to beholding it. We scarcely needed the Eton grammar to tell us that knowledge is a softener of the heart, and of the manners which should be the heart's looking-glass.

One more negro peculiarity appears really to be a distinction of the race—the difference of their dealings with one another and with the white man. Towards the white they have indeed a strange feeling, so artfully compounded of respect, dislike, and what may be classed as an affectionate antipathy, that it can only be described by a paradox. Did you ever see a dog watching the eye of a hard master, fawning, timid, eager to obey before an order is given, and yet with an odd sort of lurking rebellion, a smothered wish to bite or run away underlying all this ostentatious loyalty? The negro appears to have no conscience at all where the white man is concerned: he is plastic as wax, will obey, can be moulded into anything, and is managed with ease. *En revanche*, he robs the white man with a systematic adroitness perfectly amazing, insomuch that it has grown into a Jamaica proverb that no European can hope to take home a fortune. But if you follow Quashee home to his hut, you will find that some domestic virtues sit beside his hearth: he does not pilfer from those of his own colour, he is a good husband and father, and his family have no more than an average amount of faults.

It is well known with what excess of gentle care, with what precaution, softness, and devotion, coloured people will nurse a white through fever. As nurses they are admirable, always kind, always cheerful, and with a perfect genius for the profession. Indeed nursing, fiddling, and cooking, are the three recognized specialties of the stock. Some attribute this great devotedness in the sick room of a stranger to sheer pride, the pride of tending a member of a higher race; but this is a harsh decision: there *is* a tender spot in the African heart, when we can reach it, quite unalloyed with any selfish vanity. It was not pride that made the black women of a far distant African village show pity and kindness to Park, the despised, forlorn stranger, when he laid his fevered limbs beneath the shade of their banian tree. There, the white skin was in a sad minority, and sable was the only wear deemed natural to mankind.

But it is a curious fact that the negro quickly learns to feel, or affect, a singular contempt for his own complexion. In spite of their conviction that all good angels are swart as Erebus, while the devils alone are of a ghastly whiteness, the African soon begins to use "black" as a term of reproach. One negro will taunt another with being a black rascal, and the retort will probably be that the aggressor is the blackest of the two. And yet the genuine African, the real Guinea black, commonly called a

"Congo" in the Slave States and the islands, is always looked up to and reverenced by the creole negroes. Thus the superb Coromantees and Ashantees who are recruited on the coast for our West Indian corps, and who look such sable Hectors in their showy Zouave garb, are the chief ladykillers in the islands.

In an American plantation, an African-born slave is always treated with deference by his compeers, as one who has seen the world: as a man fresh from that ancestral continent to which the colonial blacks look back as to a land of wonder and mystery. Everything African is full of interest to the negro; and one reason which has been assigned for the remarkably benighted state of Jamaica is, that the numbers of slaves who have been taken out of captured vessels and landed there, have kept up a perpetual tradition of barbarism. The horrid African dances—which the magistrates endeavour to abolish, but which the new-comers perform to the infinite delight and great harm of the Christian creoles—the hidden secrets of fetish worship and witchcraft, are sad drawbacks to progress, where their evil influence is brought into play. The Obi men and the Obi women, witches and wizards from some Eboe or Mandingo village, seldom earn an honest living. Credulity is their oyster, and they fatten on it. The negroes have all the superstitions of an excitable, untutored race; and the wild heathen rites practised in some hovel at midnight, the mutterings and incantations, the spells and amulets, produce a great effect on them, and wring forth their offerings on various pretexts.

Nothing, however, we may safely say, could so retard the improvement of the negroes in America as the threatened revival of the slave trade.

The question of "amalgamation" is one which only time and experience can settle. It is certain, however, that while the negro of the isles detests the mulatto a thousand times more than he does the white, while the mulatto views his darker cousin with scorn and his fairer cousin with envy, in the States such is not the case. There, one drop of blood from the veins of the oppressed race is enough to make an indelible distinction. Accordingly, a common sympathy unites the quadroon to the mulatto, the mulatto to the black, and all have the same hopes and disabilities. It has seldom been found that a direct cross between the European and any of the coloured races, whether Hindoo, Negro, or American Indian, has produced very good results. Physically and morally, the half-castes appear distinct from both stocks, and they seldom show intellectual or bodily vigour of very high quality. But this question, which to the enthusiasts of the Confederate States seems a sort of practical blasphemy, may be left to right itself.

From Dan to Beersheba, through Ashridge Park.

JEAN CARNUS, the Bishop of Bellay, wrote a series of tales, to inspire horror and disgust for love! It was poor occupation, even for a celibate prelate. I thought of his indifferent taste, as I left the little church of Nettleden, in Buckinghamshire, after listening to the simple and earnest eloquence of a preacher who insisted on the duty, and recommended the practice, of loving one another. As the hearers streamed away socially to their cottages, or paused on the road to hold cheerful converse ere they crossed their thresholds, the influences of the wise lesson seemed already to be acting on their hearts, with which all surrounding nature was now in tune. An hour since, "th' expansive atmosphere was cramp'd with cold," the earth lay in gloomy shadow, and the loose lattices rattled beneath the intermittent storms of hail. *Now*

> "an even calm
> Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
> Breathed o'er the blue expanse."

It was a pleasant sight of that spring time to see man and nature in one accord of bright and happy feeling. The spectacle was a sermon in itself; and I mused over it, as turning from the church in the valley and the cheerful parsonage house on the terrace above, I passed into that noble park, which a Plantagenet prince won from the then surrounding dreary wild, and gave it as an abiding place to those good brethren, "*Les Bonshommes.*" In the old monastic house there was the Princess Elizabeth calmly sleeping, when the messengers of her sister Mary rudely broke into her chamber, and bore her off to the Tower. A palace has arisen on the site of the ancient edifice, and therein a noble mother keeps home for a young earl, whose manly life is, like all on which my eyes at that moment rested, in the fair promise of its opening spring.

There was a sun-burst over the park, as I passed into it from the church. Beautiful as it had seemed before, it was now "glorified." The pressed sward sent up a sweet-smelling recognition of the greeting of the thoughtful wayfarer. The swelling uplands verily enjoyed the fervent kisses of the sun. No blast of Eurus marred the enjoyment, like a cold censurer carping at the beautiful, the innocent, and the godlike. On this surface there was no moving form of life visible, save the graceful shapes of the fallow deer; and these, gathering into groups as I passed near them, stood gazing, with more of curiosity than of fear in their lustrous eyes. One or two, more timid, or more cautious than their fellows, stepped stately, with the least possible semblance of hurry or discomposure, in among the beeches; and this movement directed my attention from them to the beeches themselves.

For them, too, Spring had risen, and a new life was joyously opening. These straight-limbed giants lifted their slender arms towards the sky, as though they partook of the influences of the bright and softening hour of that particular day. What a luxurious world of moss and lichen was gathered about their feet! They looked like so many Titanic kings, shod in velvet slippers of emerald-green and gold. The deer seemed, as they gathered around those monarchs of the glade, to bow to their majesty, and to feel secure in their protection.

With every step the Spring visibly grows and strengthens, and proclaims itself to the senses. The daffodils are clustering coyly beneath yon hedge; and so great is the contrast between their modest position and the vividness of their colour, as to suggest the possibility of their being half ashamed of their own finery. On the adjacent bank beams the blue eye of the violet, neither hypocritically "humble," nor ostentatiously "modest." The violet, in fact, looks out upon the spring world neither coyly nor impertinently, but with a sweet composure and self-respect of its own; not lurking in the shade like the daffodils, nor congregating in masses, all over the "open," and challenging the admiration of every one who approaches, like those brilliant and daring beauties yonder, the yellow crocuses.

Sweet as sight of Spring are also its sounds. The larks are gyrating music, around and around, trilling *excelsior* till they reach heaven's gates, then rapidly descending to their homes on the earth, in a gush of approving hilarity at their own melody. And then, talk of Love-birds, commend me to a well-paired couple of English yellow-ammers! How cozily they perch by each other on the top branches of that hedge; how fondly they nestle, he to her and she to him! They look down upon you, with a happy air of conscious security. In their eyes swim a compliment to you on the coming of Spring; and, should you seem to doubt it, up go their heads towards the thrush in the boughs above them, and round swim their eyes again at you, inquiringly, asking, as plainly as eyes could put the question, whether you had heard the sharp, sweet song of their tuneful neighbour, and whether you longer hesitated to believe in the divine presence of the lusty young Spring? For *their* parts, they have seen the trout flinging themselves at the early flies sporting in the sunshine above the tranquil waters of the Gade, and they have faith in the Spring. Those droll yellow-ammers! Why do they thus "nudge" at each other with their wings? They are enjoying their little joke. They see the wayfarer puzzled to account for a peculiar sound from the pond behind the hedge, and which, if he does not hear for the first time, he at least hears it for the first time this year. The yellow-ammers remember it more readily than the stranger does. *They* know that the sound is that of the sultan of the marshes—great Sultan Frog, proclaiming to his ladies the avatar of Spring; and all the zenana exhibit a decorous ecstasy at the actual arrival of the "fashionable season."

Backward alone in obeying the warm impulses of the time are those

majestic limes, near the "great house" itself—limes planted by Queen Elizabeth—in the reign of Charles the Second! Tradition assigns the former person, but truth has fixed the latter period. Well, these limes, and the lovers of these limes, scorn to commence *their* recognized season till later in the year. In good time there will be fine doings in and about and beneath those grand old trees. Much singing, in solo and chorus, much instrumental music, much feasting, much tippling, and, it must be confessed, much drunkenness. When the limes shall blossom, the bees will swarm towards the luscious and fragrant banquet which woos them. They will celebrate the feast with a choral service, and their sweetest singers will be accompanied by a murmuring music; little billows of sound will remind you of distant cathedral organs, and you will be inclined to believe yourself at a religious service in the cathedral of immensities, but that the manner of it is too rollicking and bacchanalian. Although three-fourths of the bees who there make a day of it go home tolerably sober, the other fourth, who have drunk deeper and less discreetly, will be found on their backs, helplessly intoxicated, and looking altogether a disgrace to the industrious fraternity of which they are recognized members.

Those towering limes never saw the old monks who tabernacled here, but near them, a gnarled, wrinkled, prickly mass of wood, half bush, half tree, is a relic of the earlier dwellers here. The mass clings to the house, which really *yields* protection, for when the Earl of Bridgewater planned this noble edifice he spoiled a room that he might spare this tree. For this gracious act he and his descendants have enjoyed becoming compensation. There comes from that quarter, in the proper musical season, such a gush of nightingale-song, that Ronsard himself, skilled as he was in interpreting the language of these minstrels, might despair to set down its meaning, or imitate its tunefulness.

Passing out from this paradise into the village of Little Gaddesden, is not quitting Eden for the plain. The village looks as if a portion of the park had been assigned it for a building site. That sward belting the cottages is a carpet on which weary kings might be pleased to recline. Here and there, too, may be seen old-fashioned manorial houses, with a grand amount of picturesque windows, and queer gable ends, and frontages graduated at the summits, coigns of vantage on which the humbler birds congregate and look down in admiration into the outspreading park over the way. These houses are *remnants* of hearty old England. Squires lived here, once upon a time, with buxom squiresses, and apple-cheeked daughters, and lithe striplings of sons, lads who had wonderfully knowing eyes for the points of a horse, and who could bring down a partridge as surely as their jocund sires. These were of the famous old "gentry" of the land, people who stood between the noble proprietors of countless acres and the cottagers who were their neighbours; folk with some of the blood of the great county families in them, and who, with my lord for a kinsman, had a whole village for lovers and friends. Wise, merry,

roughish at times, but always useful, were the village gentry of the olden days. From these houses, now as drearily picturesque as any moated grange that Mariana ever wearied in, whole families were wont to proceed to church in all the state of equestrianism,—ponies and pillions. There was not a warmer hearth in the Earl's hall than used to beam and brighten beneath the cheery flames in the Squire's parlour grate. There the sons of younger sons presided over hospitable households, and were as happy as their better endowed cousins, whose estates, indeed, they as fully enjoyed as the owners did, without being troubled with the expensive details of management. Why is it that this especial race of gentry has so diminished in numbers? Why are their little "halls," yet large and commodious houses, given over in compartments for hinds and labourers to dwell in? In old days, the squires clustered round the lords, and the villagers lodged happily near the squires. It was not a happy day when these last began to build isolated mansions, to wall their rustic neighbours out, and to announce that "steel traps and spring guns are set on these premises."

Pursuing my way through this tranquil and pretty village, I see a broad avenue, sweeping straight from the central portion of Ashridge House. It climbs the modest ascent, and seems prepared to rush across the road into the unoccupied field beyond. Before I learned the story of this "vista," I was struck with the eager aspect, if I may so speak, which it wears throughout its entire length. It really seems to leap from the palace in the park towards the field beyond the village road, where there is no apparent object for its being directed thitherward. The truth, however, is, that love found out the way; a filial love, but not the less to be praised on that account. In that vacant field once stood the modest dwelling of a widowed lady named Haynes, whose daughter had been wooed and won by the Earl of Bridgewater. The village maiden, an only daughter and an heiress, went up from her village home to her countess's bower at Ashridge, in 1783. But from that proud bower her heart longed and her eyes ached to look upon the home where her mother continued to reside; and forthwith a thousand stately trees went crashing to the earth, and that broad vista swept through them, opening passage, less between house and house than between heart and heart, facilitating an intercourse of eyes and of signals between the happy mother in the village and her countess-child enthroned in majestic Ashridge.

Roads were rare things here in the rough old days and ways of the last century. The Bridgewaters were great civilizers in this vicinity, if road-making be a branch of civilization. There are men here yet living who remember that the only route hence to Dunstable was at your choice or chance, over the downs. Members of the then upper ten thousand, who ventured to and fro in their carriages to dinners, or on other pleasant occasions, sent men forward early in the day to smoothe down the ruts. The road was rendered discernible at night by the laying down of huge lumps of chalk, double lines of white buoys, through which the tipsy coachman steered his master and family, in comparative safety, to the haven of their homes.

It was near sun-down as I stepped out of the road, crossed a field, and entered the venerable parish church of Little Gaddesden. I found myself at once in the very best of company, all silent and dead, but with such magnificent characters inscribed on their monuments as to inspire a sensation that we of this later age are but degenerate individuals. Here, John, second son but sole heir of the estate and virtue of his great sire Chancellor Egerton, "rests till the last trump awake his dust." Near him is the monument of a vivacious kinswoman, not content to await the dread summons, if we may so interpret that part of her epitaph which says that "this late transcendently virtuous lady is now a glorious saint." You remember how the Spartan lawgivers would not, under any pretence, tolerate sepulchral inscriptions. "Epitaph," with them, was synonymous with "lie," and mendacity they opposed, whether exercised upon the living or the dead. I think the Ephori would have gone mad had they been compelled to sanction such post-mortem panegyrics as here flame over the decayed flesh which once walled in such dear and noble life. Here is a Countess of Bridgewater who "was unparalleled in gifts of nature and grace, *being strong of constitution*," and so forth. Her husband was that son of the Chancellor noticed above, and who was well matched to a lady unparalleled, by being himself "incomparable" for his endowments in parts natural or acquired. "Art and nature did strive which might contribute most to make him a most accomplished gentleman!" Even his "deportment" is set down as "graceful," and the world is solemnly assured that the Earl could talk exceedingly well, whether his subject had been studied or not, and whether his vein was serious or jocular.

The daughter-in-law of this unequalled couple wrings a higher strain from the harp that echoes her praise. Her stone passport to immortality describes her as "the glory of the present, and the example of future ages;" and then it has a fling at the painters of the middle of the seventeenth century, by recording of her inconceivably bewitching beauty that "it surpassed the skill of several of the most exquisite pencils (that attempted it) to describe and not to disparage it." Poor Vandyke! Then what a fine distinction is drawn in the passage of her testimonial, which declares that "the rich at her table daily tasted her hospitality, the poor at the gates her charity." Courteous and affable she was, of course, to all persons, but mind you, "yet not so familiar as to expose herself to contempt." The eulogy increases as the inscription proceeds, till every epithet of praise is exhausted, and the author ends with a sarcasm at the poverty of language which lacked terms that could portray the lady's excellence. Altogether, the vexed and foiled panegyrizer is thoroughly convinced that when this charming Countess tripped into Elysium, she took with her a few notions that might prove beneficial even to the angels! Her very husband's tomb, gorgeous with gules, or, argent, chevrons, saltires, bendlets, coronets, and helms, is inscribed with a list, not of *his*, but of *her* excellences! The flattering writer had had a quarter

of a century to refresh himself, and his eulogy is again vigorous. There is something refreshing in turning from this triple-piled praise to the superscription over the dust of a young wife of another lord of the Bridgewater family, and to learn therefrom that Lady Betty could speak not only "English, but French!"

Marlborough's daughter! Ay, here sleeps that marvellous girl whom Jervas loved, whom Scrope, Duke of Bridgewater, wooed and married, and whom Pope has enshrined in indifferent verse. That fair Elizabeth! about *her* the epitaph-writer raves, asserting the exquisite fineness of her mind and body, the agreeableness of her height, the delicacy of her shape, the beauty of her mien, the exactness of her speech which never said too much or too little, and the good luck that virtue had in appearing in her to the greatest advantage! One knows to what complexion my lady came at last, even if she had not died of the small-pox, so deadly to the Marlborough line. Pope's allusion to her tomb is in better taste than any phrase engraven on the marble. The poet's lines lived again in my memory as I passed on to the noble dust; and I murmured as I went,—

> "An angel's sweetness or Bridgewater's eyes;
> Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise;"—

and—

> "With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie."

"*Thy* Bridgewater!" Addressed to the Irish painter, this was, after all, an impertinence. Jervas was even as impertinent in his adoration of this once living dust; for peerless as he thought *the* Bridgewater in all other features, he once pronounced her ear to be out of drawing, and, raising his periwig, exhibited his own as a perfect type for limner or statuary who would copy the true and the beautiful in nature! The poet praised Jervas for his drawing, colouring, and composition, and recognized nothing unseemly in his affectation of violent love for Marlborough's daughter. Kneller judged him more correctly, as an artist, when Jervas, to raise his dignity nearer to a level with that of the Duchess, set up a carriage with four horses. "Ah, mine Cot!" exclaimed Sir Godfrey; "if his horses shall not draw better than he does, Jervas never shall come to his journey's end."

Scrope's second duchess, Rachel Russell, was a good-tempered wife, and so vivacious a widow that, at the age of forty, and in despite of her plainness and five children, she, with a magnificent dowry to aid her, made a conquest of the poor and airy Dick Lyttleton, in the six-and-twentieth year of his very lucky age. Dick was certainly the most gallant of husbands; for, twenty years later, when he was yet in his prime, and his sexagenarian and gout-stricken wife was compelled to be wheeled about in a chair, he was wheeled about in one also; and in this guise they circulated through crowded drawing-rooms, or took their places at card-tables, laughing hilariously, and looking vastly like imaginary invalids.

Honest Dick, it must be confessed, took as much interest in Bridgewater's daughters as if they had been his own. One of these was the charming Diana Egerton, than whom no lovelier sister lies here. By the side of her father's tomb, I could not help remembering an incident connected with her, which drolly illustrates the social history of that day. The Duchess of Queensberry delighted Diana by informing her of her grace's intention to give a ball, solely for Diana's sake. The duchess gave the ball, but forgot to invite Diana! The mortified girl found a champion in her stepfather, high-spirited Dick, who, at the last moment, did what no one in like case would now condescend to do, namely, hint to the duchess something of promises forgotten. He only obtained in return this bantering note:—"The advertisement came to hand; it was very pretty and very ingenious; but everything that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed. The Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house not being like Socrates's; his was small and held all his friends; hers is large, but will not hold half hers. Postponed but not forgot: unalterable."

Diana was unlucky, too, in her love passages. The once warmest of the now cold hearts of the ladies of this family, shrouded and entombed in this modest church of St. Peter and St. Paul, never beat with more ardent or more honest pulsation for lover rendering a welcome homage than Diana's for young Seymour. "Di Egerton," as she was familiarly called, had her pretty and provokingly charming caprices. She was, perhaps, a little unreasonable in being proudly angry at his expressed desire to make *her* happy, when, as she half-poutingly, half imperiously, remarked, it was for him to be made happy *by* her. In this earnest child's play, Diana's heart never erred; but what, after all, young ladies, could she do with a lover who was wont to scold her in good set terms, for the too affectionate tone of her epistles? Poor Diana ultimately gave her hand to Frederick, Lord Baltimore. She was worthy of a better fate. The blood of Mrs. Delany's "Basilisk" was unworthy of matching with a daughter of the Egertons.

Diana's sister, Louisa, married a Gower. She has no epitaph here, and the only one on her, elsewhere, which I remember, is that by Horace Walpole, who, writing in 1761 of her hapless death in childbirth, adds the flippant comment:—"I believe the Bedfords are very sorry, for there is a new opera this evening."

The fast-increasing twilight shade could not render illegible the superbly-modest inscription on the gracefully simple monument of the celebrated brother of these two women, Francis, the third, the last, and the greatest of the Dukes of Bridgewater—of him who is called "the father of inland navigation." Like his chief engineer and friend, Duke Francis saw no use in rivers except as feeders of navigable canals. In the construction of these he scattered fortunes only to gather tenfold what he scattered. It is just a hundred years since his first boats floated along the waters where previously men had reaped corn. The memory of this

fact seemed to give additional beauty to the one grand line on this marble, which records his achievement:

"Impulit ille rates ubi duxit aratra colonus."

From the tomb beneath which rests the amasser of colossal wealth, my thoughts strangely went far back and away to two handsome girls in a scantily furnished room in Dublin. Their name is Gunning. They are so poor, but so radiantly beautiful, that they are half resolved to turn to the stage, where handsome actresses, they think, may find a livelihood. One of these girls, both of whom were reduced to borrow clothes of willing Peg Woffington, in order to appear fittingly at a "Castle Ball," refused an offer of marriage made by this great Duke of Bridgewater! When she refused the suit of an Egerton, she was already the blooming widow of a Duke of Hamilton. When she married her second husband —Campbell, subsequently Duke of Argyle—there was but one man in England who felt unhappy at the completion of such a match, and that man was Francis, Duke of Bridgewater. His gallant grace died a bachelor, and so paid a very handsome compliment to the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyle.

The tomb at which I next glance is that of the second descendant of this duke, the Earl Francis Henry, whose bequest of 8,000*l.*, to be awarded to the writers of certain works that should illustrate the wisdom, greatness, and goodness of God, created the "Bridgewater Treatises," and is duly noticed, amid some graceful symbols and emblems of nature, on his monument. The tenant of this quiet tomb I had often seen in my boyish days—a quaint, retired, reserved, eccentric man, in Paris. A trio of lacqueys hung on from his carriage as it swung into the Bois de Boulogne. When it drew up to the pathway, the laced officials hurriedly descended; one opened the door, a second let down the steps, the third looked obsequiously into the carriage, from which there issued, or was tenderly conveyed, some half score of dogs, thus sent out for an airing by their moody master, ever "cloistered up" at home. In that home there used to be reams of printed but unpublished history of the Bridgewater family; and should ever the bed of the Seine be laid dry, future explorers are respectfully informed that scores of beautifully cast bronze medals, cased in glass, and bearing the counterfeit presentment of Francis Henry, will reward their researches.

After the demise of this eccentric earl, the estate here had well nigh made shipwreck in the Court of Chancery. A great portion of the vast property of the Bridgewaters, including Ashridge, was bequeathed to Viscount Alford, eldest son of Earl Brownlow, and a kinsman of the Bridgewaters, with remainder in succession to other Egertons of this same house and their heirs male. But the wayward testator annexed a vexatious condition, whereby the possessor of the estates under the will was to surrender them to the next individual named by the testator, if such possessor had not, at the expiration of five years, obtained the title of Duke or of

Marquis of Bridgewater! Lord Alford came into possession of the property in 1849, and died two years subsequently. His lordship's eldest son, the present Earl Brownlow, prayed the Court of Chancery to declare him "equitable tenant in tail-male in possession;" but to this, his uncle, Mr. Charles Egerton, the individual named as successor, on Lord Alford failing to fulfil the conditions, demurred. Lord Cranworth, the then Chancellor, pronounced a decree in favour of the demurrer. Appeal was made by Lord Alford's son to the House of Lords, where it was urged that the condition annexed was illegal, and that it was contrary to public policy to tie up the estate and embarrass the Crown; that Lord Alford, even had he survived the specified five years, could neither have made himself Marquis nor Duke of Bridgewater, nor have induced the Crown to raise him to either of those dignities, and that consequently the conditions could not be performed. Ultimately, the House of Lords took this view of the case, and Lord Alford's son is at this moment hereditary lord of this magnificent estate. The suit whereby that estate was recovered was spoken of as unparalleled; but a will similar to that by which the late suit had arisen was made fourscore years ago by a predecessor of the Earl of Bridgewater. In 1780, Walpole wrote from Berkeley-square to the Countess of Ossory a letter, in which this paragraph occurs:—"Oh, old Egerton is dead, and has left the Duke of Bridgewater but one thousand pounds of all his millions. They go to a sister and her children, and then to a Miss Sykes; and, *if she does not become a duchess*, then to the above-said duke."

Miss Sykes could no more purchase a duke who would make her his duchess than she could have bought the latter title from the Minister of the day. In this country a duke has been known to lay down his ducal title for a consideration, but the latter has never been acquired by money paid for it. The case is indeed singular. Thus: in 1487, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, and eldest son of the Duke of Suffolk, fell in the battle of Stoke. He was attainted, and his next brother, Edward de la Pole, became heir to the dukedom. When the old Duke of Suffolk died, in 1491, the astute and avaricious Henry VII. drove a curious bargain with Edward, the heir. The king held all the lands of Edward's attainted brother, but his Majesty offered to part with a portion of them, and to confirm Edward as Earl of Suffolk, if the latter would make surrender of his "estate of duke." The indenture of arrangement, whereby the king obtained undisturbed possession of lands he might have been importuned to surrender, is enrolled in Parliament, and it certainly has no parallel in England. The mention of it reminds me, however, of a more singular arrangement still than any of the above respecting the ducal title; but this last arrangement was an Italian one. Some years ago, Prince Louis Odeschalchi, being in want of the *regina pecunia*, pledged the duchy and title of Bracciano to Torlonia, the well-known Italian banker. Forthwith Torlonia was recognized as Duke of Bracciano. But in 1847 *the prince* redeemed his pledge, and a most singular result legally

followed. The banker retained the title of duke, without the territorial designation, and instead of "Duke of Bracciano" became "Duke Torlonia!"

These chafferings for poor worldly titles and possessions occurred to my mind as I looked through the gloom into the dark chapel on the north side of the chancel of Little Gaddesden Church. I dimly discerned a monument, which I at first mistook for that of a bishop—John Egerton, who was Bishop of Durham near a hundred years agone. I smiled, too, as I mentally contrasted the solemn quiet of the scene with the jollity that used to prevail in the northern episcopal palace when the prelate was presiding there on public days. The bishop was an unequalled hand at bowls. No one better understood how to allow for the bias; no rival excelled him in delicately reaching the jack. His bowling-green was on his lawn, and it was as smooth as a billiard-table. When the prelate was playing, his guests counted his successes, and the jolliest of *capellani* kept the ground. On occasions of this sort no one dared to move; however gingerly an adventurous visitor might attempt to cross the lawn, he was sure to be terrified back again by the roar of the watchful chaplain on duty, "You mustn't shake the green, sir! Don't you see the bishop is going to bowl!"

He was bowled out at last, but it is not here that he reposes after the fitful game. The figure I had taken for that of a prelate represented, amid a world of old-fashioned ornamentation, a kneeling girl, whose story belongs to the romance of social life. She was the granddaughter of the great Chancellor, was, within a few hours, maid, wife, and widow, and has no memorial now but this monument—her very grave being undiscoverable. Here is the outline of her touching story.

When Essex passed through Chester, in 1598, on that last expedition to Ireland which helped to bring swift ruin on his head, the little Elizabeth Egerton, daughter of Thomas, the Chancellor's eldest son, a girl then only three years of age, saw her father depart with the earl, who took also with him a standing cup and cover of double gilt, with forty angels of gold therein, a gift from the ancient city. In the following year, only two days before Essex rushed, travel-soiled, into the presence of the queen, that little namesake of Elizabeth beheld him again at Doddlestone, in Cheshire, an attendant at the funeral of her luckless father, who lost his life in the Irish expedition.

The orphan grew up in grace and beauty. Amid the column of verbiage, English and Latin, engraven on the monument, there is express mention made of the Chancellor's love for his young granddaughter. In good time, almost too early time, before she had fully tasted the joy of girlhood, there stood by her side a wooer, offering other homage of love, the worship of a gallant young Cheshire squire, not the parental affection of a good old chancery lawyer. They were both pure and unselfish in their separate ways; and without doing wrong to the protecting love of the chancellor, she gave her hand and her heart in return for the manly

affection entertained for her by Thomas Dutton, one of that old race of the Duttons of Cheshire.

There was a gallant but most hapless wedding. The bride was in her seventeenth year, the ecstatic groom not much above his twenty-first. All went joyously, and religiously, and perfectly, till the bride became a wife, and had to return home, not on her own palfrey, as she had gone to church, surrounded by her "maids;" but in the company of her young and happy husband, whose impatient horse stood on the church green, with saddle and pillion—rich mounting for two. Away rode that handsome young couple, the pace of the horse keeping time with the music of their hearts, and how lively was the measure, even the oldest and the coldest of us might guess. Well, but at that pace, the husband should have been content to feel the arm of the young wife around him, and not have so turned away from his horse's head, that he might prattle with, and look into the eyes of that rosebud of young wives. Ill came of it. The steed started at some object in the road, suddenly broke into a fierce gallop, and on being as suddenly checked, stumbled and fell headlong, and therewith his precious freight.

The marriage-company speedily came up with this wreck of human joy. The gallant bark has foundered. All the skill of all the leeches in the world cannot put life into the young husband; there is no remedy for a neck broken. As for the senseless young girl, her maidens may "take her up tenderly," and ply every means they can find or invent, but they will never awaken her again to gladness—Elizabeth Dutton is a widow.

The marriage-feast was untouched. The guests went to their several homes, where, divesting themselves of their gay apparel, they had soon to be busied with mourning weeds. The youthful widow did not survive to accomplish her seventeenth year. On an October morning, in the year 1611, her body was deposited near the communion table in the old church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and this monument now in Gaddesden Church, was set up above her grave. A supplementary stone now informs us that the monument (nothing is said of poor Elizabeth) was removed from London, when Henry the Eighth's old church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was taken down in "1730." This is a chronological error. The church which Henry caused to be erected here, in the centre of a capacious churchyard—his nerves being continually excited and disgusted by the funerals from this district, which passed his very gate of Whitehall, on their way to St. Margaret's—was taken down in 1720. Between the period of the grievous death of the Chancellor Egerton's grand-daughter, and that of the demolition of the old church, a very varied and silent company gathered round that noble young lady. The painters Hilliard, Vansomer, and Dobson, with Nicholas Stone, the sculptor; Sir John Davys, the poet; Stanley, the editor of *Æschylus;* Lanière, painter and musician; Lacy, the actor; Farquhar, the dramatist; Mayerne, the physician; Boyle, the philosopher; Mr. Secretary Coventry, and Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, with *Lord Mohun,* who fell in the infamous duel with the Duke of Hamilton,

on a poor family quarrel; and the wit, Sir John Birkenhead, who left directions that he might be buried in the churchyard, for the alleged reason that coffins were often removed from within the church:—these were some of the company who were assembled near the mute daughter of Thomas Egerton. Their graves, whether of those worth the research or not, would now be sought for in vain. The monuments of some of them remain in the vaults beneath the edifice. That of the young bride, who had not been granted time to snatch even a hasty joy of wedded life, I stood contemplating, on a Sabbath evening of the late spring-tide, in Gaddesden churchyard. In the Latin portion of the inscription there is more assurance of her greatness of condition, than of sympathy for the way in which it made shipwreck. Half-a-dozen lines in English sketch forth something of her fate, and run, or halt, after this fashion of epitaphs:—

> A grateful virgin—one that did inherit,
> With nature's gifts, her father's generous spirit;
> Who though of tender years, yet did excel
> In virtuous living, and in dying well—
> Here rests in peace; of whom it's truly said,
> She lived true spouse and widow; died—a maid.

The "here rests," refers to the old grave in St. Martin's; there is no record of anything but her monument being transferred to this village, which was, and is part of the territory of her family. As I wended through that village in the twilight, I could not but ponder on the hard destiny of this girl-wife wedded, yet never permitted to preside in an honoured, wedded home, or to have children listening to the memories of her spring. The one sad memory of her brief life is here modestly recorded; and the tale falls on the heart like tones from a well-strung lute upon the ear. The praise on most of the other monuments rings as harshly as a perpetual blast from discordant trumpets. There was an Italian artist expressly engaged to paint on a church panel the true effigy of a certain saint, life-size, six feet two! Now, the dimensions of the panel were only three feet by three, but the ingenious artist kept to his bond by representing the good man on his back, with his legs, at nearly a right angle to his body, in the air. In one sense, there was truth, but it was a sort of truth that rendered the saint ridiculous, as the Gaddesden epitaph-writers have done with their defunct and hyper-lauded patrons. But let us not part even with *them* in an unkindly critical humour. They only employed the phrases that were in common use on such occasions, and knew no other. Whether exceeding or falling short of the measure due, they are not more obnoxious to censure than the Scandinavian lover of the olden time, who used to address the one golden-haired girl he loved, as the "leek" of his heart. He would have called her the "rose," but the old Northern swains knew nothing of roses, while leeks they devoutly adored.

Legend of the Corrieverchan Whirlpool.

A BALLAD.

PRINCE BREACAN of Denmark was lord on the land,
And lord upon the sea:
Lord of the sea, and lord of the strand,
He might have let maidens be.

But he met a maiden with locks of gold,
A-walking by the sea;
And she listened as maidens listened of old—
And lonely walketh she.

He left the tears where he found the smiles;
And he sailèd over the sea,
Till he came to the shores of the Scottish Isles:
"Now give me thy daughter," said he.

The Lord of the Isles stood up and said:
"None but a King of the Sea
The Maid of the Isles shall woo and wed.
Now hearken well to me.

"If thou anchor not three nights and days
In this whirlpool of the sea,
Turn thy prow, and go thy ways,
Thou art no Sea-king to me."

In high disdain he turned his prow,
And back went over the sea.
"Wise women," he said, "now tell me how
In the whirlpool to anchor me."

"Get a cable of hemp, and a cable of wool,
And a cable of maidens' hair;
And hie thee back to the roaring pool,
And anchor in safety there.

"And twist the raven for one strand,
And the chesnut for another;
And twine the third in a golden band,
To bind the one to the other."

He bought the hemp, and he bought the wool,
And the maidens gave their hair,
To hold him fast in the roaring pool,
By three anchors of iron rare.

And he twisted the raven for one strand,
  And the chesnut for another;
And he twined the golden in a band,
  To bind them the one to the other.

And he took the hemp and he took the wool,
  And the maidens' twisted hair,
And he hied him back to the roaring pool,
  And he cast three anchors there.

And the whirlpool roared, and the day went by,
  And night came down on the sea;
But or ever the morning broke the sky,
  The hemp had broken in three.

But the wool held out; and the whirlpool ran,
  And the storm it hailed and blew;
But or ever the third morning began,
  The wool had parted in two.

And the storm it roared all day the third,
  And the whirlpool whirled about;
And the night came down like a wild black bird,
  But the maidens' hair held out.

And round and round with a giddy swing,
  Went the sea-king through the dark;
And round went the rope in the swivel-ring,
  And round went the straining bark.

Prince Breacan he sat by the good boat's prow,
  A lantern in his hand:
"Praised be the maidens of Denmark now,
  By them shall Denmark stand!"

He watched the rope through the storm so black,
  A lantern in his hold:
"Out, out, alas! one strand will crack;
  And it is of twisted gold!"

And the morning broke, and the sun came out;
  Nor lord nor ship was there;
For the golden strand in the cable stout
  Was not all of maidens' hair.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER X.

THE INTERVIEW.

THE dreams of Agnes, on the night after her conversation with the monk and her singular momentary interview with the cavalier, were a strange mixture of images, indicating the peculiarities of her education and habits of daily thought.

She dreamed that she was sitting alone in the moonlight and heard some one rustling in the distant foliage of the orange-groves, and from them came a young man dressed in white of a dazzling clearness like sunlight; large pearly wings fell from his shoulders and seemed to shimmer with a phosphoric radiance; his forehead was broad and grave, and above it floated a thin, tremulous tongue of flame; his eyes had that deep, mysterious gravity which is so well expressed in all the Florentine paintings of celestial beings: and yet, singularly enough, this white-robed, glorified form seemed to have the features and lineaments of the mysterious cavalier of the evening before, the same deep, mournful, dark eyes, only that in them the light of earthly pride had given place to the calm, strong gravity of an assured peace,—the same broad forehead,—the same delicately chiselled features, but elevated and etherealized, glowing with a kind of interior ecstasy. He seemed to move from the shadow of the orange-trees with a backward floating of his lustrous garments, as if borne on a cloud just along the surface of the ground; and in his hand he held the lily-spray, all radiant with a silvery, living light, just as the monk had suggested to her a divine flower might be. Agnes seemed to herself to hold her breath and marvel with a secret awe, and, as often happens in dreams, she wondered to herself,—"Was this stranger, then, indeed, not even mortal, not even a king's brother, but an angel?—How strange," she said to herself, "that I should never have seen it in his eyes!" Nearer and nearer the vision drew, and touched her forehead with the lily, which seemed dewy and icy cool; and with the contact it seemed to her that a delicious tranquillity, a calm ecstasy, possessed her soul, and the words were impressed in her mind, as if spoken in her ear, "The Lord hath sealed thee for his own." And then, with the wild fantasy of dreams, she saw the cavalier in his wonted form and garments, just as he had kneeled to her the night before, and he said, "O Agnes! Agnes! little lamb of Christ, love me and lead me!" And in her sleep it seemed to her that her heart stirred and throbbed with a strange, new movement in answer to those sad, pleading eyes; and thereafter her dream became more troubled.

The sea was beginning now to brighten with the reflection of the coming dawn in the sky, and the flickering fire of Vesuvius was waxing sickly and pale; and while all the high points of rocks were turning of a rosy purple, in the weird depths of the gorge were yet the unbroken shadows and stillness of night. But at the earliest peep of dawn the monk had risen, and now, as he paced up and down the little garden, his morning hymn mingled with Agnes' dreams—words strong with all the nerve of the old Latin, which, when they were written, had scarcely ceased to be the spoken tongue of Italy.

"Splendor paternæ gloriæ,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis et fons luminis,
Dies diem illuminans!

"Votis vocemus et Patrem,
Patrem potentis gratiæ,
Patrem perennis gloriæ:
Culpam releget lubricam!

"Confirmet actus strenuos,
Dentes retundat invidi,
Casus secundet asperos,
Donet gerendi gratiam!

"Christus nobis sit cibus,
Potusque noster sit fides:
Læti bibamus sobriam
Ebrietatem spiritus!

"Lætus dies hic transeat,
Pudor sit ut diluculum,
Fides velut meridies,
Crepusculum mens nesciat!"*

The hymn in every word well expressed the character and habitual pose of mind of the singer, whose views of earthly matters were as different from the views of ordinary working mortals as those of a bird, as he flits, and perches, and sings, must be from those of the four-footed ox who plods. The "*sobriam ebrietatem spiritus*" was with him first constitutional, as a child of sunny skies, and then cultivated by every employment and duty of the religious and artistic career to which from childhood he had devoted himself. If perfect, unalloyed happiness has ever existed in this weary, work-day world of ours, it has been in the bosoms of some of those old religious artists of the Middle Ages, whose thoughts grew and flowered in prayerful shadows, bursting into thousands of quaint and fanciful blossoms on the pages of missal and breviary. In them the fine life of colour, form, and symmetry, which is the gift of the Italian, formed a

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* "Splendour of the Father's glory,
Bringing light with cheering ray,
Light of light and fount of brightness,
Day, illuminating day!

"In our prayers we call thee Father,
Father of eternal glory,
Father of a mighty grace:
Heal our errors, we implore thee!

"Form our struggling, vague desires;
Power of spiteful spirits break;
Help us in life's straits, and give us
Grace to suffer for thy sake!

"Christ for us shall be our food;
Faith in him our drink shall be;
Hopeful, joyful, let us drink
Soberness of ecstasy!

"Joyful shall our day go by,
Purity its dawning light,
Faith its fervid noontide glow,
And for us shall be no night!"

rich stock on which to graft the true vine of religious faith, and rare and fervid were the blossoms.

For it must be remarked of the Christian religion, that the Italian people never rose to the honours of originality in the beautiful arts till inspired by Christianity. The Art of ancient Rome was a second-hand copy of the original and airy Greek; often clever, but never vivid and self-originating. It is to the religious Art of the Middle Ages,—to the Umbrian and Florentine schools particularly,—that we look for the peculiar and characteristic flowering of the Italian mind. When the old Greek Art revived again in modern Europe, though at first it seemed to add richness and grace to this peculiar development, it smothered and killed it at last, as some brilliant tropical parasite exhausts the life of the tree it seems at first to adorn. Raphael and Michael Angelo mark both the perfected splendour and the commenced decline of original Italian Art; and just in proportion as their ideas grew less Christian and more Greek did the peculiar vividness and intense flavour of Italian nationality pass away from them. They became again like the ancient Romans, gigantic imitators and clever copyists, instead of inspired kings and priests of a national development.

The tones of the monk's morning hymn awakened both Agnes and Elsie, and the latter was on the alert instantly.

"Bless my soul!" she said, "brother Antonio has a marvellous power of lungs; he is at it the first thing in the morning. It always used to be so: when he was a boy, he would wake me up before daylight, singing."

"He is happy, like the birds," said Agnes, "because he flies near heaven."

"Like enough: he was always a pious boy; his prayers and his pencil were ever uppermost: but he was a poor hand at work: he could draw you an olive-tree on paper; but set him to dress it, and any fool would have done better."

The morning rites of devotion and the simple repast being over, Elsie prepared to go to her business. It had occurred to her that the visit of her brother was an admirable pretext for withdrawing Agnes from the scene of her daily traffic, and of course, as she fondly supposed, keeping her from the sight of the suspected admirer.

Neither Agnes nor the monk had disturbed her serenity by recounting the adventure of the evening before. Agnes had been silent from the habitual reserve which a difference of nature ever placed between her and her grandmother,—a difference which made confidence on her side an utter impossibility. There are natures which ever must be silent to other natures, because there is no common language between them. In the same house, at the same board, sharing the same pillow even, are those for ever strangers and foreigners whose whole stock of intercourse is limited to a few brief phrases on the commonest material wants of life, and who, as soon as they try to go farther, have no words that are mutually understood.

"Agnes," said her grandmother, "I shall not need you at the stand to-day. There is that new flax to be spun, and you may keep company with your uncle. I'll warrant me, you'll be glad enough of that!"

"Certainly I shall," replied Agnes, cheerfully. "Uncle's comings are my holidays."

"I will show you somewhat further on my breviary," said the monk. "Praised be God, many new ideas sprang up in my mind last night, and seemed to shoot forth in blossoms. Even my dreams have often been made fruitful in this divine work."

"Many a good thought comes in dreams," said Elsie; "but, for my part, I work too hard and sleep too sound to get much that way."———

"Well, brother," said Elsie, after breakfast, "you must look well after Agnes to-day; for there be plenty of wolves go round, hunting these little lambs."

"Have no fear, sister," returned the monk, tranquilly; "the angels have her in charge. If our eyes were only clear-sighted, we should see that Christ's little ones are never alone."

"All that is fine talk, brother; but I never found that the angels attended to any of my affairs, unless I looked after them pretty sharp myself; and as for girls, the dear Lord knows they need a legion apiece to look after them. What with roystering fellows and smooth-tongued gallants, and with silly, empty-headed hussies like that Giulietta, one has much ado to keep the best of them straight. Agnes is one of the best, too,—a well-brought up, pious, obedient girl, and industrious as a bee. Happy is the husband who gets her. I would I knew a man good enough."

This conversation took place while Agnes was in the garden picking oranges and lemons, and filling the basket which her grandmother was to take to the town. The silver ripple of a hymn that she was singing came through the open door; it was part of a sacred ballad in honour of Saint Agnes:—

"Bring me no pearls to bind my hair,
No sparkling jewels bring to me!
Dearer by far the blood-red rose
That speaks of Him who died for me.

"Ah! vanish every earthly love,
All earthly dreams forgotten be!
My heart is gone beyond the stars,
To live with Him who died for me."

"Hear you now, sister," said the monk, "how the Lord keeps the door of this maiden's heart? There is no fear of her; and I much doubt, sister, whether you would do well to interfere with the evident call this child hath to devote herself wholly to the Lord."

"Oh, you talk, brother Antonio, who never had a child in your life: you don't know how a mother's heart warms towards her children and her children's children! The saints, as I said, must be reasonable, and oughtn't to be putting vocations into the head of an old woman's only staff and stay; and if they oughtn't to, why then they won't. Agnes is a pious child, and loves her prayers and hymns; and so she will love her husband one of these days, as an honest woman should."

"But you know, sister, that the highest seats in Paradise are reserved for the virgins who follow the Lamb."

"Maybe so," said Elsie, stiffly; "but the lower seats are good enough for Agnes and me. For my part, I would rather have a little comfort as I go along, and put up with less in Paradise (may our dear Lady bring us safely there!)"

So saying, Elsie raised the large, square basket of golden fruit to her head, and turned her stately figure towards the scene of her daily labours.

The monk seated himself on the garden-wall, with his portfolio by his side, and seemed busily sketching and retouching some of his ideas. Agnes wound some silvery-white flax round her distaff, and seated herself near him under an orange-tree; and while her small fingers were twisting the flax, her large, thoughtful eyes were wandering off on the deep blue sea, pondering over and over the strange events of the day before, and the dreams of the night.

"Dear child, have you thought more of what I said to you?" asked the monk.

A deep blush suffused her cheek as she answered,—

"Yes, uncle; and I had a strange dream last night."

"A dream, my little heart? Come, then, and tell it to me. Dreams are the hushing of the bodily senses, that the eyes of the spirit may open."

"Well," said Agnes, "I dreamed that I sat pondering, as I did last evening in the moonlight, and that an angel came forth from the trees."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the monk: "what form had he?"

"He was a young man, in dazzling white raiment, and his eyes were deep as eternity; over his forehead was a silver flame, and he bore a lily-stalk in his hand, like what you told of, with light in itself."

"That must have been the holy Gabriel," said the monk; "the angel that came to our blessed Mother. Did he say aught?"

"Yes: he touched my forehead with the lily, and a sort of cool rest and peace went all through me, and he said, 'The Lord hath sealed thee for his own!'"

"Even so," said the monk, looking up, and crossing himself devoutly; "by this token I know that my prayers are answered."

"But, dear uncle," continued Agnes, hesitating and blushing painfully, "there was one singular thing about my dream,—this holy angel had yet a strange likeness to the young man that came here last night, so that I could not but marvel at it."

"It may be that the holy angel took on him in part this likeness to show how glorious a redeemed soul might become, that you might be encouraged to pray. The holy Saint Monica saw the blessed Augustine standing clothed in white among the angels while he was yet a worldling and unbeliever, and thereby received grace to continue her prayers for thirty years, till she saw him a holy bishop. This is a sure sign that this young man, whoever he may be, shall attain Paradise through your prayers. Tell me, dear child, is this the first angel thou hast seen?"

"I never dreamed of them before. I have dreamed of our Lady, and Saint Agnes, and Saint Catharine of Siena; and sometimes it seemed that they sat a long time by my bed, and sometimes it seemed that they took me with them away to some beautiful place where the air was full of music, and sometimes they filled my hands with such lovely flowers that when I waked I was ready to weep that they could no more be found. Why, dear uncle, do *you* see angels often?"

"Not often, dear child; but sometimes a little glimpse. But you should see the pictures of our holy Father Angelico, to whom the angels appeared constantly; for so blessed was the life he lived, that it was more in heaven than on earth. He would never cumber his mind with the things of this world, and would not paint for money, nor for prince's favour; nor would he take places of power and trust in the Church, or else, so great was his piety, they had made a bishop of him; but he kept ever aloof and walked in the shade. He used to say, 'They that would do Christ's work must walk with Christ.' His pictures of angels are indeed wonderful, and their robes are of all dazzling colours, like the rainbow. It is most surely believed among us that he painted to show forth what he saw in heavenly visions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Agnes, "I wish I could see some of these things!"

"You may well say so, dear child. There is one picture of Paradise painted on gold, and there you may see our Lord in the midst of the heavens crowning his blessed Mother, and all the saints and angels surrounding; the colours are so bright that they seem like the sunset clouds,—golden, and rosy, and purple, and amethystine, and green like the new, tender leaves of spring; for, you see, the angels are the Lord's flowers and birds that shine and sing to gladden his Paradise, and there is nothing bright on earth that is comparable to them,—so said the blessed Angelico, who saw them. And what seems worthy of note about them is their marvellous lightness, that they seem to float as naturally as the clouds do, and their garments have a divine grace of motion like vapour that curls and wavers in the sun. Their faces, too, are most wonderful; they seem so full of purity and majesty, and withal humble, with an inexpressible sweetness; for, beyond all others, it was given to the holy Angelico to paint the immortal beauty of the soul."

"It must be a great blessing and favour for you, dear uncle, to see these things," said Agnes; "I never tire of hearing you tell of them."

"There is one little picture," pursued the monk, "wherein he hath painted the death of our dear Lady; and surely no mortal could ever conceive anything like her sweet dying face, so faint and weak and tender that each man sees his own mother dying there, yet so holy that one feels that it can be no other than the Mother of our Lord; around her stand the disciples mourning; but above is our blessed Lord himself, who receives the parting spirit, as a tender new-born babe, into his bosom: for so the holy painters represented the death of saints, as a birth in which each soul became a little child of heaven."

"How great grace must come from such pictures!" said Agnes. "It seems to me that the making of such holy things is one of the most blessed of good works.—Dear uncle," she said, after a pause, "they say that this deep gorge is haunted by evil spirits, who often waylay and bewilder the unwary, especially in the hours of darkness."

"I should not wonder in the least," said the monk; "for you must know, child, that our beautiful Italy was of old so completely given up and gone over to idolatry that even her very soil casts up fragments of temples and stones that have been polluted. Especially around these shores there is scarcely a spot that hath not been violated in all times by vilenesses and impurities such as the apostle saith it is a shame even to speak of. These very waters cast up marbles and fragments of coloured mosaics from the halls which were polluted with devil-worship and abominable revellings; so that, as the gospel saith that the evil spirits cast out by Christ walk through waste places, so do they cling to these fragments of their old estate."

"Well, uncle, I have longed to consecrate the gorge to Christ by having a shrine there, where I might keep a lamp burning."

"It is a most pious thought, child."

"And so, dear uncle, I thought that you would undertake the work. There is one Pietro hereabout who is a skilful worker in stone, and was a playfellow of mine; but of late grandmamma has forbidden me to talk with him: I think he would execute it under your direction."

"Indeed, my little heart, it shall be done," said the monk, cheerfully; "and I will engage to paint a fair picture of our Lady to be within. I think it would be a good thought to have a pinnacle on the outside, where should stand a statue of Saint Michael with his sword. Saint Michael is a brave and wonderful angel, and all the devils and vile spirits are afraid of him. I will set about the devices to-day."

And the good monk began to intone a verse of an old hymn,—

"Sub tutela Michaelis, Pax in terra, pax in cœlis."	"'Neath Saint Michael's watch is given Peace on earth, and peace in heaven."

In such talk and work the day passed away to Agnes; but we will not say that she did not often fall into deep musings on the mysterious visitor of the night before. Often, while the good monk was busy at his drawing, the distaff would droop over her knee, and her large dark eyes become intently fixed on the ground, as if she were pondering some absorbing subject.

Little could her literal, hard-working grandmother, or her artistic, simple-minded uncle, or the dreamy Mother Theresa, or her austere confessor, know of the strange forcing process which they were all together uniting to carry on in the mind of this sensitive young girl. Absolutely secluded by her grandmother's watchful care from any actual knowledge and experience of real life, she had no practical tests by which to correct the dreams of that inner world in which she delighted to live and move, and which was peopled with martyrs, saints, and angels, whose deeds

were probable only in the most exalted regions of devout poetry. So she gave her heart at once and without reserve to an enthusiastic desire for the salvation of the stranger, whom Heaven, she believed, had directed to seek her intercessions; and when the spindle drooped from her hand, and her eyes became fixed on vacancy, she found herself wondering who he might be, and longing to know yet a little more of him.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, a hasty messenger came to summon her uncle to administer the last rites to a man who had just fallen from a building, and who, it was feared, might breathe his last unshriven.

"Dear daughter, I must hasten and carry Christ to this poor sinner," said the monk, hastily putting all his sketches and pencils into her lap. "Have a care of these till I return,—that is my good little one!"

Agnes carefully arranged the sketches, and put them into the book, and then, kneeling before the shrine, began prayers for the soul of the dying man. She prayed long and fervently, and so absorbed did she become, that she neither saw nor heard anything that passed around her. It was, therefore, with a start of surprise, as she rose from prayer, that she saw the cavalier sitting on one end of the marble sarcophagus, with an air so composed and melancholy that he might have been taken for one of the marble knights that sometimes are found on tombs.

"You are surprised to see me, dear Agnes," he said, with a calm, slow utterance, like a man who has assumed a position he means fully to justify; "but I have watched day and night, ever since I saw you, to find one moment to speak with you alone."

"My lord," said Agnes, "I humbly wait your pleasure. Anything that a poor maiden may rightly do I will endeavour, in all loving duty."

"Whom do you take me for, Agnes, that you speak thus?" asked the cavalier, smiling sadly.

"Are you not the brother of our gracious king?" returned Agnes.

"No, dear maiden; and if the kind promise you lately made me is founded on this mistake, it may be retracted."

"No, my lord," said Agnes; "though I now know not who you are, yet if in any strait or need you seek such poor prayers as mine, God forbid I should refuse them!"

"I am, indeed, in strait and need, Agnes; the sun does not shine on a more desolate man than I am, or one more utterly alone in the world: there is no one left to love me. Agnes, can you not love me a little?—let it be ever so little, it shall content me."

It was the first time that words of this purport had ever been addressed to Agnes; but they were spoken so simply, so sadly, so tenderly, that they somehow seemed to her the most natural and proper things in the world to be said: and this poor handsome knight looked so earnest and sorrowful,—how could she help answering, "Yes?" From her cradle she had always loved everybody, and why should an exception be made in behalf

of a very handsome, very strong, yet very gentle and submissive human being, who came and knocked so humbly at the door of her heart? Neither Mary nor the saints had taught her to be hard-hearted.

"Yes, my lord," she said, "you may believe that I will love and pray for you: but now you must leave me, and not come here any more; because grandmamma would not be willing that I should talk with you, and it would be wrong to disobey her, she is so very good to me."

"But, dear Agnes," began the cavalier, approaching her, "I have many things to say to you,—I have much to tell you."

"But I know grandmamma would not be willing," persisted Agnes: "indeed, you must not come here any more."

"Well, then," pleaded the stranger, "at least you will meet me at some time; tell me only where."

"I cannot,—indeed, I cannot," replied Agnes, distressed and embarrassed. "If grandmamma knew you were here, she would be so angry."

"But how can you pray for me, when you know nothing of me?"

"The dear Lord knoweth you," said Agnes; "and when I speak of you, He will know what you need."

"Ah, dear child, how fervent is your faith! Alas for me! I have lost the power of prayer! I have lost the believing heart my mother gave me,—my dear mother who is now in heaven."

"Ah, how can that be?" asked Agnes. "Who could lose faith in so dear a Lord as ours, and so loving a Mother?"

"Agnes, dear little lamb, you know nothing of the world; and I should be most wicked to disturb your lovely peace of soul with any sinful doubts. O Agnes—Agnes! I am most miserable, most unworthy!"

"Dear sir, should you not cleanse your soul by the holy sacrament of confession, and receive the living Christ within you? For He says, 'Without me ye can do nothing.'"

"Oh, Agnes, sacrament and prayer are not for such as me! It is only through your pure prayers I can hope for grace."

"Dear sir, I have an uncle, a most holy man, and gentle as a lamb. He is of the convent San Marco in Florence, where there is a most holy prophet risen up."

"Savonarola?" inquired the cavalier, with flashing eyes.

"Yes; that is he. You should hear my uncle talk of him, and how blessed his preaching has been to many souls. Dear sir, come some time to my uncle."

At this moment the sound of Elsie's voice was heard ascending the path to the gorge outside, talking with Father Antonio, who was returning.

Both started, and Agnes looked alarmed.

"Fear nothing, sweet lamb," said the cavalier; "I am gone."

He kneeled and kissed the hand of Agnes, and disappeared at one bound over the parapet on the side opposite that which they were approaching.

Agnes hastily composed herself, struggling with that half-guilty feeling which is apt to weigh on a conscientious nature that has been unwittingly

drawn to act a part which would be disapproved by those whose good opinion it habitually seeks. The interview had but the more increased her curiosity to know the history of this handsome stranger. Who, then, could he be? What were his troubles? She wished the interview could have been long enough to satisfy her mind on these points. From the richness of his dress, from his air and manner, from the poetry, and the jewel that accompanied it, she felt satisfied, that, if not what she supposed, he was at least nobly born, and had shone in some splendid sphere whose habits and ways were far beyond her simple experiences. She felt towards him somewhat of the awe which a person of her condition in life naturally would feel toward that brilliant aristocracy which in those days assumed the state of princes, and the members of which were supposed to look down on common mortals from as great a height as the stars regard the humblest flowers of the field.

"How strange," she thought, "that he should think so much of me! What can he see in me? And how can it be that a great lord, who speaks so gently and is so reverential to a poor girl, and asks prayers so humbly, can be so wicked and unbelieving as he says he is? Dear God, it cannot be that he is an unbeliever; the great Enemy has been permitted to try him, to suggest doubts to him, as he has to holy saints before now. How beautifully he spoke about his mother!—tears glittered in his eyes then,—ah, there must be grace there after all!"

"Well, my little heart," said Elsie, interrupting her reveries, "have you had a pleasant day?"

"Delightful, grandmamma," replied Agnes, blushing deeply.

"Well," said Elsie, with satisfaction, "one thing I know,—I've frightened off that old hawk of a cavalier with his hooked nose. I haven't seen so much as the tip of his shoe-tie to-day. Yesterday he made himself very busy round our stall; but I made him understand that you never would come there again till the coast was clear."

The monk was busily retouching the sketch of the Virgin of the Annunciation. He looked up, and saw Agnes standing gazing towards the setting sun, the pale olive of her cheek deepening into a crimson flush. His head was too full of his own work to give much heed to the conversation that had passed, but, looking at the glowing face, he said to himself,—"Truly, sometimes she might pass for the rose of Sharon as well as the lily of the valley!"

The moon that evening rose an hour later than the night before, yet found Agnes still on her knees before the sacred shrine, while Elsie, tired, grumbled at the draft on her sleeping-time.

"Enough is as good as a feast," she remarked between her teeth; still she had, after all, too much secret reverence for her grandchild's piety openly to interrupt her. But in those days, as now, there were the material and the spiritual, the souls who looked only on things that could be seen, touched, and tasted, and souls who looked on the things that were invisible.

Agnes was pouring out her soul in that kind of yearning, passionate

prayer possible to intensely sympathetic people, in which the interests and wants of another seem to annihilate for a time personal consciousness, and make the whole of one's being seem to dissolve in an intense solicitude for something beyond one's self. In such hours prayer ceases to be an act of the will, and resembles more some overpowering influence which floods the soul from without, bearing all its faculties away on its resistless tide.

Brought up from infancy to feel herself in a constant circle of invisible spiritual agencies, Agnes received this wave of intense feeling as an impulse inspired and breathed into her by some celestial spirit, that thus she should be made an interceding medium for a soul in some unknown strait or peril. For her faith taught her to believe in an infinite struggle of intercession in which all the Church Visible and Invisible were together engaged, and which bound them in living bonds of sympathy to an interceding Redeemer, so that there was no want or woe of human life that had not somewhere its sympathetic heart, and its never-ceasing prayer before the throne of Eternal Love. Whatever may be thought of the actual truth of this belief, it certainly was far more consoling than that intense individualism of modern philosophy which places every soul alone in its life-battle,—scarce even giving it a God to lean upon.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE reader, if possessed of any common knowledge of human nature, will easily see the direction in which a young, inexperienced, and impressible girl would naturally be tending under all the influences which we perceive to have come upon her. But in the religious faith which Agnes professed there was a modifying force, whose power both for good and evil can scarcely be estimated.

The simple Apostolic direction, "Confess your faults one to another," and the very natural need of personal pastoral guidance and assistance to a soul in its heavenward journey, had, in common with many other religious ideas, been forced by the volcanic fervour of the Italian nature into a certain exaggerated proposition. Instead of brotherly confession one to another, or the pastoral sympathy of a fatherly elder, the religious mind of the day was instructed in an awful, mysterious sacrament of confession, which gave to some human being a divine right to unlock the most secret chambers of the soul, to scrutinize and direct its most veiled and intimate thoughts, and, standing in God's stead, to direct the current of its most sensitive and most mysterious emotions.

Every young aspirant for perfection in the religious life had to commence by an unreserved surrender of the whole being, in blind faith, at the feet of some such spiritual director; all whose questions must be answered, and all whose injunctions obeyed, as from God himself. Thenceforward was to be no soul-privacy, no retirement; nothing was

too sacred to be expressed, or too delicate to be handled and analyzed. In reading the lives of those ethereally made and moulded women who have come down to our day, canonized as saints in the Roman Catholic communion, one too frequently gets the impression of regal natures, gifted with all the most divine elements of humanity, but subjected to a constant unnatural pressure from the ceaseless scrutiny and ungenial pertinacity of some inferior and uncomprehending person invested with the authority of a spiritual director.

That there are advantages attending this species of intimate direction, when wisely and skilfully managed, cannot be doubted. Grovelling and imperfect natures have often thus been lifted up and carried in the arms of superior wisdom and purity. The confession administered by a Fénélon or a Francis de Sales was doubtless a beautiful and most invigorating ordinance; but the difficulty in its actual working is the rarity of such superior natures, and the fact, that the most ignorant and incapable may be invested with the same authority as the most intelligent and skilful.

He to whom the faith of Agnes obliged her to lay open her whole soul—who had a right with probing-knife and lancet to dissect out all the finest nerves and fibres of her womanly nature—was a man who had been through all the wild and desolating experiences incident to a dissipated and irregular life in those turbulent days.

It is true, that he was now with most stringent and earnest solemnity striving to bring every thought and passion into captivity to the spirit of his sacred vows; but still, when a man has once lost that unconscious soul-purity which exists in a mind unscathed by the fires of passion, no after-tears can weep it back again: no penance, no prayer, no anguish of remorse, can give back the simplicity of a soul that has never been stained.

Il Padre Francesco had not failed to make those inquiries into the character of Agnes' mysterious lover which he assumed to be necessary as a matter of pastoral faithfulness. It was not difficult for one possessing the secrets of the confessional to learn the real character of any person in the neighbourhood, and it was with a kind of bitter satisfaction which rather surprised himself that the father learned enough ill of the cavalier to justify his using every possible measure to prevent his forming any acquaintance with Agnes. He was captain of a band of brigands, and, of course, in array against the State; he was excommunicated, and, of course, an enemy of the Church. What but the vilest designs could be attributed to such a man? Was he not a wolf prowling round the green secluded pastures where as yet the Lord's lamb had been folded in unconscious innocence?

Father Francesco, when he next met Agnes at the confessional, put such questions as drew from her the whole account of all that had passed between her and the stranger. The recital on Agnes' part was perfectly translucent and pure, for she had said no word and had had no thought that brought the slightest stain upon her soul. Love and prayer had been the prevailing habit of her life, and in promising to love and pray she had had no worldly

or earthly thought. The language of gallantry, or even of sincere passion, had never reached her ear; but it had always been as natural to her to love every human being as for a plant with tendrils to throw them round the next plant; and therefore she entertained the gentle guest who had lately found room in her heart without a question or a scruple.

As Agnes related her childlike story of unconscious faith and love, her listener felt himself strangely and bitterly agitated. It was a vision of innocent purity and unconsciousness rising before him, airy and glowing as a child's soap-bubble, which one touch might annihilate; but he felt a strange remorseful tenderness, a yearning admiration, at its unsubstantial purity. There is something pleading and pitiful in the simplicity of perfect ignorance,—a rare and delicate beauty in its freshness, like the morning glory cup, which, once withered by the heat, no second morning can restore. Agnes had imparted to her confessor, by a mysterious sympathy, something like the morning freshness of her own soul; she had redeemed the idea of womanhood from gross associations, and set before him a fair ideal of all that female tenderness and purity may teach to man. Her prayers: well, he believed in them, but he set his teeth with a strange spasm of inward passion, when he thought of her prayers and love being given to another. He tried to persuade himself that this was only the fervour of pastoral zeal against a vile robber who had seized the fairest lamb of the sheepfold; but there was an intensely bitter, miserable feeling connected with it, that scorched and burned his higher aspirations like a stream of lava running among fresh leaves and flowers.

The conflict of his soul communicated a severity of earnestness to his voice and manner which made Agnes tremble, as he put one probing question after another, designed to awaken some consciousness of sin in her soul. Still, though troubled and distressed by his apparent disapprobation, her answers came always clear, honest, unfaltering, like those of one who *could* not form an idea of evil.

When the confession was over, he came out of his recess to speak with Agnes a few words face to face. His eyes had a wild and haggard earnestness, and a vivid hectic flush on either cheek told how extreme was his emotion. Agnes lifted her eyes to his with an innocent wondering trouble and an appealing confidence that for a moment wholly unnerved him. He felt a wild impulse to clasp her in his arms; and for a moment it seemed to him he would sacrifice heaven and brave hell, if he could for one moment hold her to his heart, and say that he loved her,—her, the purest, fairest, sweetest revelation of God's love that had ever shone on his soul, —her, the only star, the only flower, the only dew-drop of a burning, barren, weary life. It seemed to him that it was not the longing, gross passion, but the outcry of his whole nature for something noble, sweet, and divine.

But he turned suddenly away with a sort of groan, and, folding his robe over his face, seemed engaged in earnest prayer. Agnes looked at him awe-struck and breathless.

"Oh, my father!" she faltered, "what have I done?"

"Nothing, my poor child," answered the father, suddenly turning toward her with recovered calmness and dignity; but I behold in thee a fair lamb whom the roaring lion is seeking to devour. Know, my daughter, that I have made inquiries concerning this man of whom you speak, and find that he is an outlaw, and a robber, and a heretic; a vile wretch stained by crimes that have justly drawn down upon him the sentence of excommunication from our Holy Father the Pope."

Agnes grew deadly pale at this announcement.

"Can it be possible?" she gasped. "Alas! what dreadful temptations have driven him to such sins?"

"Daughter, beware how you think too lightly of them, or suffer his good looks and flattering words to blind you to their horror. You must from your heart detest him as a vile enemy."

"Must I, my father?"

"Indeed you must."

"But if the dear Lord loved us and died for us when we were his enemies, may we not pity and pray for unbelievers? Oh, say, my dear father, is it not allowed to us to pray for all sinners, even the vilest?"

"I do not say that you may not, my daughter," replied the monk, too conscientious to resist the force of this direct appeal; "but, daughter," he added, with an energy that alarmed Agnes, "you must watch your heart; you must not suffer your interest to become a worldly love: remember that you are chosen to be the espoused of Christ alone."

While the monk was speaking, Agnes fixed on him her eyes with an innocent mixture of surprise and perplexity, which gradually deepened into a strong gravity of gaze, as if she were looking through him—through all visible things—into some far-off depth of mystery.

"My Lord will keep me," she said; "my soul is safe in His heart as a little bird in its nest; but while I love Him, I cannot help loving everybody whom He loves; even His enemies. And, father, my heart prays within me for this poor sinner, whether I will or no: something within me continually intercedes for him."

"O Agnes! Agnes! blessed child, pray for me also!" exclaimed the monk, with a sudden burst of emotion which perfectly confounded his disciple. He hid his face with his hands.

"My blessed father!" said Agnes, "how could I deem that holiness like yours had any need of my prayers?"

"Child! child! you know nothing of me. I am a miserable sinner, tempted of devils; in danger of damnation."

Agnes stood appalled at this outburst, so different from the rigid and restrained severity of tone in which the greater part of the conversation had been conducted. She stood silent and troubled; while he, whom she had always regarded with such awful veneration, seemed shaken by some internal emotion whose nature she could not comprehend.

At length Father Francesco raised his head, and recovered his wonted calm severity of expression.

"My daughter," he said, "little do the innocent lambs of the flock know of the dangers and conflicts through which the shepherds must pass who keep the Lord's fold. We have the labours of angels laid upon us, and we are but men. Often we stumble, often we faint, and Satan takes advantage of our weakness. I cannot confer with you now as I would; but, my child, listen to my directions. Shun this young man; let nothing ever lead you to listen to another word from him: you must not even look at him, should you meet, but turn away your head and repeat a prayer. I do not forbid you to practise the holy work of intercession for his soul, but it must be on these conditions."

"My father," said Agnes, "you may rely on my obedience;" and, kneeling, she kissed his hand.

He drew it suddenly away, with a gesture of pain and displeasure.

"Pardon a sinful child this liberty," Agnes implored.

"You know not what you do," said the father, hastily. "Go, my daughter,—go, at once: I will confer with you some other time;" and hastily raising his hand in an attitude of benediction, he turned and went into the confessional.

"Wretch! hypocrite! whited sepulchre!" he said to himself,—"to warn this innocent child against a sin that is all the while burning in my own bosom! Yes, I do love her,—I do! I, who warn her against earthly love, I would plunge into hell itself to win hers! And yet, when I know that the care of her soul is only a temptation and a snare to me, I cannot, will not give her up! No, I cannot!—no, I will not! Why should I *not* love her? Is she not pure as Mary herself? Ah, blessed is he whom such a woman leads! And I—I—have condemned myself to the society of swinish, ignorant, stupid monks,—I must know no such divine souls, no such sweet communion! Help me, blessed Mary!—help a miserable sinner!"

Agnes left the confessional perplexed and sorrowful. The pale, proud, serious face of the cavalier seemed to look at her imploringly, and she thought of him now with the pathetic interest we give to something noble and great exposed to some fatal danger. "Could the sacrifice of my whole life," she thought, "rescue this noble soul from perdition, then I shall not have lived in vain. I am a poor little girl; nobody knows whether I live or die. He is a strong and powerful man, and many must stand or fall with him. Blessed be the Lord that gives to His lowly ones a power to work in secret places! How blessed should I be to meet him in Paradise, all splendid as I saw him in my dream! Oh, that would be worth living for,—worth dying for!"

Roundabout Papers.—No. XVI.

ON TWO ROUNDABOUT PAPERS WHICH I INTENDED TO WRITE.

E have all heard of a place paved with good intentions:—a place which I take to be a very dismal, useless, and unsatisfactory terminus for many pleasant thoughts, kindly fancies, gentle wishes, merry little quips and pranks, harmless jokes which die as it were the moment of their birth. Poor little children of the brain! He was a dreary theologian who huddled you under such a melancholy cenotaph, and laid you in the vaults under the flagstones of Hades! I trust that some of the best actions we have all of us committed in our lives have been committed in fancy. It is not all wickedness we are thinking, *que diable!* Some of our thoughts are bad enough I grant you. Many a one you and I have had here below. Ah mercy, what a monster! what crooked horns! what leering eyes! what a flaming mouth! what cloven feet, and what a hideous writhing tail! Oh, let us fall down on our knees, repeat our most potent exorcisms, and overcome the brute. Spread your black pinions, fly—fly to the dusky realms of Eblis and bury thyself under the paving stones of his hall, dark genie! But *all* thoughts are not so. No—no. There are the pure: there are the kind: there are the gentle. There are sweet unspoken thanks before a fair scene of nature: at a sun-setting below a glorious sea; or a moon and a host of stars shining over it: at a bunch of children playing in the street, or a group of flowers by the hedge side, or a bird singing

there. At a hundred moments or occurrences of the day good thoughts pass through the mind, let us trust, which never are spoken; prayers are made which never are said; and Te Deum is sung without church, clerk, choristers, parson, or organ. Why, there's my enemy: who got the place I wanted; who maligned me to the woman I wanted to be well with; who supplanted me in the good graces of my patron. I don't say anything about the matter: but, my poor old enemy, in my secret mind I have movements of as tender charity towards you, you old scoundrel, as ever I had when we were boys together at school. You ruffian! do you fancy I forgot that we were fond of each other? We are still. We share our toffy; go halves at the tuck shop; do each other's exercises; prompt each other with the word in construing or repetition; and tell the most frightful fibs to prevent each other from being found out. We meet each other in public. Ware a fight! Get them into different parts of the room! Our friends hustle round us. Capulet and Montague are not more at odds than the houses of Roundabout and Wrightabout, let us say. It is, "My dear Mrs. Buffer, do kindly put yourself in the chair between those two men!" Or, "My dear Wrightabout, will you take that charming Lady Blancmange down to supper? She adores your poems; and gave five shillings for your autograph at the fancy fair." In like manner the peace-makers gather round Roundabout on his part: he is carried to a distant corner, and coaxed out of the way of the enemy with whom he is at feud.

When we meet in the Square at Verona, out flash rapiers, and we fall to. But in his private mind Tybalt owns that Mercutio has a rare wit, and Mercutio is sure that his adversary is a gallant gentleman. Look at the amphitheatre yonder. You do not suppose those gladiators who fought and perished, as hundreds of spectators in that grim Circus held thumbs down, and cried "Kill, kill!"—you do not suppose the combatants of necessity hated each other? No more than the celebrated trained bands of literary sword-and-buckler men hate the adversaries whom they meet in the arena. They engage at the given signal; feint and parry; slash, poke, rip each other open, dismember limbs, and hew off noses: but in the way of business, and, I trust, with mutual private esteem. For instance, I salute the warriors of the Superfine Company with the honours due among warriors. Here's at you, Spartacus, my lad. A hit I acknowledge. A palpable hit! Ha! how do you like that poke in the eye in return? When the trumpets sing truce, or the spectators are tired, we bow to the noble company; withdraw; and get a cool glass of wine in our *rendezvous des braves gladiateurs*.

By the way, I saw that amphitheatre of Verona under the strange light of a lurid eclipse some years ago: and I have been there in spirit for these twenty lines past, under a vast gusty awning, now with twenty thousand fellow-citizens looking on from the benches, now in the circus itself a grim gladiator with sword and net, or a meek martyr—was I?—brought out to be gobbled up by the lions? or a huge shaggy, tawny

lion myself, on whom the dogs were going to be set? What a day of excitement I have had to be sure! But I must get away from Verona, or who knows how much farther the Roundabout Pegasus may carry me?

We were saying, my Muse, before we dropped, and perched on earth for a couple of sentences, that our unsaid words were in some limbo or other, as real as those we have uttered; that the thoughts which have passed through our brains are as actual as any to which our tongues and pens have given currency. For instance, besides what is here hinted at, I have thought ever so much more about Verona: about an early Christian church I saw there: about a great dish of rice we had at the inn: about the bugs there: about ever so many more details of that day's journey from Milan to Venice: about lake Garda, which lay on the way from Milan, and so forth. I say what fine things we have thought of, haven't we, all of us? Ah, what a fine tragedy that was I thought of, and never wrote! On the day of the dinner of the Oystermonger's Company, what a noble speech I thought of in the cab, and broke down.—I don't mean the cab, but the speech. Ah, if you could but read some of the unwritten Roundabout Papers—how you would be amused! Aha! my friend, I catch you saying, "Well, then, I wish *this* was unwritten, with all my heart." Very good. I owe you one. I do confess a hit, a palpable hit.

One day in the past month, as I was reclining on the bench of thought, with that ocean *The Times* newspaper spread before me, the ocean cast up on the shore at my feet two famous subjects for Roundabout Papers, and I picked up those waifs, and treasured them away until I could polish them and bring them to market. That scheme is not to be carried out. I can't write about those subjects. And though I cannot write about them, I may surely tell what are the subjects I am going *not* to write about.

The first was that Northumberland Street encounter, which all the papers have narrated. Have any novelists of our days a scene and catastrophe more strange and terrible than this which occurs at noonday within a few yards of the greatest thoroughfare in Europe? At the theatres they have a new name for their melodramatic pieces, and call them "Sensation Dramas." What a sensation drama this is! What have people been flocking to see at the Adelphi Theatre for the last hundred and fifty nights? A woman pitched overboard out of a boat, and a certain Dan taking a tremendous "header," and bringing her to shore? Bagatelle! What is this compared to the real life drama, of which a midday representation takes place just opposite the Adelphi in Northumberland Street? The brave Dumas, the intrepid Ainsworth, the terrible Eugene Sue, the cold-shudder inspiring *Woman in White*, the astounding author of the *Mysteries of the Court of London*, never invented anything more tremendous than this. It might have happened to you and me. We want to borrow a little money. We are directed to an agent. We propose a pecuniary transaction at a short date.

He goes into the next room, as we fancy, to get the bank-notes, and returns with "two very pretty, delicate little ivory-handled pistols," and blows a portion of our heads off. After this, what is the use of being squeamish about the probabilities and possibilities in the writing of fiction? Years ago I remember making merry over a play of Dumas, called *Kean*, in which the Coal-Hole Tavern was represented on the Thames, with a fleet of pirate ships moored alongside. Pirate ships? Why not? What a cavern of terror was this in Northumberland Street, with its splendid furniture covered with dust, its empty bottles, in the midst of which sits a grim "agent," amusing himself by firing pistols, aiming at the unconscious mantelpiece, or at the heads of his customers!

After this, what is not possible? It is possible Hungerford Market is mined, and will explode some day. Mind how you go in for a penny ice unawares. "Pray, step this way," says a quiet person at the door. You enter—into a back room:—a quiet room; rather a dark room. "Pray, take your place in a chair." And she goes to fetch the penny ice. *Malheureux!* The chair sinks down with you—sinks, and sinks, and sinks—a large wet flannel suddenly envelopes your face and throttles you. Need we say any more? After Northumberland Street, what is improbable? Surely there is no difficulty in crediting Bluebeard. I withdraw my last month's opinions about ogres. Ogres? Why not? I protest I have seldom contemplated anything more terribly ludicrous than this "agent" in the dingy splendour of his den, surrounded by dusty ormolu and piles of empty bottles, firing pistols for his diversion at the mantelpiece until his clients come in! Is pistol practice so common in Northumberland Street, that it passes without notice in the lodging-houses there?

We spake anon of good thoughts. About bad thoughts? Is there some Northumberland Street chamber in your heart and mine, friend: close to the every-day street of life: visited by daily friends; visited by people on business; in which affairs are transacted; jokes are uttered; wine is drunk; through which people come and go; wives and children pass; and in which murder sits unseen until the terrible moment when he rises up and kills? A farmer, say, has a gun over the mantelpiece in his room where he sits at his daily meals and rest; caressing his children, joking with his friends, smoking his pipe in his calm. One night the gun is taken down: the farmer goes out: and it is a murderer who comes back and puts the piece up and drinks by that fireside. Was he a murderer yesterday when he was tossing the baby on his knee, and when his hands were playing with his little girl's yellow hair? Yesterday there was no blood on them at all: they were shaken by honest men: have done many a kind act in their time very likely. He leans his head on one of them, the wife comes in with her anxious looks of welcome, the children are prattling as they did yesterday round the father's knee at the fire, and Cain is sitting by the embers and Abel lies dead on the moor. Think of the gulph between now and yesterday. Oh, yesterday! Oh, the days when those two loved each other and said their prayers side by side!

He goes to sleep, perhaps, and dreams that his brother is alive. Be true, O dream! Let him live in dreams, and wake no more. Be undone, O crime, O crime! But the sun rises: and the officers of conscience come: and yonder lies the body on the moor. I happened to pass, and looked at the Northumberland Street house the other day. A few loiterers were gazing up at the dingy windows. A plain, ordinary face of a house enough—and in a chamber in it one man suddenly rose up, pistol in hand, to slaughter another. Have you ever killed any one in your thoughts? Has your heart compassed any man's death? In your mind, have you ever taken a brand from the altar, and slain your brother? How many plain, ordinary faces of men do we look at, unknowing of murder behind those eyes? Lucky for you and me, brother, that we have good thoughts unspoken. But the bad ones? I tell you that the sight of those blank windows in Northumberland Street—through which, as it were, my mind could picture the awful tragedy glimmering behind—set me thinking, "Mr. Street-Preacher, here is a text for one of your pavement sermons. But it is too glum and serious. You eschew dark thoughts; and desire to be cheerful and merry in the main." And, such being the case, you see we must have no Roundabout essay on this subject.

Well, I had another arrow in my quiver. (So, you know, had William Tell a bolt for his son, the apple of his eye: and a shaft for Gessler, in case William came to any trouble with the first poor little target.) And this, I must tell you, was to have been a rare Roundabout performance—one of the very best that has ever appeared in this series. It was to have contained all the deep pathos of Addison; the logical precision of Rabelais; the childlike playfulness of Swift; the manly stoicism of Sterne; the metaphysical depth of Goldsmith; the blushing modesty of Fielding; the epigrammatic terseness of Walter Scott; the uproarious humour of Sam Richardson; and the gay simplicity of Sam Johnson;—it was to have combined all these qualities, with some excellencies of modern writers whom I could name:—but circumstances have occurred which have rendered this Roundabout Essay also impossible.

I have not the least objection to tell you what was to have been the subject of that other admirable Roundabout Paper. Gracious powers! the Dean of St. Patrick's never had a better theme. The paper was to have been on the Gorillas, to be sure. I was going to imagine myself to be a young surgeon-apprentice from Charleston, in South Carolina, who ran away to Cuba on account of unhappy family circumstances, with which nobody has the least concern; who sailed thence to Africa in a large, roomy schooner with an extraordinary vacant space between decks. I was subject to dreadful ill-treatment from the first mate of the ship, who, when I found she was a slaver, altogether declined to put me on shore. I was chased—we were chased—by three British frigates and a seventy-four, which we engaged and captured; but were obliged to scuttle and sink, as we could sell them in no African port: and I never shall forget the look of manly resignation, combined with considerable disgust, of the

British Admiral as he walked the plank, after cutting off his pigtail, which he handed to me, and which I still have in charge for his family at Boston, Lincolnshire, England.

We made the port of Bpoopoo, at the confluence of the Bungo and Sgglolo rivers (which you may see in Swammerdahl's map) on the 31st April last year. Our passage had been so extraordinarily rapid, owing to the continued drunkenness of the captain and chief officers, by which I was obliged to work the ship and take her in command, that we reached Bpoopoo six weeks before we were expected, and five before the coffres from the interior and from the great slave depôt at Zbabblo were expected. Their delay caused us not a little discomfort, because, though we had taken the six English ships, we knew that Sir Byam Martin's iron-cased squadron, with the *Warrior*, the *Impregnable*, the *Sanconiathon*, and the *Berosus*, were cruising in the neighbourhood, and might prove too much for us.

It not only became necessary to quit Bpoopoo before the arrival of the British fleet or the rainy season, but to get our people on board as soon as might be. While the chief mate, with a detachment of seamen, hurried forward to the Pgogo lake, where we expected a considerable part of our cargo, the second mate, with six men, four chiefs, king Fbumbo, an Obi man, and myself, went N.W. by W., towards King Mtoby's-town, where we knew many hundreds of our between-deck passengers were to be got together. We went down the Pdodo river, shooting snipes, ostriches, and rhinoceros in plenty, and I think a few elephants, until, by the advice of a guide, who I now believe was treacherous, we were induced to leave the Pdodo, and march N.E. by N.N. Here Lieutenant Larkins, who had persisted in drinking rum during the whole journey, and thrashing me in his sober moments during the whole journey, died, and I have too good reason to know was eaten with much relish by the natives. At Mgoo, where there are barracoons and a depôt for our cargo, we had no news of our expected freight; accordingly, as time pressed exceedingly, parties were despatched in advance towards the great Washaboo lake, by which the caravans usually come towards the coast. Here we found no caravan, but only four negroes down with the ague, whom I treated, I am bound to say, unsuccessfully, whilst we waited for our friends. We used to take watch and watch in front of the place, both to guard ourselves from attack, and get early news of the approaching caravan.

At last, on the 23rd September, as I was in advance with Charles Rogers, second mate, and two natives, with bows and arrows, we were crossing a great plain skirted by a forest, when we saw emerging from a ravine what I took to be three negroes—a very tall one, one of a moderate size, and one quite little.

Our native guides shrieked out some words in their language, of which Charles Rogers knew something. I thought it was the advance of the negroes whom we expected. "No!" said Rogers (who swore dreadfully in conversation), "it is the Gorillas!" And he fired both barrels of his gun, bringing down the little one first, and the female afterwards.

The male, who was untouched, gave a howl that you might have heard a league off; advanced towards us as if he would attack us, and turned and ran away with inconceivable celerity towards the wood.

We went up towards the fallen brutes. It was a female, and a little one of two years old. It lay bleating and moaning on the ground, stretching out its little hands, with movements and looks so strangely resembling human, that my heart sickened with pity. The female, who had been shot through both legs, could not move. She howled most hideously when I approached the little one.

"We must be off," said Rogers, "or the whole Gorilla race may be down upon us. The little one is only shot in the leg, I said. I'll bind the limb up, and we will carry the beast with us on board."

The poor little wretch held up its leg to show it was wounded, and looked to me with appealing eyes. It lay quite still whilst I looked for and found the bullet, and, tearing off a piece of my shirt, bandaged up the wound. I was so occupied in this business, that I hardly heard Rogers cry, "Run! run!" and when I looked up ————

When I looked up, with a roar the most horrible I ever heard—a roar? ten thousand roars—a whirling army of dark beings rushed by me. Rogers, who had bullied me so frightfully during the voyage, and who had encouraged my fatal passion for play, so that I own I owed him $1,500, was overtaken, felled, brained, and torn into ten thousand pieces; and I daresay the same fate would have fallen on me, but that the little Gorilla, whose wound I had dressed, flung its arms round my neck (their arms, you know, are much longer than ours). And when an immense grey Gorilla, with hardly any teeth, brandishing the trunk of a gollybosh-tree about sixteen feet long, came up to me roaring, the little one squeaked out something plaintive, which, of course, I could not understand; on which suddenly the monster flung down his tree, squatted down on his huge hams by the side of the little patient, and began to bellow and weep.

And now, do you see whom I had rescued? I had rescued the young Prince of the Gorillas, who was out walking with his nurse and footman. The footman had run off to alarm his master, and certainly I never saw a footman run quicker. The whole army of Gorillas rushed forward to rescue their prince, and punish his enemies. If the King Gorilla's emotion was great, fancy what the queen's was when *she* came up! She arrived, on a litter, neatly enough made with wattled branches, on which she lay with her youngest child, a prince of three weeks' old.

My little *protégé*, with the wounded leg, still persisted in hugging me with its arms (I think I mentioned that they are longer than those of men in general), and as the poor little brute was immensely heavy, and the Gorillas go at a prodigious pace, a litter was made for us likewise; and my thirst much refreshed by a footman (the same domestic who had given the alarm) running hand over hand up a cocoanut-tree, tearing the rinds off, breaking the shell on his head, and handing me the fresh milk in its cup. My little patient partook of a little, stretching out its dear little

unwounded foot, with which, or with its hand, a Gorilla can help itself indiscriminately. Relays of large Gorillas relieved each other at the litters at intervals of twenty minutes, as I calculated by my watch, one of Jones and Bates, of Boston, Mass., though I have been unable to this day to ascertain how these animals calculate time with such surprising accuracy. We slept for that night under ————

And now you see we arrive at really the most interesting part of my travels in the country which I intended to visit, viz., the manners and habits of the Gorillas *chez eux*. I give the heads of this narrative only, the full account being suppressed for a reason which shall presently be given. The heads, then, of the chapters, are briefly as follows:—

The author's arrival in the Gorilla country. Its geographical position. Lodgings assigned to him up a gum-tree. Constant attachment of the little prince. His royal highness's gratitude. Anecdotes of his wit, playfulness, and extraordinary precocity. Am offered a portion of poor Larkins for my supper, but declined with horror. Footman brings me a young crocodile: fishy, but very palatable. Old crocodiles too tough: ditto rhinoceros. Visit the queen mother—an enormous old Gorilla, quite white. Prescribe for her majesty. Meeting of Gorillas at what appears a parliament amongst them: presided over by old Gorilla in cocoa-nut-fibre wig. Their sports. Their customs. A privileged class amongst them. Extraordinary likeness of Gorillas to people at home, both at Charleston, S. C., my native place; and London, England, which I have visited. Flat-nosed Gorillas and blue-nosed Gorillas; their hatred, and wars between them. In a part of the country (its geographical position described) I see several negroes under Gorilla domination. Well treated by their masters. Frog-eating Gorillas across the Salt Lake. Bull-headed Gorillas—their mutual hostility. Green Island Gorillas. More quarrelsome than the Bull-heads, and howl much louder. I am called to attend one of the princesses. Evident partiality of H.R.H. for me. Jealousy and rage of large red-headed Gorilla. How shall I escape?

Ay, how indeed? Do you wish to know? Is your curiosity excited? Well, I *do* know how I escaped. I could tell the most extraordinary adventures that happened to me. I could show you resemblances to people at home, that would make them blue with rage and you crack your sides with laughter. . . . . And what is the reason I cannot write this paper, having all the facts before me? The reason is, that walking down St. James Street yesterday, I met a friend who says to me, "Roundabout, my boy, have you seen your picture? Here it is!" And he pulls out a portrait, executed in photography, of your humble servant, as an immense and most unpleasant-featured baboon, with long hairy hands, and called by the waggish artist "A Literary Gorilla." O horror! And now you see why I can't play off this joke myself, and moralize on the fable, as it has been narrated already *de me*.

A Quarrel.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XIX.

Tribute to Dagon, Ovens, Dying.

[illegible] wonder how [illegible] Rome was [illegible] a [illegible] Troy [illegible] gods; [illegible] Trojan [illegible] vessels, and [illegible] vessels, to the extent of their power, to send their beloved native place. In like manner, British Trojans and French Troyens take their Troy [illegible] where I have only [illegible] the sea; but [illegible] I have [illegible], and have seen a [illegible] Troy [illegible] on the [illegible] of the Mississippi; [illegible] Indian [illegible] of Mr. Wyld's, which they are [illegible] to us with. [illegible] billiards, [illegible], [illegible] Frenchmen [illegible] with Frenchmen, in a new Paris—shabby and dirty, it is true—but offering the conforts, the luxuries, the display, the [illegible] of the [illegible]. And do not British Trojans, who emigrate to the southern of Europe, take their Troy with them? [illegible] the phantom of Paris which swarm with us Trojans. From Peace Street to the Arch of the Star are collected thousands of refugees

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Philip.

CHAPTER XXI.

TREATS OF DANCING, DINING, DYING.

OLD schoolboys remember how, when pious Æneas was compelled by painful circumstances to quit his country, he and his select band of Trojans founded a new Troy, where they landed; raising temples to the Trojan gods; building streets with Trojan names; and endeavouring, to the utmost of their power, to recal their beloved native place. In like manner, British Trojans and French Trojans take their Troy everywhere. Algiers I have only seen from the sea; but New Orleans and Leicester Square I have visited; and have seen a quaint old France still lingering on the banks of the Mississippi; a dingy modern France round that great Globe of Mr. Wyld's, which they say is coming to an end. There are French cafés, billiards, estaminets, waiters, markers, poor Frenchmen, and rich Frenchmen, in a new Paris—shabby and dirty, it is true—but offering the emigrant the dominoes, the chopine, the petit-verre of the patrie. And do not British Trojans, who emigrate to the continent of Europe, take their Troy with them? You all know the quarters of Paris which swarm with us Trojans. From Peace Street to the Arch of the Star are collected thousands of refugees

from our Ilium. Under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli you meet, at certain hours, as many of our Trojans as of the natives. In the Trojan inns of Meurice, the Louvre, &c., we swarm. We have numerous Anglo-Trojan doctors and apothecaries, who give us the dear pills and doses of Pergamus. We go to Mrs. Guerre or kind Mrs. Colombin, and can purchase the sandwiches of Troy, the pale ale and sherry of Troy, and the dear, dear muffins of home. We live for years, never speaking any language but our native Trojan; except to our servants, whom we instruct in the Trojan way of preparing toast for breakfast; Trojan bread-sauce for fowls and partridges; Trojan corned beef, &c. We have temples where we worship according to the Trojan rites. A kindly sight is that which one beholds of a Sunday in the Elysian fields and the St. Honoré quarter, of processions of English grown people and children, stalwart, red-cheeked, marching to their churches, their gilded prayer-books in hand, to sing in a stranger's land the sacred songs of their Zion. I am sure there are many English in Paris, who never speak to any native above the rank of a waiter or shopman. Not long since I was listening to a Frenchman at Folkestone, speaking English to the waiters and acting as interpreter for his party. He spoke pretty well and very quickly. He was irresistibly comical. I wonder how we maintained our gravity. And you and I, my dear friend, when *we* speak French? I daresay we are just as absurd. As absurd? And why not? Don't you be discouraged, young fellow. *Courage, mon jeune ami!* Remember, Trojans have a conquering way with them. When Æneas landed at Carthage, I daresay he spoke Carthaginian with a ridiculous Trojan accent; but, for all that, poor Dido fell desperately in love with him. Take example by the son of Anchises, my boy. Never mind the grammar or the pronunciation, but tackle the lady, and speak your mind to her as best you can.

This is the plan which the Vicomte de Loisy used to adopt. He was following a *cours* of English according to the celebrated *méthode Jobson*. The *cours* assembled twice a week: and the vicomte with laudable assiduity, went to all English parties to which he could gain an introduction, for the purpose of acquiring the English language, and marrying *une Anglaise*. This industrious young man even went *au Temple* on Sundays for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the English language; and as he sat under Doctor Murrogh Macmanus of T. C. D., a very eloquent preacher at Paris in those days, the vicomte acquired a very fine pronunciation. Attached to the cause of unfortunate monarchy all over the world, the vicomte had fought in the Spanish earliest armies. He waltzed well: and madame thought his cross looked nice at her parties. Will it be believed that Mrs. General Baynes took this gentleman into special favour; talked with him at soirée after soirée; never laughed at his English; encouraged her girl to waltz with him (which he did to perfection, whereas poor Clive was but a hulking and clumsy performer); and showed him the very greatest favour, until one day, on going into

Mr. Bonus's, the house agent (who lets lodgings, and sells British pickles, tea, sherry and the like), she found the vicomte occupying a stool as clerk in Mr. Bonus's establishment, where for twelve hundred francs a year he gave his invaluable services during the day! Mrs. Baynes took poor madame severely to task for admitting such a man to her assemblies. Madame was astonished. Monsieur was a gentleman of ancient family who had met with misfortunes. He was earning his maintenance. To sit in a bureau was not a dishonour. Knowing that *boutique* meant shop and *garçon* meant boy, Mrs. Baynes made use of the words *boutique garçon* the next time she saw the vicomte. The little man wept tears of rage and mortification. There was a very painful scene, at which, thank Mercy, poor Charlotte thought, Philip was not present. Were it not for the general's *cheveux blancs* (by which phrase the vicomte very kindly designated General Baynes's chestnut top-knot) the vicomte would have had reason from him. "Charming miss," he said to Charlotte, "your respectable papa is safe from my sword! Madame your mamma has addressed me words which I qualify not. But you—you are too 'andsome, too good, to despise a poor soldier, a poor gentleman!" I have heard the vicomte still dances at boarding-houses and is still in pursuit of an *Anglaise*. He must be a wooer now almost as elderly as the good general whose scalp he respected.

Mrs. Baynes was, to be sure, a heavy weight to bear for poor madame, but her lean shoulders were accustomed to many a burden; and if the general's wife was quarrelsome and odious, he, as madame said, was as soft as a mutton; and Charlotte's pretty face and manners were the admiration of all. The yellow Miss Bolderos, those hapless elderly orphans left in pawn, might bite their lips with envy, but they never could make them as red as Miss Charlotte's smiling mouth. To the honour of Madame Smolensk be it said that never by word or hint did she cause those unhappy young ladies any needless pain. She never stinted them of any meal. No full-priced pensioner of madame's could have breakfast, luncheon, dinners served more regularly. The day after their mother's flight, that good Madame Smolensk took early cups of tea to the girls' rooms, with her own hands; and I believe helped to do the hair of one of them, and otherwise to soothe them in their misfortune. They could not keep their secret. It must be owned that Mrs. Baynes never lost an opportunity of deploring their situation and acquainting all new-comers with their mother's flight and transgression. But she was good-natured to the captives in her grim way: and admired madame's forbearance regarding them. The two old officers were now especially polite to the poor things: and the general rapped one of his boys over the knuckles for saying to Miss Brenda, "If your uncle is a lord, why doesn't he give you any money?" "And these girls used to hold their heads above mine, and their mother used to give herself such airs!" cried Mrs. Baynes. "And Eliza Baynes used to flatter those poor girls and their mother, and fancy they were going to make a woman of fashion of

her!" said Mrs. Bunch. "We all have our weaknesses. Lords are not yours, my dear. Faith, I don't think you know one," says stout little Colonel Bunch. "I wouldn't pay a duchess such court as Eliza paid that woman!" cried Emma; and she made sarcastic inquiries of the general, whether Eliza had heard from her friend the Honourable Mrs. Boldero? But for all this Mrs. Bunch pitied the young ladies, and I believe gave them a little supply of coin from her private purse. A word as to their private history. Their mamma became the terror of boarding-house-keepers: and the poor girls practised their duets all over Europe. Mrs. Boldero's noble nephew, the present Strongitharm (as a friend who knows the fashionable world informs me,) was victimized by his own uncle, and a most painful affair occurred between them at a game at 'blind hookey.' The Honourable Mrs. Boldero is living in the precincts of Holyrood; one of her daughters is happily married to a minister; and the other to an apothecary who was called in to attend her in quinsy. So I am inclined to think that phrase about "select" boarding-houses, is a mere complimentary term, and as for the strictest references being given and required, I certainly should not lay out extra money for printing *that* expression in my advertisement, were I going to set up an establishment myself.

Old college friends of Philip's visited Paris from time to time; and rejoiced in carrying him off to Borel's or the Trois Frères, and hospitably treating him who had been so hospitable in his time. Yes, thanks be to Heaven, there are good Samaritans in pretty large numbers in this world, and hands ready enough to succour a man in misfortune. I could name two or three gentlemen who drive about in chariots and look at people's tongues and write queer figures and queer Latin on note-paper, who occultly made a purse containing some seven or ten score fees, and sent them out to Dr. Firmin in his banishment. The poor wretch had behaved as ill as might be, but he was without a penny or a friend. I daresay Dr. Goodenough, amongst other philanthropists, put his hands into his pocket. Having heartily disliked and mistrusted Firmin in prosperity, in adversity he melted towards the poor fugitive wretch: he even could believe that Firmin had some skill in his profession, and in his practice was not quite a quack.

Philip's old college and school cronies laughed at hearing that, now his ruin was complete, he was thinking about marriage. Such a plan was of a piece with Mr. Firmin's known prudence and foresight. But they made an objection to his proposed union, which had struck us at home previously. Papa-in-law was well enough, or at least inoffensive: but, ah, ye powers! what a mother-in-law was poor Phil laying up for his future days! Two or three of our mutual companions made this remark on returning to work and chambers after their autumn holiday. We never had too much charity for Mrs. Baynes; and what Philip told us about her did not serve to increase our regard.

About Christmas Mr. Firmin's own affairs brought him on a brief

visit to London. We were not jealous that he took up his quarters with his little friend, of Thornhaugh Street, who was contented that he should dine with us, provided she could have the pleasure of housing him under her kind shelter. High and mighty people as we were—for under what humble roofs does not Vanity hold her sway?—we, who knew Mrs. Brandon's virtues, and were aware of her early story, would have condescended to receive her into our society; but it was the little lady herself who had her pride, and held aloof. "My parents did not give me the education you have had, ma'am," Caroline said to my wife. "My place is not here, I know very well; unless you should be took ill, and *then*, ma'am, you'll see that I will be glad enough to come. Philip can come and see *me;* and a blessing it is to me to set eyes on him. But I shouldn't be happy in your drawing-room, nor you in having me. The dear children look surprised at my way of talking; and no wonder: and they laugh sometimes to one another, God bless 'em! I don't mind. My education was not cared for. I scarce had any schooling but what I taught myself. My pa hadn't the means of learning me much: and it is too late to go to school at forty odd. I've got all his stockings and things darned; and his linen, poor fellow!—beautiful: I wish they kep it as nice in France, where he is! You'll give my love to the young lady, won't you, ma'am: and, oh! it's a blessing to me to hear how good and gentle she is! He has a high temper, Philip have: but them he likes can easy manage him. You have been his best kind friends; and so will she be, I trust; and they may be happy though they're poor. But they've time to get rich, haven't they? And it's not the richest that's the happiest, that I can see in many a fine house where Nurse Brandon goes and has her eyes open, though she don't say much, you know." In this way Nurse Brandon would prattle on to us when she came to see us. She would share our meal, always thanking by name the servant who helped her. She insisted on calling our children "Miss" and "Master," and I think those young satirists did not laugh often or unkindly at her peculiarities. I know they were told that Nurse Brandon was very good; and that she took care of her father in his old age; and that she had passed through very great griefs and trials; and that she had nursed Uncle Philip when he had been very ill indeed, and when many people would have been afraid to come near him; and that her life was spent in tending the sick, and in doing good to her neighbour.

One day during Philip's stay with us we happen to read in the paper Lord Ringwood's arrival in London. My lord had a grand town house of his own which he did not always inhabit. He liked the cheerfulness of a hotel better. Ringwood House was too large and too dismal. He did not care to eat a solitary mutton chop in a great dining-room surrounded by ghostly images of dead Ringwoods—his dead son, a boy who had died in his boyhood; his dead brother attired in the uniform of his day (in which picture there was no little resemblance to Philip Firmin, the colonel's

grandson); Lord Ringwood's dead self, finally, as he appeared still a young man, when Lawrence painted him, and when he was the companion of the Regent and his friends. "Ah! that's the fellow I least like to look at," the old man would say, scowling at the picture, and breaking out into the old-fashioned oaths which garnished many conversations in his young days. "That fellow could ride all day; and sleep all night, or go without sleep as he chose; and drink his four bottles, and never have a headache; and break his collar bone, and see the fox killed three hours after. That was once a man, as old Marlborough said, looking at his own picture. Now my doctor's my master; my doctor and the infernal gout over him. I live upon pap and puddens, like a baby; only I've shed all my teeth, hang 'em. If I drink three glasses of sherry, my butler threatens me. You young fellow, who haven't twopence in your pocket, by George, I would like to change with you. Only you wouldn't, hang you, you wouldn't. Why, I don't believe Todhunter would change with me: would you, Todhunter?—and you're about as fond of a great man as any fellow I ever knew. Don't tell me. You *are*, sir. Why, when I walked with you on Ryde sands one day, I said to that fellow, 'Todhunter, don't you think I could order the sea to stand still?' I did. And you had never heard of King Canute, hanged if you had—and never read any book except the Stud-book and Mrs. Glass's Cookery, hanged if you did." Such remarks and conversations of his relative has Philip reported to me. Two or three men about town had very good imitations of this toothless, growling, blasphemous old cynic. He was splendid and penurious; violent and easily led; surrounded by flatterers and utterly lonely. He had old-world notions, which I believe have passed out of the manners of great folks now. He thought it beneath him to travel by railway, and his postchaise was one of the last on the road. The tide rolled on in spite of this old Canute, and has long since rolled over him and his postchaise. Why, almost all his imitators are actually dead; and only this year, when old Jack Mummers gave an imitation of him at Bays's (where Jack's mimicry used to be received with shouts of laughter but a few years since), there was a dismal silence in the coffee-room, except from two or three young men at a near table, who said, "What is the old fool mumbling and swearing at now? An imitation of Lord Ringwood, and who was he?" So our names pass away, and are forgotten: and the tallest statues, do not the sands of time accumulate and overwhelm *them?* *I* have not forgotten my lord; any more than I have forgotten the cock of my school, about whom, perhaps, you don't care to hear. I see my lord's bald head, and hooked beak, and bushy eyebrows, and tall velvet collar, and brass buttons, and great black mouth, and trembling hand, and trembling parasites round him, and I can hear his voice, and great oaths, and laughter. You parasites of to-day are bowing to other great people; and this great one, who was alive only yesterday, is as dead as George IV. or Nebuchadnezzar.

Well, we happen to read that Philip's noble relative, Lord Ringwood,

has arrived at —— hotel, whilst Philip is staying with us: and I own that I counsel my friend to go and wait upon his lordship. He had been very kind at Paris: he had evidently taken a liking to Philip. Firmin ought to go and see him. Who knows? Lord Ringwood might be inclined to do something for his brother's grandson.

This was just the point, which any one who knew Philip should have hesitated to urge upon him. To try and make him bow and smile on a great man with a view to future favours, was to demand the impossible from Firmin. The king's men may lead the king's horses to the water, but the king himself can't make them drink. I own that I came back to the subject, and urged it repeatedly on my friend. "I *have* been," said Philip, sulkily. "I have left a card upon him. If he wants me, he can send to No. 120, Queen Square, Westminster, my present hotel. But if you think he will give me anything beyond a dinner, I tell you you are mistaken."

We dined that day with Philip's employer, worthy Mr. Mugford, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was profuse in his hospitalities, and especially gracious to Philip. Mugford was pleased with Firmin's letters; and you may be sure that severer critics did not contradict their friend's good-natured patron. We drove to the suburban villa at Hampstead, and steaming odours of soup, mutton, onions, rushed out into the hall to give us welcome, and to warn us of the good cheer in store for the party. *This* was not one of Mugford's days for countermanding side dishes, I promise you. Men in black with noble white cotton gloves were in waiting to receive us, and Mrs. Mugford, in a rich blue satin and feathers, a profusion of flounces, laces, marabouts, jewels, and eau-de-Cologne, rose to welcome us from a stately sofa, where she sat surrounded by her children. These, too, were in brilliant dresses, with shining new combed hair. The ladies, of course, instantly began to talk about their children, and my wife's unfeigned admiration for Mrs. Mugford's last baby I think won that worthy lady's goodwill at once. I made some remark regarding one of the boys as being the picture of his father, which was not lucky. I don't know why, but I have it from her husband's own admission, that Mrs. Mugford always thinks I am "chaffing" her. One of the boys frankly informed me there was goose for dinner; and when a cheerful cloop was heard from a neighbouring room, told me that was pa drawing the corks. Why should Mrs. Mugford reprove the outspoken child and say, "James, hold your tongue, do now?" Better wine than was poured forth when those corks were drawn, never flowed from bottle.—I say, I never saw better wine nor more bottles. If ever a table may be said to have groaned, that expression might with justice be applied to Mugford's mahogany. Talbot Twysden would have feasted forty people with the meal here provided for eight by our most hospitable entertainer. Though Mugford's editor was present, who thinks himself a very fine fellow, I assure you, but whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, all the honours of the entertainment were for the *Paris Correspondent*, who was specially

requested to take Mrs. M. to dinner. As an earl's grand-nephew, and a lord's great-grandson, of course we felt that this place of honour was Firmin's right. How Mrs. Mugford pressed him to eat! She carved—I am very glad she would not let Philip carve for her, for he might have sent the goose into her lap—she carved, I say, and I really think she gave him more stuffing than to any of us, but that may have been mere envy on my part. Allusions to Lord Ringwood were repeatedly made during dinner. "Lord R. has come to town, Mr. F., I perceive," says Mugford, winking. "You've been to see him, of course?" Mr. Firmin glared at me very fiercely, he had to own he *had* been to call on Lord Ringwood. Mugford led the conversation to the noble lord so frequently that Philip madly kicked my shins under the table. I don't know how many times I had to suffer from that foot which in its time has trampled on so many persons: a kick for each time Lord Ringwood's name, houses, parks, properties, were mentioned, was a frightful allowance. Mrs. Mugford would say, "May I assist you to a little pheasant, Mr. Firmin? I daresay they are not as good as Lord Ringwood's" (a kick from Philip), or Mugford would exclaim, "Mr. F., try that 'ock! Lord Ringwood hasn't better wine than that." (Dreadful punishment upon my tibia under the table.) "John! Two 'ocks, me and Mr. Firmin. Join us, Mr. P.," and so forth. And after dinner, to the ladies—as my wife, who betrayed their mysteries, informed me—Mrs. Mugford's conversation was incessant regarding the Ringwood family and Firmin's relationship to that noble house. The meeting of the old lord and Firmin in Paris was discussed with immense interest. His lordship called him Philip most affable! he was very fond of Mr. Firmin. A little bird had told Mrs. Mugford that somebody else was very fond of Mr. Firmin. She hoped it would be a match, and that his lordship would do the handsome thing by his *nephew*. What? My wife wondered that Mrs. Mugford should know about Philip's affairs? (and wonder indeed she did.) A little bird had told Mrs. M.—a friend of both ladies, that dear, good little nurse Brandon, who was engaged——and here the conversation went off into mysteries which I certainly shall not reveal. Suffice it that Mrs. Mugford was one of Mrs. Brandon's best, kindest, and most constant patrons—or might I be permitted to say matrons?—and had received a most favourable report of us from the little nurse. And here Mrs. Pendennis gave a verbatim report not only of our hostess's speech, but of her manner and accent. "Yes, ma'am," says Mrs. Mugford to Mrs. Pendennis, "our friend Mrs. B. has told me of *a certain gentleman* whose name shall be nameless. His manner is cold, not to say 'aughty. He seems to be laughing at people sometimes—don't say No; I saw him once or twice at dinner, both him and Mr. Firmin. But he is a true friend, Mrs. Brandon says he is. And when you know him, his heart is good." Is it? Amen. A distinguished writer has composed, in not very late days, a comedy of which the cheerful moral is, that we are "not so bad as we seem." Aren't we? Amen, again. Give us thy hearty hand, Iago! Tartuffe, how the world

has been mistaken in you! Macbeth! put that little affair of the murder out of your mind. It was a momentary weakness; and who is not weak at times? Blifil, a more maligned man than you does not exist! O humanity! how we have been mistaken in you! Let us expunge the vulgar expression "miserable sinners" out of all prayer-books; open the portholes of all hulks; break the chains of all convicts; and unlock the boxes of all spoons.

As we discussed Mr. Mugford's entertainment on our return home, I improved the occasion with Philip, I pointed out the reasonableness of the hopes which he might entertain of help from his wealthy kinsman, and actually forced him to promise to wait upon my lord the next day. Now, when Philip Firmin did a thing against his will, he did it with a bad grace. When he is not pleased, he does not pretend to be happy: and when he is sulky, Mr. Firmin is a very disagreeable companion. Though he never once reproached me afterwards with what happened, I own that I have had cruel twinges of conscience since. If I had not sent him on that dutiful visit to his grand uncle, what occurred might never, perhaps, have occurred at all. I acted for the best, and that I aver; however I may grieve for the consequences which ensued when the poor fellow followed my advice.

If Philip held aloof from Lord Ringwood in London, you may be sure Philip's dear cousins were in waiting on his lordship, and never lost an opportunity of showing their respectful sympathy. Was Lord Ringwood ailing? Mr. Twysden, or Mrs. Twysden, or the dear girls, or Ringwood their brother, were daily in his lordship's antechamber, asking for news of his health. They bent down respectfully before Lord Ringwood's major-domo. They would have given him money, as they always averred, only what sum could they give to such a man as Rudge? They actually offered to bribe Mr. Rudge with their wine, over which he made horrible faces. They fawned and smiled before him always. I should like to have seen that calm Mrs. Twysden, that serene, high-bred woman, who would cut her dearest friend if misfortune befel her, or the world turned its back;—I should like to have seen, and *can* see her in my mind's eye, simpering and coaxing, and wheedling this footman. She made cheap presents to Mr. Rudge: she smiled on him and asked after his health. And of course Talbot Twysden flattered him too in Talbot's jolly way. It was a wink, and nod, and a hearty how do you do—and (after due inquiries made and answered about his lordship) it would be, "Rudge! I think my housekeeper has a good glass of port wine in her room, if you happen to be passing that way, and my lord don't want you!" And with a grave courtesy, I can fancy Mr. Rudge bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Twysden, and thanking them, and descending to Mrs. Blenkinsop's skinny room where the port wine is ready—and if Mr. Rudge and Mrs. Blenkinsop are confidential, I can fancy their talking over the characters and peculiarities of the folks upstairs. Servants sometimes actually do; and if master and mistress are humbugs these wretched menials sometimes find them out.

Now, no duke could be more lordly and condescending in his bearing than Mr. Philip Firmin towards the menial throng. In those days, when he had money in his pockets, he gave Mr. Rudge out of his plenty; and the man remembered his generosity when he was poor: and declared—in a select society, and in the company of the relative of a person from whom I have the information—declared in the presence of Captain Gann at the Admiral B—ng Club in fact, that Mr. Heff was always a swell; but since he was done, he Rudge, "was blest if that young chap warn't a greater swell than hever." And Rudge actually liked this poor young fellow better than the family in Walpole Street, whom Mr. R. pronounced to be "a shabby lot." And in fact it was Rudge as well as myself, who advised that Philip should see his lordship.

When at length Philip paid his second visit, Mr. Rudge said, "My lord will see you, sir, I think. He has been speaking of you. He's very unwell. He's going to have a fit of the gout, I think. I'll tell him you are here." And coming back to Philip, after a brief disappearance, and with rather a scared face, he repeated the permission to enter, and again cautioned him, saying, that "my lord was very queer."

In fact, as we learned afterwards, through the channel previously indicated, my lord, when he heard that Philip had called, cried, "He *has*, has he. Hang him, send him in;" using, I am constrained to say, in place of the monosyllable "hang," a much stronger expression.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" says my lord. "You have been in London ever so long. Twysden told me of you yesterday."

"I have called before, sir," said Philip, very quietly.

"I wonder you have the face to call at all, sir!" cries the old man, glaring at Philip. His lordship's countenance was of a gamboge colour: his noble eyes were blood-shot and starting; his voice, always very harsh and strident, was now specially unpleasant; and from the crater of his mouth, shot loud exploding oaths.

"Face! my lord?" says Philip, still very meek.

"Yes, if you call that a face which is covered over with hair like a baboon!" growled my lord, showing his tusks. "Twysden was here last night, and tells me some pretty news about you."

Philip blushed; he knew what the news most likely would be.

"Twysden says that now you are a pauper, by George, and living by breaking stones in the street,—you have been such an infernal, drivelling, hanged fool, as to engage yourself to another pauper!"

Poor Philip turned white from red; and spoke slowly: "I beg your pardon, my lord, you said——"

"I said you were a hanged fool, sir!" roared the old man; "can't you hear?"

"I believe I am a member of your family, my lord," says Philip, rising up. In a quarrel, he would sometimes lose his temper, and speak out his mind; or sometimes, and then he was most dangerous, he would be especially calm and Grandisonian.

"Some hanged adventurer, thinking you were to get money from me, has hooked you for his daughter, has he?"

"I have engaged myself to a young lady, and I am the poorer of the two," says Philip.

"She thinks you will get money from me," continues his lordship.

"Does she? I never did!" replied Philip.

"By heaven, you shan't, unless you give up this rubbish."

"I shan't give her up, sir, and I shall do without the money," said Mr. Firmin very boldly.

"Go to Tartarus!" screamed the old man.

On which Philip told us, "I said, 'Seniores priores,' my lord," and turned on my heel. So you see if he was going to leave me something, and he nearly said he was, that chance is passed now, and I have made a pretty morning's work." And a pretty morning's work it was: and it was I who had set him upon it! My brave Philip not only did not rebuke me for having sent him on this errand, but took the blame of the business on himself. "Since I have been engaged," he said, "I am growing dreadfully avaricious, and am almost as sordid about money as those Twysdens. I cringed to that old man: I crawled before his gouty feet. Well, I could crawl from here to Saint James's Palace to get some money for my little Charlotte." Philip cringe and crawl! If there were no posture-masters more supple than Philip Firmin, kotooing would be a lost art, like the *Menuet de la Cour*. But fear not, ye great! Men's backs were made to bend, and the race of parasites is still in good repute.

When our friend told us how his brief interview with Lord Ringwood had begun and ended, I think those who counselled Philip to wait upon his grand-uncle felt rather ashamed of their worldly wisdom and the advice which they had given. We ought to have known our Huron sufficiently to be aware that it was a dangerous experiment to set him bowing in lords' antechambers. Were not his elbows sure to break some courtly china, his feet to trample and tear some lace train? So all the good we had done was to occasion a quarrel between him and his patron. Lord Ringwood avowed that he had intended to leave Philip money; and by thrusting the poor fellow into the old nobleman's sick chamber, we had occasioned a quarrel between the relatives, who parted with mutual threats and anger. "Oh, dear me!" I groaned in connubial colloquies. "Let us get him away. He will be boxing Mugford's ears next, and telling Mrs. Mugford that she is vulgar, and a bore. He was eager to get back to his work, or rather to his lady-love at Paris. We did not try to detain him. For fear of further accidents we were rather anxious that he should be gone. Crestfallen and sad, I accompanied him to the Boulogne boat. He paid for his place in the second cabin, and stoutly bade us adieu. A rough night: a wet, slippery deck: a crowd of frowzy fellow-passengers: and poor Philip in the midst of them in a thin cloak, his yellow hair and beard blowing about: I see the steamer now, and left her with I know not what feelings of contrition and shame. Why had I sent Philip to

call upon that savage, overbearing old patron of his? Why compelled him to that bootless act of submission? Lord Ringwood's brutalities were matters of common notoriety. A wicked, dissolute, cynical old man: and we must try to make friends with this mammon of unrighteousness, and set poor Philip to bow before him and flatter him! Ah, mea culpa, mea culpa! The wind blew hard that winter night, and many tiles and chimney-pots blew down: and as I thought of poor Philip tossing in the frowzy second-cabin, I rolled about my own bed very uneasily.

I looked into Bays's club the day after, and there fell on both the Twysdens. The parasite of a father was clinging to the button of a great man when I entered: the little reptile of a son came to the club in Captain Woolcombe's brougham, and in that distinguished mulatto officer's company. They looked at me in a peculiar way. I was sure they did. Talbot Twysden, pouring his loud, braggart talk in the ear of poor Lord Lepel, eyed me with a glance of triumph, and talked and swaggered so that I should hear. Ringwood Twysden and Woolcombe, drinking absinthe to whet their noble appetites, exchanged glances and grins. Woolcombe's eyes were of the colour of the absinthe he swallowed. I did not see that Twysden tore off one of Lord Lepel's buttons, but that nobleman, with a scared countenance moved away rapidly from his little persecutor. "Hang him, throw him over, and come to me!" I heard the generous Twysden say. "I expect Ringwood and one or two more." At this proposition, Lord Lepel, in a tremulous way, muttered that he could not break his engagement, and fled out of the club.

Twysden's dinners, the polite reader has been previously informed, were notorious; and he constantly bragged of having the company of Lord Ringwood. Now it so happened that on this very evening, Lord Ringwood, with three of his followers, henchmen, or led captains, dined at Bays's club, being determined to see a pantomime in which a very pretty young Columbine figured: and some one in the house joked with his lordship, and said, "Why, you are going to dine with Talbot Twysden. He said, just now, that he expected you."

"Did he?" said his lordship. "Then Talbot Twysden told a hanged lie!" And little Tom Eaves, my informant, remembered these remarkable words, because of a circumstance which now almost immediately followed.

A very few days after Philip's departure, our friend, the little Sister, came to us at our breakfast-table, wearing an expression of much trouble and sadness on her kind little face; the causes of which sorrow she explained to us, as soon as our children had gone away to their schoolroom. Amongst Mrs. Brandon's friends, and one of her father's constant companions, was the worthy Mr. Ridley, father of the celebrated painter of that name, who was himself of much too honourable and noble a nature to be ashamed of his humble paternal origin. Companionship between father and son could not be very close or intimate; especially as in the younger Ridley's boyhood his father, who knew nothing of the fine arts,

had looked upon the child as a sickly, half-witted creature, who would be to his parents but a grief and a burden. But when J. J. Ridley, Esq., began to attain eminence in his profession, his father's eyes were opened; in place of neglect and contempt, he looked up to his boy with a sincere, naïve admiration, and often, with tears, has narrated the pride and pleasure which he felt on the day when he waited on John James at his master's, Lord Todmorden's table. Ridley senior now felt that he had been unkind and unjust to his boy in the latter's early days, and with a very touching humility the old man acknowledged his previous injustice, and tried to atone for it by present respect and affection.

Though fondness for his son, and delight in the company of Captain Gann, often drew Mr. Ridley to Thornhaugh Street, and to the Admiral Byng Club, of which both were leading members, Ridley senior belonged to other clubs at the West End, where Lord Todmorden's butler consorted with the confidential butlers of others of the nobility: and I am informed that in those clubs Ridley continued to be called "Todmorden" long after his connexion with that venerable nobleman had ceased. He continued to be called Lord Todmorden, in fact, just as Lord Popinjoy is still called by his old friends Popinjoy, though his father is dead, and Popinjoy, as everybody knows, is at present Earl of Pintado.

At one of these clubs of their order, Lord Todmorden's man was in the constant habit of meeting Lord Ringwood's man, when their lordships (master and man) were in town. These gentlemen had a regard for each other; and, when they met, communicated to each other their views of society, and their opinions of the characters of the various noble lords and influential commoners whom they served. Mr. Rudge knew everything about Philip Firmin's affairs, about the Doctor's flight, about Philip's generous behaviour. "Generous! *I* call it admiral!" old Ridley remarked, while narrating this trait of our friend's—and his present position. And Rudge contrasted Philip's manly behaviour with the conduct of some *sneaks* which he would not name them, but which they were always speaking ill of the poor young fellow behind his back, and sneaking up to my lord, and greater skinflints and meaner humbugs never were: and there was no accounting for tastes, but he, Rudge, would not marry *his* daughter to a black man.

Now: that day when Mr. Firmin went to see my Lord Ringwood was one of my lord's very worst days, when it was almost as dangerous to go near him as to approach a Bengal tiger. When he is going to have a fit of gout, his lordship (Mr. Rudge remarked) was hawful. He curse and swear, he do, at everybody; even the clergy or the ladies—all's one. On that very day when Mr. Firmin called he had said to Mr. Twysden, "Get out, and don't come slandering, and backbiting, and bullying that poor devil of a boy any more. It's blackguardly, by George, sir—it's blackguardly." And Twysden came out with his tail between his legs, and he says to me—"Rudge," says he, "my lord's uncommon bad to-day. Well. He hadn't been gone an hour when pore Philip comes, bad luck

to him, and my lord, who had just heard from Twysden all about that young woman—that party at Paris, Mrs. Brandon—and it *is* about as great a piece of folly as ever I heard tell of—my lord turns upon the pore young fellar and call him names worse than Twysden. But Mr. Firmin ain't that sort of man, he isn't. He won't suffer any man to call *him* names; and I suppose he gave my lord his own back again, for I heard my lord swear at him tremendous, I did, with my own ears. When my lord has the gout flying about I told you he is awful. When he takes his colchicum he's worse. Now, we have got a party at Whipham at Christmas, and at Whipham we must be. And he took his colchicum night before last, and to-day he was in such a tremendous rage of swearing, cursing, and blowing up everybody, that it was as if he was *red hot*. And when Twysden and Mrs. Twysden called that day—(if you kick that fellar out at the hall door, I'm blest if he won't come smirkin' down the chimney)—and he wouldn't see any of them. And he bawled out after me, 'If Firmin comes, kick him downstairs—do you hear?' with ever so many oaths and curses against the poor fellow, while he vowed he would never see his hanged impudent face again. But this wasn't all, Ridley. He sent for Bradgate, his lawyer, that very day. He had back his will, which I signed myself as one of the witnesses—me and Wilcox, the master of the hotel—and I know he had left Firmin something in it. Take my word for it. To that poor young fellow he means mischief. A full report of this conversation Mr. Ridley gave to his little friend Mrs. Brandon, knowing the interest which Mrs. Brandon took in the young gentleman; and with these unpleasant news Mrs. Brandon came off to advise with those, who—the good nurse was pleased to say—were Philip's best friends in the world. We wished we could give the Little Sister comfort: but all the world knew what a man Lord Ringwood was—how arbitrary, how revengeful, how cruel.

I knew Mr. Bradgate the lawyer, with whom I had business, and called upon him, more anxious to speak about Philip's affairs than my own. I suppose I was too eager in coming to my point, for Bradgate saw the meaning of my questions, and declined to answer them. "My client and I are not the dearest friends in the world," Bradgate said, "but I must keep his counsel, and must not tell you whether Mr. Firmin's name is down in his lordship's will or not. How should I know? He may have altered his will. He may have left Firmin money; he may have left him none. I hope young Firmin does not count on a legacy. That's all. He may be disappointed if he does. Why, *you* may hope for a legacy from Lord Ringwood, and you may be disappointed. I know scores of people who do hope for something, and who won't get a penny." And this was all the reply I could get at that time from the oracular little lawyer.

I told my wife, as of course every dutiful man tells everything to every dutiful wife:—but, though Bradgate discouraged us, there was somehow a lurking hope still that the old nobleman would provide for our

friend. Then Philip would marry Charlotte. Then he would earn ever so much more money by his newspaper. Then he would be happy ever after. My wife counts eggs not only before they are hatched, but before they are laid. Never was such an obstinate hopefulness of character. I, on the other hand, take a rational and despondent view of things; and if they turn out better than I expect, as sometimes they will, I affably own that I have been mistaken.

But an early day came when Mr. Bradgate was no longer needful, or when he thought himself released from the obligations of silence with regard to his noble client. It was two days before Christmas, and I took my accustomed afternoon saunter to Bays's, where other *habitués* of the club were assembled. There was no little buzzing, and excitement among the frequenters of the place. Talbot Twysden always arrived at Bays's at ten minutes past four, and scuffled for the evening paper, as if its contents were matter of great importance to Talbot. He would hold men's buttons, and discourse to them the leading article out of that paper with an astounding emphasis and gravity. On this day, some ten minutes after his accustomed hour, he reached the club. Other gentlemen were engaged in perusing the evening journal. The lamps on the tables lighted up the bald heads, the grey heads, dyed heads, and the wigs of many assembled fogies—murmurs went about the room. "Very sudden." "Gout in the stomach." "Dined here only four days ago." "Looked very well." "Very well? No! Never saw a fellow look worse in my life." "Yellow as a guinea." "Couldn't eat." "Swore dreadfully at the waiters, and at Tom Eaves who dined with him." "Seventy-six, I see.—Born in the same year with the Duke of York." "Forty thousand a-year." "Forty? fifty-eight thousand three hundred, I tell you. Always been a saving man." "Title goes to his cousin, Sir John Ringwood; not a member here—member of Boodle's." "Not the earldom—the barony." "Hated each other furiously. Very violent temper, the old fellow was. Never got over the Reform Bill, they used to say." "Wonder whether he'll leave anything to old bow wow Twys—" Here enters Talbot Twysden, Esq.—"Ha, Colonel! How are you? What's the news to-night? Kept late at my office, making up accounts. Going down to Whipham to-morrow to pass Christmas with my wife's uncle—Ringwood, you know. Always go down to Whipham at Christmas. Keeps the pheasants for us—no longer a hunting man myself. Lost my nerve, by George."

Whilst the braggart little creature indulged in this pompous talk, he did not see the significant looks which were fixed upon him, or if he remarked them, was perhaps pleased by the attention which he excited. Bays's had long echoed with Twysden's account of Ringwood, the pheasants, his own loss of nerve in hunting, and the sum which their family would inherit at the death of their noble relative.

"I think I have heard you say Sir John Ringwood inherits after your relative?" asked Mr. Hookham.

"Yes; the barony—only the barony. The earldom goes to my lord and his heirs—Hookham. Why shouldn't he marry again? I often say to him, 'Ringwood, why don't you marry, if it's only to disappoint that Whig fellow Sir John. You are fresh and hale, Ringwood. You may live twenty years, five and twenty years. If you leave your niece and my children anything, we're not in a hurry to inherit,' I say; 'why dont you marry?'"

"Ah! Twysden, he's past marrying," groans Mr. Hookham.

"Not at all. Sober man, now. Stout man. Immense powerful man. Healthy man, but for gout. I often say to him, 'Ringwood!' I say——"

"Oh, for mercy's sake! stop this," groans old Mr. Tremlett, who always begins to shudder at the sound of poor Twysden's voice. "Tell him, somebody."

"Haven't you heard, Twysden? Haven't you seen? Don't you know?" asks Mr. Hookham, solemnly.

"Heard, seen, known—what?" cries the other.

"An accident has happened to Lord Ringwood. Look at the paper. Here it is." And Twysden pulls out his great gold eye-glasses, holds the paper as far as his little arm will reach, and ——— and merciful Powers! ——— but I will not venture to depict the agony on that noble face. Like Timanthes, the painter, I hide this Agamemnon with a veil. I cast the *Globe* newspaper over him. Illabatur orbis: and let imagination depict our Twysden under the ruins.

What Twysden read in the *Globe* was a mere curt paragraph; but in next morning's *Times* there was one of those obituary notices to which noblemen of eminence must submit from the mysterious necrographer engaged by that paper.

CHAPTER XXII.

PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.

THE first and only Earl of Ringwood has submitted to the fate which peers and commoners are alike destined to undergo. Hastening to his magnificent seat of Whipham Market, where he proposed to entertain an illustrious Christmas party, his lordship left London scarcely recovered from an attack of gout to which he has been for many years a martyr. The disease must have flown to his stomach, and suddenly mastered him. At Turreys Regum, thirty miles from his own princely habitation, where he had been accustomed to dine on his almost royal progresses to his home, he was already in a state of dreadful suffering, to which his attendants did not pay the attention which his condition ought to have excited; for when labouring under this most painful malady his outcries were loud, and his language and demeanour exceedingly violent. He angrily refused to send for medical aid at Turreys, and insisted on continuing his journey homewards. He was one of the old school, who never would enter a railway (though his fortune was greatly increased by the passage of the railway through his property); and his own horses always met him at Popper's Tavern, an obscure hamlet, seventeen miles from his princely seat. He made no sign on arriving at Popper's, and spoke no word, to the now serious alarm of his servants. When they came to light his carriage-lamps, and look into his postchaise, the lord of many thousand acres, and, according to report, of immense wealth, was dead. The journey from Turreys had been the last stage of a long, a prosperous, and, if not a famous, at least a notorious and magnificent career.

"The late John George Earl and Baron Ringwood and Viscount Cinqbars entered into public life at the dangerous period before the French Revolution; and commenced his career as the friend and companion of the Prince of Wales. When his Royal Highness seceded from the Whig party, Lord Ringwood also joined the Tory side of politicians, and an earldom was the price of his fidelity. But on the elevation of Lord Steyne to a marquisate, Lord Ringwood quarrelled for awhile with his royal patron and friend, deeming his own services unjustly slighted as a

like dignity was not conferred on himself. On several occasions he gave his vote against Government, and caused his nominees in the House of Commons to vote with the Whigs. He never was reconciled to his late Majesty George IV., of whom he was in the habit of speaking with characteristic bluntness. The approach of the Reform Bill, however, threw this nobleman definitively on the Tory side, of which he has ever since remained, if not an eloquent, at least a violent supporter. He was said to be a liberal landlord, so long as his tenants did not thwart him in his views. His only son died early; and his lordship, according to report, has long been on ill terms with his kinsman and successor, Sir John Ringwood, of Appleshaw, Baronet, at present Baron Ringwood. The barony has been in this ancient family since the reign of George I., when Sir John Ringwood was ennobled, and Sir Francis, his brother, a Baron of the Exchequer, was advanced to the dignity of Baronet by the first of our Hanoverian sovereigns."

This was the article which my wife and I read on the morning of Christmas eve, as our children were decking lamps and looking-glasses with holly and red berries for the approaching festival. I had despatched a hurried note, containing the news, to Philip on the night previous. We were painfully anxious about his fate now, when a few days would decide it. Again my business or curiosity took me to see Mr. Bradgate the lawyer. He was in possession of the news of course. He was not averse to talk about it. The death of his client unsealed the lawyer's lips partially: and I must say Bradgate spoke in a manner not flattering to his noble deceased client. The brutalities of the late nobleman had been very hard to bear. On occasion of their last meeting his oaths and disrespectful behaviour had been specially odious. He had abused almost every one of his relatives. His heir, he said, was a canting, Methodistical humbug. He had a relative (whom Bradgate said he would not name) who was a scheming, swaggering, swindling lickspittle parasite, always cringing at his heels, and longing for his death. And he had another relative, the impudent son of a swindling doctor, who had insulted him two hours before in his own room;—a fellow who was a pauper, and going to propagate a breed for the workhouse; for, after his behaviour of that day, he would be condemned to the lowest pit of Acheron, before he, Lord Ringwood, would give that scoundrel a penny of his money. "And his lordship desired me to send him back his will," said Mr. Bradgate. "And he destroyed that will before he went away: it was not the first he had burned. And I may tell you, now all is over, that he had left his brother's grandson a handsome legacy in that will, which your poor friend might have had, but that he went to see my lord in his unlucky fit of gout." Ah, mea culpa! mea culpa! And who sent Philip to see his relative in that unlucky fit of gout? Who was so worldly-wise—so Twysden-like, as to counsel Philip to flattery and submission? But for that advice he might be wealthy now; he might be happy; he might be ready to marry his young sweetheart. Our

Christmas turkey choked me as I ate of it. The lights burned dimly, and the kisses and laughter under the mistletoe were but melancholy sport. But for my advice, how happy might my friend have been! I looked askance at the honest faces of my children. What would they say if they knew their father had advised a friend to cringe, and bow, and humble himself before a rich, wicked old man? I sate as mute at the pantomime as at a burial; the laughter of the little ones smote me as with a reproof. A burial? With plumes and lights, and upholsterers' pageantry, and mourning by the yard measure, they were burying my Lord Ringwood, who might have made Philip Firmin rich but for me.

All lingering hopes regarding our friend were quickly put to an end. A will was found at Whipham, dated a year back, in which no mention was made of poor Philip Firmin. Small legacies—disgracefully shabby and small, Twysden said—were left to the Twysden family, with the full-length portrait of the late earl in his coronation robes, which, I should think, must have given but small satisfaction to his surviving relatives; for his lordship was but an ill-favoured nobleman, and the price of the carriage of the large picture from Whipham was a tax which poor Talbot made very wry faces at paying. Had the picture been accompanied by thirty or forty thousand pounds, or fifty thousand—why should he not have left them fifty thousand?—how different Talbot's grief would have been! Whereas when Talbot counted up the dinners he had given to Lord Ringwood, all of which he could easily calculate by his cunning ledgers and journals in which was noted down every feast at which his lordship attended, every guest assembled, and every bottle of wine drunk, Twysden found that he had absolutely spent more money upon my lord than the old man had paid back in his will. But all the family went into mourning, and the Twysden coachman and footman turned out in black worsted epaulettes in honour of the illustrious deceased. It is not every day that a man gets a chance of publicly bewailing the loss of an earl his relative. I suppose Twysden took many hundred people into his confidence on this matter, and bewailed his uncle's death and his own wrongs whilst clinging to many scores of button-holes.

And how did poor Philip bear the disappointment? He must have felt it, for I fear we ourselves had encouraged him in the hope that his grand-uncle would do something to relieve his necessity. Philip put a bit of crape round his hat, wrapped himself in his shabby old mantle, and declined any outward show of grief at all. If the old man had left him money, it had been well. As he did not,—a puff of cigar, perhaps, ends the sentence, and our philosopher gives no further thought to his disappointment. Was not Philip the poor as lordly and independent as Philip the rich? A struggle with poverty is a wholesome wrestling match at three or five and twenty. The sinews are young, and are braced by the contest. It is upon the aged that the battle falls hardly, who are weakened by failing health, and perhaps enervated by long years of prosperity.

Firmin's broad back could carry a heavy burden, and he was glad to take all the work which fell in his way. Phipps, of the *Daily Intelligencer*, wanting an assistant, Philip gladly sold four hours of his day to Mr. Phipps: translated page after page of newspapers, French and German; took an occasional turn at the Chamber of Deputies, and gave an account of a sitting of importance, and made himself quite an active lieutenant. He began positively to save money. He wore dreadfully shabby clothes, to be sure: for Charlotte could not go to his chamber and mend his rags as the Little Sister had done: but when Mrs. Baynes abused him for his shabby appearance—and indeed it must have been mortifying sometimes to see the fellow in his old clothes swaggering about in Madame Smolensk's apartments, talking loud, contradicting and laying down the law—Charlotte defended her maligned Philip. "Do you know why Monsieur Philip has those shabby clothes?" she asked of Madame de Smolensk. "Because he has been sending money to his father in America." And Smolensk said that Monsieur Philip was a brave young man, and that he might come dressed like an Iroquois to her soirée, and he should be welcome. And Mrs. Baynes was rude to Philip when he was present, and scornful in her remarks when he was absent. And Philip trembled before Mrs. Baynes; and he took her boxes on the car with much meekness; for was not his Charlotte a hostage in her mother's hands, and might not Mrs. General B. make that poor little creature suffer?

One or two Indian ladies of Mrs. Baynes' acquaintance happened to pass this winter in Paris, and these persons, who had furnished lodgings in the Faubourg St. Honoré, or the Champs Elysées, and rode in their carriages with, very likely, a footman on the box, rather looked down upon Mrs. Baynes for living in a boarding-house, and keeping no equipage. No woman likes to be looked down upon by any other woman, especially by such a creature as Mrs. Batters, the lawyer's wife, from Calcutta, who was not in society, and did not go to Government House, and here was driving about in the Champs Elysées, and giving herself such airs, indeed! So was Mrs. Doctor Macoon, with her *lady's-maid*, and her *man-cook*, and her *open carriage*, and her *close carriage*. (Pray read these words with the most withering emphasis which you can lay upon them.) And who was Mrs. Macoon, pray? Madame Béret, the French milliner's daughter, neither more nor less. And this creature must scatter her mud over her betters who went on foot. "I am telling my poor girls, madame," she would say to Madame Smolensk, "that if I had been a milliner's girl, or their father had been a pettifogging attorney, and not a soldier, who has served his sovereign in every quarter of the world, they would be *better dressed* than they are now, poor chicks!—we might have a fine apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré—we need not live at a boarding house."

"And if *I* had been a milliner, Madame la Générale," cried Smolensk with spirit, "perhaps I should not have had need to keep a boarding-

house. My father was a general officer, and served his emperor too. But what will you? We have all to do disagreeable things, and to live with disagreeable people, madame!" And with this Smolensk makes Mrs. General Baynes a fine curtsey, and goes off to other affairs or guests. She was of the opinion of many of Philip's friends. "Ah, Monsieur Philip," she said to him, "when you are married, you will live far from that woman; is it not?"

Hearing that Mrs. Batters was going to the Tuileries, I am sorry to say a violent emulation inspired Mrs. Baynes, and she never was easy until she persuaded her general to take her to the ambassador's, and to the entertainments of the citizen king who governed France in those days. It would cost little or nothing. Charlotte must be brought out. Her aunt, McWhirter, from Tours, had sent Charlotte a present of money for a dress. To do Mrs. Baynes justice, she spent very little money upon her own raiment, and extracted from one of her trunks a costume which had done duty at Barrackpore and Calcutta. "After hearing that Mrs. Batters went, I knew she never would be easy," General Baynes said, with a sigh. His wife denied the accusation as an outrage, said that men always imputed the worst motives to woman, whereas her wish, heaven knows, was only to see her darling child properly presented, and her husband in his proper rank in the world. And Charlotte looked lovely, upon the evening of the ball; and Madame Smolensk dressed Charlotte's hair very prettily, and offered to lend Auguste to accompany the general's carriage; but Ogoost revolted, and said, "Non, merci! he would do anything for the general and Miss Charlotte—but for the générale, no, no, no!" and he made signs of violent abnegation. And though Charlotte looked as sweet as a rosebud, she had little pleasure in her ball, Philip not being present. And how could he be present, who had but one old coat, and holes in his boots?

So, you see, after a sunny autumn, a cold winter comes, when the wind is bad for delicate chests, and muddy for little shoes. How could Charlotte come out at eight o'clock through mud or snow of a winter's morning, if she had been out at an evening party late over night? Mrs. General Baynes began to go out a good deal to the Paris evening parties—I mean to the parties of us Trojans—parties where there are forty English people, three Frenchmen, and a German who plays the piano. Charlotte was very much admired. The fame of her good looks spread abroad. I promise you that there were persons of much more importance than the poor Vicomte de *Garçon-boutique*, who were charmed by her bright eyes, her bright smiles, her artless, rosy beauty. Why, little Hely of the Embassy actually invited himself to Mrs. Doctor Macoon's, in order to see this young beauty, and danced with her without ceasing. Mr. Hely, who was the pink of fashion, you know; who danced with the royal princesses; and was at all the grand parties of the Faubourg St. Germain. He saw her to her carriage (a very shabby fly, it must be confessed; but Mrs. Baynes told him they had been accustomed to a

very different kind of equipage in India.) He actually called at the boarding-house, and left his card, *M. Walsingham Hely, attaché à l'Ambassade de S. M. Britannique*, for General Baynes and his lady. To what balls would Mrs. Baynes like to go? to the Tuileries? to the Embassy? to the Faubourg St. Germain? to the Faubourg St. Honoré? I could name many more persons of distinction who were fascinated by pretty Miss Charlotte. Her mother felt more and more ashamed of the shabby fly, in which our young lady was conveyed to and from her parties;—of the shabby fly, and of that shabby cavalier who was in waiting sometimes to put Miss Charlotte into her carriage. Charlotte's mother's ears were only too acute when disparaging remarks were made about that cavalier. What? engaged to that queer red-bearded fellow, with the ragged shirt-collars, who trod upon everybody in the polka? A newspaper writer, was he? The son of that doctor who ran away after cheating everybody? What a very odd thing of General Baynes to think of engaging his daughter to such a person!

So Mr. Firmin was not asked to many distinguished houses, where his Charlotte was made welcome; where there was dancing in the saloon, very mild negus and cakes in the salle-à-manger, and cards in the lady's bedroom. And he did not care to be asked; and he made himself very arrogant and disagreeable when he was asked; and he would upset tea-trays, and burst out into roars of laughter at all times, and swagger about the drawing-room as if he was a man of importance—he indeed—giving himself such airs, because his grandfather's brother was an earl! And what had the earl done for him, pray? And what right had he to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley sang a little out of tune? What could General Baynes mean by selecting such a husband for that nice, modest young girl?

The old general sitting in the best bed-room, placidly playing at whist with the other British fogies, does not hear these remarks, perhaps, but little Mrs. Baynes with her eager eyes and ears sees and knows everything. Many people have told *her* that Philip is a bad match for his daughter. She has heard him contradict calmly quite wealthy people. Mr. Hobday, who has a house in Carlton Terrace, London, and goes to the first houses in Paris, Philip has contradicted him point blank, until Mr. Hobday turned quite red, and Mrs. Hobday didn't know where to look. Mr. Peplow, a clergyman and a baronet's eldest son, who will be one day the Rev. Sir Charles Peplow of Peplow Manor, was praising Tomlinson's poems, and offered to read out at Mr. Badger's—and he reads very finely, though a little perhaps through his nose—and when he was going to begin, Mr. Firmin said, "My dear Peplow, for heaven's sake don't give us any of that rot. I would as soon hear one of your own prize poems." Rot, indeed! What an expression! Of course Mr. Peplow was very much annoyed. And this from a mere newspaper writer. Never heard of such rudeness! Mrs. Tuffin said she took her line at once after seeing this Mr. Firmin. "He may be an earl's grand-nephew, for what I care. He may have been at college, he

has not learned good manners there. He may be clever, I don't profess to be a judge. But he is most overbearing, clumsy, and disagreeable. I shall not ask him to my Tuesdays; and, Emma, if he asks you to dance, I beg you will do no such thing!" A bull, you understand, in a meadow, or on a prairie with a herd of other buffalos, is a noble animal: but a bull in a china-shop is out of place; and even so was Philip amongst the crockery of those little simple tea-parties, where his mane, and hoofs, and roar, caused endless disturbance.

These remarks concerning the accepted son-in-law Mrs. Baynes heard and, at proper moments, repeated. She ruled Baynes; but was very cautious, and secretly afraid of him. Once or twice she had gone too far in her dealings with the quiet old man, and he had revolted, put her down and never forgiven her. Beyond a certain point, she dared not provoke her husband. She would say, "Well, Baynes, marriage is a lottery: and I am afraid our poor Charlotte has not pulled a prize:" on which the General would reply, "No more have others, my dear!" and so drop the subject for the time being. On another occasion it would be, "You heard how rude Philip Firmin was to Mr. Hobday?" And the General would answer, "I was at cards, my dear." Again she might say, "Mrs. Tuffin says she will not have Philip Firmin to her Tuesdays, my dear:" and the General's rejoinder would be, "Begad, so much the better for him!" "Ah," she groans, "he's always offending some one!" "I don't think he seems to please *you* much, Eliza!" responds the general: and she answers, "No, he don't, and that I confess; and I don't like to think, Baynes, of my sweet child given up to certain poverty, and such a man!" At which the general with some of his garrison phrases would break out with a "Hang it, Eliza, do you suppose I think it is a very good match?" and turn to the wall, and, I hope, to sleep.

As for poor little Charlotte, her mother is not afraid of little Charlotte: and when the two are alone the poor child knows she is to be made wretched by her mother's assaults upon Philip. Was there ever anything so bad as his behaviour, to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley was singing? Was he called upon to contradict Sir Charles Peplow in that abrupt way, and as good as tell him he was a fool? It was very wrong certainly, and poor Charlotte thinks with a blush perhaps, how she was just at the point of admiring Sir Charles Peplow's reading very much, and had been prepared to think Tomlinson's poems delightful, until Philip ordered her to adopt a contemptuous opinion of the poet. And did you see how he was dressed? a button wanting on his waistcoat, and a hole in his boot?

"Mamma," cries Charlotte, turning very red. "He might have been better dressed—if—if ——"

"That is, you would like your own father to be in prison, your mother to beg her bread, your sisters to go in rags, and your brothers to starve, Charlotte, in order that we should pay Philip Firmin back the money of which his father robbed him! Yes. That's your meaning. You needn't

explain yourself. I can understand quite well, thank you. Good-night. I hope *you'll* sleep well. *I* shan't, after this conversation. Good-night, Charlotte!" Ah, me! O course of true love, didst thou ever run smooth? As we peep into that boarding-house; whereof I have already described the mistress as wakeful with racking care regarding the morrow; wherein lie the Miss Bolderos, who must naturally be very uncomfortable, being on sufferance and as it were in pain, as they lie on their beds;—what sorrows do we not perceive brooding over the nightcaps? There is poor Charlotte who has said her prayer for her Philip; and as she lays her young eyes on the pillow, they wet it with their tears. Why does her mother for ever and for ever speak against him? Why is her father so cold when Philip's name is mentioned? Could Charlotte ever think of any but him? Oh, never, never! And so the wet eyes are veiled at last; and close in doubt and fear and care. And in the next room to Charlotte's, a little yellow old woman lies stark awake; and in the bed by her side an old gentleman can't close his eyes for thinking—my poor girl is promised to a beggar. All the fine hopes which we had of his getting a legacy from that lord are over. Poor child, poor child, what will become of her?

Now, Two Sticks, let us fly over the river Seine to Mr. Philip Firmin's quarters: to Philip's house, who has not got a penny; to Philip's bed, who has made himself so rude and disagreeable at that tea-party. He has no idea that he has offended anybody. He has gone home perfectly well pleased. He has kicked off the tattered boot. He has found a little fire lingering in his stove by which he has smoked the pipe of thought. Ere he has jumped into his bed he has knelt a moment beside it; and with all his heart—oh! with all his heart and soul—has committed the dearest one to Heaven's loving protection! And now he sleeps like a child.

Force.

Any one who glances over the expositions, which are now so numerous, of the results of modern science, must have been struck with the frequent recurrence in them of the term Force. And if unfamiliar with the modes of thought which its use expresses, he can hardly fail to have contemplated it with somewhat of a doubtful curiosity. Whether he rightly understands it or not, he would hardly venture to say without a good deal of consideration. The word itself has a peculiar character. It is not exactly a technical or purely scientific term, yet it seems to be used in a special sense. The ordinary idea conveyed by it is familiar enough to our experience, and the use of the word in science seems to vouch for an identity between ordinary and scientific ideas, and to give fair promise of simplicity. Yet the promise is kept only to the ear. The name of force receives a width of application which takes it quite beyond the region of experience; and the community of language seems but to make the diversity of thought more perplexing. For there is a diversity deep and broad between the natural mode of thinking and that which science suggests. There is a barrier, none the less real because invisible, which separates the practical and "common sense" view of things, and that which arises from the thoughtful tracing of their real connections. And this diversity of thought finds an emphatic expression in the different meanings of the word force to the initiated and the uninitiated mind. Probably it is only by means of a thorough understanding on this point, that any vivid apprehension of the world to which science introduces the student can be attained. And, happily, this understanding is not difficult to acquire. The scientific use of the term Force is a perfectly natural development of the idea which its common use conveys. The difference arises almost entirely from the stopping short of the ordinary apprehension; in other words, from the smaller sphere which our senses, as compared with our intellects, embrace.

What this difference is, and how it arises, we shall endeavour to show:—how easy it is to engraft on our habitual thoughts the further ideas given by science will sufficiently appear; and not less, we may hope, will be evident how clear and fresh a light these ideas cast on the phenomena of nature.

The language of science speaks not only of Force in general (which seems abstract enough), but, as if to add to the perplexity, of Forces. Besides mechanical force, such as that which we exert by our arms, light, heat, and electricity are forces; there are also the forces of chemical affinity, of gravity, of cohesion, and of magnetism; and, lastly, the vital

force. These complete the list. Here are "the forces" marshalled: the army that fights under the banner of science, or rather, perhaps, the army over which science has to gain her victory. Why all these should be called by the common name of forces we may easily see. They are all characterized by the common power of producing changes. They do that which we know it would demand an exercise of force on our part to effect. Gravity moves heavy masses; so, under certain conditions, does heat or electricity; so will chemical affinity or magnetism; while the vital force is the agent in our own exertions. Light seems not to be included in this list; yet its claim to be regarded as a force rests upon a basis as evident as that of any of the rest. It alters the chemical constitution of bodies, causing the union or decomposition of various salts; it will determine the oxidation of metallic mirrors, literally engraving pictures upon solid steel; and there is every reason to believe that it is powerfully active in inducing a crystalline state in metals long exposed to it. Now, the idea of force is evidently implied in these changes. The question of magnitude is quite unimportant here. It needs force as truly to give motion to a molecule of the minutest size, as to a mountain or a planet. And some of the effects of light are producible by force in the ordinary sense. Repeated blows of a hammer, or the friction of a wheel, will cause crystallization in metallic bars—as we have reason to know from an unhappily increasing class of railway accidents.

Minute changes in bodies, then, are signs of force, in the same sense as motions of large masses. We infer the existence of force when we perceive them, just as we infer the existence of some mechanical impulse when we see a heavy body move. And the variety of forces have been inferred, simply enough, from the variety of the minute changes which we thus perceive. Chemical changes are ascribed to a chemical force; electrical, to electricity; changes of temperature, or expansion, to heat; and so on. For each class of changes is inferred a special force, producing them.

This is the first impression that is given by an exact study of nature. The world appears before us as a passive substance (consisting of "atoms," is the most plausible idea); this substance being acted upon by certain powers, each having its special character, and determining particular classes of results. The forces appear, in a word, as so many separate existences; *agents* in respect to the effects attributed to them. But this is only a first step. It is impossible for the mind to rest here; and this idea of the forces as distinct agents, when farther pressed, gives place to a conception at once more intelligible and more practical.

It is evident, for example, that motion is not a separate power, which produces effects on matter, but is itself only a condition of matter. It is not thing, but a state. The name of motion is a term applied to the condition of any body that may be moving; it does not denote an agent. It exists only in this very state of movement, and is rather an idea than a power. It is evident, therefore, in so far as the ordinary motion of visible

masses is concerned (in which the relation of the facts is obvious), that when we speak of a "force," we do not mean something which has a separate existence, but merely use a name which designates a particular condition. And although this is less immediately evident with respect to the other forces, such as heat or electricity, which we cannot trace into detail by our senses—though they more easily picture themselves as substantial existences to our fancy—yet it is no less true of them, that they are but conditions of the substances in which they are found.

Two distinct kinds of proof concur in establishing this view. There is first experimental evidence; derived from the fact that the various forces can be produced by means which simply affect the condition of matter, and that they are more or less derivable from each other, or mutually convertible. This evidence is continually presented to us in very simple forms. Heat and light are common results of friction, and electricity hardly less common. When two sticks are rubbed powerfully together, and gradually growing hot at last burst into a flame, we see motion producing heat and light, and this virtually in unlimited amount. It is plain that the motion adds no substance to these bodies, it alters their condition only. It produces a luminous, a heated *state;* or, if the substances employed be glass and silk, the state known as electricity. And if we note more carefully what takes place in such cases, we find that it is not so much to the motion simply, as to the friction, that the resulting "forces" are due. The harder the pressure (the motion being of the same speed), the greater the amount of electricity or heat developed. Why should this be? We know that pressure or friction stops motion—transfers it to the resisting body. And so it is in this case. The friction is the measure of the amount of motion stopped; it is the measure also of the amount of heat (or other such force) developed. So much motion stopped (by friction), so much heat generated. Nothing can be more simple. Is not the heat this very motion presented to us under another form? We know that motion does not stop except through the resistance of other bodies, and then that it is only transferred to them, and continued by them if they are free to move. If they are not free to move, the minute particles of which they consist take up the motion; they expand, and are felt by us as hot. Heat presents itself thus to us as a state of motion, with no more obscurity than if a large body, moving rapidly, should strike upon a number of smaller ones: the single motion in such case might cease, wholly or in part, and a number of small motions would take its place. The same arguments apply equally to light and electricity. The modes in which they may be produced exhibit them as states of motion.

We have often held in our hands a body that is giving out sound; a tuning-fork for instance. There is nothing in, or given off by, such a body except motion. It is simply vibrating. The same conception applies just as easily to bodies that are hot, electric, luminous. They are

internally moving—we might say, with almost positive assurance, vibrating.

Thus, by the relations which the various forces bear to motion, demonstration is given that they must be regarded as conditions, and not as things. But in truth, such demonstration was hardly needed. Long as the opposite conception held sway over the human mind, it was only possible through a kind of intellectual paralysis. The very nature of thought rejects it. Such an agent as the supposed "force"—an existence that can neither be grasped by sense, nor intelligibly conceived, nor reverentially accepted by a moral faith—stands condemned by its own evidence as a pure chimera. The only elements with which our thoughts can deal, in respect to material nature, are substances in varying states; if, for convenience, we analyse them, in idea, into a passive matter, and various forces to work upon it, we must remember that this division can exist only in idea. Why the contrary thought prevailed so long we shall see hereafter.

Thus the idea of motion is applicable in the most obvious way to several of the forces. It is not so directly applicable to everything to which this name is given; to chemical affinity, for example, or to gravity, which are less states of action than tendencies thereto. But even to these, ideas derived from motion may be applied, if we remember that motion presents itself to us under two forms, that of active movement, and that of tendency to move. When we push our hand against a wall, the bricks do not move before it as they would if they were loose, yet the motion is virtually in them. A pressure is produced; the motion exists in equilibrium.

The forces being thus regarded no more as agents (or entities), but as conditions, they are naturally generalized under one common idea. We speak of *force*, including under this term all the active conditions of matter, of whatever kind they may be. The total amount of these active conditions is the total amount of force. The differences are differences merely of form or mode; essentially all are the same.

Languages furnish us with a parallel case. The several varieties of speech are but different forms of one radical fact—the oral communication of ideas. There are many languages; *language* is one. The various modes of speech are but equivalent expressions of the same thing, and they are mutually convertible into each other. Just so are all the many forces expressions of the one fact of physical activity, equivalent, and *translatable* among themselves. The fundamental idea may be exhibited in any variety of dialect or mode, as a man assumes first one garment and then another, himself remaining entirely unchanged. The conception of "force" grows up amid the forces, as that of "language" emerges from the multitude of tongues.

Even if the natural tendency of the mind to generalize did not lead us thus to unite all the forces under one conception, we should be compelled to do so by the fact of these "active conditions" (as we have

already observed) passing continually into one another. We are obliged to think of the forces as one, because, in fact, they will not remain distinct. We cannot practically isolate any of them, except for some special and temporary purpose ; it is constantly escaping from us and passing off into other forms. Motion resolves itself in sound and heat; heat flies off in motion, in chemical or electric change; electricity is lost in sparks of light, in magnetism, in mechanical disruptions, in the production of chemical power; chemical power no sooner acts than it is no more chemical, and must be recognized in explosions, in electric currents, in heat. No force can be permanently retained; if we need to preserve any one, we must perpetually generate it afresh. Nor can we isolate any of the forces from the rest in our thought of nature, any more than in our operations upon her. To do so would be for the intellect to choose unreason; to create disorder where perfect order reigns. We should be perpetually losing our force without reason, and finding it reappear without necessity. We can only follow one, by recognizing the essential sameness of them all. We can only keep our intellectual hold of motion, for example, by tracing it as still the same thing, when heat takes its place, or light, or the less apparent forces of magnetism, or chemical attraction. Through all these, tracing it patiently, we may find that it at length resumes its former state, and is restored again as motion.

According to the classic poets, Proteus was Neptune's herdsman—an old man, and a most extraordinary prophet, who understood things past and present, as well as future; so that besides the business of divination he was the revealer and interpreter of all antiquity, and secrets of every kind. He lived in a vast cave, where his custom was to tell over his herds of sea-calves at noon, and then to sleep. Whoever consulted him had no other way of obtaining an answer, but by binding him with manacles and fetters ; when he, endeavouring to free himself, would change into all kinds of shapes and miraculous forms; as of fire, water, wild beasts, &c., till at length he resumed his own shape again.

Lord Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, thus translates this fable. Proteus represents *matter;* servant of Neptune, as working chiefly in a fluid state; and sleeping after telling over his flocks, as having once fixed the various species of things, and then ceasing their production. Now, "if any skilful minister of nature shall apply force to matter, and by design to torture and vex it, in order to its annihilation; it, being brought under this necessity, changes and transforms itself into a strange variety of shapes and appearances ; for nothing but the power of the Creator can annihilate or truly destroy it; so that at length running through the whole circle of transformations, and completing its period, it in some degree restores itself, if the force be continued."

The fable is not more true of matter than of force. This, also, has a circle of transmutations, from one to another of which it passes when it is fettered; that is, when it is resisted, or a hindrance arises to its continuance in its existing form.

This, then, is the idea of force which science presents to us. It exhibits matter as in a state of incessant action; that is, of change, or tendency to change. This action is of many kinds, and it is continually shifting from one kind to another, but it is essentially one.* We can study it as one, and undeceived by apparent loss or gain, can trace it through its boundless course. Thus we grasp nature in our thought.

And at once there suggests itself to the mind a question of the very chief importance. Is the amount of the action that is in nature always the same, or does it vary—being sometimes more and sometimes less? In a word, having obtained the general idea of force as a unity, new ideas suggest themselves respecting it: we begin to ask questions about it as a thing of which we can discuss—how much? how little? more, or less? That is, we treat force *quantitatively*.

This is simple enough. It is as natural to make this inquiry with respect to the one fact of *action*, which we have learnt to recognize under all its forms, as with respect to any one of those forms themselves. Yet it is the corner stone of modern science.

Is the quantity of force in nature (that is, of change or tendency to change) always the same? Science answers this question in the affirmative. The amount of force does not vary.†

There are two kinds of evidence on which this position rests. First, the experimental proof; that when any one form of force ceases, there is, so far as the facts can be traced, always another taking its place, and this to an extent, when measurable, found to be exactly equivalent. The nature of this evidence is well exhibited in the law, that motion only stops as it meets resistance, and then is transferred, in the same proportion, to the resisting body. But it is furnished also by all the forms of force to which the test can be applied; and though it is seldom that so exact a measure can be made so as to demonstrate precise equivalence of quantity through every change, yet proofs of a more or less perfect correspondence are never wanting. The proposition has all the evidence of which its nature is susceptible. Thus, in respect to galvanism, Faraday has shown that the chemical action which produces the current, is precisely equal to the chemical effect the current will produce. And in the simple experiment of exposing cloths of different colours to sunlight on the snow, the darkest colour—that which absorbs most light—is that of which the temperature rises most, and which accordingly sinks the deepest. The mechanical effects of heat, again, have been shown by Mr. Joule to be strikingly correspondent with the amount of mechanical force expended in producing it. If a certain pressure applied, or a fall from

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* The reader may, if he prefers, consider the organic kingdom to be omitted from this statement, which will then be taken as applying to the inorganic world alone. Whether this is truly the case will be for special consideration.

† For an excellent statement of the argument on this point, and the earliest in England, see Mr. Grove's *Correlation of the Physical Forces*. 3rd edition.

a certain height produces a given amount of heat, there is reason to be sure, that the same amount of heat would exert an equal pressure, or raise the falling body to an equal height. Nor when any force passes through a prolonged series of changes, can there be found at any point of the chain evidence that it either loses or gains in value. Though it is so hard to collect and hold, that it can seldom be exactly reproduced, still all the evidence points unequivocally to an absolute uniformity of its amount.

But although this experimental evidence is needful in its place, it is really of subordinate value; nor could its absence cast any doubt upon the proposition. For that rests upon a demonstration in the nature of things. To suppose the amount of action in nature to vary, would be to suppose material things capriciously to alter their own condition, and thus to overthrow the fundamental maxim on which science reposes. In truth, the constancy of force in nature is already established by implication, before it is raised as a special question. It has been established, first, in the constancy of nature's laws, and in the rational connection of all her processes. For this constancy of law, and of connection traceable by reason, is but the expression of the fact, that whatever activity was operative at any time continues ever operative, even though hidden. Without this there could be no harmony to reason; if forces absolutely ceased to operate, there must arise a discontinuity in nature, a want of conformity between that which was and that which is, which would be felt a fatal bar to science. The perpetual reproduction of the same conditions that existed previous to any given series of changes—the type of which the chemist finds in the unalterable "elements" perpetually reappearing beneath all disguises—is demonstration of the constancy of force.

But this is truly demonstrated, also, by the proofs which establish the constancy of matter. The chemist, with his balance, has made it good that in all changes, *weight* never varies; matter, he says, is never lost, is never added to, because the total weight remains invariably the same. But when the chemist argues from weight, he is arguing from force. The "imperishableness of matter" rests upon evidence furnished by the unalterableness of one of its forces.

This great doctrine of the unchanging amount of activity in nature is that which has received the name of the "conservation of force." Simply expressed, the conservation of force, means that when any kind of action —be it motion or any other—in the physical world, ceases, some other and equal action arises. There is never an absolute ceasing; never an absolute beginning. If any action come to an end, some other continues or follows elsewhere; if any action begin, some other, in that beginning, comes to an end. Science busies herself with tracing these; revealing them when hidden, and referring to previous activities which have seemed to cease, any actions which appear isolated and spontaneous.

For owing to the limited capacity of our senses, which only perceive a few of the multitudinous processes which are really taking place in

nature, we continually lose the chain of her operations. Its links are ever passing out of the sphere of our perception, and reappearing at a distant spot or point of time, they produce on us the impression of original and disconnected actions. From this cause it is—from this imperfection of our senses—that there arose the false conception of the various forces as distinct existences or causes; from this cause it is that that false conception so long maintained its sway. If our sense had been penetrating enough to follow the entire course of nature's action, and to recognize it in every shape, that thought never could have arisen. And thus it is that reason sets it aside, by supplementing sense, and teaching us to recognize the existence of that which we cannot see. By tracing the strict chain of causation throughout nature, it substitutes unvarying activity for imaginary agents.

One chief cause of our being so misled by our senses, on this point, is the existence of force under two forms: one of active operation, like the motion of an arrow shot from a bow; the other *latent* (as it has been called in the case of heat), or stored up in a hidden way, as in the tense string of the bow itself. The former of these forces (the motion) is obvious to every beholder, the latter (the tension) might escape, nay, certainly would escape, the observation of any one who had not been taught to recognize it by experience. Yet it is evident that they are the same thing. The motion of the arrow is not only due to, it is identical with, the tension of the bow. The latter becomes, passes into, the former. In doing so, it passes from a hidden into a palpable form. The case is but an instance of innumerable others; and the converse process takes place with equal frequency. Palpable and operative forces pass into the hidden form. Not only motion embodies itself (so to speak) and disappears in *pressure;* the other forces equally recede from observation, and demand the eye of reason to trace their existence. Heat, when it dissolves ice or vaporizes water, disappears, and seems to be lost; so does light, when it is "absorbed" by gases, and imparts to them fresh chemical powers, or intensifies existing ones.

Thus natural bodies present themselves to us (as regards force) in two great and well-marked divisions. Of these a tense and a relaxed bow, respectively, may serve as the types. The one group contain force within them, ready and prone to operate: such are bent springs, which contain mechanical force; vapour, which contains heat; explosive compounds, which contain chemical force; a charged electric battery, and so on.* The other group are in a passive state in respect to force; they are ready to receive it rather than prone to give it forth; springs that are unbent, crystals that have no tendency to change their composition, an electric battery that has been discharged, belong to this class. In studying

* Such also are, evidently, plants and animals. These are eminent instances of the force-containing groups of bodies, as little exceptional, or out of the common order of nature in this respect, as anything can possibly be.

nature it is necessary ever to bear in mind this distinction, and to recognize to which class any given body belongs. For there is hardly one (probably there is not one) of all the forces, which does not exist in this twofold state, and by its presence give their distinguishing characteristics to some forms of matter.

It follows, also, that all the changes occurring in nature, when considered in respect to force, are of two kinds; or rather, one single action presents itself to us under two forms. We may illustrate them by the bending and the unbending of a bow, or by the elevation and the fall of a weight. In one of these actions force is put into the substances in question, in the other it passes out of them; by the one class of actions it is absorbed, by the other it is given forth. We lift up a weight from the ground; force is exerted—it is *absorbed* in producing the raised condition of the weight; we suffer it to fall, and the force that raised it is restored to the active form. The motion the falling body acquires would suffice to raise the same weight again to an equal height.

The elevation of the weight requires an exercise of force to effect it; the fall takes place *spontaneously*, as we say. The distinction between these two kinds of actions is universal throughout nature. And we see that it must be so. The law of the conservation of force demands it. For the one of these actions is the ceasing of force to operate in a certain way, the other is its coming into new operation: that is, the two together represent its change of place, or change of form—the only change which, if its amount is constant, is possible in respect to it. Just as it is with matter, it is with force; if it is to be present where it was not it must cease to be where it was before. But force ceasing to be where it was, or ceasing to operate as it did, is itself an action; not a mere passive condition, but an active change. We see it in the relaxing of the tense bow, the fall of the heavy body, the union of elements which have affinities for each other—in short, in all processes which take place (as it is said) spontaneously, and give forth force as their result. That all these are the ceasing of force to act as it has previously done, is proved by the fresh exhibition of force which results from them—from the motion, or the heat, &c., to which they give rise. These could not be without a loss of force of an amount precisely equal.

The conservation of force, therefore, has two aspects under which it may be regarded. On the one hand, force may be considered simply as a "quantity" changing in distribution or in form (as we think of matter); on the other, this varying distribution may be regarded as a series of related or complementary actions. Each of these views is necessary to the student of nature, and each helps towards the full apprehension of the other. Each also has its special truth. The one recognizes the perfect calm, the absolute repose, in which all the strife and turmoil of nature are enfolded, and laid as it were to rest; the other represents the unceasing energy, the whirl of operations, by which not only that repose is undisturbed, but by means of which it is maintained. Ceaseless changes

pervade all things—because there is essentially no change: these changes are ever twofold in their character—because there is no change.

Every action in nature involves, or rather is, two equal and opposite actions. There cannot be one without the other: whenever we perceive one we are justified in looking for the other. Nay, for the true understanding of the world, we are bound to look for it. If one heated body, for example, warms another of the same kind, as the temperature rises in the one it is lowered to exactly the same degree in the other. The growing hot and growing cool proceed with precisely equal steps. The pair of changes is inseparable. Or again, in an ingenious form of battery invented by Mr. Grove, the union of oxygen and hydrogen into water is caused, by means of the galvanic current which it sets up, to resolve a similar amount of water back into oxygen and hydrogen. The opposite actions in these cases are evident, because they are of precisely the same kind; the form of the action continues identical, though its direction alters. But it is clear that the same opposite relation of the two actions might exist, although the form of them should be altogether different. The heat produced by the fall of a body to the earth is as much an instance of it, as the heat imparted to one body by the cooling of another: the electric spark produced by the union of two gases as truly displays these opposites as the disunion of the same gases again. There is equally in the one action the giving forth, and in the other the taking up of force. This is a principle to be held fast universally. In relation alike to simple and to complex processes, to plain or obscure, to large or small, in this confidence we must never relax:—Every change has its equal and opposite, which, if we see it not, is yet inevitably present, and will reward the search. All actions in nature are two equal and opposite actions. It is a law with no exception, nor possibility of exception. Nor is any change—any seeming origination or ending of an action—rightly apprehended till it is seen thus in absolute interlinking with its fellow. We are familiar with this principle in some simple instances, but the demand is that we should be sure of it in all. The very spirit of science consists in the confidence with which it is grasped, and applied to all cases, however vast beyond the reach of our observation, or complex beyond our power to unravel, however long the completion of the process may be deferred.

In some departments of nature this twofold action has long been recognized and a name assigned to it. It is called *vibration*. A body that vibrates performs two equal actions, one giving force as its result, the other requiring force to effect it. The pendulum falling from its raised position gains velocity, and this velocity restores it to the raised position again. The fall generates the force, the rise consumes it; the two motions are opposite in respect to force.

Now, evidently this relation of two opposite actions, which is called vibration in mechanics, may be equally conceived as a vibration, whatever may be the kind of force concerned. Since every change in nature

(involving force, as all such changes do) must consist of two equal and opposite actions—the ceasing of force in one relation, and its operation in another—all natural changes may, without violence, be termed *vibratile*. The whole course of nature is a series—a complex and intermingled play of vibrations; some of them immense, some almost infinitely small. The great pendulum of time swings to and fro, in oscillations which do not and cannot cease, because they can incur no loss. Perpetual shiftings there are among the various parts; losings and gainings among themselves: loss to the whole, or gain, there is and can be none. The balance is unfailing.

Evidently this fact of absolute vibration flows from, and is an exhibition of, the constant equivalence of force. Nor can we better picture the activity of nature to our minds, than by conceiving it as a vast, even a limitless, multitude of vibrations:—a rush and whirl, a maze, of actions to and fro; shifting their place, changing their mode, yielding to each other, modified and altered in endless ways; ceasing and recommencing in every quarter; with nothing constant but that the exactness of the balance be maintained. This being, amidst the seeming mere confusion, a perfect law of order; the activity that cannot diminish or increase works like a Life within; a necessity organizing accident into beauty, as in the heart of man principle elevates licence into freedom.

This is the one true *constancy* in nature; essential unchangingness of being and of action. Whatever other seeming constancies there are, and there are not a few, arise from the constant recurrence of the conditions which determine them. They are not deep and fundamental, like the other. The most steadfast forms might vary, as we know they have varied, yet nature would remain the same. That which seems most fixed to sense may wax old as a garment, and be put off. The real fixity lies in that constant balance of impalpable force, which, if it failed, would loosen every bond, and nature herself were grown unnatural.

Not only is this constancy of force the key to the union, in the physical world, of law and liberty, of unity stamped everywhere, and variety almost without bounds, it is also the secret of its perpetual youth. The heavens and the earth, sing the angels in *Faust*,

"Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

The freshness of a new birth is on every work of creative power; the grace of its earliest days renews itself on earth with every spring. No decrepitude invades nature's heart; corruption passes over her as a shadow, leaving every member sound and strong. It must be so. She cannot grow old; the springs of her power cannot be exhausted. For they ever renew themselves, and every loss is equal gain. We cannot say of any one of her activities, "It was;" we can only say, "It is."

It has long been recognized, as an impressive consequence involved in the doctrine of the absolute constancy of force, that no action of ours ever ceases in its effects; that every word we utter alters, and alters

permanently, the condition of the universe, and transmits itself undiminished through endless time and illimitable space. There is another thought hardly less suggestive, which also flows from this doctrine. If all natural action is vibration, involving opposite and equal actions, then the sum of it all exactly equals—none. These opposites are like *plus* and *minus*, and they make up 0. "There never was a force in the universe for any one moment of action but there was another equal force, acting in opposite direction. The sum total of all the forces in the universe is equal to—nothing; and has been so at every moment." Look at the problem in a simple instance—in a balance, in a see-saw. Conceive the opposite motions on the two sides—the descent and the ascent—put together: are they not precisely equivalent to mere immobility of both? Do they not (to the eye of reason) just neutralize each other, and no more? Behold in this instance the type of all. Physical action is an 0—nonentity—analysed, as it were, and spread out over time and space. Much, infinitely much, to us: nothing in itself. Nothing? Not so. It is a picture, an image, of that which is incomparably more. This "nothingness" rebukes our feeble and too sensuous thought, and bids us raise it to a worthier height. Doubtless there is *no action* there, where we ascribe it. It refuses to be found, because it ought not to be sought. There is no action in *things;* there is no power. But not, therefore, is no power revealed by them. Though it lies deeper, it is no less manifest; nor does it need other interpreter than that which it finds within us. The discovery of the unity of force carries with it a conviction that brings harmony to our mental life. The manifold energies of nature, uniting into one, point to one act as their source and secret. One act, perceived in many forms, in seeming infinite succession because, in truth, a present infinite; this thought, which nature teaches directly to the heart, she reveals also to the intellect, when it has learnt to penetrate her mask.

Bab Lambert.

With your back turned upon London, pass along the road which, crossing Turnham-green Common, marks it with a white line, like the streak of a tailor's chalk upon a piece of green velveteen, and you will find, on your left hand, standing farther back than any of the other buildings bordering the open land, a red brick house, with very white window-sashes, and a white muslin sort of bib-and-tucker blind pendent from a brass band and draping the lower half of each window; high iron gates very tangled in their ornamentation, opening on to a carriage-drive in front of the house; massive brick pillars, surmounted by bald white globes, flanking the gates, and on the oak-grained door a brilliantly-polished brass plate, with the inscription in most genteelly-sloped letters, a trifle over-curled and flourished, "The Misses Blenkinsop."

When I say you *will* find, I perhaps mean rather to suggest that you *may* find, for I am referring to a few years back—indeed a good many years back, now I come to think of it; to some time before that neat little church of Gothic architecture and rubble building came to decorate the Green; before any railway was brought near the place, and before many a market garden along the road from London had given way to elegant semi-detached villas with coach-house and stable, gas laid on, water high and low service, marble mantelpieces, summer-houses at the back, and, in fact, all the comforts and conveniences of life. Then Pallas-Athené House stood in a secluded bay of the common, aloof from the other edifices, as became its stateliness and importance, with a row of tall poplars standing like sentries in front of it,—or rather, perhaps, like aristocratic footmen with plentifully powdered heads, for the dust from the high road whitened the tops of the poplars not a little; when the wind blew hard quite clouds of dust were shaken out of them, and they looked quite spruce, and young, and cheerful when a heavy shower of rain washed them green again. For they must have been of great age, those poplars. But I am not to be tempted or betrayed into any antiquarian dissertation. No matter what Pallas-Athené House had once been or been called, or who lived there in the reign of George the First or died there in the time of George the Second. Contemplating it at the more recent period indicated above, you would have certainly discovered in two guesses the object to which it was then devoted. From a short distance you might have been inclined to account it a madhouse; coming nearer and seeing the name on the door, you would conclude at once that it was a school. You would be right. Pallas-Athené House was also known as "The Misses Blenkinsop's Select Seminary for Young Ladies."

The entrances to this establishment were rather on the plan of that

fowl-house celebrated in story, in the door of which was cut a special hole to allow of the in- and out- going of the hen, while smaller and superfluous holes were provided for the accommodation of her family. The grand gates with the intricately twisted tops were seldom opened; the superior carriage-drive through the massive pillars balancing globes on their heads was not often used; few footsteps soiled the flight of front doorsteps, so brilliant in their whiteness and their purity that they seemed almost as though they had been bleached and starched and thoroughly got up by some very first-rate laundress; feet seldom scraped the mud from their soles by means of that ornament at the door representing two angry griffins gnawing a knife-blade in a first-rate style of art.

At the side of the house, and approached without troubling the grand entrance or its precincts at all, there was a small, a mild, a humble door. It was a kind and considerate arrangement on the part of the inmates of Pallas-Athené House, by which it was permitted to visitors to enter the house in this more comfortable and quiet way. Indeed it would have required considerable nervous effort to have made an attempt upon those imposing gates, to have sullied the ghastly white doorsteps and encountered the door-scraper of grim design. And to do the dwellers in the house full justice, great would have been their astonishment and indignation at such a proceeding. It would have been as the ringing of a tocsin throughout the building, and as great a desecration of English hearth and home—well, as an invasion of the French, or the use of the bright poker in the drawing-room.

I know it has sometimes happened to a man providing himself with a waistcoat, or some similar portion of attire, to order one of so brilliant a pattern and gorgeous a material that on getting it home he has straightway been compelled to sally forth and procure another of a humbler form and a cheaper fabric, it being clearly impossible, and against his nature as it were, to take into general use and daily wear anything so superb as the garment originally chosen. *That* must be put on one side, in silver paper and lavender, in the lock-up drawer of the wardrobe, and reserved only for very great occasions, such as christenings, or weddings, or Easter Sundays, or the evening parties of the aristocracy. The grand entrance was as the superior waistcoat of Pallas-Athené House, to be used only on high days and holidays, to impress the parents and relatives of young ladies placed at the seminary of the Misses Blenkinsop; to duly awe the female infant mind on its first acquaintance with Pallas-Athené House. Fortunately there was, as I have said, a more moderate means of access, an every-day waistcoat, a door at the side, and it is *there* I desire to bring you. Frankly I will avow, if you press me, that I have not moral courage sufficient to ask you to approach the Misses Blenkinsop's seminary through the formidable gates along the grand carriage-way.

Outside this side door, on the afternoons of Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, excepting, of course, the vacations of six weeks at Christmas and Midsummer, a small pony attached to a small vehicle, the two

being in custody of a small boy, waited patiently, as patiently as possible under the circumstances, for two hours. The vehicle was of that character to which people prefer to attach the name of "trap," the more readily, perhaps, to avoid the otherwise inevitable designation of "cart:" certainly if this had not been a trap it must have been a cart. Indeed I feel bound to say that a butcher with whom I happen to be acquainted calls for orders in a thing of precisely similar form, and he, I know, terms it a cart—at any rate on weekdays. The pony was iron gray in colour, of Exmoor breed I suspect, with a rough, rusty, thick, and tangled mane, and a habit of showing his teeth as though he were laughing sardonically at surrounding circumstances. He was a good-natured pony though, upon the whole—that is to say when he had his own way; and I never found anybody remarkable for good-nature who did not have his or her own way a good deal. He knew his duty, did the pony, and was quite prepared to do it; all that he seemed to stipulate for was that he should be allowed to do it according to his own plan. He liked to keep up a good steady quick pace, which he was above slackening, either for going up or down hill, but he objected to stop without having a long notice and a good deal of coaxing and persuasion; otherwise, by way of protest and as a method of self-assertion, he would rear up and walk along for some yards on his hind legs, in a manner rather surprising and alarming to a timid or unaccustomed driver. This allowed for, he was an excellently conducted animal, and the tone in which the boy in charge of him presumed to address him was entirely founded upon fiction and unwarrantable. For it was part of the young gentleman's humour to regard the pony as a brute of extraordinarily vicious propensities, that had it in contemplation to run away at the earliest possible opportunity, or to fall down and injure its knees, or to bite, or to kick and break up the trap into very small pieces indeed.

"Ah! would yer?" the boy would cry out, holding in the pony violently. "You want to be off, do yer? I'll teach yer to behave in this way, you young monkey. Ah! you'd bite, would yer, if I'd let you, but I ain't a-going to?"

But the pony had too much good sense to attach importance to any such observations. He well knew that the boy was beneath him—was his servant in point of fact—was paid so much per week to wait upon him, to keep his stable clean, and give him his food when he had need of it. There are many things done by those beneath us, the pony thought, very likely, which it is best not to see and not to know of. What does it matter what *his* opinion concerning me may be, so long as he is punctual with my corn and careful that my water is clean? One can put up with the rest. *I* know I'm not going to run away, or to bite, or to kick the trap all to bits. *I* know that. *Mens conscia recti.* (You see, he was a very intelligent and well-informed pony, and if I allow him to think so soundly, I don't know why I should not permit him to quote a scrap of Latin now and then, for all the world like a well-regulated human being

who has studied his Eton grammar.) So the pony only tossed his head and blinked his dark liquid eyes, partly in contempt and partly to get a lock of mane out of his way, or stamped his off fore-foot on the ground, or shook himself all over, to signify that he heard, though he couldn't approve, the comments made upon him. He was a very philosophic pony.

To do the boy justice though, he had only a partial belief in the rectitude and fittingness of his own behaviour. He was really very fond of the pony, and was constantly stroking and patting it—often he was even kissing it quite affectionately between the eyes. But to keep himself awake during the two hours he was wont to wait on Tuesdays and Fridays at the small door of Pallas-Athené House, it was almost necessary to have recourse to some such measures as these. To affect suspicion of the fidelity of the pony, to make believe that he would run away if neglected, or that he would bite if opportunity presented, or that he had secreted a stone in his hoof with some malign intention, and this, of course, led to inquest upon his feet, *seriatim*, and to walking round him in a stooping posture with cross-examining eyes, after a manner much favoured by buyers at Tattersall's—all this aided admirably in whiling away the time, to say nothing of whistling to stray pigeons, or throwing stones into an adjoining puddle, or at a neighbouring post (I believe an inoffensive goose, wandering on the common, was lamed for life, thanks to the disgracefully accurate aim of this young man); or flicking smaller children, passers-by, with the whip; or playing, with himself and a granite stone, the intellectual game of "three-holes."

I have not yet mentioned that at the back of the cart—I beg pardon, trap—was inscribed, in very thin and thready letters, the words "Francis Trowgood Drinkwater, Chiswick, Middlesex."

After waiting for two hours at the side-door of Pallas-Athené House, the boy, the pony, and the trap were joined by a very stout, red-cheeked, red-whiskered, hazel-eyed gentleman, who came down the steps, bearing under his arm a large black-leather case or portfolio. He placed the portfolio in the back part of the carriage, and proceeded to envelop himself in a drab driving-coat of enormous proportions, decked with pearl buttons about the size of a Norfolk biffin flattened for preserving purposes. He then drew on driving-gloves, with parti-coloured fingers, and double-leathered, to wear the better, in places which came in contact with the reins; for the man, like the boy, seemed to entertain a notion that the pony was quite equal to giving a great deal of trouble, and to requiring an enormous amount of holding in. The springs of the trap were considerably tried when that stout gentleman mounted into it. Perhaps he thought so too, or perhaps he was thinking of something amusing that had happened inside Pallas-Athené House, for he smiled as he drove off—an honest, pleasant, hearty smile that showed well on such a well-formed mouth, and just permitted to be seen, lining his lips, a very admirable set of teeth.

"Friday! so it is," murmured the stout gentleman. "Ah, then we go straight home." And he came round the common into the high road, and turned the pony's head towards town. "A lovely afternoon! How sunny and pleasant! How green and soft the rain has made the common; how it throws up that flock of geese—how positively and solidly white they look! they seem almost to emit light. There's quite the effect of a halo round them. A halo round a goose! Well, well. Get along, pony! Hie along, Tony! Here comes Hardwick's four o'clock omnibus! Why, he's driving that flea-bitten screw again as a leader! Good heart! Why, he'll bring out the old broken-winded bay next."

The stout gentleman in the trap and the driver of the four o'clock omnibus slanted their whips to the peculiar angle known along the road as a token of recognition and greeting, and passed on their separate ways. The small boy sitting by the side of his master had, unknown to him, ventured upon a mode of salutation peculiar, perhaps, to himself. He had winked patronizingly and confidentially at the driver, he had put out his tongue as far as Nature would permit, and farther, I should think, than had ever been contemplated by her, insultingly and defiantly at the conductor of the omnibus, and he appeared to have derived intense satisfaction from the accomplishment of this formula.

Doubtless, it will be a saving of trouble to state at once that the gentleman in the trap answers to the name inscribed upon it. He is "Francis Trowgood Drinkwater," and he resides at Chiswick, Middlesex. To be very particular—at Ivy Cottage, in a road turning out of the Mall, but still close to the river, and commanding a pleasant side-view of it and its bright green osiers, its neat wherries and panting Richmond steamers, and the opposite shores of Barnes. He is an artist by profession; and, as the reader has probably already surmised, he gives bi-weekly lessons at Pallas-Athené House: indeed, in the prospectus of the Misses Blenkinsop's seminary appears the following lines:—

"*Professor of Drawing, in Oil and Water Colours.*
"F. T. Drinkwater, Esq., of the Royal Academy of Great Britain."

Which addition must be taken simply for what it is worth. Of course, I and a good many more knew that Mr. Drinkwater's only connection with the Royal Academy had been in his capacity of student in its classic halls (or dim rooms, if you prefer it), and also as an occasional contributor to its exhibitions. But then, as the eldest Miss Blenkinsop expressed it, the lines looked so *nice* in the prospectus of the seminary. So he styled himself a professor, and added after his name, with doubtful propriety, "of the Royal Academy of Great Britain."

Tuesday would have been less convenient for the introduction of Mr. Drinkwater to the reader, because on that day, after giving his lesson at the Misses Blenkinsop's establishment, it would have been requisite for him to have gone on to Brentford to impart instruction in the fine arts to the pupils at Dr. Grimshaw's academy, Mount Helicon House,

Upper Acton, Middlesex. On other days he would be engaged, he, and the trap, and the pony (named Tony, in compliment to an eminent painter, greatly admired by Mr. Drinkwater, Sir A. Vandyke), and the small boy, and the black-leather portfolio, at Lexicon Mansion, Mortlake (Dr. Swaby's), or at Mrs. Sims's college for young ladies at Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Drinkwater was drawing-master at all these admirable institutions. But on Fridays he gave no more lessons after his two hours' tuition in the afternoon at Pallas-Athené House. He always drove thence direct home to Ivy Cottage. On Saturday, I may mention, though it is of no great importance so far as my narrative is concerned, he gave no lessons at all, the day being kept as a half-holiday at all the schools.

Coming along the road from Turnham Green there were two ways of reaching Ivy Cottage. You might turn down Chiswick Lane, and so come flush on the river and pass the printing office, or you might take the next road, and so round by the poplars, Belle Vue Villa, and the "George" public-house. Perhaps of the two, this was rather the longer way. Why did Mr. Drinkwater take it on the Friday under mention? Who can say? Not Mr. Drinkwater himself. Sufficient that he did take it, and taking it, he met the present writer emerging from Hammersmith, fighting with dyspepsia, taking a sombre, earnest, constitutional walk which had commenced at Hyde Park Corner, and was to end—anywhere. Who knew? Not I, I declare.

How did I come to lose sight of my old friend, Frank Drinkwater?

Yes. That's what we call it. We shut our eyes to our friends, and then declare we lose sight of them. We roll ourselves up causelessly, hedgehog fashion, blind and deaf and dumb to everybody, with our prickles outside, and then wonder and complain that we see no one, and that no one comes to pat and fondle and make much of us. For years I had seen nothing of Frank Drinkwater, my old fellow-student at the Academy; we had been admitted as probationers at the same time; we both sent in our drawings, tremulously both of us, both from the Apollo, wonderfully stippled. We had sat together in the Life School, and borrowed rag and feature, white and medium, and turpentine from each other. We took the same point of view for our studies of that capital model, Mrs. Mobbs, the wife of Corporal Mobbs, of the Coldstreams. (She is a woman of a massive and clumsy form now; I saw her but the other day; she keeps a sweetshop and takes in washing, at a small house in the Colonnade, at the back of Guildford Street, Russell Square.) Even before that we had worked together at outlines from the antique at old Gashly's academy, in Greek Street. And then we had dropped asunder, like companion ships at sea in foul weather. Very likely he had written to tell me that he was living at Chiswick, but his letter must have slipped into the waste-basket; I had clean forgotten all about it; and for the time—Heaven forgive me!—him too. My good old Frank! and here I was meeting him in the course of my dyspeptic promenade, on the road leading to Turnham Green!

He was a large-hearted man; he had forgiveness for even a greater sinner against him than I had been. Soon he was out of the trap, in something between a tumble and a spring, with his cheery and musical "How are you, old fellow?" acting like a tonic on my constitution, and his hearty shaking of my hands stirring me up in a really wonderful way. "How have you been this many a long day? You don't look very first-rate. So you were coming to find me out in these parts?"

It would have been a piece of wanton cruelty to have informed him that I had had no such stuff in my thoughts, that I had indeed lost for the moment all recollection of him and the fact of his dwelling in that neighbourhood. I allowed him to interpret my silence as he deemed best. Honestly, I don't believe he really thought that I was in the Turnham-green Road with any such view. But it was in his kindly nature to put as good a face as possible upon my conduct, and to do all he could to credit it.

"You can't think how glad I am to see you! No. There won't be room for both of us in the trap," he said, laughing. "We'll walk now; it's only a matter of a few minutes from here. Lovely afternoon, isn't it? William, take him round gently. Good little Tony" (and he patted the pony kindly). "He knows me as well as possible, you see." (He did not mean it a bit, but there was a sort of reproach in his words. What true, staunch friends are animals. Is it possible to love more strongly, more wholly, more tenderly than a dog or a horse loves?) "And don't go too fast; and be very careful how you get round the corner; and don't saw at his mouth, as you're rather fond of doing. Now then" (to me), "this way. I knew you directly, by your walk. You look much the same, only not so well, and I suppose one may say older. What? Out with it. Yes, I'm stouter; we'll call it *fatter*, if you like, and we shan't be much out."

And he laughed so loudly, and sturdily, and thoroughly, that quite a port-wine effect seemed to come of it. We both grew warmer and merrier for that laugh.

"Do you know," he went on, "there's quite a joke down this road about me and my trap. You see, I had a man first to look after the pony, and then a boy—two or three boys, by turns, in fact—and at last the present little dog whom you saw just now, William. Well, they say about here that I'm obliged to consult the size of the trap, and as I grow fatter and fatter, so I'm compelled to get a smaller and smaller boy to sit with me in the vehicle; that I began with a full-sized man, and that if I go on at my present rate I shall end with a baby in long clothes. Certainly the boys *do* seem to have been smaller, and there really isn't any room to spare. It was the curate at Chiswick who started that story, in revenge, I believe, for a caricature I made of him. But I'll pay him out yet, see if I don't."

Our friendship was thoroughly repaired. It had been freshly soldered and newly painted, and the rust spots rubbed out before they had time to

drill through the metal, and the dry-rotted timbers replaced, and it was now wind-and-water-tight and seaworthy again. But is the thing mended ever quite so good as it was before it required mending?

"I hope sister Sophy will have dinner enough for us," he said. "You're hungry with your walk, I daresay; I know I am. Well, yes, I am a fat man, and that's the fact. I don't mind it a bit now. I've got quite reconciled to it. I've accepted it as my destiny. You see there must be fat men in the world. It's an inevitable necessity; there always have been and there always will be, and why shouldn't I be one of them just as much as anybody else? Yes. I'm a fat man. Not but what I've struggled against it a good deal in my time. What I've endured from tight clothes! as if *they* ever made a fellow look any thinner. And the violent exercise, straining myself with dumb-bells, and hurting myself no end with sparring and broadsword business; going on the river in a dangerously light boat, and sculling till my hands were so puffed with blisters that I couldn't hold a brush, and my arms ached to that extent,—oh, my! The miles I've run, too, and walked! And haven't I trusted myself on horseback? and haven't other men trusted me out with a gun? and didn't I go deer-stalking? And what did it all come to? I increased in weight, positively. I grew fatter. I fought a hard fight, but I gave in at last. I yielded to my fate; to my fat, I may say. I am a fat man, and I don't mind who knows it! Here we are at Ivy Cottage. Come in."

Certainly, I thought, following his broad shoulders into Ivy Cottage, he *was* a fat man. And then the cottage was so small that it made him look bigger than ever. It was quite a toy house; so compact, and snug, and small. With a little parlour, a little drawing-room, a little study, a little kitchen, and bedrooms above that must have been more like nests, or pigeon-holes, or berths in a ship, than ordinary sleeping apartments. The garden did not seem to be much bigger than a tolerably sized dining-table, and yet it contrived somehow to contain a fish-pond, with real live fish in it, a fountain, an arbour, and quite a labyrinth of gravel walks, on which you might almost walk miles, but that their extreme narrowness made it difficult to keep to them, and caused the proceeding rather to resemble tight-rope dancing.

"A little bit of a place," said Frank Drinkwater, apologetically; "it must have been built originally, I should think, for the express purpose of swinging cats in, by some monomaniac. It's little, but it's snug, and it's cheap, and it suits me. And the garden's a splendid place for a pipe after dinner! and you can see the river from it if you stand on a chair, or sit on the wall. Here's my sister. So, I've an old friend here who wants some dinner. I hope you've got some to give him."

"There's only cold lamb and gooseberry tart. I hope there'll be enough," said a pleasant voice, and sister Sophy, or So, as Frank called her, shook hands with me. A tall, stout, handsome woman, with kindly eyes, but quite grey hair, for she was many years older than Frank.

"If we'd known you were coming we'd have had turtle soup and turbot and venison," cried Frank.

"It's very long since we have seen you," sister So said kindly at dinner. "I daresay you find us changed. It's a good many years since you and Frank were together in Clipland Street, and I came to inspect your drawings, and patronize and encourage you both as became Frank's elder sister. I'm quite an old woman now."

Of course I protested, conventionally, against this statement.

"An old woman," she went on. "The people here often take me for Frank's mother. You see he wants a great deal of looking after. He's bigger than he was——"

"Fatter," interrupted her brother, sturdily.

"But he's just as much a boy in heart as when he was in Clipland Street; quite as prepared to do foolish things."

"No, no," laughed Frank. "I'm a wise, fat old man now.

There was a look of inquiry in his sister's dark eyes as he spoke; a look of great tenderness, yet something of suspicion, too, and doubt. Yet she said nothing.

We had the promised pipes in the garden after dinner. Sister So was busy giving water to the plants that decorated the window of the tiny drawing-room. Somehow we grew silent over those pipes. I think there is something in the nature of a pipe that makes a man contemplative and absorbed. We both lapsed into silence, broken only now and then by rather forced conversation. There was a good deal to occupy us—that long chasm in our intimacy. Where were we when we left off? at what page of our histories? at what paragraph? What had been going on in that long pause between the acts? What were we doing when the drop-scene fell? What should we do now that it had risen again?

I know that with the scented smoke wreathing pleasantly round me, I had wandered back into the cloudland of the past. How curiously and irregularly memory paints all gone-by scenes! Why is this part of the picture so vivid and distinct? this so pale in colour, so weak and hazy in outline? I went back to the old student times when we were toiling so strenuously and confidently, and when that elder sister, a graceful woman, with long, lustrous black hair, had bent over our easels—we seemed to be quite boys to her then—and cheered us and criticized us kindly, with a love, how fond! for her brother. Even in those immature days, I can remember noting it as something more whole and thorough and touching than almost anything I had ever seen. Even then, young in her womanhood, she had taken a delight in speaking of herself as his mother. Poor souls! their mother had died, as I had learned afterwards, while Frank was a mere baby. Perhaps the dying woman had commended to the child-sister, but a few years his senior, the care of the little boy. Perhaps so. Certainly she had accepted the trust, faithfully she had fulfilled it.

I thought of Frank, too, years back. Slight, yes, very slight, then; tall, handsome, so gay and madcap, so decidedly an art-student, so good

and true a gentleman, who shrank so instinctively from meanness as from a crime; brave, and chivalrous, and strong, yet withal so tender a nature that his tears were ever ready, as his purse, and his heart, and his life. How mirthful he was; how all the fellows liked to hear his grand laugh ring through the studios! Was it possible to have better or honester music? There was as much fun as vanity in that persistence in attending the opening exhibition of the Academy (never mind the year), in his black velvet coat and sombrero hat, and amazing the fashionable visitors with that unusual costume. How he roared out his panegyrics on Vandyke, and trimmed his beard after the pattern of that distinguished painter, in days when beards were not customary even amongst artists, to say nothing of bank-clerks; (now a stout, middle-aged man, he had resumed the old conventional aspect, and wore whiskers of the stereotyped triangular ground-plan, and shaved his chin and upper lip;) and his love affairs! he used to talk quite books about them. Indeed in those days he was very susceptible of what it seems proper to call the tender passion.

So I pondered midst the smoke. Was he similarly occupied?

"How one's ambitions change," he said at last; "how they subside and diminish. Should we have believed it years ago, if we had been told that we should be sitting here at this date, much older men; you, old boy, out of the profession altogether, I doing little or nothing, save a sketch of Chiswick osiers now and then, or a little bit of background drawn from a punt above Kingston Bridge; content to get a living giving drawing lessons at half a dozen schools—Pallas-Athené House, and the rest of them? I who tried for the travelling studentship, and didn't get it, and was going to do great things, and haven't done any of them; content to live in this little bit of a place with sister So, cheaply and humbly——"

"And happily?" He looked at me with an air of serious inquiry.

"Well—yes," he said at last, "and happily. Why not?" But the question was put less to me than to himself. I reverted to my own train of meditation.

"There was fun in those old days," I observed. "Do you remember the long talks on the winter nights?"

"Rather."

"You were very susceptible in those times; you were always in love, it seemed to me, and always had such a lot to say about it." He laughed lustily.

"Do you remember," he asked, "my *tendresse* for that Scandinavian princess who came over on a visit to the English court, and whom I used to pursue in the most insane way, ruining myself in tickets merely to look at her in her opera-box, and following her carriage on drawing-room days till I nearly got run over or put to death by that *chasseur* in the biggest cocked-hat and moustaches I ever saw? I believe it was solely on account of her white eyelashes, which took my fancy wonderfully."

"And then there was that dancing woman."

"Oh, ah! Adrienne something at Drury Lane. Yes, I used to go every night, spending a heap of money in bouquets, to see her take that leap of hers from a raised platform on to the stage. I know it struck me as strangely graceful, and poetical, and beautiful; and always new and surprising. I made a thousand sketches of it. There was another man who went there also regularly; the beast, how I hated him. He was there solely—he told me so himself, and I was near knocking him down for it—because he said he knew she must kill herself at it some night, and he wanted to see her do it! I was less pleased, I remember, when I took her benefit-tickets, and I found her not young, and not pretty, and with not white teeth—off the stage."

"And Miss Arabella Johnstone."

"Ah! that was a more serious affair;" and his face wore rather a comical expression. "We won't talk about that. Somehow one does foolish things in one's time."

"But you've done with them now, Frank?" inquired sister So, drawing near.

"Oh, quite," he answered, laughing. She laughed too, and yet I fancied she looked at him doubtingly.

"How did you get on at Pallas-Athené House to-day?" she asked.

"Oh, very well. It's an important thing, having all those young ladies under my charge."

"And you so susceptible," I added. He glanced at me quickly, but he said nothing.

"What do you do there?"

"Sir," he replied, with mock gravity, "I'm Professor of the Fine Arts there. I teach the youthful female mind to draw."

"On thoroughly correct principles?" He rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Well, perhaps not so sound and correct as I could wish," he said; "or as *we* should have once put in practice in Clipland Street. Not but what I began thoroughly enough, with cubes, and tubes, and cones, and sexagons, and octagons, and blocks of all shapes and sizes. And Miss Blenkinsop was so delighted at first, it seemed so like business to see all the models about; but somehow, after a while, she began to think that it was not much for a girl to show her parents at the end of the half-year,—only a neatly shaded globe or something of that sort. It was feared people would not think it enough for their money; though, of course, it was a splendid groundwork for an art-education. And then the girls made themselves in such a mess with the chalk and charcoal, and their dresses too, and wasted so much bread, that gradually we drifted into the old regulation school landscape drawing, with shiny cardboard and india-rubber, and the master's touching up. Zigzag scribblings to represent trees, ruined temple in the foreground, temple in thorough repair in the middle distance, water with strong reflections of a boat with a

white sail and a black man in it, mountain background, tall dark fir-trees in the front, right hand, balanced by birds on the left—birds made of little obtuse angles—we use the same sort of thing upside down to represent waves—on a rubbed pencil-dust sky. Very pretty sort of art—does paterfamilias's eyes no end of good, especially when mounted on a coloured board and a line ruled round it. Who's to help it? There's only about two girls out of the thirty that have got any art-talent; but they're *all* put regularly to it, just the same as they are to music, and singing, and French, and Italian, and the use of the globes, and calisthenics, and all that sort of thing. Now come in and have tea."

For a minute or two I was alone with sister So.

"Do you notice it?" she asked hurriedly, in a low voice. "There's something wrong with Frank; he's not himself. Surely you see that?"

I was compelled to confess that I had remarked nothing; as was indeed the case.

"You don't know him so well as I do," she said, in a low voice. "You haven't watched him as I have. The slightest change in him is plain to me. I can almost read his thoughts."

"You think he is unhappy?"

"I am puzzled. Not unhappy quite; but occupied in some way new to him. Somehow it pains me to see him so, he is so good and true a brother!" Evidently, by her tone and manner even more than her words, she regarded him as though he were still a boy in Clipland Street and under her protection.

"You are his friend; he has great trust in you. Try and discover what is wrong with him."

Frank was now in the room again, and we could speak no more on the subject.

For an hour or two we sat and chatted upon various topics, then I rose to take my leave.

"You must mind and come again soon, very soon," said sister Sophy.

"I'll walk part of the way with you," cried Frank, putting on his wideawake and relighting his pipe. "I dare say you'll get a 'bus from the Broadway." His sister, I thought, looked at me rather earnestly.

Yes. She meant that I should question him. Could I do so? What right had I who had neglected him for so long, forgotten him almost, to assume suddenly so great an interest in him, to pry into what might be the last thing he would wish me to know? Years ago it had been easy enough. But now! Surely we could not feel more kindly to each other; still it was not possible suddenly to resume quite our old position. A habit of intimacy once dropped is not so readily taken up again. It was hard to say which link was broken, which thread had snapped; but time had unquestionably fretted away many of the ties that joined us in our old close friendship, and time only could reunite them. I could not pretend for a moment that my present relations with

Frank Drinkwater would not justify him in having a concealment from me. His sister, perhaps, could not understand that, but it was plain to me. He might speak if he choose, but I could not question.

"Yes, as So says" (we were walking towards the Broadway), "you must come and see us again very soon."

It was rather mechanically spoken. We were both silent for some minutes, smoking. Suddenly he said,

"You must know a good many people, and see and hear of a good many more. Did you ever hear anything of a Colonel Lambert of the Madras Artillery, at present in India?"

I regretted to state that I had never before heard the name of that officer. Soon after he said,—

"I was reading again the other night, Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*"

"For a subject?"

"Perhaps;" and he drew hard at his pipe. Then he resumed: "That part, you know, where Titania falls in love with Bottom."

"I remember it perfectly."

"I was applying it, curiously enough, to some circumstances within my own knowledge, only there's a difference in the case. It is not Titania in love with Bottom this time, so much as a clown with a donkey's head in love with a fairy. It's a mad, silly, ridiculous business; and—and perhaps"—he turned away as he said quietly—"perhaps I'm playing the part of Bottom the weaver in it."

"And Titania?" He laughed.

"Not now, old boy. I feel as though I could tell you; but I know if I enter on that subject I shall begin walking right away, and find myself at Whitechapel at three o'clock in the morning. Here's the omnibus. Good-night. Come down next week. There's a boat-race next Friday—a mere 'local business,' in three heats—from Hammersmith Bridge to Chiswick Church, for a silver watch. Come and see it."

"You'll tell me about Titania?"

"Perhaps. Good-night."

"Good-night." Sister Sophy, then, was right!

I am not going to describe the "local" boat-race I viewed from the Mall. Not but what it was quite as exciting to all concerned, and especially to the uninitiated spectators in ringlets, and pink bonnets, and shot-silk skirts, as many a better boat-race. Perhaps "the boy in yellow" won the silver watch, and perhaps he didn't. Very little money changed hands on the occasion, but beer circulated liberally, tobacco was largely consumed. The scullers were greatly cheered by the crowds lining the river banks.

I was at Ivy Cottage. Frank Drinkwater, drawn by Tony, soon drove up.

"Miss Blenkinsop wouldn't permit her young ladies to see the race.

The girls were nearly all crying about it. She heard that the opposition academy was going, so she said it was necessary to make distinctions, and she couldn't think of it. She didn't mind a horticultural fête, she said, but not a boat-race. 'No, dears, not a low boat-race, rowed by horrid, swearing creatures. Certainly not.' Awfully proper woman. Doesn't teach much herself, only manages, and blows up, and frightens the pupils, and does the civil to the parents. She's always reading two books—Paley and Debret—and is up in them to a great extent; just a *leetle* jumble and confusion here and there—such as thinking the peerage the highest evidence of Christianity, and so on. English education, by Miss Ann Blenkinsop, and, of course, the globes. I shouldn't like to have *her* overhauling my grammar and geography, I can tell you. Languages, by Miss Mary Ann Blenkinsop; French acquired on the Continent (Boulogne, I believe); no mistake about the accent in that quarter; laces tight, and wears small boots, and is said to *rouge* on occasions, and to read novels in bed, and has a side curl gummed to her cheek—all to show her Parisian breeding, bless you! Italian, the rudiments of German, and Latin, if required. Every lady expected to bring six towels and a silver fork—*returned on leaving*. They make a feature of that, and put it in italics in the prospectus. Do the forks really go back, do you think? Six months' notice required on leaving. The strictest references given and required. That's Pallas-Athené House.—Go to his head, William. Gently, gently, good little Tony."

Friend Frank was evidently in capital spirits. How good sister Sophy seemed to enjoy his mirth!

"Do you know," he said, but this was after dinner, "I went one night to tea at Miss Blenkinsop's. Friendly, but prim—a trifle too much starch—but first-rate tea-cakes. I was there when all the pupils said good-night. Everything's done on the parental plan, you know. 'It's less an academy than a home!' as Miss B. remarks, taking extreme care to sound the *h* in home. Each girl kisses Miss Blenkinsop, and Miss Ann Blenkinsop, and Miss Mary Ann Blenkinsop; and Miss Blenkinsop, and Miss Ann Blenkinsop, and Miss Mary Ann Blenkinsop each kiss each girl. Then every girl kisses every other girl. Cold-veally sort of business, isn't it? I tried to work out once on a slate the number of kisses given and received. It's like the old story of the nails in the horse's shoe. I went on till I got quite giddy over it, and then I gave it up. Figures always *did* get into my head somehow, like grog."

Still not a word about Titania.

"You'll excuse me doing a little business, will you? I can work and talk too. I want to touch up and mount some of my pupils' drawings. What do you think of that slashing copy of Prout, by Miss Eliza Hawkins? What a heavy hand that girl's got! Tivoli, by Miss Kate Fisher, after Harding; a blue sky and a brown foreground, that's her notion of landscape."

A long slip of paper was drawn out of the portfolio with these works.

It had probably been used for measuring by some one of the pupils. It was covered along its edges with little short pencil-marks. But on it were one or two small sketches, which I knew must have proceeded from my friend's own facile hand. They represented the profile view of a very delicately featured female head, with richly coiled profuse hair falling down to the shoulders.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Bab Lambert!" Surely, he was rather disconcerted.

"I was making stealthy studies of her head to-day. She's one of my pupils. I'll show you some of her drawings. I think they're the greatest jokes going."

He produced two small lead-pencil sketches—dreadful things.

"Are they not fine? Bab hasn't the ghost of a notion of drawing. Look at those trees! My eyes! and that cottage! I must steal one of these. I declare I must! Poor little Bab!"

"Titania!" I said. He looked at me rather guiltily. Then he rose, shut the door carefully—sister Sophy, we could see, was in the garden—and came and sat down again.

"It's a fact!" and he put on a solemn voice. "I do believe I'm in love with Bab Lambert!" Then he paused, as though to allow both of us to get breath after that tremendous announcement.

"Isn't it mad?" he resumed, walking up and down the room impatiently; "isn't it ridiculous? isn't it shocking? A man of my standing, of my size, my weight, my fat, my age. *You* know what that is, old fellow. *I* in love with Bab Lambert, a school-girl at Pallas-Athené House; a tiny creature I could put away in my side pocket, I do believe. Talk of being susceptible! I'm an arrant fool, I am (he used an even more vehement adjective). The Scandinavian princess was nothing to this; no, nor Adrienne What's-her-name, nor Arabella Johnstone, and half a dozen more, nor all the lot put together. Nothing to this Bab Lambert business. But this is the last weakness. I give you fair warning, the very last; it will never happen again. I drop the tender passion henceforward, for ever!"

"How old is she?"

"How should I know? Sometimes I think she's just out of her baby long-clothes; sometimes I think she must be a hundred, at least, by the wonderful wisdom of her smile, by the piercing gleam of her eyes, by the power she has over me. That child can turn me round her finger—even ME," and he struck his great chest, and then added, half comically, "figuratively, of course, I mean."

"Who is she?"

"She's the daughter of a Colonel Lambert, out at Madras. She was born in India, I believe, and sent over here to be educated, and then she's to go out again and join her father. She's wonderfully fair, but there's just a sort of glaze of warmth on her skin, the effect of sun-burning. So little, so slight, such tiny hands and feet, such a delicate little nose, coming

down in such a charming line from her forehead, and her mouth the most perfect bit of drawing and colour that ever was seen! Don't laugh at me! No. Those sketches don't give you any idea of her; don't do her any sort of justice," and he tore them up.

"There's no arguing about beauty," I said; "it's a matter of feeling. There's no laying down laws about it. Nobody agrees about it. One man bends before a woman as a Venus, and another shrinks from her as a Gorgon. Do you remember the girl Tom Dunlop married? how he raved about her singular loveliness? I thought her distinctly a fright when I saw her; so did you, if you recollect."

"If this is meant as treason against Bab Lambert, I despise it utterly. If any man were to tell me that he considered Bab Lambert to be a fright, by George, sir, I think I could put him to death. In fact, a man *ought* not to live, entertaining such fearful notions concerning the Beautiful. She's a perfect fairy, and her hair's made of spun gold and sunbeams; her eyes——"

"Be quiet, Frank! they'll hear you the other side of the river."

"Talk about Jack-o'-lanterns leading travellers astray into quagmires and bogs and grief generally, I do believe Bab Lambert's eyes would lead a man to Jericho and back again. If she were to tell me she'd dropped her pocket-handkerchief at the world's end, and would I be kind enough to go and fetch it for her, I do think I should start off without so much as packing up a carpet-bag or taking a toothbrush. There's a sort of magic about those luminous grey eyes of hers; such a marvellous depth about them, and such liquid diamonds at the bottom of it! Then she shrouds them with her long dark lashes—they seem to come ever such a way down her cheeks; and her face wears the meekest, demurest, simplest expression possible. It always takes me in. I've seen it a hundred times, but it's always as new and fresh to me as ever. 'Please, Mr. Drinkwater, will you be kind enough to cut my pencil for me?' she says, in her little, light, silvery voice. 'Oh, Mr. Drinkwater,' cries out Eliza Hawkins, in full contralto tones, 'you never cut *my* pencils for me!' And then I turn to Bab, and she looks as innocent as possible for a moment, with her eyes on the carpet, and then comes the prettiest little twitching about the corners of her lips; up fly the eyelashes, and I see the grey eyes sparkling with a wicked merriment, that's the most bewitching and maddening thing that ever was seen. Of course, it's all a plan for teasing me. I believe she broke the pencil on purpose. She knows her power over me, and she delights to use it, in her odd, fairy, elfish way. It's the same thing with all she does. 'Please, Mr. Drinkwater, is this perspective right?' 'Please, Mr. Drinkwater, will you show me how to do this tree?' or, 'Will you put in these clouds for me?' They're all so many traps to catch me in; so many pitfalls for me to tumble in headforemost. But there—is it wonderful? You can guide an elephant with a switch, if you only know how. Little Bab calls out 'Love!' and I veer round like a big ship, and answer to the helm."

"But do the other pupils know this power of Bab's?"

"Sometimes I think they do, and that I am led out to perform for their amusement like a dancing bear. And yet I don't know, either. She's such a good little thing, I don't think she'd do that. But she queens it over them all. They all feel her influence, and give way to her. Even Miss Blenkinsop is afraid of her, it's my belief; particularly when Bab has on her *regalia*, her Indian filagree bracelets and brooch, her Trichinopoly gold chain twisted round her white neck, and a Cashmere scarf curving about her. But that's only when the breaking-up ball is given, when the girls waltz with each other. Of course, Miss Blenkinsop wouldn't hear of any gentlemen partners being admitted; not even the girls' brothers. Bab is Titania, in fact; there's no other way of describing her: and I'm Bottom the weaver, only I'm in love with her."

"You've certainly been roaring like a lion. I don't know what sister Sophy will think of you."

"Bless you! she's busy with her flowers. She hasn't heard a word of all I've been saying; she's no suspicion of my insanities, or of half of them."

It occurred to me as possible that sister Sophy might know a good deal more of her brother's proceedings than he had any idea of.

"Is every man so weak, and foolish, and idiotic, I wonder?" he cried, as he walked noisily up and down the little room—about three strides brought him from one wall to the other. "Can every man be so readily made a fool of by a woman as I can be? Surely some must fight a better fight—must wear less vulnerable armour. I go down at a word, a smile even; one glance pierces at once straight through to my heart. Why, would you believe it, I was on my knees before her the other day."

"On your knees? Impossible!"

"It was the most absurd thing. Fortunately there was no other pupil in the room. Bab was turning over my portfolio. She's a spoilt child, I tell you, and is privileged to do just whatever she likes. She came to a sketch. I did not know it was there. I'm generally very particular as to what I take to Pallas-Athené House. It was a slight study of two figures—Raphael and Fornarina, say,—he was kneeling to her; she was smoothing his hair; romantic sort of thing; safe to sell, if I ever have time to carry it out. 'What's he kneeling for?' asks Bab. 'He's making love,' I explain. 'Oh, making love, is he?' she says, and she stands a long time looking at it; I thought she'd never have done with it. Then there came an odd look in her face, very quiet and innocent, and her eyes turned steadily down. 'Do you know, Mr. Drinkwater,' she says, 'I should *so* like to see you on your knees making love; I'd give anything to see you do it. Please show me how you'd do it?' What do you think! I was even mad enough to go down on my knees! Perhaps it was worth while if it was only to see the brilliant merriment dancing in her eyes a moment after. But just then the door opened, and in walked Miss Mary Ann Blenkinsop. What a red face she had!

Well, a man of my figure doesn't so readily get off his knees as one of slighter form. But Bab was quick enough. She was stooping, looking for something most zealously all in a second. 'Dropped my india-rubber,' she said; 'can't find it anywhere. Mr. Drinkwater is kindly helping me. It hopped, and hopped, and hopped. Oh, why here it is!' and she made believe to pick it up at some distance, having got it ready, I suppose, meanwhile from her pocket. I don't know whether Miss Mary Ann Blenkinsop was deceived; she simply told her to come in to her French lesson. '*Venez, donc, vite!*' she said. 'Pay, more attention!' Bab looked as calm and cool as possible. She just gave me a funny glance out of the corner of her eyes as she left the room. I know I had a fearful red face when I got up."

"You're having all the talk to yourself, Frank, I think," said sister Sophy, entering; "I only hear your voice."

"Have I been talking very loud?"

"Well, there's been a good deal of noise," she said, significantly, smiling.

It was perhaps a month or two before I was again at Ivy Cottage. I was there at an earlier hour in the day than on the occasion of my former visits. But I had left London—it was so hot—immediately after breakfast.

"It's holiday time at all the schools," said Frank; "so I've no lessons to give just at present. You are just in time. I'm going out in a punt sketching or fishing. I hardly know which it is, and Sophy says it's smoking. Look here, though, first."

He showed me a slight oil sketch on the easel.

"Bab Lambert!" I cried.

"Yes. It's meant for her, and it's like her too. I'm doing it from memory, aided by a few stolen studies. Poor Bab Lambert! she's gone!"

"Gone! What do you mean?"

"Back to India. The colonel sent for her. She went out by the ship *Wallajahnuggur*, sailed the 15th of last month. I shall never see her any more!"

He spoke in most melancholy tones.

"And Pallas-Athené House?"

"I've had notice to quit. It was Bab's doing! bless her!"

"How was that?"

"I was there giving a lesson. She came round to say good-bye to all the girls. Then all that kissing set in. Poor child! the tears stood in her eyes, and her lips were all in a tremble. The old odd merriment came over again, however, as she passed me. She smiled then through her tears. It was the most beautiful thing possible. I felt dreadfully inclined to cry too. Another minute and her arms were round my neck. She'd kissed me with the rest."

"What then?"

"The school was up in arms. Miss Blenkinsop turned white; Miss

Ann Blenkinsop turned red; Miss Mary Ann Blenkinsop cried out, '*Mon Dieu!*' audibly. Wasn't it shocking? 'I can NOT allow this,' said one. 'Certainly NOT!' said another. '*Jamais!*' screamed the French teacher. 'Miss Lambert, you must quit the house; Mr. Drinkwater, you must not come here again. You are not sufficiently steady for a school of this high character.' 'Pray, forgive me,' sobbed poor Bab, and unconsciously, I do believe, she kissed me again."

"Before she embarked she sent me this." And he took out of silver paper a Trichinopoly gold chain. It had been Bab's necklace. There was a little note with it. "For my dear old drawing-master." Signed "Bab Lambert." It was rather cramped, schoolgirl writing; but he kissed it reverently.

"The very last!" he said, gravely. "I will never be in love again!"

"Are you sure, Frank?" asked sister Sophy. Then she turned to me, smiling. "I was glad to find that it was ONLY love. I was afraid at one time it was something worse. He'll get over it. You know what Rosalind says, 'Men die from time to time, and worms eat them; but not for love.'"

"That means, of course," Frank cried out, "that the worms don't eat them for love. What can you expect from a worm? You mustn't attack William's composition; think of the use he's been to painters."

Perhaps sister Sophy had had reason in the past to think poorly of man's love, quite independently of her acquaintance with her brother's rather short-lived emotions. I had never thought of such a thing before, but the idea came to me then.

"Well, we'll go out," said my friend, "if we don't fish, or sketch, or smoke, at least we'll talk. I'll tell you the story of Bab Lambert all over again, if you like."

Indeed, he was kind enough to repeat it some half-dozen times.

I heard nothing more of her, except this. Years ago I read in the newspaper the announcement of a marriage at some station in India—I forget which. I know the name of "Barbara Louisa, eldest daughter of Colonel Lambert, of the Madras Artillery," appeared in that marriage advertisement, but I forget whom she married; it was Captain Somebody, of Her Majesty's Something Régiment. I have no recollection of the precise details. I showed the paper to Frank.

"Dear little Bab, of course it's she," he said. "If I ever meet that captain, I'm sure I shall hate him. Pray, what has he ever done to deserve such happiness?"

Still I'm not confident that Bab's case was really the *very* last.

Susceptibility does not diminish as fat increases.

The Herring Harvest.

The announcement of a deficient "Herring Harvest" would be received with a smile of incredulity by most people: a scarcity of salmon would excite less surprise than regret, knowing as we do the perils which beset the fish during its transitions from the infantile state of parr to the adolescent grilse, and until and after it attains full-grown salmonhood; but a scarcity of herrings, until lately, never entered into our calculations. It was thought that our herring supplies were inexhaustible, and that no demand, however great, could diminish the vast shoals of this fish, which were supposed annually to crowd to the British coast, from the antarctic circle. Buffon had said that the produce of a male and female herring, if allowed to multiply without check, would in time produce a bulk of fish greater than twenty of our globes; and other naturalists had repeated the great Frenchman's assertion in different language, as if to verify in a literal sense the proverb, "There are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it." But the note of alarm sounded by Mr. John Cleghorn, who, in 1854, read a paper on the "Fluctuations of the Herring Fishery" before the British Association at Liverpool, has shaken our security in ever-abundant herring harvests, and even stimulated our lethargic fishermen to unwonted exertions; since the possibility has been demonstrated that we may in time eat up our capital stock of herrings and other sea-fish, just as we have nearly eaten up the salmon of our English rivers.

Before the reading of Mr. Cleghorn's statistics, the natural history of the herring was not well understood even by naturalists; so difficult is it to make observations in the laboratories of the sea. Only a few persons, till recently, were intimate with the history of this fish, and knew that, instead of being a migratory animal, as had been asserted by Pennant, the herring was as local to particular coasts as the salmon is to particular rivers. The highly-imaginative "theory" of the annual migration of the herring in one vast army to and from the inaccessible seas of the high latitudes has now been given up as a fable; it having been proved beyond doubt that the *Clupea harengus* is a native of our own seas, which it is never known to leave.

The herring can be caught all the year round on the coasts of the three kingdoms. The fishing begins at the island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, in the month of May, and goes on as the year advances, till, in July, it is in operation off the coast of Caithness; while in autumn we find it at Yarmouth; and there is a winter fishery in the Frith of Forth: moreover, this fish is found in the south long before it ought to be there, if we are to believe in Pennant's theory. It has been deduced, from a consideration of the figures of the annual takes

of many years, that the herring exists in distinct races, which arrive at maturity month after month; and it is well known that the herrings taken at Wick in July are quite different from those caught at Dunbar in August or September. It is certain that the herrings of these different seasons vary considerably in size and appearance; and we know very well that the herrings of different localities are marked by distinctive features. Thus, the well-known Lochfyne herring is essentially different from that of the Frith of Forth, and those taken in the Frith of Forth differ again from those caught off Yarmouth. But it is much easier to tell what we do *not* know about the herring than to record what we do know. How long does the spawn take to mature? How long is it before the fry become fit for food? These two questions are not answered with certainty in any of the popular natural histories. It is thought probable by some naturalists that herrings spawn *twice a year*, viz. in October and March. This theory—which is built up on the fact of lank herrings being taken in quantity at these two different seasons of the year—was propounded by Dr. Parnell before the idea of monthly races was developed; but this latter discovery decidedly supersedes the semi-annual spawning season.

So little do even our practical men know of the habitat of the herring at the time of capture (which is the best season for observation) that when the fishermen leave the harbour, it is quite a toss up with them whether they will go straight out to sea, or turn to the right hand or to the left. And even after they have decided this point, they have but a dim idea whether they may throw their nets into a spot barren of fish or fall upon a brigade of the vast herring *heer*. If the herring-gull be high upon the rocks, fishermen conclude that the herring is considerably far at sea; if, on the contrary, the gull be near the water, the fish are thought to be close in shore. Sometimes an ocular indication is given, in the rise of what is called a "spot" of the shoal; this is an indication, however, that the men would rather not see, for it plainly points to a capture of "lanks," as, when the fish rise to the surface, it is thought to be a sign of their having spawned. The fishing, therefore, partakes greatly of the character of a lottery, some boats may be heavily fished while others are quite empty. Upon one occasion of our being out for a night with "Jumpy," acelebrated skipper of Port Gordon, on the Moray Frith, we secured about 70*l.* worth of herrings, while the boats right and left of us succeeded in obtaining only a few hundred fish. Upon another occasion of our assisting at a night's fishing near Banff, "Borry," our skipper, only took about three *crans*, while the take of some of our neighbours sunk their boats to the gunwale.

Of the caprice of the herring we have many anecdotes. It is understood, according to popular notions, to take offence at the slightest cause: the firing of cannon or the ringing of a bell, we have been told, is cause enough to make it leave a locality for ever. It is said that the frequent firing of the British ships of war in the neighbour-

hood of Gottenburg frightened away the fish from that place; and we know that the fishermen of St. Monance used to remove the church bell at the beginning of the fishery, as it was thought the herring would be scared by its being rung. Shoals have left certain localities because of the seaweed being burnt for manure; and steamboats, it is said, have frightened them away from other places, never to return. But other reasons, of a far more comical kind, have been given for the caprice of the herring. A member of the House of Commons, during the session of 1835, stated, in a tithe-bill debate, that a clergyman, who had obtained a living on the coast of Ireland, having signified to the fishermen his intention of taking the tithe of fish, not a single herring has ever since visited that part of the coast; so repugnant to their feelings and privileges was the minister's proposition!

As, in considering the growth of the salmon, it is necessary to discuss the parr problem, so, in describing the herring harvest, must the sprat controversy be brought under notice. It is generally known that the sprat (*Clupea sprattus*) is a most abundant fish, so plentiful as to have been used at times for manure. The fact of its great abundance has induced a belief that it is not a distinct species of fish, but is, in reality, the young of the herring. It is true that many distinguishing marks are pointed out as belonging only to the sprat—such as its serrated belly, the relative position of the fins, &c. But there remains, on the other side, the very striking fact of the sprat being rarely found with either milt or roe; indeed, the only case we know of this fish having been found in a condition to perpetuate its species is detailed by Mr. Mitchell, the Belgian consul at Leith, who recently exhibited before one of the learned societies of Edinburgh a pair of sprats having the roe and milt fully developed. We have examined countless quantities of the so-called sprats, or garvies, as they are called in Scotland—Inch Garvie being the name of an island in the Frith of Forth, near to which they are caught—and we found that, as they increased in size and weight, the protruding bones of the belly gradually disappeared. In February last we weighed and measured six young herrings (or sprats), taken at random from a large quantity. No. 1 was 8¼ inches in length, 3¾ inches in circumference, and 2 ounces in weight; the serration of the belly being scarcely perceptible. No. 3 was 6 inches long, and the serrated belly was very distinctly marked. No. 6 was 4 inches in length and ¼ ounce in weight, and was also very distinctly serrated. In fact, we could not find any of the young fish of this batch that were not more or less serrated. Dr. Dod, an ancient anatomist, says, "It is evident that sprats are young herrings. They appear immediately after the herrings are gone, and seem to be the spawn just vivified, if I may use the expression. A more undeniable proof of their being so, is in their anatomy; since, on the closest search, no difference but size can be found between them." After the nonsense which was at one time written about the parr, and considering the anomalies of salmon growth, it would be unsafe to dogmatize on the sprat question. As to the serrated

belly, we might look upon it as we do upon the tucks of a child's frock, viz. as a provision for growth. The slaughter of sprats which is annually carried on in our seas, is, we suspect, as decided a killing of the goose with the golden eggs, as is the grilse slaughter which is annually carried on in our salmon rivers.

The business department of the herring fishery is conducted according to peculiar modes, not applicable to other kinds of commerce. In fact, this fishery is best described when it is called a lottery. No person knows what the yield will be till the last moment: it may be abundant, or it may be a total failure. Agriculturists are aware long before the reaping season whether their crops are light or heavy, and they arrange accordingly; but if we are to believe the fisherman, his harvest is entirely a matter of "luck." It is this belief in "luck" which is, in a great degree, the cause of our fisher-folk not keeping pace with the times: they are greatly behind in all matters of progress; our fishing towns look as if they were, so to speak, stereotyped. It is a woful time for the fisher-folk when the herrings fail them; for this great harvest of the sea, which needs no tillage of the husbandman, who reaps the fruits without either sowing seed or paying rent, is the one thing that the bulk of the coast population depend upon. The fishing is the bank, in which they have opened, and perhaps exhausted, a cash credit; for often enough the balance is on the wrong side of the ledger, even after the fishing season has come and gone. In other words, new boats have to be paid for out of the fishing; new clothes, new houses, additional nets, and even weddings, are all dependent on the herring fishery. It is notable that after a favourable season the weddings among the fishing population are very numerous. The anxiety for a good season may be noted all along the coast from Newhaven to Yarmouth, or from Crail to Wick. Up the Moray Frith, in these picturesque sea-side hamlets, which seem to have been rained down from the clouds and left to settle where they fell, and where the people are only recognized by a sobriquet, in consequence of there being, perhaps, but three leading surnames in each village,* the talk is ever of fish. At the quaint village of Gamrie, at Macduff, or Buckie, the talk of old and young, on coach or rail, from morning to night, is of herrings. There are comparisons and calculations about "crans," and

* We have mentioned the names "Borrie" and "Jumpy." It may be explained that in most of the fishing villages of Scotland the bulk of the population are only known by a nickname. In a tour which we made last herring season on the Moray Frith, we were struck by hearing the bellman (crier) of Whitehills proclaiming that there was beef at "Borrie's;" and when we were introduced to "Jumpy" at Port Gordon, we expected to see a young dashing fellow, but, instead of being so, "Jumpy" was an old, reverend-looking man, with scant grey locks, who had seen some service in his day. Upon our expressing surprise, it was explained that this was old "Jumpy," and that bowed "Jumpy" was coming. At Buckie we visited an apothecary's shop, and found a little girl telling the owner that the prescription he was to make up was for "Soupples." "Ay, but which 'Soupples' is it for?" asked the druggist. "Lang luggit Soupples, my faither," was the ready answer.

barrels, and "broke," and "splitbellies," and "full fish," and "lunks," and reminiscences of great hauls of former years, and much figurative talk about prices and freights, and the cost of telegraphic messages. Then if the present fishery be dull, hopes are expressed that the next one may be better. "Ony fish this mornin'?" is the first salutation of one neighbour to another: the very infants talk about "herrin';" schoolboys steal them from the boats for the purpose of aiding their negotiations with the gooseberry woman: while wandering paupers are rewarded with one or two broken fish by good-natured sailors, when "the take" has been so satisfactory as to warrant such largesse.

Commerce in herring is principally regulated by the home curer and the large continental buyers. These latter have sometimes to advance money to the poorer class of curers, and the curers again to the owners of boats, or to journeymen fishermen ambitious of becoming skippers. Thus, long before the fishery begins, the price to be paid for the "green fish," as the fresh herrings are called, is fixed, without any certainty that a single herring will be caught. At the close of one fishing, the arrangements for another are usually concluded between the curer and the boat-owner; the bargain is so much per cran, and a bounty in cash besides: in addition to which there are allowances of whisky, drying-ground for nets, and other etceteras. There seems to be no strict rule in the arrangements; they are all of them, more or less, of the lottery kind. The quantity of fish usually guaranteed to be bought by the curer is 200 crans; if more than that quantity be caught by any boat the skipper can make a fresh bargain. Some curers give twenty shillings per cran, and a bounty to each boat of from three to five pounds; others give a low price per cran, and a larger bounty. The obtaining of a large sum by way of bounty is a grand object with certain of the fishermen; as it is at once paid over, and enables the recipient to make himself and family comfortable for the winter. The highest prices are paid, however, for the early fish; contracts for these in a cured state being sometimes fixed as high as 45*s.* per barrel; these are at once despatched to Germany, in the inland towns of which a prime salt herring of the early cure is considered a great luxury, fetching sometimes the handsome price of one shilling! Great quantities of cured herrings are sent to Stettin or other German ports, and so eager are some of the merchants for an early supply that they purchase quantities unbranded, through the agency of the telegraph. On those parts of the coast where the communication with large towns is easy, considerable quantities of herring are purchased fresh, for transmission to Birmingham, Manchester, and other inland cities. Buyers attend for that purpose, and send them off frequently in an open truck, with only a slight covering to protect them from the sun. It is needless to say that a fresh herring is looked upon as a luxury in such places, and a demand exists that would exhaust any supply that could be sent. From ten to twelve thousand tons of fresh herrings are sent from Dunbar alone, during the season, into inland districts, being distributed by means of the railway, and also by cadgers.

Although the herring fishery may be said to be carried on all the year round, it arrives at its climax in August, the period when this great harvest of the sea falls to be gathered. At that season of the year the water is dotted over with boats, and the maritime population are on the very tip-toe of expectation. The chief seat of the herring fishery is at Wick, on the Caithness coast. This little town, if we may be allowed to compare small things with great, may be described as the Amsterdam of Scotland; and like the celebrated capital of Holland it has also been founded on herring-bones. The number of boats fishing from the conjoined harbour of Wick and Pulteney Town has during the last few years averaged one thousand; it is at this place, therefore, that the process of curing herrings can be seen and studied to the greatest advantage. The quays in the early morning are literally swarming with fishermen, curers, buyers, gutters, and others, arranging or studying the morning's take. In the case of a stranger arriving by steamboat, the first glimpse of the harbour and quays shows him the one industrial feature of the place in full operation.

Let us begin at the beginning of this industrial drama, and follow its action throughout. The boats usually start for the fishing ground an hour or two before sunset, and are generally manned by four men and a boy, in addition to the owner or skipper. The nets, which have been carried inland early in the morning, in order that they might be thoroughly dried, have been brought to the boat on a cart or waggon; on board there are a keg of water and a bag of bread or hard biscuit; and in addition to these simple necessaries, our boat contains a bottle of whisky, which we have presented by way of paying our footing. The name of our skipper is Francis Sinclair, and a very gallant-looking fellow he is; and as to his dress—why, his boots alone would make the success of a Surrey melodrama; and neither Truefit nor Ross could satisfactorily imitate his beard and whiskers. Having got safely on board—a rather difficult matter in a crowded harbour, where the boats are elbowing each other for room—we contrive, with some labour, to work our way out of the narrow-necked harbour into the bay, along with the nine hundred and ninety-nine boats which are to accompany us in our night's avocation. The heights of Pulteney Town, which command the quays, are covered with spectators admiring the pour out of the herring fleet, and wishing with all their hearts "God speed" to the venturers: old salts who have long retired from active seamanship are counting their "takes" over again, and the curer is mentally reckoning up the morrow's catch. Janet and Jeanie are smiling a kindly good-bye to "faither," and hoping for the safe return of Donald or Murdoch, and crowds of people are scattered on the heights, all taking various kinds of degrees of interest in the scene, which is stirringly picturesque to the eye of the tourist, and suggestive to the thoughtful observer.

Bounding gaily over the waves, which are crisping and curling their crests under the influence of the land breeze, our shoulder-of-mutton sail

filled with a good capful of wind, we hug the rocky coast, passing the ruined tower known as "the Old Man of Wick," which serves as a good landmark for the fleet. Soon the red sun begins to dip into the golden west, burnishing the waves with lustrous crimson and silver, and against the darkening eastern sky the thousand sails of the herring fleet blaze like sheets of flame. The shore becomes more and more indistinct, and the beetling cliff assumes fantastic and weird shapes, whilst the moaning waters rush into deep cavernous recesses with a wild and monotonous sough, that falls on the ear with a deeper and a deeper melancholy, broken only by the shrill wail of the herring gull. A dull hot haze settles on the scene, through which the coppery rays of the sun penetrate, powerless to cast a shadow. The scene grows more and more picturesque as the glowing sails of the fleet fade into grey specks dimly seen. Anon the breeze freshens and our boat cleaves the water with redoubled speed: we seem to sail farther and farther into the gloom, until the boundary line between sea and shore becomes lost to the sight.

We ought to have shot our nets before it became so dark, but our skipper being anxious to hit upon the right place, so as to save a second shooting, tacked up and down, uncertain where to take up his station. We had studied the movements of certain "wise men" of the fishery: men who are always lucky, and who find out the fish when others fail; but our crew became impatient when they began to smell the water, which had an oily gleam upon it indicative of herring, and sent out from the bows of the boat bright phosphorescent sparkles of light. The men several times thought they were right over the fish, but the skipper knew better. At last, after a lengthened cruise, our commander, who had been silent for half-an-hour, jumped up and called to action: "Up, men, and at 'em," was the order of the night. The preparations for shooting the nets at once began, by our lowering the sail. Surrounding us on all sides was to be seen a moving world of boats; many with their sails down, their nets floating in the water, and their crews at rest, indulging in fitful snatches of sleep. Other boats again were still fleeting uneasily about; their skippers, like our own, anxious to shoot in the best place, but as yet uncertain where to cast: they wait till they see indications of fish in other nets. By-and-by we are ourselves ready, the sinker goes splash into the water, the "dog" (a large bladder, or inflated skin of some kind, to mark the far end of the train) is heaved overboard, and the nets, breadth after breadth, follow as fast as the men can pay them out (each division being marked by a large painted bladder), till the immense train sinks into the water, forming a perforated wall a mile long and many feet in depth; the "dog" and the marking bladders floating and dipping in a long zigzag line, reminding one of the imaginary coils of the great sea-serpent.

Whilst the crew are snatching an hour or two's sleep, and the thousand boats around us, each with their long train of nets floating in the waters, are waiting to enmesh their prey, we will state the dimensions

of the netting, and also some other particulars essential to a proper knowledge of the herring harvest.

According to Act of Parliament, the herring fishery must be carried on by means of drift-nets, having meshes an inch square; and generally the fishing is carried on as directed: although on Lochfyne, the illegal sieve nets (erroneously described as trawls) are sometimes used. A herring net is usually about fifty yards long and thirty feet deep; but, for the purpose of securing an extensive take, a great number of the nets are joined together into one long train. These are connected by means of what is called the back-rope, which is made of strong cord and has buoys of bladder fixed to it at certain distances to mark the different nets, and keep them properly afloat; weights are also attached to the bottom, to keep the whole machine taut in the water. A capacious, well-rigged out, and carefully got up boat, with a sufficient drift of nets, will cost about 160*l.* The shooting of the nets begins immediately after sunset, and the "take" occurs in the night-time. The operation of paying out the nets from the boat is quite simple; the sail having been taken in, the boat is rowed over the space of water selected, and the nets are slowly lowered over the stern. After the whole train of nets has been cast into the water, it is fastened to the boat by a swing-rope about twenty fathoms long, which keeps all fast. The "take" occurs by the shoal, or a part of it, striking against the great perforated wall—the herrings thrusting their heads through the meshes. In order to ascertain if the fish have struck, the nets are occasionally "preed," that is, examined, and if the herrings are there, the process of hauling in commences at once; but if, as often happens, there be no fish, then the venue is changed: the boat is rowed away, and the nets are shot over again.

The crews of the Wick boats usually consist of men hired for a season of six weeks, from the islands of Lewis or Harris; some of them are not much acquainted with fishing matters, and are usually totally ignorant of the habits of the fish which they are engaged to capture. Their pay averages from 5*l.* to 9*l.* for the season; and, having lived with them, we can bear testimony to their being well housed and well fed: they eat large quantities of flesh-meat, and have been known to breakfast on beefsteaks and shortbread. Great improvement—and it is pleasant to record it—has taken place in the moral condition of the men during late years; but there is still an occasional riot in Wick on a Saturday night. There is no fishing attempted on the northern Scottish coast on the Saturday or Sunday evening; so that these are truly days of rest to the men. Great religious services are held on the Sunday evenings throughout the season, and these are attended by thousands of people. It is an impressive sight on a calm Sunday night, to witness so vast a congregation, engaged in public worship in the open churchyard; their voices blended in the simple hymns of the Scottish church, form a choir unsurpassed in the simple grandeur of its effects.

To return to our fishing-boat. Wrapped in the folds of a sail, we

tried in vain to snatch a brief nap; though those who are accustomed to such beds can sleep well enough in a herring boat. The skipper, too, slept with one eye open; for the boat being his property, and the risk all his, he required to look about him, as the nets are apt to become entangled with those belonging to other fishermen, or to be torn away by surrounding boats. After three hours' quietude, beneath a beautiful sky, the stars—

"The eternal orbs that beautify the night"—

began to pale their fires, and the gray dawn appearing, indicated that it was time to take stock. On reckoning up we found that we had floated gently with the tide till we were a long distance away from the harbour. The skipper had a presentiment that there was fish in his nets; indeed, the bobbing down of a few of the bladders had made it almost a certainty: at any rate we resolved to examine the drift, and see if there were any fish. It was a moment of suspense, while, by means of the swing-rope, the boat was hauled up to the nets. "Hurrah!" at last exclaimed Murdoch, of the Isle of Skye, "there's a lot of fish, skipper, and no mistake." Murdoch's news was true; our nets were silvery with herrings: so laden, in fact, that it took a long time to haul them in. It was a beautiful sight to see the shimmering fish as they came up like a sheet of silver from the water, each uttering a weak death-chirp as it was flung to the bottom of the boat. Formerly the fish were left in the meshes of the nets till the boat arrived in the harbour; but now, as the net is hauled on board the fish are at once shaken out. As our silvery treasure showers into the boat, we roughly guess our capture at fifty crans—a capital night's work.

The herrings being all on board, our duty is now to "up sail" and get home: the herrings cannot be too soon among the salt. As we make for the harbour, we discern at once how rightly the term lottery has been applied to the herring fishery. Boats which fished quite near our own were empty; while others, again, greatly exceeded our catch. "It is entirely chance work," said our skipper; "and although there may sometimes be millions of fish in the bay, the whole fleet may not divide a hundred crans between them." On some occasions, however, the shoal is hit so exactly that the fleet may bring into the harbour an amount of fish that in the gross would be an ample fortune. So heavy are the "takes" occasionally, that we have known the nets of many boats to be torn away and lost, through the sheer weight of the fish which were enmeshed in them.

The favouring breeze soon carried us to the quay, where the boats were already arriving in hundreds, and where we were warmly welcomed by the wife of our skipper; who bestowed on us, as the lucky cause of the miraculous draught, a very pleasant smile. When we arrived, the cure was going on with startling rapidity. The night had been a golden one for the fishers—calm and beautiful; the water being merely rippled by the land breeze. But it is not always so in the bay of Wick: the herring fleet has been more than once overtaken by a fierce storm, when

valuable lives have been lost, and thousands of pounds worth of netting and boats destroyed. On such occasions the gladdening sights of the herring fishery are changed to wailing and sorrow. It is no wonder that the heavens are eagerly scanned as the boats marshal their way out of the harbour, and the speck on the distant horizon keenly watched as it grows into a mass of gloomy clouds. As the song says, "Caller herrin" represent the lives of men; and many a despairing wife and mother can tell a sad tale of the havoc created by the summer gales on our exposed northern coast. The barometers which have been recently erected in the principal fishing villages of the Scottish coast, will form a valuable aid to the fishermen in their rough estimates of the weather.

The quays of Wick in the herring season are a great sight. Piles of barrels, empty and full, are built up in the curing yards, and pyramids of salt are heaped up ready for use. The trim girls whom we had seen dressed out in their simple finery, watching the fleet depart the evening before, were speedily occupied in gutting the fish, and were now all blood-besmeared. All around us as we crept up from the boat were the sights and sounds of that particular industrial feature which supports and gives celebrity to the place. A slight shower had fallen during the night, and the quays were ankle-deep in muddy brine. On all hands are fish: brawny men from the islands of Harris or Skye are carrying great basketfuls from the boats to the gutting troughs, where other brawny men dash them about with big wooden spades, and sprinkle them with salt. Then the "gutters," in oilskin dresses, smeared with offal and clotted with blood, seize upon the herrings, and gut and pack them with wonderful celerity. The widows of drowned husbands seem as if they were taking revenge on the dead herrings for their loss, and gut them with a will. The operation of eviscerating the fish is performed with lightning-like rapidity: a bob down and a bob up, a quick turn of the wrist, and a herring is operated upon and flung into the reception basket, and, in less than a minute, forty fish have been operated upon by each *artist*. Good hands at this business can make money in the herring season, as each crew of three people can gut and pack from forty to sixty barrels a day. The trough or receptacle for the herring is a large shallow vat, and around it are assembled the "gutters," who with a sharp knife clear out the herrings and toss them into a basket. This is seized by a couple of women, who in hot haste rush off with it to the packers; these in turn grasp handful after handful and arrange the fish with great precision in the barrel, dusting over each layer with salt; the fish having been previously *roused* in a tub of brine: in this way, in the course of a few minutes a full barrel can be properly gutted and packed. Crowds of gutters and packers are at work; coopers are heading up the barrels of cured fish; ships being laden with them for foreign ports, and the different patois of several counties of Scotland are heard amidst the hum of busy industry.

The proper curing of the herring is of great importance. The late Sir

Thomas Dick Lauder, when secretary to the Scottish Fishery Board, issued most explicit directions to the cooper about his duties while curing. He says:—"The cooper in charge should see that the gutters are furnished every morning with sharp knives. He should be careful to strew salt among the herrings as they are turned into the gutting boxes; give a general but strict attention to the gutters, in order to insure that they do their work properly; see that the herrings are properly sorted, and that all the broken and injured fish are removed; and take care that the fish are sufficiently and effectually *ronsed*. Then he should see that every barrel is seasoned with water, and the hoops properly driven before they are given to the packers. He should likewise keep his eyes over the packers, to see that the tiers of herrings are regularly laid and salted, and that a cover is placed on every barrel immediately after it has been completely packed."

The proper packing finishes the operation; and as each barrel contains 800 fish, and there are hundreds of thousands of barrels being filled, or ready to fill, the reader may judge how great is the produce of the herring fishery. The barrels are next marked with the official brand, which denotes that the cure has been performed after the manner prescribed by the board: the small fee of fourpence per barrel being charged by the Fishery Board as the price of this talismanic mark. From first to last there has been a considerable amount of controversy as to the question of branding: there are persons who are utterly opposed to the mark, and who assert that the cure ought to stand on its own merits, and that, as there is no department of Government for the branding of cheese or cotton, so there ought to be none for branding herrings; it is a mere idle ceremony, say the anti-branders; let there be free trade in herrings as well as in corn. Those who stand by the brand can adduce plenty of arguments in its favour: it is a certificate of merit, they say, which has the same effect as a letter of credit or bill—a bill of lading; for branded herrings will pass current anywhere. Of course, as in all such disputes, there is much to be said on both sides; and the best plan would be, perhaps, to steer a middle course in the matter. Let the herrings be sold on their merits and the character of the curer, and let the fishery officers be employed to act simply as a kind of police constables for the regulation of the fisheries.

The amount of capital represented by the herring fishery is very considerable. Details of the quantities of herrings caught in Scotland are pretty accurately given in the annual returns of the board. As Wick may be taken to be the representative for herring towns of Scotland, so Yarmouth may be looked upon as the principal seat of the English fishery. The decked smacks fishing from that port are about fifty tons register, and are of much greater value than the open boats used in the Scottish fishery. The quantity of fish taken at Yarmouth is very large; they are numbered by *the last*, each last containing 10,000 herrings; and, as hundreds of lasts are caught each season, the total quantity taken is

necessarily enormous. Vast numbers of the herrings caught at Yarmouth are made into the well-known "bloaters," or smoked into "reds," and form a dainty for which there is a very extensive demand over all the country. In our opinion, the value of a season's fishing in the seas of the three kingdoms cannot be estimated at less than two millions of pounds sterling!—a great harvest of money to be obtained from one industrial source alone, and all without seed, tillage, or rent. It will be a national calamity if we should find that, from sheer greed, we are over-fishing our herring. When the details of the present Census are published, we shall know accurately how many of the population are engaged in this productive branch of industry; in the meantime, we cannot be far wrong if we estimate that considerably upwards of 150,000 individuals take a share of the labour incidental to the abundant food-harvest afforded by the capture of the herring and other sea-fish. The official statistics for the fishing of 1860 have just been made public; and we have gleaned the following figures from the return, in the hope that they may aid us in conveying to the reader some idea of the magnitude of the herring harvest. The quantity of fish cured in that year was 681,193 barrels; the number of barrels branded was 231,913; and there were exported 377,970 barrels. The previous year's report informs us that the fishing of 1859 was remarkably short in its produce, and that the effect of this was greatly to diminish the quantity of herrings cured; so that in no year since 1837 had the board had to present so small a return of cured fish. After alluding to the capricious fluctuations of the fishery, the report for 1859 goes on to say:—"Many theories are advanced; some alarming as to the decay of the herring fisheries, others inventive and fictitious as to the supposed habits of the fish; but none that will stand the test of even slight investigation, much less the scrutiny of scientific inquiry. On the subject itself science has thrown but little light, and, whenever directed to it, has found itself beset with serious and perplexing difficulties."

The fluctuations of the fishery are becoming serious, and the main argument of the party who think they discern symptoms of the "fishing up" of the herring, rests in the amount of netting employed now, as compared with what was required about thirty years ago. At that time a man could almost carry on his shoulder the train of nets required; now it takes a waggon, and nine times the quantity of netting is required to capture a smaller quantity of fish. If we may believe Lacepede, the distribution of the herring tribe is "one of the natural causes which decide the destiny of empires." Let us look, then, to our herrings. This fact of the netting is of itself sufficiently startling—especially in the face of our salmon difficulty—and it certainly demands immediate inquiry.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Brown pleads her own Case, and Mr. Robinson walks on Blackfriars Bridge.

At the time of Mrs. McCockerell's death Robinson and Maryanne Brown were not on comfortable terms with each other. She had twitted him with being remiss in asserting his own rights in the presence of his rival, and he had accused her of being fickle, if not actually false.

"I shall be just as fickle as I please," she said. "If it suits me I'll have nine to follow me; but there shan't be one of the nine who won't hold up his head and look after his own."

"Your conduct, Maryanne ——"

"George, I won't be scolded, and that you ought to know. If you don't like me, you are quite welcome to do the other thing." And then they parted. This took place after Mr. Brown's adherence to the Robinson interest, and while Brisket was waiting passively to see if that five hundred pounds would be forthcoming.

Their next meeting was in the presence of Mr. Brown; and on that occasion all the three spoke out their intentions on the subject of their future family arrangements, certainly with much plain language, if not on every side with positive truth. Mr. Robinson was at the house in Smithfield, giving counsel to old Mr. Brown as to the contest which was then being urged between him and his son-in-law. At that period the two sisters conceived that their joint pecuniary interests required that they should act together; and it must be acknowledged that they led poor Mr. Brown a sad life of it. He and Robinson were sitting upstairs in the little back room looking out into Spavinhorse Yard, when Maryanne abruptly broke in upon them.

"Father," she said, standing upright in the middle of the room before them, "I have come to know what it is that you mean to do?"

"To do, my dear?" said old Mr. Brown.

"Yes; to do. I suppose something is to be done some day. We ain't always to go on shilly-shallying, spending the money, and ruining the business, and living from hand to mouth, as though there was no end to anything. I've got myself to look to, and I don't mean to go into the workhouse if I can help it!"

"The workhouse, Maryanne!"

"I said the workhouse, father, and I meant it. If everybody had

what was justly their own, I shouldn't have to talk in that way. But as far as I can see, them sharks, the lawyers, will have it all. Now, I'll tell you what it is——"

Hitherto Robinson had not said a word; but at this moment he thought it right to interfere. "Maryanne!" he said—and, in pronouncing the well-loved name, he threw into it all the affection of which his voice was capable—"Maryanne!"

"'Miss Brown' would be a deal properer, and also much more pleasing, if it's all the same to you, sir!"

How often had he whispered "Maryanne" into her ears, and the dear girl had smiled upon him to hear herself so called! But he could not remind her of this at the present moment. "I have your father's sanction," said he——

"My father isn't nothing to me—not with reference to what young man I let myself be called 'Maryanne' by. And going on as he is going on, I don't suppose that he'll long be much to me in any way."

"Oh, Maryanne!" sobbed the unhappy parent.

"That's all very well, sir, but it won't keep the kettle a-boiling!"

"As long as I have a bit to eat of, Maryanne, and a cup to drink of, you shall have the half."

"And what am I to do when you won't have neither a bit nor a cup? That's what you're coming to, father. We can all see that. What's the use of all them lawyers?"

"That's Jones's doing," said Robinson.

"No: it isn't Jones's doing. And of course Jones must look after himself. I'm not partial to Jones. Everybody knows that. When Sarah Jane disgraced herself, and went off with him, I never said a word in her favour. It wasn't I who brought a viper into the house and warmed it in my bosom." It was at this moment that Jones was behaving with the most barefaced effrontery, as well as the utmost cruelty, towards the old man, and Maryanne's words cut her father to the very soul. "Jones might have been anywhere for me," she continued; "but there he is downstairs, and Sarah Jane is with him. Of course they are looking for their own."

"And what is it you want, Maryanne?"

"Well; I'll tell you what I want. My dear sainted mother's last wish was that—I should become Mrs. Brisket!"

"And do you mean to say," said Robinson—"do you mean to say that that is now your wish?" And he looked at her till the audacity even of her eyes sank beneath the earnestness of his own. But though for the moment he quelled her eye, nothing could quell her voice.

"I mean to say," said she, speaking loudly, and with her arms akimbo, "that William Brisket is a very respectable young man, with a trade—that he's got a decent house for a young woman to live in, and a decent table for her to sit at. And he's always been brought up decent, having been a regular 'prentice to his uncle, and all that sort of thing.

He's never been wandering about like a vagrant, getting his money nobody knows how. William Brisket's as well known in Aldersgate-street as the Post-office. And moreover," she added, after a pause, speaking these last words in a somewhat milder breath—"And moreover, it was my sainted mother's wish!"

"Then go to him!" said Robinson, rising suddenly, and stretching out his arm against her. "Go to him, and perform your —— sainted mother's wish! Go to the —— butcher! Revel in his shambles, and grow fat and sleek in his slaughter-house! From this moment George Robinson will fight the world alone. Brisket, indeed! If it be accounted manliness to have killed hecatombs of oxen, let him be called manly!"

"He would have pretty nigh killed you, young man, on one occasion, if you hadn't made yourself scarce."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Robinson, "if he'll come forth, I'll fight him to-morrow—with cleavers, if he will!"

"George, George, don't say that," exclaimed Mr. Brown. "'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'"

"You needn't be afraid," said Maryanne. "He doesn't mean fighting," and she pointed to Robinson. "William would about eat him, you know, if they were to come together."

"Heaven forbid!" said Mr. Brown.

"But what I want to know is this," continued the maiden; "how is it to be about that five hundred pounds, which my mother left me?"

"But, my dear, your mother had not five hundred pounds to leave."

"Nor did she make any will if she had," said Robinson.

"Now don't put in your oar, for I won't have it," said the lady. "And you'd show a deal more correct feeling if you wasn't so much about the house just at present. My darling mamma,"—and then she put her handkerchief up to her eyes—"always told William that when he and I became one, there should be five hundred pounds down—and of course he expects it. Now, sir, you often talk about your love for your children."

"I do love them; so I do. What else have I?"

"Now's the time to prove it. Let me have that sum of five hundred pounds, and I'll always take your part against the Joneses. Five hundred pounds isn't so much,—and surely I have a right to some share. And you may be sure of this, when we're settled, Brisket is not the man to come back to you for more, as some would do." And then she gave another look at Robinson.

"I haven't got the money; have I, George?" said the father.

"That question I cannot answer," replied Robinson. "Nor can I say how far it might be prudent in you to debar yourself from all further progress in commerce if you have got it. But this I can say, do not let any consideration for me prevent you from giving a dowry *with* your daughter to Mr. Brisket; if she loves him ——"

"Oh, it's all bother about love," said she; "men and women must eat, and they must have something to give their children, when they come."

"But if I haven't got it, my dear?"

"That's nonsense, father. Where has the money gone to? Whatever you do, speak the truth. If you choose to say you won't——"

"Well, then, I won't," said he, roused suddenly to anger. "I never made Brisket any promise!"

"But mother did; she as is now gone, and far away; and it was her money,—so it was."

"It wasn't her money;—it was mine!" said Mr. Brown.

"And that's all the answer I'm to get? Very well. Then I shall know where to look for my rights. And as for that fellow there, I didn't think it of him, that he'd be so mean. I knew he was a coward always."

"I am neither mean nor a coward," said Robinson, jumping up, and speaking with a voice that was audible right across Spavinhorse Yard, and into the tap of the "Man of Mischief" public-house opposite. "As for meanness, if I had the money, I would pour it out into your lap, though I knew that it was to be converted into beef and mutton for the benefit of a hated rival. And as for cowardice, I repel the charge, and drive it back into the teeth of him who, doubtless, made it. I am no coward."

"You ran away when he bid you!"

"Yes; because he is big and strong, and had I remained, he would have knocked me about, and made me ridiculous in the eyes of the spectators. But I am no coward. If you wish it, I am ready to fight him."

"Oh, dear, no. It can be nothing to me."

"He will make me one mash of gore," said Robinson, still holding out his hand. "But if you wish it, I care nothing for that. His brute strength will, of course, prevail; but I am indifferent as to that, if it would do you a pleasure."

"Pleasure to me! Nothing of the kind, I can assure you."

"Maryanne, if I might have my wish, it should be this. Let us both sit down, with our cigars lighted,—ay, and with tapers in our hands—on an open barrel of gunpowder. Then let him who will sit there longest receive this fair hand as his prize." And as he finished, he leaned over her, and took up her hand in his.

"Laws, Robinson!" she said; but she did not on the moment withdraw her hand. "And if you were both blew up, what would I do then?"

"I won't hear of such an arrangement," said Mr. Brown. "It would be very wicked; if there's another word spoke about it, I'll go to the police at once!"

On that occasion Mr. Brown was quite determined about the money; and, as we heard afterwards, Mr. Brisket expressed himself as equally resolute. "Of course I expect to see my way," said he; "I can't do anything of that sort without seeing my way." When that overture about the gunpowder was repeated to him, he is reported to have become very red. "Either with gloves or without, or with the sticks, I'm

ready for him," said he; "but as for sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, it's a thing that nobody wouldn't do unless they was in Bedlam."

When that interview was over, Robinson walked forth by himself into the evening air, along Giltspur Street, down the Old Bailey, and so on by Bridge Street, to the middle of Blackfriars Bridge; and as he walked, he strove manfully to get the better of the passion which was devouring the strength of his blood, and the marrow of his bones.

"If she be not fair for me," he sang to himself, "what care I how fair she be?" But he did care; he could not master that passion. She had been vile to him, unfeminine, untrue, coarsely abusive; she had shown herself to be mercenary, incapable of true love, a scold, fickle, and cruel. But yet he loved her. There was a gallant feeling at his heart that no misfortune could conquer him—but one; that misfortune had fallen upon him,—and he was conquered.

"Why is it," he said as he looked down into the turbid stream—"why is it that bloodshed, physical strife, and brute power are dear to them all? Any fool can have personal bravery; 'tis but a sign of folly to know no fear. Grant that a man has no imagination, and he cannot fear; but when a man does fear, and yet is brave ——" Then for awhile he stopped himself. "Would that I had gone at his throat like a dog!" he continued, still in his soliloquy. "Would that I had! Could I have torn out his tongue, and laid it as a trophy at her feet, then she would have loved me." After that he wandered slowly home, and went to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Brisket thinks he sees his Way, and Mr. Robinson again walks on Blackfriars Bridge.

For some half-hour on that night, as Robinson had slowly walked backwards and forwards across the bridge, ideas of suicide had flitted across his mind. Should he not put an end to all this,—to all this and so much else that harassed him and made life weary. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished,'" he said, as he looked down into the dark river. And then he repeated a good deal more, expressing his desire to sleep, but acknowledging that his dreams in that strange bed might be the rub. "And thus 'calamity must still live on,'" he said, as he went home to his lodgings.

Then came those arrangements as to the partnership and the house in Bishopsgate Street, which have already been narrated. During the weeks which produced these results, he frequently saw Maryanne in Smithfield, but never spoke to her, except on the ordinary topics of the day. In his demeanour he was courteous to her, but he never once addressed her except as Miss Brown, and always with a politeness which was as cold as it was studied. On one or two occasions he thought that he observed in her manner something that showed a wish for reconcilia-

tion; but still he said nothing to her. "She has treated me like a dog," he said to himself, "and yet I love her. If I tell her so, she will treat me worse than a dog." Then he heard, also, that Brisket had declared more than once that he could not see his way. "I could see mine," he said, "as though a star guided me, if she should but stretch forth her hand to me and ask me to forgive her."

It was some week or two after the deed of partnership had been signed, and when the house at No. 81 had been just taken, that Miss Twizzle came to Robinson. He was, at the moment, engaged in composition for an illustrious house in the Minories that shall be nameless; but he immediately gave his attention to Miss Twizzle, though at the moment he was combating the difficulties of a rhyme which it had been his duty to repeat nineteen times in the same poem. "I think that will do," said he, as he wrote it down. "And yet it's lame—very lame:

"But no lady ever loses
By going to the shop of ——"

And then Miss Twizzle entered.

"I see you are engaged," said she, "and, perhaps, I had better call another time."

"By no means, Miss Twizzle; pray be seated. How is everything going on at the Hall of Harmony?"

"I haven't been there, Mr. Robinson, since that night as Mr. Brisket did behave so bad. I got such a turn that night, as I can't endure the sight of the room ever since. If you'll believe me, I can't."

"It was not a pleasant occurrence," said Robinson. "I felt it very keenly. A man's motives are so vilely misconstrued, Miss Twizzle. I have been accused of—of—cowardice."

"Not by me, Mr. Robinson. I did say you should have stuck up a bit; but I didn't mean anything like that."

"Well; it's over now. When are they to be married, Miss Twizzle?"

"Now, Mr. Robinson, don't you talk like that. You wouldn't take it all calm that way if you thought she was going to have him."

"I mean to take it very calm for the future."

"But I suppose you're not going to give her up. It wouldn't be like you, that wouldn't."

"She has spurned me, Miss Twizzle; and after that ——"

"Oh, spurn! that's all my eye. Of course she has. There's a little of that always, you know,—just for the fun of the thing. The course of love shouldn't run too smooth. I wouldn't give a straw for a young man if he wouldn't let me spurn him sometimes."

"But you wouldn't call him a —— a ——"

"A what? A coward, is it? Indeed but I would, or anything else that came uppermost. Laws! what's the good of keeping company if you ain't to say just what comes uppermost at the moment. 'Twas but the other day I called my young man a raskil."

"It was in sport, no doubt."

"I was that angry at the time I could have tore him limb from limb; I was, indeed. But he says, 'Polly,' says he, 'if I'm a he-raskil, you're a she-raskil; so that needn't make any difference between us.' And no more it didn't. He gets his salary rose in January, and then we shall be married."

"I wish you all the happiness that married life can bestow," said Robinson.

"That's very prettily said, and I wish the same to you. Only you mustn't be so down like. There's Maryanne; she says you haven't a word for her now."

"She'll find as many words as she likes in Aldersgate Street, no doubt."

"Now, Robinson, if you're going to go on like that, you are not the man I always took you for. You didn't suppose that a girl like Maryanne isn't to have her bit of fun as long as it lasts. Them as is as steady as old horses before marriage usually has their colt's fling after marriage. Maryanne's principles is good, and that's everything—ain't it?"

"I impute nothing to Miss Brown, except that she is false, and mercenary, and cruel."

"Exactly; just a she-raskil, as Tom called me. I was mercenary and all the rest of it. But, laws! what's that between friends? The long and short of it is this: is Barkis willing? If Barkis is willing, then a certain gentleman as we know in the meat trade may suit himself elsewhere. Come; answer that. Is Barkis willing?"

For a minute or two Robinson sat silent, thinking of the indignities he had endured. That he loved the girl—loved her warmly, with all his heart—was only too true. Yes; he loved her too well. Had his affection been of a colder nature, he would have been able to stand off for awhile, and thus have taught the lady a lesson which might have been of service. But, in his present mood, the temptation was too great for him, and he could not resist it. "Barkis is willing," said he. And thus, at the first overture, he forgave her all the injury she had done him. A man never should forgive a woman unless he has her absolutely in his power. When he does so, and thus wipes out all old scores, he merely enables her to begin again.

But Robinson had said the word, and Miss Twizzle was not the woman to allow him to go back from it. "That's well," said she. "And now I'll tell you what. Tom and I are going to drink tea in Smithfield, with old Brown, you know. You'll come too; and then, when old Brown goes to sleep, you and Maryanne will make it up." Of course she had her way; and Robinson, though he repented himself of what he was doing before she was out of the room, promised to be there.

And he was there. When he entered Mr. Brown's sitting-room he found Maryanne and Miss Twizzle, but Miss Twizzle's future lord had not yet come. He did not wait for Mr. Brown to go to sleep, but at once declared the purpose of his visit.

"Shall I say 'Maryanne?'" said he, putting out his hand; "or is it to be 'Miss Brown?'"

"Well, I'm sure," said she; "there's a question! If 'Miss Brown' will do for you, sir, it will do uncommon well for me."

"Call her 'Maryanne,' and have done with it," said Miss Twizzle. "I hate all such nonsense, like poison."

"George," said the old man, "take her, and may a father's blessing go along with her. We are partners in the haberdashery business, and now we shall be partners in everything." Then he rose up, as though he were going to join their hands.

"Oh, father, I know a trick worth two of that!" said Maryanne. "That's not the way we manage these things now-a-days, is it, Polly?"

"I don't know any better way," said Polly, "when Barkis is willing."

"Maryanne," said Robinson, "let bygones be bygones."

"With all my heart," said she. "All of them, if you like."

"No, not quite all, Maryanne. Those moments in which I first declared what I felt for you can never be bygones for me. I have never faltered in my love; and now, if you choose to accept my hand in the presence of your father, there it is."

"God bless you, my boy; God bless you!" said Mr. Brown.

"Come, Maryanne," said Miss Twizzle, "he has spoke out now, quite manly; and you should give him an answer."

"But he is so imperious, Polly! If he only sees me speaking to another, in the way of civility—as, of course, I must—he's up with his grand ways, and I'm put in such a trembling that I don't know how to open my mouth."

Of course, every one will know how the affair ended on that evening. The quarrels of lovers have ever been the renewal of love. Miss Brown did accept Mr. Robinson's vows; Mr. Brown did go to sleep; Tom, whose salary was about to be raised to the matrimonial point, did arrive; and the evening was passed in bliss and harmony.

Then, again, for a week or two did George Robinson walk upon roses. It could not now be thrown in his teeth that some other suitor was an established tradesman; for such also was his proud position. He was one of that firm whose name was already being discussed in the commercial world, and could feel that the path to glory was open beneath his feet. It was during these days that those original ideas as to the name and colour of the house, and as to its architectural ornamentation, came from his brain, and that he penned many of those advertisements which afterwards made his reputation so great. It was then that he so plainly declared his resolve to have his own way in his own department, and startled his partners by the firmness of his purpose. It need hardly be said that gratified love was the source from whence he drew his inspiration.

"And now let us name the day," said Robinson, as soon as that other day—the opening day for Magenta House—had been settled. All nature would then be smiling. It would be the merry month of May; and

Robinson suggested that, after the toil of the first fortnight of the opening, a day's holiday for matrimonial purposes might well be accorded to him. "We'll go to the bowers of Richmond, Maryanne," said he.

"God bless you, my children," said Mr. Brown. "And as for the holiday, Jones shall see the shutters down, and I will see them up again."

"What!" said Maryanne. "This next first of June as ever is? I'll do no such thing."

"Why not, my own one?"

"I never heard the like! Where am I to get my things? And you will have no house taken, or anything. If you think I'm going into lodgings like Sarah Jane, you're mistook. I don't marry unless I have things comfortable about me—furniture, and all that. While you were in your tantrums, George, I once went to see William Brisket's house——"

"—— William Brisket!" said Robinson. Perhaps, he was wrong in using such a phrase, but it must be confessed that he was sorely tried. Who but a harpy would have alluded to the comforts of a rival's domestic establishment at such a moment as that? Maryanne Brown was a harpy, and is a harpy to this day.

"There, father," said she, "look at that! just listen to him! You wouldn't believe me before. What's a young woman to look for with a man as can go on like that?—cursing and swearing before one's face—quite awful!"

"He was aggravated, Maryanne," said the old man.

"Yes, and he'll always be being aggravated. If he thinks as I ain't going to speak civil of them as has always spoke civil to me, he's in the wrong of it. William Brisket never went about cursing at me in that way."

"I didn't curse at you, Maryanne."

"If William Brisket had anything to say of a rival, he said it out honest. 'Maryanne,' said he to me once, 'if that young man comes after you any more, I'll polish his head off his shoulders.' Now, that was speaking manly; and, if you could behave like that, you'd get yourself respected. But as for them rampagious Billingsgate ways before a lady, I for one haven't been used to it, and I won't put up with it!" And so she bounced out of the room.

"You shouldn't have swore at her, George," said Mr. Brown.

"Swear at her!" said Robinson, putting his hand up to his head, as though he found it almost impossible to collect his scattered thoughts. "But it doesn't matter. The world may swear at her for me now; and the world will swear at her!" So saying, he left the house, went hastily down Snow Hill, and again walked moodily on the bridge of Blackfriars. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished," said he; "—— devoutly! —— devoutly! And when they take me up—up to her, would it be loving, or would it be loathing?———A nasty, cold, moist, unpleasant body!" he went on. "Ah me! it would be loathing! He hadn't a father; he hadn't a mother; he hadn't a sister; he hadn't a brother——but he had a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet,

than all other.——'To be or not to be; that is the question.'——He must in ground unsanctified be lodged, till the last trumpet! Ah, there's the rub! But for that, who would these fardels bear?" Then he made up his mind that the fardels must still be borne, and again went home to his lodgings.

This had occurred some little time before the opening of the house, and on the next morning George Robinson was at his work as hard—ay, harder—than ever. He had pledged himself to the firm, and was aware that it would ill become him to allow private sorrows to interfere with public duties. On that morrow he was more enterprising than ever, and it was then that he originated the idea of the four men in armour, and of Fame with her classical horn and gilded car.

"She'll come round again, George," said Mr. Brown, "and then take her at the hop."

"She'll hop no more for me," said George Robinson, sternly. But on this matter he was weak as water, and this woman was able to turn him round her little finger.

On the fourteenth of May, the day previous to the opening of the house, Robinson was seated upstairs alone, still at work on some of his large posters. There was no sound to be heard but the hammers of the workmen below; and the smell of the magenta paint, as it dried, was strong in his nostrils. It was then that one of the workmen came up to him, saying that there was a gentleman below who wished to see him. At this period Robinson was anxious to be called on by commercial gentlemen, and at once sent down civil word, begging that the gentleman would walk up. With heavy step the gentleman did walk up, and William Brisket was shown into the room.

"Sir," said George Robinson as soon as he saw him, "I did not expect this honour from you." And then he bethought himself of his desire to tear out the monster's tongue, and began to consider whether he might do it now.

"I don't know much about honour," said Brisket; "but it seems to me an understanding's wanted 'twixt you and I."

"There can be none such," said Robinson.

"Oh, but there must."

"It is not within the compass of things. You, sir, cannot understand me;—your intellectual vision is too limited. And I—I will not understand you."

"Won't you, by jingo! Then your vision shall be limited, as far as two uncommon black eyes can limit it. But come, Robinson, if you don't want to quarrel, I don't."

"As for quarrelling," said Robinson, "it is the work of children. Come, Brisket, will you jump with me into that river? The first that reaches yonder side, let him have her!" And he pointed up Bishopsgate Street towards the Thames.

"Perhaps you can swim?" said Brisket.

"Not a stroke!" said Robinson.

"Then what a jolly pair of fools we should be!"

"Ah-h-h-h! That's the way to try a man's metal!"

"If you talk to me about metal, young man, I'll drop into you. You've been a-sending all manner of messages to me about a barrel of gunpowder and that sort of thing, and it's my mind that you're a little out of your own. Now I ain't going to have anything to do with gunpowder, nor yet with the river. It's a nasty place is the river; and when I want a wash I shan't go there."

"'Dreadfully staring through muddy impurity!'" said Robinson.

"Impurity enough," continued the other; "and I won't have anything to do with it. Now, I'll tell you what: will you give me your word, as a man, never to have nothing more to say to Maryanne Brown?"

"Never again to speak to her?"

"Not, except in the way of respect when she's Mrs. Brisket."

"Never again to clasp her hand in mine?"

"Not by no means. And if you want me to remain quiet, you'd a deal better stow that kind of thing. I'll tell you what it is—I'm beginning to see my way with old Brown——"

"*Et tu, Brute?*" said Robinson, clasping his hands together.

"I'm beginning to see my way with old Brown," continued Brisket; "and, to tell you the truth at once, I don't mean to be interfered with."

"Has—my partner—promised—her hand to you?"

"Yes, he has; and five hundred pounds with it."

"And she——?"

"Oh, she's all right. There isn't any doubt about she. I've just come from she, as you call her. Now that I see my way, she and I is to be one."

"And where's the money to come from, Mr. Brisket?"

"The father 'll stand the money—in course."

"I don't know where he'll get it, then: certainly not out of the capital of our business, Mr. Brisket. And since you are so keen about seeing your way, Mr. Brisket, I advise you to be quite sure that you do see it."

"That's my business, young man; I've never been bit yet, and I don't know as I'm going to begin now. I never moves till I see my way. They as does is sure to tumble."

"Well; see your way," said Robinson. "See it as far as your natural lights will enable you to look. It's nothing to me."

"Ah, but I must hear you say that you renounce her."

"Renounce her, false harpy! Ay, with all my heart."

"But I won't have her called out of her name."

"She is false."

"Hold your tongue, or I'll drop into you. They're all more or less false, no doubt; but I won't have you say so of her. And since you're so ready about the renouncing, suppose you put it on paper—'I renounce my right to the hand and heart of Maryanne Brown.' You've got pen and ink there;—just put it down"

"It shall not need," said Robinson.

"Oh, but it does need. It'll put an end to a world of trouble and make her see that the thing is all settled. It can't be any sorrow to you, because you say she's a false harpy."

"Nevertheless, I love her."

"So do I love her; and as I'm beginning to see my way, why, of course, I mean to have her. We can't both marry her, can we?"

"No; not both," said Robinson. "Certainly not both."

"Then you just write as I bid you," said Brisket.

"Bid me, sir!"

"Well, ask you; if that will make it easier."

"And what if I don't?"

"Why, I shall drop into you. That's all about it. There's the pen, ink, and paper; you'd better do it."

Not at first did Robinson write those fatal words by which he gave up all his right to her he loved; but before that interview was ended the words were written. "What matters it?" he said, at last, just as Brisket had actually risen from his seat to put his vile threat into execution. "Has not she renounced me?"

"Yes," said Brisket, "she has done that certainly."

"Had she been true to me," continued Robinson, "to do her a pleasure I would have stood up before you till you had beaten me into the likeness of one of your own carcases."

"That's what I should have done, too."

"But now——why should I suffer now?"

"No, indeed; why should you?"

"I would thrash you if I could, for the pure pleasure."

"No doubt; no doubt."

"But it stands to reason that I can't. God, when He gave me power of mind, gave you power of body."

"And a little common sense along with it, my friend. I'm generally able to see my way, big as I look. Come; what's the good of arguing. You're quick at writing, I know, and there's the paper."

Then George Robinson did write. The words were as follows:—"I renounce the hand and heart of Maryanne Brown. I renounce them for ever.—George Robinson."

On the night of that day, while the hammers were still ringing by gaslight in the unfinished shop; while Brown and Jones were still busy with the goods, and Mrs. Jones was measuring out to the shop-girls yards of Magenta ribbon, short by an inch, Robinson again walked down to the bridge. "The bleak wind of March makes me tremble and shiver," said he to himself. But, 'Not the dark arch or the black flowing river.'

"Come, young man, move on," said a policeman to him. And he did move on.

"But for that man I should have done it then," he whispered, in his solitude, as he went to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOWING HOW MR. ROBINSON WAS EMPLOYED ON THE OPENING DAY.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" were the words with which Mr. Brown was greeted at six o'clock in the morning on that eventful day, when, at early dawn, he met his young partner at Magenta House. He had never studied the history of Cæsar's death, but he understood the reproach as well as any Roman ever did.

"It was your own doing, George," he said. "When she was swore at in that way, and when you went away and left her ——"

"It was she went away and left me."

"'Father,' said she when she came back, 'I shall put myself under the protection of Mr. William Brisket.' What was I to do then? And when he came himself, ten minutes afterwards, what was I to say to him? A father is a father, George; and one's children is one's children."

"And they are to be married?"

"Not quite at once, George."

"No. The mercenary slaughterer will reject that fair hand at last, unless it comes to him weighted with a money-bag. From whence are to come those five hundred pounds without which William Brisket will not allow your daughter to warm herself at his hearthstone?"

"As Jones has got the partnership, George, Maryanne's husband should have something."

"Ah, yes! It is I, then,—I, as one of the partners of this house, who am to bestow a dowry upon her who has injured me, and make happy the avarice of my rival! Since the mimic stage first represented the actions of humanity, no such fate as that has ever been exhibited as the lot of man. Be it so. Bring hither the cheque-book. That hand that was base enough to renounce her shall, with the same pen, write the order for the money."

"No, George, no," said Mr. Brown. "I never meant to do that. Let him have it——out of the profits."

"Ha!"

"I said in a month,—if things went well. Of course, I meant,—well enough."

"But they'll lead you such a life as never man passed yet. Maryanne, you know, can be bitter; very bitter."

"I must bear it, George. I've been a-bearing a long while, and I'm partly used to it. But, George, it isn't a pleasure to me. It isn't a pleasure to a poor old father to be nagged at by his daughters from his very breakfast down to his very supper. And they comes to me sometimes in bed, nagging at me worse than ever."

"My heart has often bled for you, Mr. Brown."

"I know it has, George; and that's why I've loved you and trusted

you. And now you won't quarrel with me, will you, though I have a little thrown you over like?"

What was Robinson to say? Of course he forgave him. It was in his nature to forgive; and he would even have forgiven Maryanne at that moment, had she come to him and asked him. But she was asleep in her bed, dreaming, perchance, of that big Philistine whom she had chosen as her future lord. A young David, however, might even yet arise, who should smite that huge giant with a stone between the eyes.

Then did Mr. Brown communicate to his partner those arrangements as to grouping which his younger daughter had suggested for the opening of the house. When Robinson first heard that Maryanne intended to be there, he declared his intention of standing by her side, though he would not deign even to look her in the face. "She shall see that she has no power over me, to make me quail," he said. And then he was told that Brisket also would be there; Maryanne had begged the favour of him, and he had unwillingly consented. "It is hard to bear," said Robinson, "very hard. But it shall be borne. I do not remember ever to have heard of the like."

"He won't come often, George, you may be sure."

"That I should have planned these glories for him! Well, well; be it so. What is the pageantry to me? It has been merely done to catch the butterflies, and of these he is surely the largest. I will sit alone above, and work there with my brain for the service of the firm, while you below are satisfying the eyes of the crowd."

And so it had been, as was told in that chapter which was devoted to the opening day of the house. Robinson had sat alone in the very room in which he had encountered Brisket, and had barely left his seat for one moment when the first rush of the public into the shop had made his heart leap within him. There the braying of the horn in the street, and the clatter of the armed horsemen on the pavement, and the jokes of the young boys, and the angry threatenings of the policemen, reached his ears. "It is well," said he; "the ball has been set a-rolling, and the work that has been well begun is already half completed. When once the steps of the unthinking crowd have habituated themselves to move hitherward, they will continue to come with the constancy of the tide, which ever rolls itself on the same strand." And then he tasked himself to think how that tide should be made always to flow—never to ebb. "They must be brought here," said he, "ever by new allurements. When once they come, it is only in accordance with the laws of human nature that they should leave their money behind them." Upon that, he prepared the words for another card, in which he begged his friends, the public of the city, to come to Magenta House, as friends should come. They were invited to see, and not to buy. The firm did not care that purchases should be made thus early in their career. Their great desire was that the arrangements of the establishment should be witnessed before any considerable portion of the immense stock had been moved for the purpose of retail sale. And then the West End public were especially

requested to inspect the furs which were being collected for the anticipated sale of the next winter. It was as he wrote these words that he heard that demand for the African monkey muff, and heard also Mr. Jones's discreet answer. "Yes," said he to himself; "before we have done, ships shall come to us from all coasts; real ships. From Tyre and Sidon, they shall come; from Ophir and Tarshish, from the East and from the West, and from the balmy southern islands. How sweet will it be to be named among the Merchant Princes of this great commercial nation!" But he felt that Brown and Jones would never be Merchant Princes, and he already looked forward to the day when he would be able to emancipate himself from such thraldom.

It has been already said that a considerable amount of business was done over the counter on the first day, but that the sum of money taken was not as great as had been hoped. That this was caused by Mr. Brown's injudicious mode of going to work, there could be no doubt. He had filled the shelves of the shop with cheap articles for which he had paid, and had hesitated in giving orders for heavy amounts to the wholesale houses. Such orders had of course been given, and in some cases had been given in vain; but quite enough of them had been honoured to show what might have been done, had there been no hesitation. "As a man of capital, I must object," he had said to Mr. Robinson, only a week before the house was opened. "I wish I could make you understand that you have no capital." "I would I could divest you of the idea and the money too," said Robinson. But it was all of no use. A domestic fowl that has passed all its days at a barn-door can never soar on the eagle's wing. Now Mr. Brown was the domestic fowl, while the eagle's pinion belonged to his youngest partner. By whom in that firm the kite was personified, shall not here be stated.

Brisket on that day soon left the shop; but as Maryanne Brown remained there, Robinson did not descend among the throng. There was no private door to the house, and therefore he was forced to walk out between the counters when he went to his dinner. On that occasion, he passed close by Miss Brown, and met that young lady's eye without quailing. She looked full upon him; and then, turning her face round to her sister, tittered with an air of scorn.

"I think he's been very badly used," said Sarah Jane.

"And who has he got to blame but his own want of spirit?" said the other. This was spoken in the open shop, and many of the young men and women heard it. Robinson, however, merely walked on, raising his hat, and saluting the daughters of the senior partner. But it must be acknowledged that such remarks as that greatly aggravated the misery of his position.

It was on the evening of that day, when he was about to leave the establishment for the night, that he heard a gentle creeping step on the stairs, and presently Mrs. Jones presented herself in the room in which he was sitting. Now if there was any human fellow-creature on the face

of this earth whom George Robinson had brought himself to hate, that human fellow-creature was Sarah Jane Jones. Jones himself he despised, but his feeling towards Mrs. Jones was stronger than contempt. To him it was odious that she should be present in the house at all, and he had obtained from her father a direct promise that she should not be allowed to come behind the counters after this their opening day.

"George," she said, coming up to him, "I have come upstairs because I wish to have a few words with you private."

"Will you take a chair?" said he, placing one for her. One is bound to be courteous to a lady, even though that lady be a harpy.

"George," she again began—she had never called him "George" before, and he felt himself sorely tempted to tell her that his name was Mr. Robinson. "George, I've brought myself to look upon you quite as a brother-in-law, you know."

"Have you?" said he. "Then you have done me an honour that does not belong to me—and never will."

"Now don't say that, George. If you'll only bring yourself to show a little more spirit to Maryanne, all will be right yet."

What was she that she should talk to him about spirit? In these days there was no subject which was more painful to him than that of personal courage. He was well aware that he was no coward. He felt within himself an impulse that would have carried him through any danger of which the result would not have been ridiculous. He could have led a forlorn hope, or rescued female weakness from the fangs of devouring flames. But he had declined—he acknowledged to himself that he had declined—to be mauled by the hands of an angry butcher who was twice his size. "One has to keep one's own path in the world," he had said to himself; "but, nevertheless, one avoids a chimney-sweeper. Should I have gained anything had I allowed that huge monster to hammer at me?" So he had argued. But, though he had thus argued, he had been angry with himself, and now he could not bear to be told that he had lacked spirit.

"That is my affair," he replied to her. "But those about me will find that I do not lack spirit when I find fitting occasion to use it."

"No; I'm sure they won't. And now's the time, George. You're not going to let that fellow Brisket run off with Maryanne from before your eyes."

"He's at liberty to run anywhere for me."

"Now, look here, George. I know you're fond of her."

"No. I was once; but I've torn her from my heart."

"That's nonsense, George. The fact is, the more she gives herself airs and makes herself scarce and stiff to you, the more precious you think her." Ignorant as the woman was of almost everything, she did know something of human nature.

"I shall never trouble myself about her again," said he.

"Oh, yes, you will; and make her Mrs. Robinson before you've

done. Now, look here, George: that fellow Brisket won't have her, unless he gets the money."

"It's nothing to me," said Robinson.

"And where's the money to come from, if not out of the house? Now, you and Jones has your rights as partners, and I do hope you and he won't let the old man make off with the capital of the firm in that way. If he gives Brisket five hundred pounds,—and there isn't much more left——"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Jones—he may give Brisket five thousand pounds as far as I am concerned. Whatever Mr. Brown may do in that way, I shan't interfere to prevent him."

"You shan't!"

"It's his own money, and, as far as George Robinson is concerned——"

"His own money, and he in partnership with Jones! Not a penny of it is his own, and so I'll make them understand. As for you, you are the softest——"

"Never mind me, Mrs. Jones."

"No; I never will mind you again. Well, to be sure! And you'd stand by and see the money given away in that way to enable the man you hate to take away the girl you love! Well, I never—— They did say you were faint-hearted, but I never thought to see the like of that in a thing that called itself a man." And so saying, she took herself off.

——"It cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter,"

said Robinson, rising from his seat, and slapping his forehead with his hand; and then he stalked backwards and forwards through the small room, driven almost to madness by the misery of his position. "I am not splenetic and rash," he said; "yet have I something in me dangerous. I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand Briskets could not, with all their quantities of love, make up my sum."

At this time Mr. Brown still lived at the house in Smithfield. It was intended that he should move to Bishopsgate Street as soon as the upper rooms could be made ready for him, but the works had hitherto been confined to the shop. On this, the night of the opening day, he intended to give a little supper to his partners; and Robinson, having promised to join it, felt himself bound to keep his word. "Brisket will not be there?" he asked, as he walked across Finsbury Square with the old man. "Certainly not," said Mr. Brown; "I never thought of asking him." And yet, when they reached the house, Brisket was already seated by the fire, superintending the toasting of the cheese, as though he were one of the family. "It's not my doing, George; indeed, it's not," whispered Mr. Brown, as they entered the sitting-room of the family.

That supper-party was terrible to Robinson, but he bore it all without flinching. Jones and his wife were there, and so also, of course, was *Maryanne*. Her he had seen at the moment of his entry, sitting by with

well-pleased face, while her huge lover put butter and ale into the frying-pan. "Why, Sarah Jane," she said, "I declare he's quite a man cook. How useful he would be about a house!"

"Oh, uncommon," said Sarah Jane. "And you mean to try before long, don't you, Mr. Brisket?"

"You must ask Maryanne about that," said he, raising his great red face from the fire, and putting on the airs and graces of a thriving lover.

"Don't ask me anything," said Maryanne, "for I won't answer anything. It's nothing to me what he means to try."

"Oh, ain't it, though," said Brisket. And then they all sat down to supper. It may be imagined with what ease Robinson listened to conversation such as this, and with what appetite he took his seat at that table.

"Mr. Robinson, may I give you a little of this cheese?" said Maryanne. What a story such a question told of the heartlessness, audacity, and iron nerves of her who asked it! What power, and at the same time what cruelty, there must have been within that laced bodice, when she could bring herself to make such an offer!

"By all means," said Robinson, with equal courage. The morsel was then put upon his plate, and he swallowed it. "I would he had poisoned it," said he to himself. "With what delight would I then partake of the dish, so that he and she partook of it with me!"

The misery of that supper-party will never be forgotten. Had Brisket been Adonis himself, he could not have been treated with softer courtesies by those two harpies; and yet, not an hour ago, Sarah Jane Jones had been endeavouring to raise a conspiracy against his hopes. What an ass will a man allow himself to become under such circumstances! There sat the big butcher, smirking and smiling, ever and again dipping his unlovely lips into a steaming beaker of brandy-and-water, regarding himself as triumphant in the courts of Venus. But that false woman who sat at his side would have sold him piecemeal for money, as he would have sold the carcase of a sheep.

"You do not drink, George," said Mr. Brown.

"It does not need," said Robinson; and then he took his hat and went his way.

On that night he swore to himself that he would abandon her for ever, and devote himself to commerce and the Muses. It was then that he composed the opening lines of a poem which may yet make his name famous wherever the English language is spoken:—

> "The golden-eyed son of the Morning rushed down the wind like a trumpet,
> His azure locks adorning with emeralds fresh from the ocean."

The Picture Sale.

PICTURES are very well in their way, but it is the purchasers that are most valuable to look at. And they form a collection that includes specimens of a great variety of schools — some antique, some mediæval, many quite unique. Curious old noblemen, very rare, with an early English tone and flavour of the country about them; old-fashioned fossils of men, looking as if they had been dug up; and who must be dug down again, for they never appear anywhere else—may be seen peering into the pictures, poking their noses into China, prying into snuff-boxes, or burying their faces into dingy portfolios. Musty-looking, dusty-looking dealers are there, prowling about, seeking whom they may bid for, and there are quantities of florid-looking speculators in Art and Virtú of the pre-Christian or Mosaic-Arab school, highly coloured, highly varnished (about the hair and boots), and bejewelled about the fingers and waistcoat. And it is just possible that you may see a Puseyite art-student on the look-out for examples of the painfully perpendicular school.

These, with many more specimens of the connoisseur, collector, patron of the Fine Arts, and "man of taste," are certain to be on view in the auction-room when that well-known and famous Gallery of Works of Art, the property of a "gentleman going abroad," is about to be brought to the hammer.

The Art Auction is included in this series because it is one of the forms of amusement that society delights in; a stroll in there of a morning to see what is going on, being with the unemployed classes of the West *End*, one of the most fashionable modes of passing an hour or two after *breakfast*.

VII.

Some buy pictures because they like them; some buy them because others buy them; some because they wish to "have a taste;" some because they think it a good thing to invest in that description of property, and who are only dealers and speculators in, under pretence of being patrons of, Art. There are those, too, who have a passion for Sèvres; Majolica or Raffaelle ware has an absorbing effect upon the minds of many; and men have been known to devote the energies of a long life to the accumulation of Dresden.

They don't look very happy as a general rule, these bidders and buyers, or as if they derived much enjoyment from their occupation, and you may wonder how it is that rich men can spend so much time and take so much trouble in the pursuit; but perhaps you are not aware how exquisite is the pleasure some people find in buying an article they don't want for less than its proper value.

At the appointed hour the urbane auctioneer ascends his rostrum amid a buzz of expectation and flutter of catalogues, and proceeds to put up and to knock down the various lots, dilating upon the merits and describing the characteristics of each with a persuasive eloquence that would draw forth one bid more from a bidder of adamant.

The wonder is, where the pictures all come from—these endless "old masters?" The fine deep-toned, sombre, grimy landscapes, almost invisible from the dirt of ages, or quite invisible from cleaning, not wisely but too well done; the ignoble, stumpy little drinking, and fighting, and dancing Dutch boors; the acres of canvas covered with those eternal hideous sprawling gods and goddesses; the elegant, artificial, uninteresting shepherdesses in hoops and patches and powder, and the shepherds in wigs and high-heeled shoes, posing about amid highly cultivated landscape gardening, and in every conceivable kind of graceful and idiotic attitude; the great dashing, coarse, muscular, over-drawn, gorgeous, brutal Flemish pictures; the simpering, curly, sleepy-eyed beauties of the Lely and Kneller periods; the dexterity, and the bad taste, and the cleverness, the quantity of artistic skill and the absence of Nature:—"Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,"—in fact, am gone. And if any of these epithets should appear harsh, the reason is that the writer is by the sad sea waves contemplating a vast extent of ocean, with a beautiful sky overhead; and in the presence of these feels, perhaps, little inclined to appreciate inferior works.

On Physiognomy.

It is difficult to say why physiognomy, as a science, has advanced not a step beyond the point at which Lavater left it fourscore years ago. Lavater was a simple Swiss pastor who never pretended to rear his favourite study into a science, and always disowned the ability to treat it scientifically. All he attempted was to prove that a science of physiognomy is possible, and this he certainly accomplished. "I here formally declare," he said in his preface, "that I neither will nor can write a complete treatise on the science of physiognomies." Again, in the body of the work, he explained the object of his writing as follows:—"I am very far from believing that the age we live in is destined to produce a scientific system on physiognomies, and much less that I am the person to whom the world is to owe the obligation. Let us begin only by collecting a sufficient number of observations, and endeavouring to characterize them with all the precision, all the accuracy, of which we are capable. As to myself, my utmost ambition is to prepare materials for the next age; to leave memoirs relative to my great object to some man possessed of ten times more leisure, and of talents and philosophic genius far superior to mine, and bequeath to him, if I may so express myself, this truth—*A system of physiognomy is a possibility.*" John Gaspar Lavater thoroughly settled the point. He proved in an enormous number of examples the possibility of reading the human countenance, that the testimony of the features is infallible, and that these features agree one with another. But if we have got so far, why not farther? For ages it has been held by close observers that there is inevitable correspondence between the mind and the outward form; but we have never discovered what is the nature of the correspondence. The pastor of Zurich showed more clearly than it had ever been done before that rules there must be, and a system there is, in the language of the human form; but what the system, what the grammar is, he has failed to point out. Even meteorology is more of a science than physiognomy. We understand the changes of the weather more than the changes of the human face. Why should it be so? Is it more difficult to read a man's character than to foretel the coming storm? There is scarcely a child that cannot make fair guesses of character, and many people have the art of seeing through a man at a glance. Yet, spite of Lavater's endeavours and the predictions of his friends, who imagined that long ere now the science would be so perfected as to realize the proposal of Momus and put a window on every heart, we are very far from the goal.

Lavater himself has done something to discredit the science. His *rhapsodies*, in four or five huge volumes, are very wild in statement,

often suggestive, but always disappointing. He makes tremendous assertions. Probably they are warranted by the facts, but he does not prove that they are. Everything he writes is fragmentary and disjointed. His description of a character breaks off where we fancy that it is only beginning, and there is no reason why the imperfect description should be given in the middle of the first volume rather than in the end of the fourth. No order, no logic, no finish—nothing but a dense tangled shrubbery of facts, most of them stunted and but half developed. Then the firmness of conviction with which he puts forth certain extravagant views may well raise a doubt in many minds as to the value of his opinion when he is on sure ground. He tells us, for example, that he who would be a great physiognomist must have rare personal beauty. By way of proof take those masters of the human face, Raphael, Vandyke, Rubens—all handsome men. There is, perhaps, a glimmer of truth here, since to be capable of seizing the highest excellences of character we must have in ourselves a corresponding elevation. An artist cannot paint above himself. If a man can paint the noble and the beautiful, it is because there is something noble and beautiful in his nature; and if there be something noble and beautiful in his nature, it will be more or less expressed in his features—in his mouth, in his nose, in his eye, in his head, in the very hair of his head. This I take to be Lavater's meaning when he says—"Without the advantage of a good figure it is impossible to become an excellent physiognomist. The handsomest painters have also arrived at the greatest eminence in the art. Rubens, Vandyke, Raphael, who present three degrees of male beauty, are likewise three geniuses in painting, but each of a different order. Physiognomists the most highly favoured with respect to their exterior will ever become the most intelligent. . . . . The entrance of the sanctuary of physiognomy must be shut against all who appear before it with a perverse heart, squinting eyes, a misshapen forehead, a distorted mouth." In this passage it will be seen that the writer states the principle in the most unwelcome form, making no allowance for the action of counter principles which are equally sound. One of these he himself announces thus:—"Men of a character strongly marked, full of energy, and whose powers exert themselves out of the common road, have usually in their exterior, taken together, something disagreeable, harsh, and ambiguous, exceedingly different, owing to that very circumstance, from what the Greek, the artist, and the man of taste denominate beauty. And unless one has studied and discovered the expression of such physiognomies, it is evident they must hurt the eye which looks for beauty only."

The foregoing is but a small specimen of Lavater's extravagances. I have been able to correct his too sweeping assertion by a statement of his own from another part of his work, and to show that in it he has merely given exaggerated expression to a well-known truth. But all of his maxims are not to be dealt with so easily. We may give him up in despair when we find him saying—"Without a prodigious copiousness of language,

no one can become an able physiognomist; and the most copious language in the world is still miserably poor, compared to the demands of physiognomy. The physiognomist must not only be a perfect master of his own language; he must also be the creator of a new language equally exact, agreeable, natural, and intelligible." While he insists upon these prodigious qualifications in the physiognomist, he assures us that, by means of the science, we are to obtain the most prodigious results. Given an eye, a nose, an ear, a lock of hair—a good physiognomist will be able to construct the face of which it is a part, nay, the entire frame. Given a man's character—it will be possible for the great painter to draw his portrait without even seeing him. In this age of miracles it will not do to say that such feats are impossible. When, centuries ago, Strada amused himself with the idea of men, thousands of miles apart, conversing with each other by means of little magnets in their hands, who could have thought that, in our day, the dream would be fulfilled? Such a dream is this idea of Lavater's, as to the capabilities of his science. It is like the idea of another dreamer, with regard to the convertibility of sights and sounds. Light and sound follow nearly the same laws, the same undulatory theory being now rendered applicable to both; and some worthy people have imagined that it is possible for the painter to take down in colours the notes of the musician. As the musician tries to be graphic, and to place a picture before the mind's eye, so painters have attempted to transfer to canvas the landscape which is implied in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. All this may be possible; but, for the present, it is pure fancy. It is possible that, one of these days, we shall be able to read each other's thoughts without the use of words. A boy will give one look to his friend, and it shall, in a moment, be understood to mean—"Our cat has kittens, and the governor has tipped me. Come and drown the kittens, and we shall have no end of hardbake afterwards." A man shall nod to his fellow, and be understood to say, "I am going to see Leotard to-night. Suppose we dine at the club, and go together." We may be quite certain, however, that the man who will set his mind on such fancies will neglect the realities at his feet. He will be the Alnaschar of science. So far from making his fortune, building a palace, and marrying the princess, he will lose even the few wares in his basket. This has been very much the fate of Lavater. He has seen the end without much troubling himself as to means. His description of the science is so high-flown that it rather rèpels than attracts men of sober thought. His head is in the l uds, his nose is in the air, and there is so much of dream and rhapsody in him—such an immense amount of chaff mingled with his wheat—that few persons care to winnow the sense from the nonsense. They fancy it must be all nonsense.

All the dreams and verbiage of good honest Lavater, however, are not enough to account for the backwardness of the science. It is necessary, therefore, to point out further that the physiognomist has never yet had adequate materials wherewith to build up a science. The diversities

of physiognomy are infinite. In the whole visible world there is no class of appearances so varied and in their significance so subtle as those of the human form. Fuseli wrote on one occasion: "Let the twelfth part of an inch be added to or taken from, the space between the nose and the upper lip of the Apollo, and the god is lost." That is too strong a way of putting it. The god remains in the Greek marbles even when his nose is broken off. It is not in any one feature that he resides, but in all. Let the statement pass, however, as indicating in a rough way what a clever painter and man of genius thought as to the astounding differences of character expressed in evanescent differences of external form. Now, in order to be able to generalize with anything like success all these subtle shades and variations of contour, we require an immense number of accurate observations, and to have them side by side before us, so as to be able to form a comparison. This we have never yet had. Lavater gives a great number of portraits, and he had many more in his collection, but he was always complaining that they were unreliable. In this one the nostril was out of drawing; in that the chin was a falsehood; here the eye was uncertain; there the hand was nothing at all. Especially in the hand have the portrait painters failed, and there is nothing that the physiognomist is so much in want of as a good collection of hands. It is to be hoped that the discovery of the photograph will prove to be the dawn of a new day for him. As the science of chemistry was nothing until a perfect balance was invented, and as the science of physiology was really unknown until the microscope was improved, so it may be that the faithful register of the camera, supplying us with countless numbers of accurate observations, will now render that an actual science which has hitherto been only a possible one. We shall get a great variety of heads, and be able to classify them according to each separate feature, and according to each leading trait of character. Above all, when once the attention of the photographers is called to the want, we shall begin to get hands—hands by themselves, and hands in connection with faces. These are facts which we have only now for the first time the means of getting in sufficient number. The portraits we have had have, for accuracy, not less than for number, been very insufficient. It is not so much portraits that we have had, as engravings of portraits, and engravings after engravings, the representation being thus at third and fourth hand.

Quite as much, however, as the want of adequate collections, and perhaps even more, the false start made by phrenology has retarded the progress of physiognomy. The part usurped the place of the whole, and gave its own bad name to it. Physiognomy we are to understand as embracing the entire form. Every part of the body that has free play indicates more or less clearly the character of the in-dwelling mind, and according to the nature of that character we shall find its most eloquent expression now on the hand, now on the face, and now on the skull. The phrenologists started the theory that the physiognomy of the skull

is the most important of all, and that nothing is more easy than to decipher it. They mapped out the head. They assigned a passion to every bump. Every faculty of the mind had its little principality on the brow. The thing was done with incomparable ease. Here was Wit castled high on the head; Music was huddled into a little corner above the eye; Murder lurked behind the ear; Love sought the shady retreat of the back hair; Vanity perched itself on the crown of the head; Lies found places above each ear, where they stood sentry to guard the pass; Poetry, as in duty bound, had its seat not far from Lies; Religion was inclined to both, and overrode Philosophy. It was a strange topography: it was a still stranger psychology. In the most arbitrary manner the human mind was divided into—let us say—thirty different parts; and in the most arbitrary manner the thirty different parts had thirty different domiciles. There was no doubt or ambiguity about the system. It was impossible that there could be any mistake; everything was clear, sharp, and defined. The key to all knowledge of the human race had been discovered. Here was the whole mind laid bare to Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe; here is its encampment on our scalps, which it turns into a sort of tented field. The spirit of phrenology is the very opposite of Lavater's. Phrenology makes a pretence of science where there is none at all, affects precision, and leaps to conclusions. The Physiognomy of Lavater is modest, expects great things in the future, but arrogates nothing for the present; emphatically disclaims the name of science, and pretends only to collect the bricks from which the house is to be built. Now phrenology, with its precise formulas, and trumpeting of actual, not prospective discoveries, satisfied for many years the public mind. It was a bird in the hand, and worth fifty in the bush. It professed to accomplish nearly all that was possible to physiognomy. Whatever else physiognomy could achieve might be agreeable, but only as a superfluous and ridiculous excess. Two witnesses are supposed to be better than one; but, if one be reliable, what is the use of two? So this narrow, shallow system of phrenology was supposed to be enough, and physiognomy as a whole was a useless surplusage. At last phrenology is confessed to be a failure and a mock science. Based on good intentions, these admirable paving-stones have not proved to be of much use for purposes of building. They have only delayed for a little the building of the true temple. The phrenological structure has fallen into ruin, and we now ask ourselves whether it be not possible to rear a more stable fabric on a broader foundation.

Some persons who will read these pages will, I doubt not, say that my labour thus far has been in vain, and that they have a much more simple explanation to give of the little progress that has been made in the science of physiognomy. According to them, physiognomy has not yet reached the dignity of a science because there is in it no possibility of one. In a well-known journal published on the 7th of September last I find one of the critics saying, "that no one with ordinary experience of

life allows himself to be guided by physiognomy in his estimate of character. Sometimes an index, it is as often false; and many faces are mere masks concealing what lies behind." But lest the opinion of an anonymous journalist should not be enough, let me quote the statement of a writer who has studied human nature very attentively—George Eliot. "Hetty's face had a language that transcended her feelings," the novelist says. "There are faces which nature charges with a meaning and pathos not belonging to the single human soul that flutters beneath them, but speaking the joys and sorrows of foregone generations—eyes that tell of deep love which doubtless has been and is somewhere, but not paired with these eyes—perhaps paired with pale eyes that can say nothing; just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it." In another chapter this brilliant writer says something of the same sort: "Long dark eyelashes, now: what can be more exquisite? I find it impossible not to expect some depth of soul behind a deep grey eye with a long dark eyelash, in spite of an experience which has shown me that they may go along with deceit, peculation, and stupidity. But if, in the reaction of disgust, I have betaken myself to a fishy eye, there has been a surprising similarity of result. One begins to suspect at length that there is no direct correlation between eyelashes and morals; or else, that the eyelashes express the disposition of the fair one's grandmother, which is on the whole less important to us."

In these passages, it will be seen that George Eliot's instincts contradict her reasoning. She cannot help the expectation of certain mental qualities when she perceives certain physiognomical signs. That expectation, she tells us, has often been deceived. But on what has it been founded at all that it should exist and continually recur? It is founded on facts—on the great fact that a language there is, whether we can interpret it or not. The critic I have quoted says, that often the face is a mere mask. What of that? Does the mask mean nothing? He might as well say that language means nothing, because, according to the diplomatist, it has been given to us, not to express, but to conceal our thoughts. Depend upon it, if we fail to read a face, the fault is not in physiognomy, but in our own want of penetration. If George Eliot has seen a deep grey eye, with long dark eyelashes, combined with peculation, deceit, and stupidity,—deceit, peculation, and stupidity were there, and might have been detected. I may set against the opinion of both critic and novelist, that of an observer not less acute, nor less truthful. Mr. Dickens so frequently dwells on the external manifestations of character—a trick of the hand, a motion of the face, a turn of the voice—that he has been severely blamed for doing so. It has been said, that here we can see how superficial he is, for he does not go deep into character; he does not paint the mind, he merely paints the physiognomy. Now, in one of his late works, he has made a remark which is doubly interesting—as a testimony in favour of physiognomy, and as a clue to his own principles of composition. He says that he has never been deceived in a character. Again and again

he has allowed his doubts about a face to be smothered; he has not acted upon his own perceptions; but in the end his original views have almost invariably proved to be right. When a great novelist can make such a statement as this, we may rest assured, that in his insisting upon little traits, but slightly noticed by other writers, there is a meaning which it may be worth our while to discover, and which is not disposed of by the cavil that he is superficial. Interesting as the statement is, however, from a critical point of view, it is still more so as a contribution to physiognomical science; and there are hundreds of persons who, without any pretensions to Mr. Charles Dickens' genius, could repeat his remark. Their perception of character never fails them, though sometimes they allow their perceptions to be overridden and set aside. The decision is often formed in a rapid, incomprehensible way, the man never troubling himself to analyse it, and to give chapter and verse for each particular result. In this state of mind, perhaps the individual whom we have so swiftly judged gives us a little flattery, or does us a kindness, or appears for a moment in some good light. That moment of light blinds us ever afterwards. Or the judgment we formed may be set aside by the counter-judgment of a friend, whose testimony is so strong as to overpower our own perceptions.

When a good judge fails egregiously in reading a man's face, there is always a reason for it that saves physiognomy, and, perhaps, there is no more fruitful source of error in the determination of character than an ignorance or forgetfulness of the vague doctrine of temperament. In Lavater's time there were supposed to be four temperaments or complexions—the sanguine, the choleric, the melancholic, and the phlegmatic. In our time they are named differently, and are best known as the nervous, the sanguine, the bilious, and the lymphatic. A man's temperament is classed under one or other of these heads, and is sometimes a combination of two or more. And what then is temperament? It is not always easy to follow the medical authors in their discussion of this very obscure subject; but we may say roughly, that temperament represents the nervous constitution, and that the four names, sanguine, choleric, melancholic, and phlegmatic, or nervous, sanguine, bilious, and lymphatic, are a rude thermometer of it. When the nervous force is in the highest state of activity—is, so to speak, at the boiling point—then the temperament is described in the one order of names as sanguine, in the other as nervous. When it is down at the freezing point, it is said to be phlegmatic or lymphatic. And between these two extremes there are, on the one scale, the choleric and the melancholic, on the other the sanguine and the bilious degrees of temperament. There is something rather arbitrary in these names and stages of nervousness; but they gauge in a rough and ready fashion the nervous energy, and convey truths which we are not yet able to state more precisely. Now, in estimating character, people are exceedingly apt to forget this—what shall I call it?—this neurometer, this nerve-gauge. They see a man with

a magnificent forehead, the front of Jove. Coleridge saw such a one at dinner. The form of the head marked the man of genius, the eye was very fine, and as he listened in silence to the conversation, the impassioned poet directed all his discourse to him, assured that he was some great unknown. Not until the gooseberry tart was put on the table was his real character discovered. He cried, "Ah, them's the jockeys for me." If that man had really the head of a genius, I want to know what was his temperament. Nothing is more common than to see noble heads out of which nothing ever comes. People commit the mistake of supposing that they are only to look to the form of the head. Over and above that, they have to note the complexion, so as to augur from it the texture of the brain. Say that the head of this commonplace character bears a strong resemblance to that of a great man, it is overlooked that, whereas the great man is of a highly nervous temperament, the other is lymphatic. When George Eliot saw the eyes and eyelashes which she adores in combination with cunning and stupidity, she perhaps forgot that she adored these eyes and eyelashes only in the faces of the nervous or the nervo-bilious, and that she had not much knowledge of them in other complexions.

This curious doctrine of temperament is the stumbling-block of the science, and has, perhaps, done more than anything else to make phrenology a byword. It must be observed, however, that phrenology, or (since under that name is generally understood the particular system of craniology with which the names of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe are identified) let us say craniology, is just that part of physiognomy with which the doctrine of temperament would most seriously interfere. Craniology is the physiognomy of the skull, the physiognomy, therefore, of a bony structure, the form of which is not materially influenced by the greater or less activity of the nervous force. The physiognomy of the face, on the other hand, is the physiognomy of a fleshy, mobile substance, which is intermingled with the nervous system, lives and palpitates amid a network of delicate filaments, and derives from them form and texture. Observe the difference. If I judge of a character by the face, I judge by certain lines and features which have to a large extent been formed by the continual play of temperament. In such a case the influence of temperament is fully expressed in the features from which we form a judgment, and, therefore, we have not to correct our judgment by a subsequent reference to it. On the other hand, the phrenologist or the craniologist forms his estimate of a character from the bony structure of the skull, upon which the influence of the nervous energy is almost imperceptible, and after arriving at the conclusion that here is a head-piece of infinite possibilities, he jogs on to the result, which is independent of his craniology, that by reason of a sluggish temperament the owner of it is little better than a fool. So it continually happens that the man with a poor head and a high temperament is much greater than the man with a fine head and a low temperament; and phrenology,

driven into this corner, finds itself neglected and distrusted. For the reasons we have indicated, physiognomy as a whole can never, through the disturbing influence of temperament, fall into the same uncertainty, and incur the same contempt as phrenology; still it must be recognized that temperament is a disturbing influence, and that in our estimates it should never be forgotten.

The established principles of physiognomy are as yet but few. Few as they are, however, and rudimentary as the science is, it is not possible in the conclusion of an article to enter upon the domain. In the present paper all I have attempted is to vindicate the possibility of the science and to account for its non-appearance. It is time to do so when we find brilliant novelists and the sacred race of critics calmly taking for granted that in physiognomy there can be no assurance. In opposition to such scepticism it may be well to set forth the leading principle on which Lavater insisted. It was not merely that we can see the character in the face. He went much further. His doctrine expressed in technical terms would be this: that the human form is homogeneous, not heterogeneous; in other words, that there is a unity of character and of testimony in all the parts. He declares that so far from the physiognomy being deceptive, it is truthful in the whole and *the whole truth is expressed in every part.* The parts do not contradict one another. There are features, it may be, which are more expressive than others. Some express more of emotion and others of intellect; but from any one expressive feature we ought to gather the expression of all. Physiognomy is not like the system of Gall and Spurzheim, which will find on the same head the bump of murder and the bump of benevolence, the organ of lies and the organ of self-respect. The features are homogeneous. Where they are not homogeneous, the expression is idiotic. As in a tree, every leaf is a miniature of the entire plant, so in man every feature more or less represents the entire physiognomy. There are supreme physiological reasons why one class of animals should have hoofs and another class claws, and why horned heads should go with divided hoofs; and there is an unerring necessity which gives to the man with one type of face a squat, flabby hand; to another form of face the long pointed fingers; and to a third, the knotted finger-joints and spatular finger-ends. Lavater puts the same view into a different form when he says, "That the whole bony system with the fleshy parts, the whole frame taken together—figure, colour, voice, gait, *smell*—everything, in a word, has relation to the face, and is liable to degradation or improvement together with it." I had a curious illustration of this doctrine only a few days ago. A horse-breeder was showing me his stud, and at last he came to a yearling colt, from whom he had been expecting great things. He sorely lamented a trifling degeneracy of the forehead, and expressed a fear that the animal would turn out only a second-rate. To console him, I praised the body of the colt, which was really perfect. "I don't care about the body," he said; "if the head is all right, the

body will grow up to it; if the head is anything faulty, all the rest of the form, however fine it looks just now, will sink to that level." This is precisely the law of physiognomy. The expression of every feature is assimilated; and thus, in opposition to those who can make nothing of the system, and declare their inability to read the entire face, there are others who think they can read in any one feature the entire character.

As this view of the homogeneousness of the human form is the cardinal doctrine of physiognomy, I may return to it in a future essay, and especially to point out the limitations with which it is to be accepted. Here it is set forth, not for the purpose of showing its true place in the science, the very threshold of which we have not yet crossed, but merely to indicate, in opposition to the sceptics, the amazing confidence in the resources of physiognomy entertained by those who have given it much study. That confidence is in the main just; but I must conclude this article as I began it, by pointing out that Lavater tries it to the uttermost. He keeps an enormous herd of camels, which he expects his followers to swallow. Here is a prize camel in the last extract I have quoted. The statement is that every part of our corporeal system has a direct relation to the face. Now, among the parts of that system he particularly mentions the smell. He lets us know that every man has his smell, and that, given the smell, the form of the face may be calculated with mathematical precision. George Combe had a similar doctrine, which he expounded to his private friends, though he never ventured to publish it. Surely no one but a simple Swiss pastor could overlook the comicality of smelling a man, dog-like, in order to apprehend his character. Confidence in physiognomy is all very well, but it is the science of all others in which there is most need of common sense. The absurdities of Lavater are as laughable as those of the phrenologists, and they are only less pernicious, because the good man had no scientific method.

Barbara Fleming's Fidelity.

A BALLAD.

PART I.

Beautiful was Barbara Fleming, as the morning on the hills;
  Farmer Fleming's only daughter, fair and large, and calm of mien;
Type of that primeval beauty which the ancient sagas fills;
  That old Scandinavian birthright, still in northern England seen,
  Proud and tender as Kriemhilda, as some sainted Saxon queen.

Very fair was Barbara Fleming, in the glory of her youth,
  Golden-haired, and perfect-featured; sunshine beaming from her face,
On her lips a strength of purpose, in her eyes a depth of truth:
  Nothing mean and nothing selfish in her noble heart had place:
  Womanhood in her was grandeur; her simplicity was grace.

Wondrous fair was Barbara Fleming; nor were outward charms alone
  All the dower which had descended from her Scandinavian line.
She was gifted like the Vala: the unknown to her was known;
  The unseen by her was sighted; powers and knowledges divine
  Swept in low but sure vibration o'er her inner senses fine.

Came a vision thrice repeated, in the flowery month of May,
  To the sleep-enshrouded maiden, 'twixt the morning and the night,
And the conscious life's blood crimsoned neck and forehead as she lay
  Pillowed midst her golden tresses. Came a vision clear and bright,
  Thrice repeated, clearer, stronger than if seen by outward sight.

To her senses 'twas the morrow, and the fair in Kendal-town.
  Well she knew each scene familiar in the sunny, bustling street:
People thronging, country people, talking, walking up and down;
  Stalwart Dalesmen, lads and lasses, meeting all as neighbours meet,
  And herself, amongst the others, as if else 'twere incomplete.

All unstrange this self-beholding: and she saw the dress she wore;
  Yet, as in a twofold being, was that second self no less;
Felt the throng, and heard the talking, and a part in all things bore,
  Greeted neighbours, laughed with children as in joyous life's excess;
  When, at once, a steed unruly seemed to plunge into the press.

Splendid sight, that youthful horseman seated on his fiery steed,
Adam Garth, the heir of Gordale, heir of all his father's land!
Like a charger for the battle strove the horse for onward speed,
Snorting in its furious ardour 'gainst the young man's curbing hand,
'Gainst the thigh's compulsive pressure, 'gainst the knitted brow's command.

Breathless stood the men observant, frightened women shrieked in fear;
Very calm was Barbara Fleming, who beheld that strong affray
As a trial, as a triumph; as a mystery growing clear,
In the which she was partaker; and in thought she seemed to say,
"I am here to help, to strengthen; let not heart nor hand give way!"

And she seemed to know with sureness, through the crystal light of truth,
That, as he was for the charger, dow'red with a supreme behest;
So, in God's appointed purpose, she must be unto his youth,
Guide and ruler, sanctifying; leading to the highest quest;
Breaking his unbroken nature, laying passion's storm to rest!

Met their eyes, and fire electric, love electric, thrilled through each,
Whilst the steed became submissive to a force, by her instilled.
And their hearts in sweet communion, without outward use of speech,
Seemed to say, to *know*, responsive, as by holy influence filled,
"I am thine—am thine for ever! Thou art mine, as God hath willed!"

Such the vision; and the maiden, crimson-flushed by love's surprise,
Lay amidst her golden tresses, in the chamber hushed and dark,
Calm hands resting on her bosom, and with slumber-sealèd eyes;
Thus a new and sweet entrancement passed into her life. But, hark!
O'er the fells, and o'er the orchards white with blossom, sings the lark!

PART II.

All that summer passed in beauty, passed in joy, as none before;
Birds sang gailier, flowers bloomed brighter, sweeter honey hived the bee;
Life was fuller, friends were kindlier; toil was weariness no more;
Glad the mowing and the shearing of the sheep on fell and lea,—
Oh, the beauty of the summer! oh, the joy when hearts agree!

Barbara would be wife in autumn, when the corn was gathered in;
Happy Barbara! happier tenfold, Adam Garth of Gordale Hall!
But the will of man is reckless, loves to tread the brink of sin,
Loves to sport with danger, chooses draughts of vinegar and gall,
Rather than life's wine unvaried, clearness, pureness, goodness all

Oh, the pity of such madness! Adam's cup of bliss ran o'er;
But he scorned and dashed it from him in the selfishness of pride.
Autumn came, and bright the vesture which the upland moorlands wore:
Purple ling and crimson foxglove, and the aster golden-eyed,
And like shields of gold the corn fields, lying midst the landscape wide.

Sitting on those airy moorlands, in the Sabbath's peaceful rest,
Barbara, with her hand in Adam's, watched the setting of the sun.
When he said, abruptly speaking, as in idle, passing jest,
"'Tis unseemly when the woman is superior to the man;—
Tell me, Barbara, truly tell me, how thy love for me began!"

So she told him of the vision; how she saw the crowded fair,
Stalwart dalesmen, lads and lasses, folk from cottage and from hall;
Saw them plainly in the vision, and herself amongst them there,
Even as on the morrow truly it befell, in great and small:—
In her honest love she told him, hiding nothing, telling all.

"In the vision of the darkness," said she, speaking very low,
Flushing crimson neck and forehead, as she flushed amidst the night,
"All my soul was steeped in loving, and my heart was taught to know
What the joy of self-negation—all to dare in life's despite—
And I loved thee ere the morrow, when I saw thee in the light.

"Much," continued she, "was pictured of the future of our life;
Just as though an angel schooled me, to my inner sense 'twas shown
That through suffering and through sorrow I must be a faithful wife—
Must, as God's anointed, nurture holy seed which He hath sown,
And by tender love unswerving make, and keep thee all His own!"

Thus she spoke: and he was silent, whilst an inner strife began;
Self-love wounded, pride of manhood, rousing demons in the soul,
And upholding will unshackled, as the privilege of man,
Headlong passion, like the charger, spurned and overleapt the goal,
And he said, "I will not marry! will obey no wife's control!"

PART III.

Time went on: he was an alien to the scenes which once he trod;
Alien to his early promise, to his father, to his kin;
Alien to the heart that loved him more than life, and next to God.
So the autumn passed in sadness, and the corn was gathered in,
And the winter-birds came early, piping o'er the faded whin.

Very dreary was the coming of the winter, cold and wet;
Barbara's heart was nearly broken by the grief which all hope smothers,
By the rending and the wrenching, by the anger and the fret
Of the people who were round her, of her father and her brothers,
Of old Adam Garth of Gordale, who was angrier than the others.

Very sad was Barbara Fleming! and the saddest pang was still
That there was no consolation; that her heart was dead to prayer:
God seemed but the God of Judgment, not the Saviour who could heal;
And a voice was ever whispering, whispering to her dull despair,
"Oh, the vision did but mock thee! mock thee, with an evil snare!"

Dark the time! For when the spirit by its anguish is brought low,
Comes the enemy and seeketh every trust to dispossess,
By impatient doubts, and murmurs, seeketh to enhance the woe;
Ever taunting, ever tempting in the suffering's worst excess:
Thus it was with Barbara Fleming in that season of distress.

Came old Adam Garth of Gordale in his anger, and he said,
"Well I know a just man's duty; know the wrong my son hath done:
I disclaim him, I disown him! I will place thee in his stead;
Thou shalt be to me a daughter—better than an only son!
I will make thee heir of Gordale—Gordale lying in the sun."

Said she, "No! though I must suffer, tempt me not! the thought is sin.
I have vowed to live to serve him, and I cannot do him wrong.
Leave me to my grief, my prayers, which, through God, his soul may win.
Leave me, for perchance my prayers may be heard by God ere long!"
So the gloomy old man left her, going back in anger strong.

Oh, the darkness of the winter, of the winter cold and drear!
Round the homestead stood the cattle, through the chilly stillness lowing,
And the nights were long and starless in the ending of the year!
Very sad was Barbara Fleming, none the weary dulness knowing
Of the dreary household duties, of the coming and the going!

When the New Year's moon was waxing, and the snow was on the land,
And the frost was on the window, 'twixt the morning and the night,
With a cross-emblazoned breastplate, and a presence calm and grand,
Came the angel of the vision, filling all the room with light,
Making all the inner darkness of the sleeping mourner bright.

"Fear not! doubt not!" said the angel, "all thy prayers and all thy tears
Have been heard and have been numbered. Think not that the Lord is slow
To give answer to His servants, though their faith be tried for years,
Though their patience be long-suffering. 'Tis enough for them to know
That their God can never mock them, never disregard their woe!

"Fear not! doubt not! pray unceasing! Oh, the wondrous power of prayer—
Prayer, the living link that bindeth human souls to God above!
Though no answer seem responsive, take to Him thy daily care!
Though no answer seem vouchsaféd, still by prayer His mercy prove!
Praying, trusting, trusting, praying, cling to the eternal Love!"

What a peace was in her bosom! what a calmness, what a trust!
Waking in the wintry chamber to the darkness of the morn,
One with God, the Eternal Saviour; knowing all His dealings just!
Thus she rose amidst the darkness, like to one to life new-born,
To perform each household duty, now nor joyless nor forlorn!

So the months sped ever onward, and the holy work of grace,
And the trusting and the praying, willingness to bear and bleed,
And the duty's cheerful doing, gave new beauty to her face,
Gave new dignity to action, nobler worth to word and deed,
And all wondered at that beauty which the former did exceed.

Wooers came; the youthful pastor from the chapel in the Dale,
Loved by all men for the kindness and the goodness of his life,
Like St. John, a true apostle, schooled in wisdom, grave and pale,
And he wooed her by the urgence of a plea with nought at strife,
"I shall do my duties better if thou wilt become my wife!"

Came the squire of Eden-Hollows, with his heaps of hoarded gold,
With his uplands and his meadows, flocks of sheep and herds of kine;
And he said, "If thou wilt wed me, these, and more than I have told,
All this wealth and fair abundance, all this greatness, shall be thine!
I am old; but wilt thou wed me, thou shalt have whate'er is mine!"

And to both she answered simply, "I have not myself to give!
I am given to another—lost, but I must seek for him—
To another—dead, but surely, who in mercy yet shall live."
So the years wore slowly onwards, and her faith grew never dim,
And her spirit ever trusted, like the loving seraphim.

PART IV.

Years wore on, and Gordale's Adam wandered over sea and land,
Trying life in all its phases, seeking, seeking like the blind;
Leaning upon reeds unstable, broken reeds that pierced the hand;
Buying knowledge at the dearest; seeking what he could not find—
Arks of rest on turbid waters, self-approval, peace of mind.

So, at length by pain grown wiser, all his idols turned to clay,
All the apples of his promise dust and ashes in his teeth,
Like the Son in the Evangel, cried he in his soul's dismay—
"Father, I have sinned! Unworthy of thy love, set me beneath
Amongst thy servants—son no longer! Only save me, save from death!"

'Twas the summer; and the washing and the shearing of the sheep
Filled the air with ceaseless bleating from the sheep-pens on the beck,
And from all the garden borders, where the hot flowers seemed asleep,
Barbara gathered heaps of roses, tulips with their streak and fleck,
Thus the supper of the shearers with their beauty to bedeck.

To and fro went Barbara ever, with a joy surpassing speech—
For she knew that he was coming, felt it by her inner sense—
And her thoughts and all her doings had that joy within their reach;
And her steps were ever turning towards the garden's lower fence,
Which gave view of all the valley and the road ascending thence.

Hot the afternoon and drowsy, and the house was hushed and still
As she saw him in the distance, and with deep compassion stirred,
Hastened forth, and ran to meet him, met him midway on the hill;
Heaven above them, sunshine round them, meeting thus they spake no [word,
In the eloquence of silence more than tongue could say was heard.

So she led him through the stillness of the fells unto her home,
Brought him to the quiet parlour, where the air with flowers was sweet,
Where, as in a holy temple, no intrusive eye would come,
Cheered his smitten soul with kindness, gave him wine and choicest meat,
Clasped him like a loving mother, as a servant washed his feet.

In the dusk he took to Gordale all his penitence and scath,
With the patience and the meekness of a spirit bruised and broken;
So his father softened towards him, pity growing out of wrath.
And the Sabbath next thereafter, in the chapel it was spoken,
In the face of all the people, as a solemn, holy token,—

"Adam Garth, the elder, seeketh humbly to make known the grace
Which a loving Lord hath shown him, in a long-lost son restored."
"Adam Garth, the younger, seeketh with humility to praise
All the ceaseless loving-kindness, all the patience of the Lord—
Seeketh the unmeasured wisdom of His judgments to record!"

In the quiet of the autumn, when the corn was gathered in,
Adam Garth and Barbara Fleming, as at first was fixed, were wed:
Happy Barbara, happier tenfold, Adam Garth such wife to win!
Good the life that followed after, and, as erst the angel said,
By her faithful love she ruled him, by her answered prayers she led.

MARY HOWITT.

The First German Shooting-Match.

The great popular movement which prevails throughout Germany has for its basis, as in former times, the idea of National Unity. In spite of disheartening reverses, and the continued existence of impediments which must long prevent its realization, this idea is still vital in the hearts of the people, and seeks expression, direct or indirect, through all permitted channels. Thus, the various Pan-Germanic festivals which have been held during the present summer took, as by necessity, the same latent political character, and strengthened the movement. First in importance among these festivals was the National Convention of German Riflemen, held at Gotha, from the 8th to the 11th of July—the first occurrence of the kind in German history.

Mere expertness with the rifle is a simple art, and the various corps of shooters might develop their skill to an equal extent, without leaving home. But the *éclat* given to that skill by a public trial, at which all Germany looks on—the wide renown, the rich rewards that await the victors—tend directly to make popular the volunteer associations of riflemen, and to greatly increase their number and efficiency. Behind these considerations, however, and far transcending them, lurks the design of making the German people strong for their own defence, of bringing them together from the remotest States, and promoting a comparison of interests and of aims, which shall establish a spirit of unity, in spite of political divisions. Not in vain has the lesson of Italy been studied here. The people at last understand that they must be a People, divided by no provincial jealousies, animated by no narrow ambition, before Germany can be the one powerful, consolidated empire, which is their political dream.

In the Convention of Riflemen (*Schützenfest*) at Gotha, as well as in the *Sängerfest* at Nuremberg, and the *Turnerfest* at Berlin, this was the deep, underlying idea. The National-Verein, which was established in 1859, and already numbers between twenty and thirty thousand members, has for its object the union of all the scattered elements of progress in an organized body, which shall work for the same end. After long wanderings hither and thither, after many a chase of ignes-fatui through the swamps of red republicanism, communism and socialism, the liberal party in Germany has at last found its rational and proper path. There is no longer a republican, but a wise, enlightened national party, against whose growing strength the reaction is beaten back on every side.

We left our summer quarters in the neighbouring Thüringian Forest, and hastened to Gotha on the day previous to the festival, for the purpose

of witnessing the arrival of rifle-corps from abroad. The little city had been excited for weeks in advance, with the fear that she would not be able to hold all her guests. She resolved, at least, that they should be worthily entertained, and her citizens (with the exception of the nobility, who, for the most part, stood sullenly aloof) spared neither pains nor expense. Hundreds of houses were opened for the strangers, flags were made, wreaths woven, triumphal arches built, and prizes, by scores, contributed for the victors. Silver goblets came from Duke Ernst II., and the Duchess, Prince Albert, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and the Free Cities; rifles and revolvers, sets of silver spoons, cases of wine, gold watches, embroidered gun-belts and game-bags, meerschaum pipes, cigars, portfolios, cushions, books, and statuettes; and even the children's schools in the neighbourhood brought together their *pfennings* to buy some trifle which should represent their interest in the festival.

From afar, over the trees, the old banner of the German Empire—black, red, and gold, in horizontal bars—waved a welcome, as we approached. It is not ten years since these colours were prohibited in almost every part of Germany. As we entered the suburbs, the colours of Saxony (green and white) and Thüringia (red and white) floated from every house, subordinate, however, to the all-embracing national flag. The streets leading to the railroad station, whence came the sound of music, were crowded with riflemen, hurrying down to receive the expected deputations. Presently we hear the yelling of two locomotives, which come slowly up the grade from the direction of Weimar, drawing twelve cars. We make for an arbour overlooking the main avenue, through which the strangers must march. Trumpets blow, the people rush past, the thunders rattle—out goes the sunshine, and down comes the rain! We huddle together in the leafy house, which affords but slight protection against the driving sheets. But in half an hour the sun follows, and a double rainbow, complete and magnificent, arches above the Seeberg. The trumpets blow again; the target-men, in scarlet caps and shirts, tramp by with the luggage; the fiacres, garlanded with flowers, succeed, and then the riflemen with their escort, cheerfully keeping step on the muddy road. The banners and the crowds of spectators are their only welcome. There is no shouting, no waving of hats. The Germans have not yet learned that. They have been kept silent so long, that they have not recovered the full use of their voices.

In the morning, we set out betimes for the market-square in the centre of the city, where the procession was to form. We had the honour of escorting Fräulein Hildegarde, in her oak wreath and scarf of red, black, and gold. From under the linden boughs of the park two similarly attired maidens sprang out to meet us, and the three formed a vanguard, before which the crowd fell back and made us a passage. The market-square lies on the northern side of the steep hill crowned by the castle of Friedenstein. Approaching it from the top, we looked down as into an arena, filled with waving flags and moving masses of men, and sprinkled

all over with glittering points of colour. The gray old council-hall, in the centre, thrust a flag from every window, and shook its pendant wreaths of oak-leaves in the wind. The fountain was hidden in a pyramid of birchen boughs, and daring young peasants clung to every coign of vantage offered by its layers of basins. In the middle of an open space, kept clear by gendarmes, the chief marshal was riding to and fro, while his aids stationed the various deputations of riflemen at their posts, ready to fall in at the proper time. The crowd, thousands in number, looked on in silence.

We descended into the square, broke through the guarded space, and took leave of our maidens at the door of the council-hall, where ninety-seven others were waiting for them. On all sides waved the flags of the various German States; the black and white of Prussia; the blue and silver of Bavaria; the red and yellow of Baden; the fortress, in a red field, of Hamburg; the Saxon and Thüringian colours; the tricolor of Schleswig-Holstein; the cross of Switzerland—and over all, the symbol of strength and unity, the red, black, and gold. Every house was hung with garlands, principally of the German oak, looped up with knots of roses, and disposed in a great variety of forms, but in every instance with excellent taste. The general effect was exceedingly beautiful. The streets, through which the procession was to pass, were decorated in the same manner. Occasionally the wreaths were of fir, with gilded cones as pendants, or with rosettes of forget-me-nots and harebells. Even in these details there was a national significance. You may be sure, whenever a German is sufficiently advanced to express himself by means of outward symbols, he always puts an idea behind them.

We followed the path of the procession to the outskirts of the city, where, in the house of the architect S——, hospitable windows had been offered to us. A short distance beyond were the shooting-hall and target-stands, around which a court of show-booths had already sprung up. There was a menagerie, in front of which, as an attractive sign, a live pelican was perched on a high post. We did not wonder that the bird yawned terribly. There was also an "Art Cabinet," with "anatomical specimens for adults;" the "Harbour of Fortune," where you either won a penny plaything by firing off a popgun, or lost your penny; "Live Bushmen, from Africa;" and two *carrousels* for children. The triumphal entrance to the shooting-grounds was designed by resident artists. The square gateway was composed of the shields of German States, set in feathery frames of fir, while on either side two lofty masts, spirally wreathed to the summit, lifted high in air their crowns of banners. From the centre of the arch floated the colours of the German empire.

Boom! went the cannon from the castle, announcing that the procession had started. All the church-bells began to chime—a circumstance whereat the few reactionists in Gotha were deeply shocked. The road was already lined with expectant crowds, who filled the banks on either

side, while the central space was kept clear by mounted gendarmes. Somewhat in advance of the procession came Duke Ernst, driving a span of black-maned duns, and with such a skilful hand that we doubt not but many of the strangers supposed he was the coachman. We failed not to salute the gay, clear-eyed, galliard prince, for whom this was a well-deserved day of triumph.

A blast of trumpets, a stretching of the necks of the crowd, an increasing murmur, and the procession comes! It is a double display, for the Turners of Thüringia hold their convention in Gotha at the same time, and have joined their forces to those of the riflemen. The former first appear, preceded by music, and graced by the presence of a second hundred of maidens in white, with wreaths of white flowers and rose-coloured scarfs. Our friend E——, as grand marshal, rides in advance, and his baton bends us a solemn greeting. Then come the corps of Turners. Ah! here is some sign of life, but not from the spectators: *they* are simply silent and curious. The various deputations greet the ladies of our party with genuine cheers—mild, indeed, but well-meant. Handkerchiefs flourish acknowledgment. Students in velvet caps wave their swords, banners dip, and the trumpets blow a fanfaron, as they pass. Young, gallant fellows in gray linen, they can do something else besides spring bars and climb ladders hand over hand.

We count the maidens, who seem to be portioned off as angelic escorts to the standard-bearers, until the hundredth is reached. Now the riflemen! The band plays "Schleswig-Holstein, sea-surrounded," as they pass the tricoloured flag. Company after company of riflemen appear, in plain gray or blue fatigue uniform, but preceded by officers in astonishing costume. Who are these in green and gold, with such plumed chapeaux, such excessive epaulettes, such length of sword? Generals? field-marshals? you ask. By no means, my friend: they are not even soldiers. It is pleasant to know that the vanity of seeing oneself "in full regimentals" is not confined to militia officers. Some of the banners, however, tattered and riddled in former wars, told a different story. Decidedly the best-looking corps in the entire procession were the Coburg Turners, in their blue flannel shirts and linen trowsers. They were armed with rifle, sword-bayonet, and revolver, and commanded by an ex-captain of Garibaldi's Sicilian army, whom the duke had summoned from Switzerland for the purpose of giving them a military organization and discipline.

The presence of the two hundred maidens was the most pleasing feature of the display—to the eye, at least. The flowing lines of the white robes, the soft gleam of the coloured scarfs, and the bright flush of the girlish faces, wound like a thread of grace and beauty through the long files of the men. Here, again, we recognized the artistic sense, if not the direct arrangement, of an artist. Another lesson of the festival was afforded by the perfect order preserved by the spectators, thousands of whom were peasants from the surrounding country. The very freedom

which was allowed was in itself a guarantee of order—a fact which some continental governments are slow to learn.

After the procession had passed, we descended from our windows and followed in the rear, designing to enter the enclosure in season to hear the duke's address of welcome, and the song "The German Tricolour," to which he had composed the music. The standard-bearers formed a double line from the triumphal gateway to the portico of the hall, upon which the duke stood, surrounded by the officers of the Convention. His speech occupied about five minutes in delivery. After referring to that new direction of the popular ideas which had called forth the festival, he said, in a firm, decided tone, "Strength and skill shall to-day unite in emulation for prizes, in order that the individual, elevated by the consciousness of his own value, may become more valuable to the entire people. The chief aim of these mutual endeavours should be the protection of the great German Fatherland, and the preservation of its honour. With such feelings let us reach to one another the fraternal hand!" Many of the riflemen from abroad, who were accustomed to see their own rulers surrounded by the rigid ceremonials of the German courts, were astonished at the manly simplicity for which Ernst II. is distinguished. "Why," said one of them, "it's really comical to see your duke!" "Why so?" we asked—not knowing that "comical," in his dialect, expressed the highest measure of admiration. "You see," he said, "I once had the honour of standing before our king. Ah, ha! bow down and be silent: don't you recognize the divinity? But here—he's a man, like ourselves: yes, actually a human being! He walks, and talks, and lets the sun shine without his permission!"

The shooting, which was to continue four days, immediately commenced. There were, in all, thirteen hundred riflemen present, representing every German State, with the exception of Austria. At the commencement, there were twenty targets, but the pressure for a chance to shoot was so great that ten more were subsequently added. The shooting-stand was a spacious pavilion, erected for the purpose, on the western side of which were twenty stalls, numbered to correspond with the targets. The latter were also named, in the order of rank: the first, to which the highest prizes were attached, being "Germany;" the second, "Duke Ernst;" the third, "Thüringia;" and the fourth, "Schleswig-Holstein." Afterwards came the German rivers, and then the representative men; among whom Humboldt, Fichte, and Arndt had a place. The distance was four hundred feet for ten of the targets, and two hundred and fifty feet for the remainder. The manner of shooting was divided into three classes, so arranged that each class should apply to both distances: 1st, shooting "with free hand," without rest or aid of any kind; 2nd, with the use of the diopter, or sight-gauge; and 3rd, with rests, and all other appliances, at will. Thus, the rifleman who combined the first-class with the greatest distance, and hit the centre oftenest in proportion to the number of shots, would be entitled to the highest prizes. These technical arrangements were a great

worry to the committee, who were obliged to take into consideration the diversity of habits and preferences among the riflemen.

The cracking of rifles became more and more frequent, and soon rattled, in scattering volleys, from one end of the pavilion to the other. We were interested in noticing the arrangement of the targets. Each was double, turning upon a pivot midway between the two, so that when one was up the other was down, and concealed from sight in a pit, in which the attendant sat. His duty was, whenever a shot was fired, to turn the axle, bringing the target down to note the shot with the same movement which elevated the other for a fresh one. The shots were carefully registered, and the record sent back to the pavilion from time to time, in a bag attached to a travelling rope. It is a lucky circumstance that none of the attendants were wounded during the festival. Once, indeed, there was a slight alarm. One of the targets having failed to revolve, the firing was suspended and the pit examined, when the man was found lying sound asleep at the bottom, with an empty beer-mug beside him! It is no less an illustration of the care and method native to the German character, that, although 35,000 shots, in all, were fired, no accident of any kind occurred.

The ambition of the riflemen was stimulated by the silver gleam of the prizes, arranged for show in a little temple adjoining the main hall. The front pediment of this temple, painted by Professor Schneider, illustrated the (just now more than ever) popular legend of the slumbering Barbarossa. The old emperor sits in the vaults of the Kyffhäuser, with his red beard grown to his feet, while the ravens fly around his head. So long as they continue to fly, the enchantment binds him; the hour of his awaking has not yet come. But, on either side, in the lower caverns, the mountain-gnomes are busy, forging swords, casting bullets, and hammering the locks of guns. Barbarossa symbolizes the German unity. We should have represented him, however, if not in the act of awaking, as at least starting in his sleep. To complete the allegory, one of the ravens should be double-headed, with yellow wings; the second wearing the papal tiara, and with the keys of St. Peter in his claws; and the third with a spiked helmet, representing, not Prussia, but that combination of pride and stubbornness which distinguishes the military caste in Germany.

By this time other pavilions than those of the riflemen were crowded with visitors. Beside a single one of these I counted, at eleven o'clock in the morning, thirteen empty beer-barrels! The Turners, grouped together at tables under the trees, sang in chorus; the bands played; and outside of the enclosure you could hear the voices of showmen, crying: "This way, gentlemen; here is the wonderful and astonishing," &c. &c. We strayed thitherward, where thousands of peasants were looking and listening with open mouths and eyes. The family of "Live Bushmen" excited our curiosity, and we entered the booth. A young fellow, with loud voice, and eyes fixed on vacancy, performed the part of lecturer and

interpreter. "Here, your lordships!" he cried, "I will show you the wild people of Africa, the only specimens in Europe. I will first call them. You cannot understand their language, but I will translate for you." "Tash-imang-ko-ko! Nya-a-a-a!" answered a voice behind the curtain. "Kiliboo-ba-bingo!" he repeated; "that means, I told them to come out." Thereupon appeared a little old woman, with a yellow skin and an immense bushy head of hair, followed by a girl of eighteen. Bushmen they were not, nor Africans: very likely ordinary gipsies, dyed and frizzled. "Marino-ba-bibblee-boo!" he commanded; "I told them to sing." And sing they did, or rather scream. "Your lordships," said the showman, who looked enough like the old woman to be her son, "they want money to buy raw flesh, which is their food." Thereupon the girl took up a collection, in a cocoa-nut shell. "Your lordships," he continued, "if you have cigars, or pipes, or tobacco, they would like to have them." The peasants winked at each other, as much as to say, "We've had enough of this!" and left in a body, we following.

The Turners had a grand performance in the afternoon, a ball at the theatre in the evening, and an excursion to the mountains on the following day. The riflemen also had their ball, but on both occasions there was a departure from the usual order. The theatre was open on all sides, to every one who chose to enter. There were no doorkeepers, no managers; and from the back of the stage to the top of the gallery the space was crowded to suffocation with a mixed multitude, varying in costume from the most elegant ball-toilet to the shabby dress of the street-loafer. To be sure, this feature made it a *Volksfest*, in the true sense of the word, but at the expense of the guests, for whose pleasure the ball was given.

Thus, from morning till night, for four days, the rifles cracked, the old linden shook in blasts of music, the noisy booths proclaimed their attractions, and the beer-barrels were emptied. At the close of the festival, De Leuw of Düsseldorf was declared to be the first shot, and Dorner of Nuremberg the second. Besides the contributed prizes, four hundred in number, there were additional prizes in money, and the lucky first dozen of sharpshooters received several hundred thalers a-piece, together with their silver goblets and spoons.

On the last day of the convention, when the members assembled in the hall, the duke made a short address, recommending the formation of a permanent union of volunteer rifle corps (*Schützenbund*) throughout all Germany, not only for the purpose of agreeing upon normal regulations in regard to the exercises, but also to arm and discipline the young men, so that they may finally constitute a reserve for the regular army. "The time for creating a sensation by words alone," said he, "is past. The people demand action for the sake of their strength and unity. I hear of dangers which threaten our fatherland; but a people is beyond danger as soon as it is truly united and strong." The proposal was unanimously adopted. A plain-spoken doubter, however, during the day, ventured to

approach the duke and to say:—"Your highness, your words were noble and patriotic; but will you stand by them?" The duke answered, good-humouredly clapping the speaker on the shoulder:—"My friend, all that I have heretofore promised I have performed. I think you may safely confide in me this time."

Not the least of the advantages which the national party in Germany will owe to this Convention of Riflemen at Gotha, is the circumstance that it has brought so many members of the party from all the German States into direct personal communication with their acknowledged leader. For the party has been wise enough to follow a leader who not only enjoys an unbounded popularity among the masses, but, being himself a reigning prince, is at once a guarantee of its character for his fellow-rulers, and a shield for it against their forcible opposition. The reactionists—especially the *Junkerthum*, or squirearchy, as the reactionary nobility is called—charge Ernst II. of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with being a demagogue; with heading the popular movement merely for the sake of gratifying a hollow ambition: but they cannot deny that his course has been thoroughly consistent from the beginning, and that he remained true to the cause, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his compeers, at a time when it seemed to be utterly crushed. If he is simply cunning, and not sincere, as they affirm, it is that nobler cunning which foresees the inevitable course of events, and rides on the top wave of the flood which it cannot stay.

Certainly, since the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which he commanded the battery at Eckernfiord, no other German prince has been so popular with the people. During the last two years this popularity has taken a much wider and deeper significance. In 1859 he not only welcomed the establishment of the National-Verein, but when the *free city* of Frankfort refused to allow its members to meet in convention there, invited them at once to Coburg. As president of the Convention of Riflemen he really exhibited an unusual amount of endurance, labouring day and night with the committee of arrangements, and winning the hearts of the guests by his plain, cordial bearing, his conciliatory patience and kindness in adjusting disputes and jealousies among them, and, more than all, by his earnest, patriotic utterances.

Personally, Ernst II. is a man who both attracts and inspires confidence. He has but a slight family resemblance to Prince Albert, than whom he appears younger, although two years older. His features are not so regularly chiselled as those of his brother, but more mobile and animated. He is about five feet ten inches in height, slender, but perfectly symmetrical, and quick and elastic in his movements. His face is a fine oval, the forehead expansive at the temples, and the eyes a clear, splendid hazel. His nose is rather long, but not prominent; the lips firm and sharply cut; while a short pointed beard increases their character of decision. It is a mediæval, rather than a modern head—such as might have belonged to that Ernst who was carried off by the robber knight

Kunz von Kaufungen, and who was his own ancestor in a direct line. He is passionately fond of hunting, riding, driving, and all other out-door diversions, of which taste his tanned face and hands give evidence.

His qualities of mind are too varied to admit of much profundity. He is at once author, composer, actor, and soldier, and withal a conversationist of unusual powers. With an admirable memory and a vital interest in every field of knowledge, there are few subjects upon which he cannot converse brilliantly. Quick, animated, sparkling, he provokes the electricity of those with whom he comes in contact. His greatest aversion, we should judge, would be a dull person. Yet, with all these brilliant qualities, he is steady, prudent, and clear-headed,—ambitious, no doubt, but intelligently so.

His last political step—the account which he has rendered to the German people of his position as ruler—is, in its boldness and candour, a new apparition, and marks the downfall of a fossilized conventionalism in politics. As this expression undoubtedly was suggested by the results of the national shooting-match which we have described, we may appropriately close by quoting its conclusion: "The popular mind resembles the swelling, swift-advancing current of a river. To dam it, to delay it in its course, is a fruitless undertaking. The waves rise foaming aloft, and sweep every barrier away with them. Patriots and princes should therefore be inspired by the same endeavour, to keep the flood pure in its forward movement, and restrain it within its proper banks. In order to accomplish this, the active sympathy of the people themselves is necessary. They should not stand aloof from the men whose duty it is to hold the reins of government. It is to be condemned, indeed, when one struggles for popularity, in the universally-accepted sense of the word, and makes himself artificially popular, regardless of the work in his hands. But it is equally wrong to suppose that without the warm sympathy of the people—therefore, without popularity in its truer sense—patriotic men can beneficently exercise the leadership of the masses. The people must, therefore, honour the names of their leaders, themselves protect them from aspersion, and should never lose sight of the fact that mutual confidence is inseparable from mutual charity and consideration."

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XII.

PERPLEXITIES.

AGNES returned from the confessional with more sadness than her simple life had ever known before. The agitation of her confessor, the tremulous eagerness of his words, the alternations of severity and tenderness in his manner to her, all struck her only as indications of the very grave danger in which she was placed, and the awfulness of the sin and condemnation which oppressed the soul of one for whom she was conscious of a deep and strange feeling of interest.

She had the undoubting, uninquiring reverence which a Christianly educated child of those times might entertain for the visible head of the Christian Church, all whose doings were to be regarded with an awful veneration which never even raised a question.

That the papal throne was now filled by a man who had bought his election with the wages of iniquity, and dispensed its powers and offices with sole reference to the aggrandisement of a family proverbial for brutality and obscenity, was a fact well known to the reasoning and enlightened orders of society at this time, but it did not penetrate into those lowly valleys where the sheep of the Lord humbly pastured, innocently unconscious of the frauds and violence by which their dearest interests were bought and sold.

The Christian faith we now hold, who boast our enlightened Protestantism, has been transmitted to us through the hearts and hands of such; —who, while princes wrangled with pope, and pope with princes, knew nothing of it all, but, in lowly ways of prayer and patient labour, were one with us of modern times in the great central belief of the Christian heart, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

As Agnes came slowly up the path towards the little garden, she was conscious of a burden and weariness of spirit she had never known before. She passed the little moist grotto, which in former times she never failed to visit to see if there were any new-blown cyclamen, without giving it even a thought. A crimson spray of gladiolus leaned from the rock and seemed softly to kiss her cheek, yet she regarded it not; and once stopping and gazing abstractedly upward on the flower-tapestried walls of the gorge, as they rose in wreath and garland and festoon above her, she felt as if the brilliant yellow of the broom and the crimson of the gillyflowers, and all the fluttering, nodding armies of brightness that were dancing in the sunlight, were too gay for such a world as this, where mortal sins and sorrows made such havoc with all that seemed brightest and best, and she longed to fly away and be at rest.

Just then she heard the cheerful voice of her uncle in the little garden above, as he was singing at his painting. The words were those of that old Latin hymn of Saint Bernard, which, in its English dress, has thrilled many a Methodist class-meeting and many a Puritan conference, telling, in the welcome they meet in each Christian soul, that there is a unity in Christ's Church which is not outward,—a secret, invisible bond by which, under warring names and badges of opposition, His true followers have yet been one in Him, even though they discerned it not.

"What, my little one!" sai the monk, looking over the wall; "is it not a beautiful morning?"

"Dear uncle, it is," said Agnes. "And I have been so glad to hear your beautiful hymn!—it comforted me."

"Comforted you, little heart? What a word is that! When you get as far along on your journey as your old uncle, then you may talk of *comfort;* but who thinks of comforting birds or butterflies or young lambs?"

"Ah, dear uncle, I am not so very happy," returned Agnes, the tears starting into her eyes.

"Not happy?" exclaimed the monk, looking up from his drawing. "What dreadful affliction has come upon you?—hey, my little heart?"

Agnes sat down on the corner of the marble fountain, and, covering her face with her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Why, really, little heart of mine, this is something serious," said the monk; "let your old uncle try to help you."

"It isn't for myself," said Agnes, endeavouring to check her feelings, —"it is not for myself,—it is for another,—for a soul lost. Ah, my Jesus, have mercy!"

"A soul lost? Our Mother forbid!" said the monk, crossing himself.

"Who is it, my dear?—tell me about it," said the monk.

"Dear uncle, you remember the youth who suddenly appeared to us in the moonlight here a few evenings ago?"

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the monk,—"what of him?"

"Father Francesco has told me dreadful things of him this morning?"

"What things?"

"Uncle, he is excommunicated by our Holy Father the Pope."

Father Antonio, as a member of one of the most enlightened and cultivated religious orders of the times, and as an intimate companion and disciple of Savonarola, had a full understanding of the character of the reigning Pope, and therefore had his own private opinion of how much his excommunication was likely to be worth in the invisible world. He knew that the same doom had been threatened towards his saintly master, for opposing and exposing the scandalous vices which disgraced the high places of the Church; so that, on the whole, when he heard that this young man was excommunicated, so far from being impressed with horror towards him, he conceived the idea that he might be a particularly honest fellow and good Christian. But then he did not hold it wise to disturb

the faith of the simple-hearted by revealing to them the truth about the head of the Church on earth. Father Antonio did not, therefore, tell Agnes that the announcement which had filled her with such distress was far less conclusive with himself of the ill desert of the individual to whom it related.

"My little heart," he answered, gravely, "did you learn the sin for which this young man was excommunicated?"

"Ah, me! my dear uncle, I fear he is an infidel,—an unbeliever. Indeed, now I remember it, he confessed as much to me the other day."

"When did he tell you this?"

"You remember, my uncle, when you were sent for to the dying man? When you were gone, I kneeled down to pray for his soul; and when I rose from prayer, this young cavalier was sitting right here, on this end of the fountain. He was looking fixedly at me, with such sad eyes, so full of longing and pain, that it was quite piteous; and he spoke to me so sadly, I could not but pity him."

"And what did he say to you, child?"

"Ah, father, he said that he was all alone in the world, without friends, and utterly desolate, with no one to love him; but worse than that, he said he had lost his faith: that he could not believe."

"I must seek this youth," said the monk, in a musing tone; "perhaps I may find out what hath driven him away from the fold."

"Come now, little darling, wipe your bright eyes, and look at these plans I have been making for the shrine we were talking of, in the gorge. See here, I have drawn a goodly arch with a pinnacle; under the arch shall be the picture of our Lady with the blessed Babe. The arch shall be cunningly sculptured with vines of ivy and passion-flower, and on one side of it shall stand Saint Agnes with her lamb, and on the other, Saint Cecilia, crowned with roses; and on this pinnacle above all, Saint Michael, all in armour, shall stand leaning, one hand on his sword, and holding a shield with the cross upon it."

"Ah, that will be beautiful!" said Agnes.

"You can scarcely tell," pursued the monk, "from this faint drawing, what the picture of our Lady is to be; but I shall paint her to the highest of my art, and with many prayers that I may work worthily. You see, she shall be standing on a cloud with a background all of burnished gold, like the streets of the New Jerusalem; and she shall be clothed in a mantle of purest blue from head to foot, to represent the unclouded sky of summer; on her forehead she shall wear the evening star, which ever shineth when we say the Ave Maria, and all the borders of her blue vesture shall be cunningly wrought with fringes of stars; and the dear Babe shall lean his little cheek to hers so peacefully, and there shall be a clear shining of love through her face, and a heavenly restfulness, that it shall do one's heart good to look at her. Many a blessed hour shall I have over this picture, and many a hymn shall I sing as my work goes on. I must go about to prepare the panels forthwith; and it were well,

if there be that young man who works in stone, to have him summoned to our conference."

"I think," said Agnes, "that you will find him in the town; he dwells next to the cathedral."

"I trust he is a youth of pious life and conversation," said the monk. "I must call on him this afternoon; for he ought to be stirring himself up by hymns and prayers, and by meditations on the beauty of saints and angels, for so goodly a work. I would, dear daughter, you could see our great Duomo in Florence, which is a mountain of precious marbles and many-coloured mosaics; and the Campanile that riseth thereby is like a lily of Paradise,—so tall, so stately, with such an infinite grace, and adorned all the way up with holy emblems and images of saints and angels; nor is there any part of it, within or without, that is not finished sacredly with care, as an offering to the most perfect God. Truly, our fair Florence, though she be little, is worthy, by her sacred adornments, to be worn as the lily of our Lady's girdle, even as she hath been dedicated to her."

In the afternoon, the monk went to the town to seek the young artist, and also to inquire for the stranger for whom his pastoral offices were in requisition, while Agnes remained alone in the little solitary garden.

It was one of those rich slumberous afternoons of spring that seem to bathe earth and heaven with an Elysian softness; and from her little lonely nook shrouded in dusky shadows by its orange-trees, Agnes looked down the sombre gorge to where the open sea lay, panting and palpitating in blue and violet waves, while the little white sails of fishing-boats drifted hither and thither, now silvered in the sunshine, now fading away like a dream into the violet vapour bands that mantled the horizon. The weather would have been oppressively sultry but for the gentle breeze which constantly drifted landward with coolness in its wings. The hum of the old town came to her ear softened by distance and mingled with the patter of the fountain and the music of birds singing in the trees overhead. Agnes tried to busy herself with her spinning; but her mind constantly wandered away, and stirred and undulated with a thousand dim and unshaped thoughts and emotions, of which she vaguely questioned in her own mind. Why did Father Francesco warn her so solemnly against an earthly love? Did he not know her vocation? But still he was wisest and must know best; there must be danger, if he said so. But then, this knight had spoken so modestly, so humbly,—so differently from Giulietta's lovers!—for Giulietta had sometimes found a chance to recount to Agnes some of her triumphs. How could it be that a knight so brave and gentle, and so piously brought up, should become an infidel? Ah, uncle Antonio was right,—he must have had some foul wrong, some dreadful injury! When Agnes was a child, in travelling with her grandmother through one of the highest passes of the Apennines, she had chanced to discover a wounded eagle, whom an arrow had pierced, sitting all alone by himself on a rock, with his feathers ruffled and a film coming over his great clear bright eye,—and, ever full of compassion, had taken him to

nurse, and had travelled for a day with him in her arms; and the mournful look of his clear regal eyes now came into her memory. "Yes," she said to herself, "he is like my poor eagle. The archers have wounded him, so that he is glad to find shelter even with a poor maid like me; but it was easy to see my eagle had been king among birds, even as this knight is among men. Certainly, God must love him,—he is so beautiful and noble! I hope dear uncle will find him this afternoon; he knows how to teach him: as for me, I can only pray."

Such were the thoughts that Agnes twisted into the shining white flax, while her eyes wandered dreamily over the soft hazy landscape. At last, lulled by the shivering sound of leaves, and the bird-songs, and wearied with the agitations of the morning, her head lay back against the end of the sculptured fountain, the spindle slowly dropped from her hand, and her eyes were closed in sleep, the murmur of the fountain still sounding in her dreams. In her dreams she seemed to be wandering far away among the purple passes of the Apennines, where she had come years ago when she was a little girl; with her grandmother she pushed through old olive-groves, weird and twisted with many a quaint gnarl, and rustling their pale silvery leaves in noonday twilight. Sometimes she seemed to carry in her bosom a wounded eagle, and often she sat down to stroke it and to try to give it food from her hand, and as often it looked upon her with a proud, patient eye, and then her grandmother seemed to shake her roughly by the arm and bid her throw the silly bird away;—but then again the dream changed, and she saw a knight lie bleeding and dying in a lonely hollow, his garments torn, his sword broken, and his face pale and faintly streaked with blood; and she kneeled by him, trying in vain to stanch a deadly wound in his side, while he said reproachfully, "Agnes, dear Agnes, why would you not save me?" And then she thought he kissed her hand with his cold dying lips; and she shivered and awoke,—to find that her hand was indeed held in that of the cavalier, whose eyes met hers when first she unclosed her own, and the same voice that spoke in her dreams said, "Agnes, dear Agnes!"

For a moment she seemed stupefied and confounded, and sat passively regarding the knight, who kneeled at her feet and repeatedly kissed her hand, calling her his saint, his star, his life, and whatever other fair name poetry lends to love. All at once, however, her face flushed crimson red, she drew her hand quickly away, and, rising up, made a motion to retreat, saying, in a voice of alarm,—

"Oh, my lord, this must not be! I am committing deadly sin to hear you. Please, please go! please leave a poor girl!"

"Agnes, what does this mean?" said the cavalier. "Only two days since, in this place, you promised to love me; and that promise has brought me from utter despair to love of life. Nay, since you told me that, I have been able to pray once more; the whole world seems changed for me: and now will you take it all away!—you, who are all I have on earth!"

"My lord, I did not know then that I was sinning. Our dear Mother knows I said only what I thought was true and right, but I find it was a sin."

"A sin *to love*, Agnes? Heaven must be full of sin, then; for there they do nothing else."

"Oh, my lord, I must not argue with you; I am forbidden to listen even for a moment. Please go. I will never forget you, sir—never forget to pray for you, and to love you as they love in heaven; but I am forbidden to speak with you. I fear I have sinned in hearing and saying even this much."

"Who forbids you, Agnes? Who has the right to forbid your good, kind heart to love, where love is so deeply needed, and so gratefully received?"

"My holy father, whom I am bound to obey as my soul's director," said Agnes: "he has forbidden me so much as to listen to a word, and yet I have listened to many. How could I help it?"

"Ever these priests!" muttered the cavalier, his brow darkening with an impatient frown: "wolves in sheep's clothing!"

"Alas!" said Agnes, sorrowfully, "why will you——?"

"Why will I what?" he interrupted, facing suddenly toward her, and looking down with a fierce, scornful determination.

"Why will you be at war with the Holy Church? Why will you peril your eternal salvation?"

"Is there a Holy Church? Where is it? Would there were one! I am blind and cannot see it. Little Agnes, you promised to lead me; but you drop my hand in the darkness. Who will guide me, if *you* will not?"

"My lord, I am most unfit to be your guide. I am a poor girl, without any learning; but there is my uncle I spoke to you of. Oh, my lord, if you only would go to him, he is wise and gentle both. I must go in now, my lord,—indeed, I must. I must not sin further. I must do a heavy penance for having listened and spoken to you, after the holy father had forbidden me."

"No, Agnes, you shall *not* go in," said the cavalier, suddenly stepping before her and placing himself across the doorway; "you *shall* see me, and hear me too. I take the sin on myself: you cannot help it. How will you avoid me? Will you fly now down the path of the gorge? I will follow you. I am desperate. I had but one comfort on earth, but one hope of heaven, and that through you; and you, cruel, are so ready to give me up at the first word of your priest?"

"God knows if I do it willingly," said Agnes: "but I know it is best; for I feel I should love you too well, if I saw more of you. My lord, you are strong and can compel me, but I beg you to leave me."

"Dear Agnes, could you really feel it possible that you might love me too well?" pleaded the cavalier, his whole manner changing "Ah! could I carry you far away to my home in the mountains, far up in the

beautiful blue mountains, where the air is so clear, and the weary, wrangling world lies so far below that one forgets it entirely, you should be my wife, my queen, my empress. You should lead me where you would; your word should be my law. I will go with you wherever you will,—to confession, to sacrament, to prayers, never so often; never will I rebel against your word: if you decree, I will bend my neck to king or priest; I will reconcile me with anybody or anything only for your sweet sake; you shall lead me all my life; and when we die, I ask only that you may lead me to our Mother's throne in heaven, and pray her to tolerate me for your sake. Come, now, dear, is not even one unworthy soul worth saving?"

"My lord, you have taught me how wise my holy father was in forbidding me to listen to you. He knew better than I how weak was my heart, and how I might be drawn on from step to step till —— My lord, I must be no man's wife. I follow the blessed Saint Agnes. May God give me grace to keep my vows without wavering!—for then I shall gain power to intercede for you and bring down blessings on your soul. Oh, never, never speak to me so again, my lord!—you will make me very, *very* unhappy. If there is any truth in your words, my lord, if you really love me, you will go, and you will never try to speak to me again."

"Never, Agnes! never! Think what you are saying!"

"Oh, I do think! I know it must be best," said Agnes, much agitated; "for, if I should see you often and hear your voice, I should lose all my strength. I could never resist, and I should lose heaven for you and me too. Leave me, and I will never, never forget to pray for you; and go quickly too, for it is time for my grandmother to come home, and she would be so angry:—she would never believe I had not been doing wrong, and perhaps she would make me marry somebody that I do not wish to. She has threatened that many times; but I beg her to leave me free to go to my sweet home in the convent and my dear mother Theresa."

"They shall never marry you against your will, little Agnes, I pledge you my knightly word. I will protect you from that. Promise me, dear, that, if ever you be man's wife, you will be mine. Only promise me that, and I will go."

"Will you?" said Agnes, in an ecstacy of fear and apprehension, in which there mingled some strange troubled gleams of happiness. "Well, then, I will. Ah! I hope it is no sin!"

"Believe me, dearest, it is not," said the knight. "Say it again,—say, that I may hear it,—say, 'If ever I am man's wife, I will be thine,'—say it, and I will go."

"Well, then, my lord, if ever I am man's wife, I will be thine," said Agnes. "But I will be no man's wife. My heart and hand are promised elsewhere. Come, now, my lord, your word must be kept."

"Let me put this ring on your finger, lest you forget," said the cavalier. "It was my mother's ring, and never during her lifetime heard anything but prayers and hymns. It is saintly, and worthy of thee."

"No, my lord, I may not. Grandmother would inquire about it. I cannot keep it; but fear not my forgetting: I shall never forget you."

"Will you ever want to see me, Agnes?"

"I hope not, since it is not best. But you do not go."

"Well, then, farewell, my little wife! farewell, till I claim thee!" said the cavalier, as he kissed her hand, and vaulted over the wall.

"How strange that I *cannot* make him understand!" said Agnes, when he was gone. "I must have sinned; I must have done wrong; but I have been trying all the while to do right. Why would he stay so and look at me so with those deep eyes? I was very hard with him,—very! I trembled for him, I was so severe; and yet it has not discouraged him enough. How strange that he would call me so, after all, when I explained to him I never could marry! Must I tell all this to Father Francesco? How dreadful! How he looked at me before! How he trembled and turned away from me! What will he think now? Ah, me! why must I tell *him?* If I could only confess to my mother Theresa, that would be easier. We have a mother in heaven to hear us; why should we not have a mother on earth? Father Francesco frightens me so! His eyes burn me! They seem to burn into my soul, and he seems angry with me sometimes, and sometimes looks at me so strangely! Dear, blessed mother," she said, kneeling at the shrine, "help thy little child! I do not want to do wrong: I want to do right. Oh, that I could come and live with thee!"

Poor Agnes! a new experience had opened in her heretofore tranquil life, and her day was one of conflict. Do what she would, the words that had been spoken to her in the morning would return to her mind, and sometimes she awoke with a shock of guilty surprise at finding she had been dreaming over what the cavalier said to her of living with him alone, in some clear, high, purple solitude of those beautiful mountains which she remembered as an enchanted dream of her childhood. Would he really always love her, then; always go with her to prayers and mass and sacrament, and be reconciled to the Church; and should she indeed have the joy of feeling that his noble soul was led back to heavenly peace through her? Was not this better than a barren life of hymns and prayers in a cold convent? Then the very voice that uttered these words —that voice of veiled strength and manly daring, that spoke with such a gentle pleading, and yet such an undertone of authority, as if he had a right to claim her for himself,—she seemed to feel the tones of that voice in every nerve: and then the strange thrilling pleasure of thinking that he loved her so! Why should he, this strange, beautiful knight? Doubtless he had seen splendid high-born ladies: he had seen even queens and princesses; and what could he find to like in her, a poor little peasant? Nobody ever thought so much of her before, and yet he was so unhappy without her: it was strange he should be; but he said so, and it must be true. After all, Father Francesco might be mistaken about his being wicked. On the whole, she felt sure he was mistaken: at least in

part. Uncle Antonio did not seem to be so much shocked at what she told him; he knew the temptations of men better, perhaps, because he did not stay shut up in one convent, but travelled all about, preaching and teaching. If only *he* could see him, and talk with him, and make him a good Christian, why, then, there would be no further need of her;—and Agnes was surprised to find what a dreadful, dreary blank appeared before her when she thought of this. Why should she wish him to remember her, since she never could be his?—and yet nothing seemed so dreadful as that he should forget her. So the poor little innocent fly beat and fluttered in the mazes of that enchanted web, where thousands of her frail sex have beat and fluttered before her.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Monk and the Cavalier.

Father Antonio had been down through the streets of the old town of Sorrento, searching for the young stone-cutter, and, finding him, had spent some time in enlightening him as to the details of the work he wished him to execute.

He found him not so easily kindled into devotional fervours as he had fondly imagined; nor could all his most devout exhortations produce one-quarter of the effect upon him that resulted from the discovery that it was the fair Agnes who originated the design and was interested in its execution. Then did the large black eyes of the youth kindle into something of sympathetic fervour, and he willingly promised to do his very best at the carving.

"I used to know the fair Agnes well, years ago," he said; "but of late she will not even look at me; yet I worship her none the less. Who can help it that sees her? I don't think she is so hard-hearted as she seems; but her grandmother and the priests won't so much as allow her to lift up her eyes when one of us young fellows goes by. Twice these five years past have I seen her eyes, and then it was when I contrived to get near the holy water when there was a press round it of a saint's day; I reached some to her on my finger, and then she smiled upon me and thanked me. Those two smiles are all I have had to live on for all this time. Perhaps, if I work very well, she will give me another, and perhaps she will say, 'Thank you, my good Pietro!' as she used to, when I brought her birds' eggs or helped her across the ravine, years ago."

"Well, my brave boy, do your best," said the monk, "and let the shrine be of the fairest white marble. I will be answerable for the expense: I will beg it of those who have substance."

"So please you, holy father," said Pietro, "I know of a spot, a little below here on the coast, where was a heathen temple in the old days; and

one can dig therefrom long pieces of fair white marble, all covered with heathen images. I know not whether your reverence would think them fit for Christian purposes."

"So much the better, boy! so much the better!" replied the monk, heartily. "Only let the marble be fine and white, and it is as good as converting a heathen, any time, to baptize it to Christian uses. A few strokes of the chisel will soon demolish their naked nymphs and other such rubbish, and we can carve holy virgins, robed from head to foot in all modesty, as becometh saints."

"I will get my boat and go down this very afternoon," said Pietro; "and, sir, I hope I am not making too bold in asking you, when you see the fair Agnes, to present unto her this lily, in memorial of her old playfellow."

"That I will, my boy! And now I think of it, she spoke kindly of you, as one that had been a companion in her childhood; but said her grandmother would not allow her to speak to you now."

"Ah, that is it!" said Pietro. "Old Elsie is a fierce old kite, with strong beak and long claws, and will not let the poor girl have any good of her youth. Some say she means to marry her to a rich old man, and some say she will shut her up in a convent; which I should say was a sore hurt and loss to the world: there are a plenty of women, whom nobody wants to look at, for that sort of work; and a beautiful face is a kind of psalm which makes one want to be good."

"Well, well, my boy, work well and faithfully for the saints on this shrine, and I dare promise you many a smile from this fair maiden; for her heart is set upon the glory of God and his saints, and she will smile on any one who helps on the good work. I shall look in on thee daily for a time, till I see the work well started."

So saying, the old monk took his leave. Just as he was passing out of the house, some one brushed rapidly by him, going down the street. As he passed, the quick eye of the monk recognized the cavalier whom he had seen in the garden but a few evenings before. It was not a face and form easily forgotten, and the monk followed him at a little distance behind, resolving, if he saw him turn in anywhere, to follow and crave an audience of him.

Accordingly, as he saw the cavalier entering under the low arch that led to his hotel, he stepped up and addressed him with a gesture of benediction.

"God bless you, my son!"

"What would you with me, father?" asked the cavalier, with a hasty and somewhat suspicious glance.

"I would that you would give me an audience of a few moments on some matters of importance," replied the monk, mildly.

The tones of his voice seemed to have excited some vague remembrance in the mind of the cavalier; for he eyed him narrowly, and seemed trying to recollect where he had seen him before. Suddenly a

light appeared to flash upon his mind; for his whole manner became at once more cordial.

"My good father," he said, "my poor lodging and leisure are at your service for any communication you may see fit to make."

So saying, he led the way up the damp, ill-smelling stone staircase, and opened the door of the deserted room where we have seen him once before. Closing the door, and seating himself at the one rickety table which the room afforded, he motioned to the monk to be seated also; then taking off his plumed hat, he threw it negligently on the table beside him, and passing his white and finely formed hand through the black curls of his hair, he tossed them carelessly from his forehead, and, leaning his chin in the hollow of his hand, fixed his glittering eyes on the monk in a manner that seemed to demand his errand.

"My lord," said the monk, in those gentle, conciliating tones which were natural to him, "I would ask a little help of you in regard of a Christian undertaking which I have here in hand. The dear Lord hath put it into the heart of a pious young maid of this vicinity to erect a shrine to the honour of our Lady and her dear Son in this gorge of Sorrento, hard by. It is a gloomy place in the night, and hath been said to be infested by evil spirits; and my fair niece, who is full of all holy thoughts, desired me to draw the plan for this shrine, and, so far as my poor skill may go, I have done so. See here, my lord, are the drawings."

The monk laid them down on the table, his pale cheek flushing with a faint glow of artistic enthusiasm and pride, as he explained to the young man the plan and drawings.

The cavalier listened courteously, but without much apparent interest, till the monk drew from his portfolio a paper and said—

"This, my lord, is my poor and feeble conception of the most sacred form of our Lady, which I am to paint for the centre of the shrine."

He laid down the paper, and the cavalier, with a sudden exclamation, snatched it up, looking at it eagerly.

"It is she!" he cried; "it is her very self!—the divine Agnes,—the lily flower,—the sweet star,—the only one among women!"

"I see you have recognized the likeness," said the monk, blushing: "I know that it hath been thought a practice of doubtful edification to represent holy things under the image of anything earthly; but when any mortal seems especially gifted with a heavenly spirit outshining in the face, it may be that our Lady chooses her to reveal herself in."

The cavalier was gazing so intently on the picture, that he scarcely heard the apology of the monk; he held it up, and seemed to study it with a long admiring gaze.

"You have great skill with your pencil, my father," he said; "one would not look for such things from under a monk's hood."

"I belong to the San Marco in Florence, of which you may have heard," said Father Antonio, "and am an unworthy disciple of the tradi-

tions of the blessed Angelico, whose visions of heavenly things are ever before us; and no less am I a disciple of the renowned Savonarola, of whose fame all Italy hath heard before now."

"Savonarola?" returned the other, with eagerness,—"he that makes these vile miscreants that call themselves Pope and Cardinals tremble? All Italy, all Christendom, is groaning and stretching out the hand to him to free them from these abominations. My father, tell me of Savonarola,—how goes he, and what success hath he?"

"My son, it is now many months since I left Florence; since which time I have been sojourning in by-places, repairing shrines and teaching the poor of the Lord's flock, who are scattered and neglected by the idle shepherds who only think to eat the flesh and warm themselves with the fleece of the sheep, for whom the good Shepherd gave his life. My duties have been humble and quiet; for it is not given to me to wield the sword of rebuke and controversy, like my great master."

"And you have not heard, then," said the cavalier, eagerly, "that they have excommunicated him?"

"I knew that was threatened," replied the monk, "but I did not think it possible that it could befall a man of such shining holiness of life, so signally and openly owned of God, that the very gifts of the first Apostles seem revived in him."

"Does not Satan always hate the Lord?" retorted the cavalier. "Alexander and his councils are possessed of the devil, if ever men were; and are sealed as his children by every abominable wickedness. The devil sits in Christ's seat, and hath stolen his signet-ring, to seal decrees against the Lord's own followers: what are Christian men to do in such case?"

The monk sighed and looked troubled.

"It is hard to say," he answered. "So much I know; that before I left Florence our master wrote to the King of France touching the dreadful state of things at Rome, and tried to stir him up to call a general council of the Church. I much fear me this letter may have fallen into the hands of the Pope."

"I tell you, father," exclaimed the young man, starting up and laying his hand on his sword, "*we must fight!* It is the sword that must decide this matter! Was not the Holy Sepulchre saved from the Infidels by the sword?—and once more the sword must save the Holy City from worse infidels than the Turks. If such doings as these are allowed in the Holy City, in another generation there will be no Christians left on earth. Alexander and Cæsar Borgia and the Lady Lucrezia are enough to drive religion from the world. They make us long to go back to the traditions of our Roman fathers,—who were men of cleanly and honourable lives and of heroic deeds, scorning bribery and deceit. They honoured God by noble lives, little as they knew of Him. But these men are a shame to the mothers who bore them."

"You speak too truly, my son," said the monk. "Alas! the creation

groaneth and travaileth in pain with these things. Many a time and oft have I seen our master groaning and wrestling with God on this account. For it is to small purpose that we have gone through Italy preaching and stirring up the people to more holy lives, when from the very Hill of Zion, the height of the sanctuary, come down these streams of pollution. It seems as if the time had come that the world could bear it no longer."

"Well, if it come to the trial of the sword, as come it must," said the cavalier, "say to your master that Agostino Sarelli has a band of one hundred tried men and an impregnable fastness in the mountain, where he may take refuge, and where they will gladly hear the Word of God from pure lips. They call us robbers,—us who have gone out from the assembly of robbers, that we might lead honest and cleanly lives. There is not one among us that hath not lost houses, lands, brothers, parents, children, or friends, through their treacherous cruelty. There be those whose wives and sisters have been forced into the Borgia harem; there be those whose children have been tortured before their eyes; those who have seen the fairest and dearest slaughtered by these hell-hounds, who yet sit in the seat of the Lord and give decrees in the name of Christ. Is there a God? If there be, why is He silent?"

"Yea, my son, there is a God," replied the monk; "but his ways are not as ours. A thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday; as a watch in the night. He shall come, and shall not keep silence."

"Perhaps you do not know, father," said the young man, "that I, too, am excommunicated. I am excommunicated, because, Cæsar Borgia having killed my eldest brother, and dishonoured and slain my sister, and seized on all our possessions, and the Pope having protected and confirmed him therein, I declare the Pope to be not of God, but of the devil. I will not submit to him, nor be ruled by him; and I and my fellows will make good our mountains against him and his crew, with such right arms as the good Lord hath given us."

"The Lord be with you, my son!" said the monk; "and the Lord bring His Church out of these deep waters! Surely, it is a lovely and beautiful Church, made dear and precious by innumerable saints and martyrs who have given their sweet lives up willingly for it; and it is full of records of righteousness, of prayers and alms and works of mercy that have made even the very dust of our Italy precious and holy. Why hast Thou abandoned this vine of Thy planting, O Lord? The boar out of the wood doth waste it; the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return, we beseech Thee, and visit this vine of Thy planting!"

The monk clasped his hands and looked upward pleadingly, the tears running down his wasted cheeks. Ah, many such strivings and prayers in those days went up from silent hearts in obscure solitudes, that wrestled and groaned under that mighty burden which Luther at last received strength to heave from the heart of the Church.

"Then, father, you do admit that one may be banned by the Pope, and may utterly refuse and disown him, and yet be a Christian?"

"How can I otherwise?" said the monk. "Do I not see the greatest saint this age or any age has ever seen under the excommunication of the greatest sinner? Only, my son, let me warn you. Become not irreverent to the true Church because of a false usurper. Reverence the sacraments, the hymns, the prayers all the more for this sad condition in which you stand. What teacher is more faithful in these respects than my master? Who hath more zeal for our blessed Lord Jesus, and a more living faith in Him? Who hath a more filial love and tenderness towards our blessed Mother? Who hath more reverent communion with all the saints than he? Truly, he sometimes seems to me to walk encompassed by all the armies of heaven,—such a power goes forth in his words, and such a holiness in his life."

"Ah," cried Agostino, "would I had such a confessor! The sacraments might once more have power for me, and I might cleanse my soul from unbelief."

"Dear son," said the monk, "accept a most unworthy, but sincere follower of this holy prophet, who yearns for your salvation. Let me have the happiness of granting to thee the sacraments of the Church, which, doubtless, are thine by right as one of the flock of the Lord Jesus. Come to me some day this week in confession, and thereafter thou shalt receive the Lord within thee, and be once more united with Him."

"My good father," said the young man, grasping his hand, and much affected, "I will come. Your words have done me good; but I must think more of them. I will come soon; but these things cannot be done without pondering: it will take some time to bring my heart into charity with all men."

The monk rose up to depart, and began to gather up his drawings.

"For this matter, father," said the cavalier, throwing several gold pieces upon the table, "take these, and as many more as you need ask for your good work. I would willingly pay any sum," he added, while a faint blush rose to his cheek, "if you would give me a copy of this. Gold would be nothing in comparison with it."

"My son," asked the monk, smiling, "would it be to thee an image of an earthly or a heavenly love?"

"Of both, father," replied the young man. "For that dear face has been more to me than prayer or hymn; it has been even as a sacrament to me, and through it I know not what of holy and heavenly influences have come to me."

"Said I not well," returned the monk, exulting, "that there were those on whom our Mother shed such grace that their very beauty led heavenward? Such are they whom the artist looks for, when he would adorn a shrine where the faithful shall worship. Well, my son, I must use my poor art for you; and as for gold, we of our convent take it not except for the adorning of holy things, such as this shrine."

"How soon shall it be done?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Patience, patience, my lord! Rome was not built in a day, and

our art must work by slow touches; but I will do my best. Yet wherefore, my lord, cherish this image?"

"Father, are you of near kin to this maid?"

"I am her mother's only brother."

"Then I say to you, as the nearest of her male kin, that I seek this maid in pure and honourable marriage; and she hath given me her promise, that, if ever she be wife of mortal man, she will be mine."

"But she looks not to be wife of any man," urged the monk; "so, at least, I have heard her say, though her grandmother would fain marry her to a husband of her own choosing. 'Tis a wilful woman, is my sister Elsie, and a worldly, not easy to persuade, and impossible to drive."

"And she hath chosen for this fair angel some base peasant churl who will have no sense of her exceeding loveliness? By the saints, if it come to this, I will carry her away with the strong arm."

"That is not to be apprehended just at present. Sister Elsie is dotingly fond of the girl, which hath slept in her bosom since infancy."

"And why should I not demand her in marriage of your sister?" asked the young man.

"My lord, you are an excommunicated man, and she would have horror of you. It is impossible; it would not be to edification to make the common people judges in such matters: it is safest to let their faith rest undisturbed, and that they be not taught to despise ecclesiastical censures. This could not be explained to Elsie; she would drive you from her doors with her distaff, and you would scarce wish to put your sword against it. Besides, my lord, if you were not excommunicated, you are of noble blood, and this alone would be a fatal objection with my sister, who hath sworn on the holy cross that Agnes should never love one of your race."

"What is the cause of this hatred?"

"Some foul wrong which a noble did her mother," replied the monk; "for Agnes is of gentle blood on her father's side."

"I might have known it," said the cavalier to himself. "Her words and ways are unlike anything in her class."

"Father," he added, touching his sword, "we soldiers are fond of cutting all Gordian knots, whether of love or religion, with this. The sword, father, is the best theologian, the best casuist: the sword rights wrongs and punishes evil-doers, and some day the sword may cut the way out of this embarrass also."

"Gently, my son! gently!" interposed the monk; "nothing is lost by patience. See how long it takes the good Lord to make a fair flower out of a little seed! He does all quietly, without bluster. Wait on Him a little in peacefulness and prayer, and see what He will do for thee."

"Perhaps you are right, my father," assented the stranger, cordially. "Your counsels have done me good, and I shall seek them further. But do not let them terrify my poor Agnes with dreadful stories of the excom-

munication that hath befallen me. The dear saint is breaking her good little heart for my sins, and her confessor evidently hath forbidden her to speak to me or look at me. If her heart were left to itself, it would fly to me like a little tame bird, and I would cherish it for ever; but now she sees sin in every innocent, womanly thought: poor little dear child-angel that she is!"

"Her confessor is a Franciscan," said the monk—who, good as he was, could not escape entirely from the ruling prejudice of his order,—"and, from what I know of him, I should think might be unskilful in what pertained to the nursing of so delicate a lamb. It is not every one to whom is given the gift of rightly directing souls."

"I'd like to carry her off from him!" muttered the cavalier, between his teeth. "I will, too, if he is not careful!" Then he added aloud, "Father, Agnes is mine,—mine by the right of the truest worship and devotion that man could ever pay to woman,—mine because she loves me. For I know she loves me: I know it far better than she knows it herself, the dear innocent child; and I will not have her torn from me to waste her life in a lonely, barren convent, or to be the wife of a stolid peasant. I am a man of my word, and I will vindicate my right to her in the face of God and man."

"Well, well, my son, as I said before, patience,—one thing at a time. Let us say our prayers and sleep to-night, to begin with, and to-morrow will bring us fresh counsel."

"Well, my father, you will be for me in this matter?" said the young man.

"My son, I wish you all happiness; and if this be for your best good and that of my dear niece, I wish it. But, as I said, there must be time and patience. The way must be made clear. I will see how the case stands; and you may be sure, when I can in good conscience, I will befriend you."

"Thank you, my father, thank you!" said the young man, bending his knee to receive the monk's parting benediction.

"It seems to me not best," said the monk, turning once more, as he was leaving the threshold, "that you should come to me at present where I am,—it would only raise a storm that I could not allay; and so great would be the power of the forces they might bring to bear on the child, that her little heart might break and the saints claim her too soon."

"Well, then, father, come hither to me to-morrow at this same hour, if I be not too unworthy of your pastoral care."

"I shall be too happy, my son," said the monk. "So be it."

And he turned from the door just as the bell of the cathedral struck the Ave Maria, and all in the street bowed in the evening act of worship.

Miss Charlotte and her Partners.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE PARLOR TABLE.

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Miss Cleveland and her Partners.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

THE describer and biographer of my friend Mr. Philip Firmin has tried to extenuate nothing; and, I hope, has set down naught in malice. If Philip's boots had holes in them, I have written that he had holes in his boots. If he had a red beard, there it is red in this story. I might have oiled it with a tinge of brown, and painted it a rich auburn. Towards modest people he was very gentle and tender; but I must own that in general society he was not always an agreeable companion. He was often haughty

and arrogant: he was impatient of old stories: he was intolerant of commonplaces. Mrs. Baynes' anecdotes of her garrison experiences in India and Europe got a very impatient hearing from Mr. Philip; and though little Charlotte gently remonstrated with him, saying, "Do, do let mamma tell her story out; and don't turn away and talk about something else in the midst of it; and don't tell her you have heard the story before, you rude man! If she is not pleased with you, she is angry with me, and I have to suffer when you are gone away,"—Miss Charlotte did not say how much she had to suffer when Philip was absent; how constantly her mother found fault with him; what a sad life, in consequence of her attachment to him, the young maiden had to lead; and I fear that clumsy Philip, in his selfish thoughtlessness, did not take enough count of the sufferings which his behaviour brought on the girl. You see I am acknowledging that there were many faults on his side, which, perhaps, may in some degree excuse or account for those which Mrs. General Baynes certainly committed towards him. She did not love Philip naturally; and do you suppose she loved him because she was under great obligations to him? Do you love your creditor because you owe him more than you can ever pay? If I never paid my tailor, should I be on good terms with him? I might go on ordering suits of clothes from now to the year nineteen hundred; but I should hate him worse year after year. I should find fault with his cut and his cloth: I daresay I should end by thinking his bills extortionate, though I never paid them. Kindness is very indigestible. It disagrees with very proud stomachs. I wonder was that traveller who fell among the thieves grateful afterwards to the Samaritan who rescued him? He gave money certainly; but he didn't miss it. The religious opinions of Samaritans are lamentably heterodox. O brother! may we help the fallen still though they never pay us, and may we lend without exacting the usury of gratitude!

Of this I am determined, that whenever I go courting again, I will not pay my addresses to my dear creature—day after day, and from year's end to year's end, very likely, with the dear girl's mother, father, and half a dozen young brothers and sisters in the room. I shall begin by being civil to the old lady, of course. She is flattered at first by having a young fellow coming courting to her daughter. She calls me "dear Edward;" works me a pair of braces; writes to mamma and sisters, and so forth. Old gentleman says, "Brown, my boy" (I am here fondly imagining myself to be a young fellow named Edward Brown, attached, let us say, to Miss Kate Thompson)—Thompson, I say, says, "Brown, my boy, come to dinner at seven. Cover laid for you always;" and of course, delicious thought! that cover is by dearest Kate's side. But the dinner is bad sometimes. Sometimes I come late. Sometimes things are going badly in the city. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson is out of humour;—she always thought Kate might have done better. And in the midst of these doubts and delays, suppose JONES appears, who is older,

but of a better temper, a better family, and—plague on him!—twice as rich? What are engagements? What are promises? It is sometimes an affectionate mother's DUTY to break her promise, and that duty the resolute matron will do.

Then Edward is Edward no more, but Mr. Brown; or, worse still, nameless in the house. Then the knife and fork are removed from poor Kate's side, and she swallows her own sad meal in tears. Then if one of the little Thompsons says, artlessly, "Papa, I met Teddy Brown in Regent Street; he looked so——" "Hold your tongue, unfeeling wretch!" cries mamma. "Look at that dear child!" Kate is swooning. She has sal-volatile. The medical man is sent for. And presently—Charles Jones is taking Kate Thompson to dinner. Long voyages are dangerous; so are long courtships. In long voyages passengers perpetually quarrel (for that Mrs. General could vouch); in long courtships the same danger exists; and how much the more when in that latter ship you have a mother who is for ever putting in her oar! And then to think of the annoyance of that love voyage, when you and the beloved and beloved's papa, mamma, half a dozen brothers and sisters, are all in one cabin! For economy's sake the Bayneses had no sitting-room at madame's—for you could not call that room on the second floor a sitting-room which had two beds in it, and in which the young ones practised the piano, with poor Charlotte as their mistress. Philip's courting had to take place for the most part before the whole family; and to make love under such difficulties would have been horrible and maddening and impossible almost, only we have admitted that our young friends had little walks in the Champs Élysées; and then you must own that it must have been délightful for them to write each other perpetual little notes, which were delivered occultly under the very nose of papa and mamma, and in the actual presence of the other boarders at madame's, who, of course, never saw anything that was going on. Yes, those sly monkeys actually made little post-offices about the room. There was, for instance, the clock on the mantelpiece in the salon on which was carved the old French allegory, "*Le temps fait passer l'amour.*" One of those artful young people would pop a note into Time's boat, where you may be sure no one saw it. The trictrac board was another post-office. So was the drawer of the music-stand. So was the Sèvres china flower-pot, &c. &c.; to each of which repositories in its turn the lovers confided the delicious secrets of their wooing.

Have you ever looked at your love-letters to Darby, when you were courting, dear Joan? They are sacred pages to read. You have his tied up somewhere in a faded ribbon. You scarce need spectacles as you look at them. The hair grows black; the eyes moisten and brighten; the cheeks fill and blush again. I protest there is nothing so beautiful as Darby and Joan in the world. I hope Philip and his wife will be Darby and Joan to the end. I tell you they are married; and don't want to make any mysteries about the business. I disdain that

sort of artifice. In the days of the old three-volume novels, didn't you always look at the end, to see that Louisa and the earl (or young clergyman, as the case might be) were happy? If they died, or met with other grief, for my part I put the book away. This pair, then, are well; are married; are, I trust, happy: but before they married, and afterwards, they had great griefs and troubles; as no doubt you have had, dear sir or madam, since you underwent that ceremony. Married? Of course they are. Do you suppose I would have allowed little Charlotte to meet Philip in the Champs Élysées with only a giddy little boy of a brother for a companion, who would turn away to see Punch, Guignol, the soldiers marching by, the old woman's gingerbread and toffy stall and so forth? Do you, I say, suppose I would have allowed those two to go out together, unless they were to be married afterwards? Out walking together they did go; and, once, as they were arm-in-arm in the Champs Élysées, whom should they see in a fine open carriage but young Twysden and Captain and Mrs. Woolcombe, to whom, as they passed, Philip doffed his hat with a profound bow, and whom he further saluted with a roar of immense laughter. Woolcombe must have heard the peal. I daresay it brought a little blush into Mrs. Woolcombe's cheeks; and—and so, no doubt, added to the many attractions of that elegant lady. I have no secrets about my characters, and speak my mind about them quite freely. They said that Woolcombe was the most jealous, stingy, ostentatious, cruel little brute; that he led his wife a dismal life. Well? If he *did?* I'm sure, I don't care. "There is that swaggering bankrupt beggar Firmin!" cries the tawny bridegroom, biting his moustache. "Impudent ragged blackguard," says Twysden minor, "I saw him."

"Hadn't you better stop the carriage, and abuse him to himself, and not to me?" says Mrs. Woolcombe, languidly, flinging herself back on her cushions.

"Go on. Hang you! Ally! Vite!" cry the gentlemen in the carriage to the laquais de place on the box.

"I can fancy you don't care about seeing him," resumes Mrs. Woolcombe. "He has a violent temper, and I would not have you quarrel for the world." So I suppose Woolcombe again swears at the laquais de place: and the happy couple, as the saying is, roll away to the Bois de Boulogne.

"What makes you laugh so?" says little Charlotte, fondly, as she trips along by her lover's side.

"Because I am so happy, my dearest!" says the other, squeezing to his heart the little hand that lies on his arm. As he thinks on yonder woman, and then looks into the pure eager face of the sweet girl beside him, the scornful laughter occasioned by the sudden meeting which is just over hushes;—and an immense feeling of thankfulness fills the breast of the young man:—thankfulness for the danger from which he has escaped, and for the blessed prize which has fallen to him.

But Mr. Philip's walks were not to be all as pleasant as this walk; and we are now coming to a history of wet, slippery roads, bad times, and winter weather. All I can promise about this gloomy part is, that it shall not be a long story. You will acknowledge we made very short work with the love-making, which I give you my word I consider to be the very easiest part of the novel-writer's business. As those rapturous scenes between the captain and the heroine are going on, a writer who knows his business may be thinking about anything else—about the ensuing chapter, or about what he is going to have for dinner, or what you will; therefore, as we passed over the raptures and joys of the courting so very curtly, you must please to gratify me by taking the grief in a very short measure. If our young people are going to suffer, let the pain be soon over. Sit down in the chair, Miss Baynes, if you please, and you, Mr. Firmin, in this. Allow me to examine you; just open your mouth, if you please; and—oh, oh, my dear miss—there it is out! A little eau-de-Cologne and water, my dear. And now, Mr. Firmin, if you please, we will—what fangs! what a big one! Two guineas. Thank you. Good morning. Come to me once a year. John, show in the next party. About the ensuing painful business, then, I protest I don't intend to be much longer occupied than the humane and dexterous operator to whom I have made so bold as to liken myself. If my pretty Charlotte is to have a tooth out, it shall be removed as gently as possible, poor dear. As for Philip, and his great red-bearded jaw, I don't care so much if the tug makes *him* roar a little. And yet they remain, they remain and throb in after life, those wounds of early days. Have I not said how, as I chanced to walk with Mr. Firmin in Paris, many years after the domestic circumstances here recorded, he paused before the window of that house near the Champs Élysées where Madame Smolensk once held her *pension*, shook his fist at a *jalousie* of the now dingy and dilapidated mansion, and intimated to me that he had undergone severe sufferings in the chamber lighted by yonder window? So have we all suffered; so, very likely, my dear young miss or master who peruses this modest page, will you have to suffer in your time. You will not die of the operation, most probably: but it is painful: it makes a gap in the mouth, *voyez-vous?* and years and years, maybe, after, as you think of it, the smart is renewed, and the dismal tragedy enacts itself over again.

Philip liked his little maiden to go out, to dance, to laugh, to be admired, to be happy. In her artless way she told him of her balls, her tea-parties, her pleasures, her partners. In a girl's first little season nothing escapes her. Have you not wondered to hear them tell about the events of the evening, about the dresses of the dowagers, about the compliments of the young men, about the behaviour of the girls, and what not?

Little Charlotte used to enact the over-night's comedy for Philip, pouring out her young heart in her prattle as her little feet skipped by his side. And to hear Philip roar with laughter! It would have

done you good. You might have heard him from the Obelisk to the Étoile. People turned round to look at him, and shrugged their shoulders wonderingly, as good-natured French folks will do. How could a man who had been lately ruined, a man who had just been disappointed of a great legacy from the earl his great uncle, a man whose boots were in that lamentable condition, laugh so, and have such high spirits? To think of such an impudent ragged blackguard, as Ringwood Twysden called his cousin, daring to be happy! The fact is, that clap of laughter smote those three Twysden people like three boxes on the ear, and made all their cheeks tingle and blush at once. At Philip's merriment, clouds which had come over Charlotte's sweet face would be chased away. As she clung to him doubts which throbbed at the girl's heart would vanish. When she was acting those scenes of the past night's entertainment, she was not always happy. As she talked and prattled, her own spirits would rise; and hope and natural joy would spring in her heart again, and come flushing up to her cheek. Charlotte was being a hypocrite, as, thank Heaven, all good women sometimes are. She had griefs: she hid them from him. She had doubts and fears: they fled when he came in view, and she clung to his strong arm, and looked in his honest blue eyes. She did not tell him of those painful nights when *her* eyes were wakeful and tearful. A yellow old woman in a white jacket, with a nightcap and a night-light, would come, night after night, to the side of her little bed; and there stand, and with her grim voice bark against Philip. That old woman's lean finger would point to all the rents in poor Philip's threadbare paletot of a character—point to the holes and tear them wider open. She would stamp on those muddy boots. She would throw up her peaked nose at the idea of the poor fellow's pipe—his pipe, his great companion and comforter when his dear little mistress was away. She would discourse on the partners of the night; the evident attentions of this gentleman, the politeness and high breeding of that.

And when that dreary nightly torture was over, and Charlotte's mother had left the poor child to herself, sometimes Madame Smolensk, sitting up over her ledgers and bills, and wakeful with her own cares, would steal up and console poor Charlotte; and bring her some tisane, excellent for the nerves; and talk to her about—about the subject of which Charlotte best liked to hear. And though Smolensk was civil to Mrs. Baynes in the morning, as her professional duty obliged her to be, she has owned that she often felt a desire to strangle Madame la Générale for her conduct to her little angel of a daughter; and all because Monsieur Philippe smells the pipe, parbleu! "What? a family that owes you the bread which they eat; and they draw back for a pipe! The cowards, the cowards! A soldier's daughter is not afraid of it. Merci! Tenez, M. Philippe," she said to our friend when matters came to an extremity. "Do you know what in your place I would do? To a Frenchman I would not say so; that understands itself. But these things

make themselves otherwise in England. I have no money, but I have a cachemire. Take him; and if I were you, I would make a little voyage to Gretna Grin."

And now, if you please, we will quit the Champs Elysées. We will cross the road from madame's boarding-house. We will make our way into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and actually enter a gate over which the L–on, the Un–c–rn, and the R–y–l Cr–wn and A–ms of the Three K–ngd–ms are sculptured, and going under the porte-cochère, and turning to the right, ascend a little stair, and ask of the attendant on the landing, who is in the chancellerie? The attendant says, that several of those *messieurs y sont*. In fact, on entering the room, you find Mr. Motcomb, —let us say—Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Halkin, and our young friend Mr. Walsingham Hely, seated at their respective tables in the midst of considerable smoke. Smoking in the midst of these gentlemen, and bestriding his chair, as though it were his horse, sits that gallant young Irish chieftain, The O'Rourke. Some of the gentlemen are copying, in a large handwriting, despatches on foolscap paper. I would rather be torn to pieces by O'Rourke's wildest horses, than be understood to hint at what those despatches, at what those despatch-boxes contain. Perhaps they contain some news from the Court of Spain, where some intrigues are carried on, a knowledge of which would make your hair start off your head; perhaps that box, for which a messenger is waiting in a neighbouring apartment, has locked up twenty-four yards of Chantilly lace for Lady Belweather, and six new French farces for Tom Tiddler of the Foreign Office, who is mad about the theatre. It is years and years ago; how should I know what there is in those despatch-boxes?

But the work, whatever it may be, is not very pressing—for there is only Mr. Chesham—did I say Chesham before, by the way? You may call him Mr. Sloanestreet if you like. There is only Chesham (and he always takes things to the grand serious) who seems to be much engaged in writing; and the conversation goes on.

"Who gave it?" asks Motcomb.

"The black man, of course, gave it. We would not pretend to compete with such a long purse as his. You should have seen what faces he made at the bill! Thirty francs a bottle for Rhine wine. He grinned with the most horrible agony when he read the addition. He almost turned yellow. He sent away his wife early. How long that girl was hanging about London; and think of her hooking a millionnaire at last! Othello is a frightful screw, and diabolically jealous of his wife."

"What is the name of the little man who got so dismally drunk, and began to cry about old Ringwood?"

"Twysden—the woman's brother. Don't you know Humbug Twysden, the father? The youth is more offensive than the parent."

"A most disgusting little beast. Would come to the Variétés, because we said we were going: would go to Lamoignon's, where the Russians gave a dance and a lansquenet. Why didn't you come, Hely?"

Mr. Hely.—I tell you I hate the whole thing. Those painted old actresses give me the horrors. What do I want with winning Motcomb's money who hasn't got any? Do you think it gives me any pleasure to dance with old Caradol? She puts me in mind of my grandmother—only she is older. Do you think I want to go and see that insane old Boutzoff leering at Corinne and Palmyrine, and making a group of three old women together? I wonder how you fellows can go on. Aren't you tired of truffles and écrévisses à la Bordelaise; and those old opera people, whose withered old carcases are stuffed with them?

The O'R.—There was Cérisette, I give ye me honour. Ye never saw. She fell asleep in her cheer——

Mr. Lowndes.—In her *hwhat*, O'R.?

The O'R.—Well, in her CHAIR then! And Figaroff smayred her feece all over with the craym out of a Charlotte Roose. She's a regular bird and mustache, you know, Cérisette has.

Mr. Hely.—Charlotte, Charlotte! Oh! (*He clutches his hair madly. His elbows are on the table.*)

Mr. Lowndes.—It's that girl he meets at the tea-parties, where he goes to be admired.

Mr. Hely.—It is better to drink tea than, like you fellows, to muddle what brains you have with bad champagne. It is better to look, and to hear, and to see, and to dance with a modest girl, than, like you fellows, to be capering about in taverns with painted old hags like that old Cérisette, who has got a face like a *pomme cuite*, and who danced before Lord Malmesbury at the Peace of Amiens. She did, I tell you; and before Napoleon.

Mr. Chesham.—(*Looks up from his writing.*)—There was no Napoleon then. It's of no consequence, but——

Lowndes.—Thank you, I owe you one. You're a most valuable man, Chesham, and a credit to your father and mother.

Mr. Chesham.—Well, the First Consul was Bonaparte.

Lowndes.—I am obliged to you. I say I am obliged to you, Chesham, and if you would like any refreshment order it *meis sumptibus*, old boy—at my expense.

Chesham.—These fellows will never be serious. (*He resumes his writing.*)

Hely.—(*Iterum, but very low.*)—Oh, Charlotte, Char——

Mr. Lowndes.—Hely is raving about that girl—that girl with the horrible old mother in yellow, don't you remember? and old father—good old military party, in a shabby old coat—who was at the last ball. What was the name? O'Rourke, what is the rhyme for Baynes?

The O'R.—*Pays*, and be hanged to you. You're always makin fun on me, you little cockney!

Mr. Motcomb.—Hely was just as bad about the Danish girl. You know, Walse, you composed ever so many verses to her, and wrote home to your mother to ask leave to marry her!

The O'R.—I'd think him big enough to marry without anybody's leave—only they wouldn't have him because he's so ugly.

Mr. Hely.—Very good, O'Rourke. Very neat and good. You were diverting the company with an anecdote. Will you proceed?

The O'R.—Well, then, the Cérisette had been dancing both on and off the stage till she was dead tired, I suppose, and so she fell dead asleep, and Figaroff, taking the whatdyecallem out of the Charlotte Roose, smayred her face all—

Voice without.—Deet Mosho RINGWOOD TWYSDEN, sivoplay, poor l'honorable Moshoo Lownds!

Servant.—Monsieur TWISDEN!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Lowndes, how are you?

Mr. Lowndes.—Very well, thank you; how are you?

Mr. Hely.—Lowndes is uncommonly brilliant to-day.

Mr. Twysden.—Not the worse for last night? Some of us were a little elevated, I think!

Mr. Lowndes.—Some of us quite the reverse. (Little cad, what does he want? Elevated! he couldn't keep his little legs!)

Mr. Twysden.—Eh! Smoking, I see. Thank you. I very seldom do—but as you are so kind—puff. Eh—uncommonly handsome person that, eh—Madame Cérisette.

The O'R.—Thank ye for telling us.

Mr. Lowndes.—If she meets with *your* applause, Mr. Twysden, I should think Mademoiselle Cérisette is all right.

The O'R.—Maybe they'd raise her salary if ye told her.

Mr. Twysden.—Heh—I see you're chaffing me. We have a good deal of that kind of thing in Somerset—in our—in—hem! This tobacco is a little strong. I *am* a little shaky this morning. Who, by the way, is that Prince Boutzoff who played lansquenet with us? Is he one of the Livonian Boutzoffs, or one of the Hessian Boutzoffs? I remember at my poor uncle's, Lord Ringwood, meeting a Prince Blucher de Boutzoff, something like this man, by the way. You knew my poor uncle?

Mr. Lowndes.—Dined with him here three months ago at the "Trois Frères."

Mr. Twysden.—Been at Whipham, I daresay? I was bred up there. It was said once that I was to have been his heir. He was very fond of me. He was my godfather.

The O'R.—Then he gave you a mug, and it wasn't a beauty (*sotto voce*).

Mr. Twysden.—You said somethin? I was speaking of Whipham, Mr. Lowndes—one of the finest places in England, I should say, except Chatsworth, you know, and *that* sort of thing. My grandfather built it—I mean my *great* grandfather, for I'm of the Ringwood family.

Mr. Lowndes.—Then was Lord Ringwood your grandfather, or your grand godfather.

Mr. Twysden.—He! he! My mother was his own niece. My grandfather was his own brother, and I am ——

Mr. Lowndes.—Thank you. I see now.

Mr. Halkin.—Das ist sehr interessant. Ich versichere ihnen das ist SEHR interessant.

Mr. Twysden.—Said somethin? (This cigar is really—I'll throw it away, please.) I was sayin that at Whipham, where I was bred up, we would be forty at dinner, and as many more in the upper servants' hall.

Mr. Lowndes.—And you dined in the—you had pretty good dinners?

Mr. Twysden.—A French chef. Two aids, besides turtle from town. Two or three regular cooks on the establishment, besides kitchen-maids, roasters, and that kind of thing, you understand. How many have you here now? In Lord Estridge's kitchen you can't do, I should say, at least without,—let me see—why, in *our* small way—and if you come to London my father will be dev'lish glad to see you—we——

Mr. Lowndes.—How is Mrs. Woolcombe this morning? That was a fair dinner Woolcombe gave us yesterday.

Mr. Twysden.—He has plenty of money, plenty of money. I hope, Lowndes, when you come to town—the first time you come, mind—to give you a hearty welcome and some of my father's old por——

Mr. Hely.—Will nobody kick this little beast out?

Servant.—Monsieur Chesham peut-il voir M. Firmin?

Mr. Chesham.—Certainly. Come in, Firmin!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Fearmang—Mr. Fir—Mr. *who?* You don't mean to say you receive *that* fellow, Mr. Chesham?

Mr. Chesham.—What fellow? and what do you mean, Mr. Whatdy-callem?

Mr. Twysden.—*That* blackg——oh—that is, I—I beg your——

Mr. Firmin (*entering and going up to Mr. Chesham*).—I say, give me a bit of news of to-day. What you were saying about that—hum and hum and haw—mayn't I have it? (*He is talking confidentially with Mr. Chesham, when he sees Mr. Twysden.*) What! you have got *that* little cad here?

Mr. Lowndes.—You know Mr. Twysden, Mr. Firmin? He was just speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? So much the worse for me.

Mr. Twysden.—Sir! We don't speak. You've no right to speak to me in this manner! Don't speak to me: and I won't speak to you, sir—there! Good morning, Mr. Lowndes! Remember your promise to come and dine with us when you come to town. And—one word—(*he holds Mr. Lowndes by the button. By the way, he has very curious resemblances to Twysden senior*)—we shall be here for ten days certainly. I think Lady Estridge has something next week. I have left our cards, and——

Mr. Lowndes.—Take care. *He* will be there (*pointing to Mr. Firmin*).

Mr. Twysden.—What? *That* beggar? You don't mean to say Lord Estridge will receive such a fellow as——Good-bye, good-bye! (*Exit Mr. Twysden.*)

Mr. Firmin.—I caught that little fellow's eye. He's my cousin, you know. We have had a quarrel. I am sure he was speaking about me.

Mr. Lowndes.—Well, now you mention it, he *was* speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? Then *don't believe him*, Mr. Lowndes. That is my advice.

Mr. Hely (*at his desk composing*).—"Maiden of the blushing cheek, maiden of the—oh, Charlotte, Char——" he bites his pen and dashes off rapid rhymes on government paper.

Mr. Firmin.—What does he say? He said Charlotte.

Mr. Lowndes.—He is always in love and breaking his heart, and he puts it into poems; he wraps it up in paper, and falls in love with somebody else. Sit down and smoke a cigar, won't you?

Mr. Firmin.—Can't stay. Must make up my letter. We print tomorrow.

Mr. Lowndes.—Who wrote that article pitching into Peel?

Firmin.—Family secret—can't say—good-bye. (*Exit Mr. Firmin.*)

Mr. Chesham.—In my opinion a most ill-advised and intemperate article. That journal, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, indulges in a very needless acrimony, I think.

Mr. Lowndes.—Chesham does not like to call a spade a spade. He calls it a horticultural utensil. You have a great career before you, Chesham. You have a wisdom and gravity beyond your years. You bore us slightly, but we all respect you—we do indeed. What was the text at Church last Sunday? Oh, by the way, Hely, you little miscreant, *you* were at church!

Mr. Chesham.—You need not blush, Hely. I am not a joking man: but this kind of jesting does not strike me as being particularly amusing, Lowndes.

Mr. Lowndes.—You go to church because you are good, because your aunt was a bishop or something. But Hely goes because he is a little miscreant. You hypocritical little beggar, you got yourself up as if you were going to a *déjeuné*, and you had your hair curled, and you were seen singing out of the same hymn-book with that pretty Miss Baynes, you little wheedling sinner; and you walked home with the family—my sisters saw you—to a boarding-house where they live—by Jove! you did. And I'll tell your mother!

Mr. Chesham.—I wish you would not make such a noise, and let me do my work, Lowndes. You——

Here Asmodeus whisks us out of the room, and we lose the rest of the young men's conversation. But enough has been overheard, I think, to show what direction young Mr. Hely's thoughts had taken. Since he was seventeen years of age (at the time when we behold him he may be twenty-three) this romantic youth has been repeatedly in love: with his elderly tutor's daughter, of course; with a young haberdasher at the University; with his sister's confidential friend; with the blooming young Danish beauty last year; and now, I very much fear, a young acquaintance of ours has attracted the attention of this imaginative Don Juan. Whenever Hely is in love, he fancies his passion will last for ever, makes

a confidant of the first person at hand, weeps plenteously, and writes reams of verses. Do you remember how in a previous chapter we told you that Mrs. Tuffin was determined she would *not* ask Philip to her *soirées*, and declared him to be a forward and disagreeable young man? She was glad enough to receive young Walsingham Hely, with his languid air, his drooping head, his fair curls, and his flower in his button-hole; and Hely, being then in hot pursuit of one of the tall Miss Blacklocks, went to Mrs. Tuffin's, was welcomed there with all the honours; and there, fluttering away from Miss Blacklock, our butterfly lighted on Miss Baynes. Now Miss Baynes would have danced with a mopstick, she was so fond of dancing: and Hely, who had practised in a thousand Chaumières, Mabilles (or whatever was the public dance-room then in vogue), was a most amiable, agile, and excellent partner. And she told Philip next day what a nice little partner she had found—poor Philip, who was not asked to that paradise of a party. And Philip said that he knew the little man; that he believed he was rich; that he wrote pretty little verses:—in a word, Philip, in his leonine ways, regarded little Hely as a lion regards a lapdog.

Now this little slyboots had a thousand artful little ways. He had a very keen sensibility and a fine taste, which was most readily touched by innocence and beauty. He had tears, I won't say at command; for they were under no command, and gushed from his fine eyes in spite of himself. Charlotte's innocence and freshness smote him with a keen pleasure. Bon Dieu! What was that great, tall Miss Blacklock who had tramped through a thousand ball-rooms, compared to this artless, happy creature? He danced away from Miss Blacklock and after Charlotte the moment he saw our young friend; and the Blacklocks, who knew all about him, and his money, and his mother, and his expectations—who had his verses in their poor album, by whose carriage he had capered day after day in the Bois de Boulogne—stood scowling and deserted, as this young fellow danced off with that Miss Baynes, who lived in a boarding-house, and came to parties in a cab with her horrid old mother! The Blacklocks were as though they were not henceforth for Mr. Hely. They asked him to dinner. Bless my soul, he utterly forgot all about it! He never came to their box on their night at the opera. Not one twinge of remorse had he. Not one pang of remembrance. If he *did* remember them, it was when they bored him, like those tall tragic women in black who are always coming in their great long trains to sing sermons to Don Juan. Ladies, your name is down in his lordship's catalogue; his servant has it; and you, Miss Anna, are number one thousand and three.

But as for Miss Charlotte, that is a different affair. What innocence! What a *fraicheur!* What a merry good humour! Don Slyboots is touched, he is tenderly interested: her artless voice thrills through his frame; he trembles as he waltzes with her; as his fine eyes look at her, psha! what is that film coming over them? O Slyboots, Slyboots! And as she has nothing to conceal, she has told him all he wants to know

before long. This is her first winter in Paris: her first season of coming out. She has only been to two balls before, and two plays and an opera. And her father met Mr. Hely at Lord Trim's. That was her father playing at whist. And they lived at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house in the Champs Elysées. And they had been to Mr. Dash's, and to Mrs. Blank's, and she believed they were going to Mrs. Star's on Friday. And did they go to church? Of course they went to church, to the Rue d'Aguesseau, or wherever it might be. And Slyboots went to church next Sunday. You may perhaps guess to what church. And he went the Sunday after. And he sang his own songs, accompanying himself on the guitar at his lodgings. And he sang elsewhere. And he had a very pretty little voice, Slyboots had. I believe those poems under the common title of "Gretchen" in our Walsingham's charming volume were all inspired by Miss Baynes. He began to write about her and himself the very first night after seeing her. He smoked cigarettes and drank green tea. He looked so pale—so pale and sad that he quite pitied himself in the looking-glass in his apartments in the Rue Miroménil. And he compared himself to a wrecked mariner, and to a grave, and to a man entranced and brought to life. And he cried quite freely and satisfactorily by himself. And he went to see his mother and sister next day at the Hôtel de la Terrasse; and cried to them and said he was in love this time for ever and ever. And his sister called him a goose. And after crying he ate an uncommonly good dinner. And he took every one into his confidence, as he always did whenever he was in love: always telling, always making verses, and always crying. As for Miss Blacklock, he buried the dead body of that love deep in the ocean of his soul. The waves engulphed Miss B. The ship rolled on. The storm went down. And the stars rose, and the dawn was in his soul, &c. Well, well! The mother was a vulgar woman, and I am glad you are out of it. And what sort of people are General Baynes and Mrs. Baynes?

"Oh, delightful people! Most distinguished officer, the father; modest—doesn't say a word. The mother, a most lively, brisk, agreeable woman. You must go and see her, ma'am. I desire you'll go immediately."

"And leave cards with P. P. C. for the Miss Blacklocks!" says Miss Hely, who was a plain, lively person. And both mother and sister spoiled this young Hely; as women ought always to spoil a son, a brother, a father, husband, grandfather—any male relative, in a word.

To see this spoiled son married was the good-natured mother's fond prayer. An eldest son had died a rake; a victim to too much money, pleasure, idleness. The widowed mother would give anything to save this one from the career through which the elder had passed. The young man would be one day so wealthy, that she knew many and many a schemer would try and entrap him. Perhaps, she had been made to marry his father because he was rich; and she remembered the gloom

and wretchedn-ss of her own union. Oh, that she could see her son out of temptation, and the husband of an honest girl! It was the young lady's first season? So much the more likely that she should be unworldly. "The general—don't you remember a nice old gentleman—in a—well, in a wig—that day we dined at Lord Trim's, when that horrible old Lord Ringwood was there? That was General Baynes; and he broke out so enthusiastically in defence of a poor young man—Dr. Firmin's son—who was a bad man, I believe; but I shall never have confidence in another doctor again, that I shan't. And we'll call on these people, Fanny. Yes, in a brown wig—the general, I perfectly well remember him, and Lord Trim said he was a most distinguished officer. And I have no doubt his wife will be a most agreeable person. Those generals' wives who have travelled over the world must have acquired a quantity of delightful information. At a boarding-house, are they? I daresay very pleasant and amusing. And we'll drive there and call on them immediately."

On that day, as Macgrigor and Moira Baynes were disporting in the little front garden of Madame Smolensk's, I think Moira was just about to lick Macgrigor, when his fratricidal hand was stopped by the sight of a large yellow carriage—a large London dowager family carriage—from which descended a large London family footman, with side-locks begrimed with powder, with calves such as only belong to large London family footmen, and with cards in his hand. "Ceci Madam Smolensk?" says the large menial. "Oui," says the boy, nodding his head; on which the footman was puzzled, for he thought from his readiness in the use of the French language that the boy was a Frenchman.

"Ici demure General Bang?" continued the man.

"Hand us over the cards, John. Not at home," said the young gentleman.

"*Who* ain't at 'ome?" inquired the menial.

"General Baynes, my father, ain't at home. He shall have the pasteboard when he comes in. Mrs. Hely. Oh, Mac, it's the same name as that young swell who called the other day! Ain't at home, John. Gone out to pay some visits. Had a fly on purpose. Gone out with my sister. 'Pon my word, they have, John." And from this accurate report of the boy's behaviour, I fear that the young Baynes must have been brought up at a classical and commercial academy, where economy was more studied than politeness.

Philip comes trudging up to dinner, and as this is not his post day, arrives early; hoping, perhaps, for a walk with Miss Charlotte, or a coze in Madame Smolensk's little private room. He finds the two boys in the forecourt; and they have Mrs. Hely's cards in their hand; and they narrate to him the advent and departure of the lady in the swell carriage, the mother of the young swell with the flower in his button-hole, who came the other day on such a jolly horse. Yes. And he was at church last Sunday, Philip, and he gave Charlotte a hymn-book. And he sang:

he sang like the piper who played before Moses, pa said. And ma said it was wicked, but it wasn't: only pa's fun, you know. And ma said *you* never came to church. Why don't you?

Philip had no taint of jealousy in his magnanimous composition, and would as soon have accused Charlotte of flirting with other men as of stealing madame's silver spoons. "So you have had some fine visitors," he says, as the fly drives up. "I remember that rich Mrs. Hely, a patient of my father's. My poor mother used to drive to her house."

"Oh, we have seen a great deal of Mr. Hely, Philip!" cries Miss Charlotte, not heeding the scowls of her mother, who is nodding and beckoning angrily to the girl.

"You never once mentioned him. He is one of the greatest dandies about Paris: quite a lion," remarks Philip.

"Is he? What a funny little lion! I never thought about him," says Miss Charlotte, quite simply. Oh, ingratitude! ingratitude! And we have told how Mr. Walsingham was crying his eyes out for her.

"She never thought about him?" cries Mrs. Baynes, quite eagerly.

"The piper, is it, you're talking about?" asks papa. "I called him Piper, you see, because he piped so sweetly at ch—— Well, my love?"

Mrs. Baynes was nudging her general at this moment. She did not wish that the piper should form the subject of conversation, I suppose.

"The piper's mother is very rich, and the piper will inherit after her. She has a fine house in London. She gives very fine parties. She drives in a great carriage, and she has come to call upon you, and ask you to her balls, I suppose."

Mrs. Baynes was delighted at this call. And when she said, "I'm sure *I* don't value fine people, or their fine parties, or their fine carriages, but I wish that my dear child should see the world,"—I don't believe a word which Mrs. Baynes said. She was much more pleased than Charlotte at the idea of visiting this fine lady; or else, why should she have coaxed, and wheedled, and been so particularly gracious to the general all the evening? She wanted a new gown. The truth is, her yellow *was* very shabby; whereas Charlotte, in plain white muslin, looked pretty enough to be able to dispense with the aid of any French milliner. I fancy a consultation with madame and Mrs. Bunch. I fancy a fly ordered, and a visit to the milliner's the next day. And when the pattern of the gown is settled with the milliner, I fancy the terror on Mrs. Baynes's wizened face when she ascertains the amount of the bill. To do her justice, the general's wife had spent little upon her own homely person. She chose her gowns ugly, but cheap. There were so many backs to clothe in that family that the thrifty mother did not heed the decoration of her own.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEC DULCES AMORES SPERNE, PUER, NEQUE TU CHOREAS.

"MY DEAR," Mrs. Baynes said to her daughter, "you are going out a great deal in the world now. You will go to a great number of places where poor Philip cannot hope to be admitted."

"Not admit Philip, mamma! then I'm sure I don't want to go," cries the girl.

"Time enough to leave off going to parties when you can't afford it and marry him. When I was a lieutenant's wife, I didn't go to any parties out of the regiment, my dear!"

"Oh, then, I am sure I shall *never* want to go out!" Charlotte declares.

"You fancy he will always stop at home, I daresay. Men are not all so domestic as your papa. Very few love to stop at home like him. Indeed, I may say that I have made his home comfortable. But one thing is clear, my child. Philip can't always expect to go where we go. He is not in the position in life. Recollect, your father is a general officer, C.B., and may be K.C.B. soon, and your mother is a general officer's lady. *We* may go anywhere. I might have gone to the drawing-room at home if I chose. Lady Biggs would have been delighted to present me. Your aunt has been to the drawing-room, and she is only Mrs. Major MacWhirter; and most absurd it was of Mac to let her go. But she rules him in everything, and they have no children. I have, goodness knows! I sacrifice myself for my children. You little know what I deny myself for my children. I said to Lady Biggs, 'No,

Lady Biggs; my husband may go. He should go. He has his uniform, and it will cost him nothing except a fly and a bouquet for the man who drives; but *I* will not spend money on myself for the hire of diamonds and feathers, and, though I yield in loyalty to *no* person, I daresay my Sovereign *won't miss* me.' And I don't think her Majesty did. She has other things to think of besides Mrs. General Baynes, I suppose. She is a mother, and can appreciate a mother's sacrifices for her children."

If I have not hitherto given you detailed reports of Mrs. General Baynes' conversation, I don't think, my esteemed reader, you will be very angry.

"Now, child," the general's lady continued, "let me warn you not to talk much to Philip about those places which you go to without him, and to which his position in life does not allow of his coming. Hide anything from him? Oh, dear, no! Only for his own good, you understand. I don't tell everything to your papa. I should only worrit him and vex him. When anything will please him and make him happy, *then* I tell him. And about Philip. Philip, I must say it, my dear—I must as a mother say it—has his faults. He is an *envious* man. Don't look shocked. He thinks very well of himself; and having been a great deal spoiled, and made too much of in his unhappy father's time, he is so proud and haughty that he *forgets his position*, and thinks he ought to live with the highest society. Had Lord Ringwood left him a fortune, as Philip *led us to expect* when we gave our consent to this most unlucky match—for that my dear child should marry a beggar *is* most unlucky and most deplorable; I can't help saying so, Charlotte,—if I were on my deathbed I couldn't help saying so; and I wish with all my heart we had never seen or heard of him.—There! Don't go off in one of your tantrums! What was I saying, pray? I say that Philip is in no position, or rather in a very, very humble one, which—a mere newspaper-writer and a subaltern too—everybody acknowledges to be. And if he hears us talking about our parties to which we have a right to go—to which you have a right to go with your mother, a general officer's lady—why, he'll be offended. He won't like to hear about them and think he can't be invited; and you had better not talk about them at all, or about the people you meet, you dance with. At Mrs. Hely's you may dance with Lord Headbury, the ambassador's son. And if you tell Philip he will be offended. He will say that you boast about it. When I was only a lieutenant's wife at Barrackpore, Mrs. Captain Capers used to go to Calcutta to the Government House balls. I didn't go. But I was offended, and I used to say that Flora Capers gave herself airs, and was always boasting of her intimacy with the Marchioness of Hastings. We don't like our equals to be better off than ourselves. Mark my words. And if you talk to Philip about the people whom you meet in society, and whom he can't from his unfortunate station expect to know, you will offend him. That was why I nudged you to-day when you were going on about Mr. Hely. Anything so absurd! I saw Philip getting angry at once, and biting his moustaches, as he always does when he is angry—

and swears quite out loud—so vulgar! There! you are going to be angry again, my love; I never saw anything like you! Is this my Charly who never was angry? I know the world, dear, and you don't. Look at me, how I manage your papa, and I tell you don't talk to Philip about things which offend him! Now, dearest, kiss your poor old mother who loves you. Go upstairs and bathe your eyes, and come down happy to dinner." And at dinner Mrs. General Baynes was uncommonly gracious to Philip: and when gracious she was especially odious to Philip, whose magnanimous nature accommodated itself ill to the wheedling artifices of an ill-bred old woman.

Following this wretched mother's advice, my poor Charlotte spoke scarcely at all to Philip of the parties to which she went, and the amusements which she enjoyed without him. I daresay Mrs. Baynes was quite happy in thinking that she was "guiding" her child rightly. As if a coarse woman, because she is mean, and greedy, and hypocritical, and fifty years old, has a right to lead a guileless nature into wrong! Ah! if some of us old folks were to go to school to our children, I am sure, madam, it would do us a great deal of good. There is a fund of good sense and honourable feeling about my great-grandson Tommy, which is more valuable than all his grandpapa's experience and knowledge of the world. Knowledge of the world forsooth! Compromise, selfishness modified, and double dealing! Tom disdains a lie: when he wants a peach, he roars for it. If his mother wishes to go to a party, she coaxes, and wheedles, and manages, and smirks, and curtseys for months, in order to get her end; takes twenty rebuffs, and comes up to the scratch again smiling;—and this woman is for ever lecturing her daughters, and preaching to her sons upon virtue, honesty, and moral behaviour!

Mrs. Hely's little party at the Hôtel de la Terrasse was very pleasant and bright; and Miss Charlotte enjoyed it, although her swain was not present. But Philip was pleased that his little Charlotte should be happy. She beheld with wonderment Parisian duchesses, American millionnaires, dandies from the embassies, deputies and peers of France with large stars and wigs like papa. She gaily described her party to Philip; described, that is to say, everything but her own success, which was undoubted. There were many beauties at Mrs. Hely's, but nobody fresher or prettier. The Miss Blacklocks retired very early and in the worst possible temper. Prince Slyboots did not in the least heed their going away. His thoughts were all fixed upon little Charlotte. Charlotte's mamma saw the impression which the girl made, and was filled with a hungry joy. Good-natured Mrs. Hely complimented her on her daughter. "Thank God, she is as good as she is pretty," said the mother, I am sure speaking seriously this time regarding her daughter. Prince Slyboots danced with scarce anybody else. He raised a perfect whirlwind of compliments round about her. She was quite a simple person, and did not understand one-tenth part of what he said to her. He strewed her path with roses of poesy: he scattered garlands of sentiment before her all the way from the

ante-chamber downstairs, and so to the fly which was in waiting to take her and her parents home to the boarding-house. "By George, Charlotte, I think you have smitten that fellow," cried the general, who was infinitely amused by young Hely—his raptures, his affectations, his long hair, and what Baynes called his low dress. A slight white tape and a ruby button confined Hely's neck. His hair waved over his shoulders. Baynes had never seen such a specimen. At the mess of the stout 120th, the lads talked of their dogs, horses, and sport. A young civilian, smattering in poetry, chattering in a dozen languages, scented, smiling, perfectly at ease with himself and the world, was a novelty to the old officer.

And now the Queen's birthday arrived—and that it may arrive for many scores of years yet to come is, I am sure, the prayer of all the contributors and all the readers of this Magazine—and with it his Excellency Lord Estridge's grand annual fête in honour of his sovereign. A card for their ball was left at Madame Smolensk's, for General, Mrs., and Miss Baynes; and no doubt Monsieur Slyboots Walsingham Hely was the artful agent by whom the invitation was forwarded. Once more the general's veteran uniform came out from the tin-box with its dingy epaulets and little cross and ribbon. His wife urged on him strongly the necessity of having a new wig, wigs being very cheap and good at Paris—but Baynes said a new wig would make his old coat look very shabby: and a new uniform would cost more money than he would like to afford. So shabby he went *de cape à pied*, with a moulting feather, a threadbare suit, a tarnished wig, and a worn-out lace, *sibi constans*. Boots, trousers, sash, coat, were all old and worse for wear, and "faith," says he, "my face follows suit." A brave, silent man was Baynes; with a twinkle of humour in his lean, wrinkled face.

And if General Baynes was shabbily attired at the Embassy ball, I think I know a friend of mine who was shabby too. In the days of his prosperity, Mr. Philip was *parcus cultor et infrequens* of balls, routs, and ladies' company. Perhaps because his father was angered at Philip's neglect of his social advantages and indifference as to success in the world, Philip was the more neglectful and indifferent. The elder's comedy-smiles, and solemn, hypocritical politeness, caused scorn and revolt on the part of the younger man. Philip despised the humbug, and the world to which such humbug could be welcome. He kept aloof from tea-parties then: his evening-dress clothes served him for a long time. I cannot say how old his dress-coat was at the time of which we are writing. But he had been in the habit of respecting that garment and considering it new and handsome for many years past. Meanwhile the coat had shrunk, or its wearer had grown stouter; and his grand embroidered, embossed, illuminated, carved and gilt velvet dress waistcoat, too, had narrowed, had become absurdly tight and short, and I daresay was the laughing-stock of many of Philip's acquaintances, whilst he himself, poor simple fellow, was fancying that it was a most splendid article of apparel. You know in the Palais Royal they hang out the

most splendid reach-me-down dressing-gowns, waistcoats, and so forth. "No," thought Philip, coming out of his cheap dining-house, and swaggering along the arcades, and looking at the tailors' shops, with his hands in his pockets. "My brown velvet dress waistcoat with the gold sprigs, which I had made at college, is a much more tasty thing than these gaudy ready-made articles. And my coat is old certainly, but the brass buttons are still very bright and handsome, and, in fact, is a most becoming and gentlemanlike thing." And under this delusion the honest fellow dressed himself in his old clothes, lighted a pair of candles, and looked at himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass, drew on a pair of cheap gloves which he had bought, walked by the Quays, and over the Deputies' Bridge, across the Place Louis XV., and strutted up the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Hotel of the British Embassy. A half-mile *queue* of carriages was formed along the street, and of course the entrance to the hotel was magnificently illuminated.

A plague on those cheap gloves! Why had not Philip paid three francs for a pair of gloves, instead of twenty-nine sous? Mrs. Baynes had found a capital cheap glove shop, whither poor Phil had gone in the simplicity of his heart; and now as he went in under the grand illuminated *porte-cochère*, Philip saw that the gloves had given way at the thumbs, and that his hands appeared through the rents, as red as raw beefsteaks. It is wonderful how red hands will look through holes in white gloves. "And there's that hole in my boot, too," thought Phil; but he had put a little ink over the seam, and so the rent was imperceptible. The coat and waistcoat were tight, and of a past age. Never mind. The chest was broad, the arms were muscular and long, and Phil's face, in the midst of a halo of fair hair and flaming whiskers, looked brave, honest, and handsome. For awhile his eyes wandered fiercely and restlessly all about the room from group to group; but now—ah! now—they were settled. They had met another pair of eyes, which lighted up with glad welcome when they beheld him. Two young cheeks mantled with a sweet blush. These were Charlotte's cheeks: and hard by them were mamma's, of a very different colour. But Mrs. General Baynes had a knowing turban on, and a set of garnets round her old neck, like gooseberries set in gold.

They admired the rooms: they heard the names of the great folks who arrived, and beheld many famous personages. They made their curtseys to the ambassadress. Confusion! With a great rip, the thumb of one of those cheap gloves of Philip's parts company from the rest of the glove, and he is obliged to wear it crumpled up in his hand: a dreadful mishap—for he is going to dance with Charlotte, and he will have to give his hand to the *vis-à-vis*.

Who comes up smiling, with a low neck, with waving curls and whiskers, pretty little hands exquisitely gloved, and tiny feet? 'Tis Hely Walsingham, lightest in the dance. Most affably does Mrs. General Baynes greet the young fellow. Very brightly and happily do Charlotte's

eyes glance towards her favourite partner. It is certain that poor Phil can't hope at all to dance like Hely. "And see what nice neat feet and hands he has got," says Mrs. Baynes. "*Comme il est bien ganté!* A gentleman ought to be always well gloved."

"Why did you send me to the twenty-nine-sous-shop?" says poor Phil, looking at his tattered hand-shoes, and red obtrusive thumb.

"Oh, you!"—(here Mrs. Baynes shrugs her yellow old shoulders.) "*Your* hands would burst through any gloves! How do you do, Mr. Hely! Is your mamma here? Of course she is! What a delightful party she gave us! The dear ambassadress looks quite unwell—most pleasing manners, I am sure; and Lord Estridge, what a perfect gentleman!"

The Bayneses were just come. For what dance was Miss Baynes disengaged? "As many as ever you like!" cries Charlotte, who, in fact, called Hely her little dancing-master, and never thought of him except as a partner. "Oh, too much happiness! Oh, that this could last for ever!" sighed Hely, after a waltz, polka, mazurka, I know not what, and fixing on Charlotte the full blaze of his beauteous blue eyes. "For ever?" cries Charlotte, laughing. "I'm very fond of dancing, indeed. And you dance beautifully. But I don't know that I should like to dance for ever." Ere the words are over, he is whirling her round the room again. His little feet fly with surprising agility. His hair floats behind him. He scatters odours as he spins. The handkerchief with which he fans his pale brow is like a cloudy film of muslin—and poor old Philip sees with terror that *his* pocket-handkerchief has got three great holes in it. His nose and one eye appeared through one of the holes while Phil was wiping his forehead. It was very hot. He was very hot. He was hotter, though standing still, than young Hely who was dancing. "He! he! I compliment you on your gloves, and your handkerchief, I'm sure," sniggers Mrs. Baynes, with a toss of her turban. Has it not been said that a bull is a strong, courageous, and noble animal, but a bull in a china-shop is not in his place? "There you go. Thank you! I wish you'd go somewhere else," cries Mrs. Baynes in a fury. Poor Philip's foot has just gone through her flounce. How red he is! how much hotter than ever! There go Hely and Charlotte, whirling round like two opera-dancers! Philip grinds his teeth, he buttons his coat across his chest. How very tight it feels! How savagely his eyes glare! Do young men still look savage and solemn at balls? An ingenuous young Englishman ought to do that duty of dancing, of course. Society calls upon him. But I doubt whether he ought to look cheerful during the performance, or flippantly engage in so grave a matter.

As Charlotte's sweet round face beamed smiles upon Philip over Hely's shoulders, it looked so happy that he never thought of grudging her her pleasure: and happy he might have remained in this contemplation, regarding not the circle of dancers who were galloping and whirling on at their usual swift rate, but her, who was the centre of all joy and pleasure for him, when suddenly a shrill voice was heard behind him,

crying, "Get out of the way, hang you!" and suddenly there bounced against him Ringwood Twysden, pulling Miss Flora Trotter round the room, one of the most powerful and intrepid dancers of that season at Paris. They hurtled past Philip; they shot him forward against a pillar. He heard a screech, an oath, and another loud laugh from Twysden, and beheld the scowls of Miss Trotter as that rapid creature bumped at length into a place of safety.

I told you about Philip's coat. It was very tight. The daylight had long been struggling to make an entry at the seams. As he staggered up against the wall, crack! went a great hole at his back; and crack! one of his gold buttons came off, leaving a rent in his chest. It was in those days when gold buttons still lingered on the breasts of some brave men, and we have said simple Philip still thought his coat a fine one.

There was not only a rent of the seam, there was not only a burst button, but there was also a rip in Philip's rich cut-velvet waistcoat, with the gold sprigs, which he thought so handsome—a great, heart-rending scar. What was to be done? Retreat was necessary. He told Miss Charlotte of the hurt he had received, whose face wore a very comical look of pity at his misadventure—he covered part of his wound with his gibus hat—and he thought he would try and make his way out by the garden of the hotel, which, of course, was illuminated, and bright, and crowded, but not so very bright and crowded as the saloons, galleries, supper-rooms, and halls of gilded light in which the company, for the most part, assembled.

So our poor wounded friend wandered into the garden, over which the moon was shining with the most blank indifference at the fiddling, feasting, and particoloured lamps. He says that his mind was soothed by the aspect of yonder placid moon and twinkling stars, and that he had altogether forgotten his trumpery little accident and torn coat and waistcoat: but I doubt about the entire truth of this statement, for there have been some occasions when he, Mr. Philip, has mentioned the subject, and owned that he was mortified and in a rage.

Well. He went into the garden: and was calming himself by contemplating the stars, when, just by that fountain where there is Pradier's little statue of—Moses in the Bulrushes, let us say—round which there was a beautiful row of illuminated lamps, lighting up a great coronal of flowers, which my dear readers are at liberty to select and arrange according to their own exquisite taste;—near this little fountain he found three gentlemen talking together.

The high voice of one Philip could hear, and knew from old days. Ringwood Twysden, Esquire, always liked to talk and to excite himself with other persons' liquor. He had been drinking the Sovereign's health with great assiduity, I suppose, and was exceedingly loud and happy. With Ringwood was Mr. Woolcombe, whose countenance the lamps lit up in a fine lurid manner, and whose eyeballs gleamed in the twilight, and the third of the group was our young friend Mr. Lowndes.

"I owed him one, you see, Lowndes," said Mr. Ringwood Twysden. "I hate the fellow! Hang him, always did! I saw the great hulkin brute standin there. Couldn't help myself. Give you my honour, couldn't help myself. I just drove Miss Trotter at him—sent her elbow well into him, and spun him up against the wall. The buttons cracked off the beggar's coat, begad! What business had he there, hang him? Gad, sir, he made a cannon off an old woman in blue, and went into . . .

Here Mr. Ringwood's speech came to an end: for his cousin stood before him, grim and biting his mustachios.

"Hullo!" piped the other. "Who wants you to overhear my conversation? Dammy, I say! I . . ."

Philip put out that hand with the torn glove. The glove was in a dreadful state of disruption now. He worked the hand well into his kinsman's neck, and twisting Ringwood round into a proper position, brought that poor old broken boot so to bear upon the proper quarter, that Ringwood was discharged into the little font, and lighted amidst the flowers, and the water, and the oil-lamps, and made a dreadful mess and splutter amongst them. And as for Philip's coat, it was torn worse than ever.

I don't know how many of the brass buttons had revolted and parted company from the poor old cloth, which cracked, and split, and tore under the agitation of that beating angry bosom. I hope our artist will not depict Mr. Firmin in this ragged state, a great rent all across his back, and his prostrate enemy lying howling in the water, amidst the sputtering, crashing oil-lamps at his feet. When Cinderella quitted her first ball, just after the clock struck twelve, we all know how shabby she looked. Philip was a still more disreputable object when he slunk away. I don't know by what side door Mr. Lowndes eliminated him. He also benevolently took charge of Philip's kinsman and antagonist, Mr. Ringwood Twysden. Mr. Twysden's hands, coat-tails, &c., were very much singed and scalded by the oil, and cut by the broken glass, which was all extracted at the Beaujon Hospital, but not without much suffering on the part of the patient. But though young Lowndes spoke up for Philip, in describing the scene (I fear not without laughter), his Excellency caused Mr. Firmin's name to be erased from his party lists: and I am sure no sensible man will defend his conduct for a moment.

Of this lamentable fracas which occurred in the Hotel Garden, Miss Baynes and her parents had no knowledge for awhile. Charlotte was too much occupied with her dancing, which she pursued with all her might; papa was at cards with some sober male and female veterans, and mamma was looking with delight at her daughter, whom the young gentlemen of many embassies were charmed to choose for a partner. When Lord Headbury, Lord Estridge's son, was presented to Miss Baynes, her mother was so elated that she was ready to dance too. I do not envy Mrs. Major MacWhirter at Tours, the perusal of that immense manuscript in which her sister recorded the events of the ball. Here was Charlotte,

beautiful, elegant, accomplished, *admired everywhere*, with young men, *young noblemen of* immense property and expectations, *wild about her*; and engaged by a promise to a rude, ragged, *presumptious*, ill-bred young man, *without a penny in the world*—wasn't it provoking? Ah, poor Philip! How that little sour, yellow mother-in-law elect did scowl at him when he came with rather a shamefaced look to pay his duty to his sweetheart on the day after the ball! Mrs. Baynes had caused her daughter to dress with extra smartness, had forbidden the poor child to go out, and coaxed her, and wheedled her, and dressed her with I know not what ornaments of her own, with a fond expectation that Lord Headbury, that the yellow young Spanish *attaché*, that the sprightly Prussian secretary, and Walsingham Hely, Charlotte's partners at the ball, would certainly call; and the only equipage that appeared at Madame Smolensk's gate was a hack cab, which drove up at evening, and out of which poor Philip's well-known, tattered boots came striding. Such a fond mother as Mrs. Baynes may well have been out of humour.

As for Philip, he was unusually shy and modest. He did not know in what light his friends would regard his escapade of the previous evening. He had been sitting at home all the morning in state, and in company with a Polish colonel, who lived in his hotel, and whom Philip had selected to be his second in case the battle of the previous night should have any suite. He had left that colonel in company with a bag of tobacco and an order for unlimited beer, whilst he himself ran up to catch a glimpse of his beloved. The Bayneses had not heard of the battle of the previous night. They were full of the ball, of Lord Estridge's affability, of the Golconda ambassador's diamonds, of the appearance of the royal princes who honoured the fête, of the most fashionable Paris talk in a word. Philip was scolded, snubbed, and coldly received by mamma; but he was used to that sort of treatment, and greatly relieved by finding that she was unacquainted with his own disorderly behaviour. He did not tell Charlotte about the quarrel: a knowledge of it might alarm the little maiden; and so for once our friend was discreet, and held his tongue.

But if he had any influence with the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, why did he not entreat the conductors of that admirable journal to forego all mention of the fracas at the embassy ball? Two days after the fête, I am sorry to say, there appeared a paragraph in the paper narrating the circumstances of the fight. And the guilty Philip found a copy of that paper on the table before Mrs. Baynes and the general when he came to the Champs Élysées according to his wont. Behind that paper sate Major-General Baynes, C.B., looking confused, and beside him his lady frowning like Rhadamanthus. But no Charlotte was in the room.

A Week's Imprisonment in Sark.

There is a spot within the British islands in which the rising generation of Englishmen may still realize the benighted state of their ancestors in regard to locomotion, not only learning by experience what it is to exist for a time without telegraphs, railroads, and steamboats, but appreciating even the prejudices that would have laughed to scorn, half a century ago, any one who would be rash enough to assert that ships could be conveyed across the sea by machinery, regardless of wind and weather. In this singular spot the traveller who, before leaving his home, packs his portmanteau and furnishes his purse as if for a short visit, may chance to find himself locked out of the world for weeks, unable to renew his supply of linen and dress, and equally unable to replenish his purse. His letters and telegrams, however pressing and immediate, may lie in calm repose unable to reach him. His friends or enemies may want him, and the most official and officious visitors may urgently desire his presence, without the smallest hint of the kind, much less any friendly or obnoxious individual, being able to reach him. He may long for his trusted physician or confidential lawyer, but he must long in vain; for they cannot know of his anxiety, and, if they knew of it, could not reach him. He may find money useless to obtain many of his wishes, reasonable as they may seem to him to be; and, though innocent of any crime, and having contravened no law of society, even to the extent of expressing a hasty opinion concerning a German *employé*, he may find himself bound (metaphorically) hand and foot; no assistance being obtainable from the Lord Chancellor, and no appeal being able to reach his beloved *Times*—always, he has hitherto believed, an irresistible power in cases of annoyance and hardship.

Nor is this spot far removed from the centres of civilization. It may be reached, under favourable circumstances, in some fourteen or fifteen hours from London, and it is less than twenty-five miles from the coast of France. From it the weary visitor can at all times contemplate lands blest with regular communication and a daily mail, to which letters are conveyed without delay, and whence telegrams can be despatched at will, and the reply received in the prescribed number of seconds. But he may perhaps see this tempting land without being able to reach it. He may feel like Moses on the Mount looking towards the Plains of Goshen, or like Balaam with the tents of Israel at his feet.

The land thus circumstanced, a fief, we have already said, of the British Crown, but in which her Britannic Majesty's subjects are frequently, and for a long time, detained against their will, is the Island of Sark, only eight miles from Guernsey—and but sixty miles from Portland Bill. It is easy to reach, but often most difficult to escape from.

Deluded by the treacherous calm of a fine September day too near the equinox, the writer of this article lately formed one of a party who determined to visit Sark from Guernsey, intending to make a short trip. A steamboat had been advertised to leave on a certain day, and return to make a second trip three days afterwards. We had heard that boats were known in Sark as well as Guernsey, and that besides the steamer there was a regular cutter, and we hardly thought of a possibility which a little consideration might perhaps have suggested, and which actually became in our case a sad reality. Sark lies to the east of Guernsey, and the prevalent winds are westerly. If the steamer should fail to come, and the wind should blow from the west, or not blow at all, our chance of returning to Guernsey might be greatly interfered with.

The weather was not very favourable on the morning of our departure, and, but a small supply of passengers being anticipated, the owners of the steamer declined to send her; but a sailing-boat soon took us across, treacherously promising to return on a day agreed on. We reached Sark after two hours' sail; but the little harbour not being very convenient to reach, or at least not the best for our cutter to start from on her return to Guernsey, we were landed at a place where there were no means of reaching the upper world of Sark without a somewhat dangerous climb over wet rocks and up a steep cliff. This difficulty being happily overcome, we made our way to the little hotel, and soon began to examine the curiosities of the place.

Sark is not only remarkable for the difficulty of reaching it and escaping from it, but also for numerous objects of real interest. It may be worth while to describe some of these for the benefit of future travellers, should any venture into so dangerous a place.

The coast of Sark is singularly wild and bold. A lofty wall from two to three hundred feet high, with numerous outlying rocks and islands, is all that is seen from the sea. Here and there are small bays, where the sea washes over pebbles and large boulders reaching rocks covered with seaweed at the foot of inaccessible cliffs, and in one or two places having a sandy beach; but none of these would be selected as giving access to the interior. So completely is this the case, that the island might be sailed round in calm weather without a single place being discovered which a stranger would venture to land at in a small boat.

The island is very nearly divided into two unequal parts, called Great and Little Sark, and the coast is not only indented with small bays, but surrounded by numerous rocks. Wild sea-birds scream; the waves are white as they betray the sharp points of rocks covered treacherously by a few feet of water; gloomy caverns gape and yawn in every direction, and if it were not for a few small boats moored by long ropes to rocks that seem equally difficult of approach by land and water, one might readily fancy the whole place uninhabited.

As the extreme length measured from a point of land almost detached from Greater Sark, on the north, to the last rock that stretches to the south

in Little Sark, is barely three miles and a half, and the greatest width is certainly not more than a mile and a half, the tourist accustomed to *do* Switzerland in a fortnight, including the journey there and back, and perform other feats by the aid of steamboat and railroad, naturally imagines that a day, or a couple of days at the most, must be sufficient to ransack the whole place and leave no point unvisited. But if our little island is perverse in keeping against their will those who come to see her, she is not deficient in charms, and, small as she may seem, will tax the powers even of Alpine travellers to exhaust her stock of wonders in a short time.

Expecting to leave after a couple of days, and not ignorant of the fact that there really was much to see, our party, which included some accomplished cliffers, cheerfully set to work very soon after arrival. But first it is only fair to state that this spot, small as it is, is not without creature comforts. It is possible to eat, drink, and sleep there, at the excellent quarters provided by a certain widow, Mrs. Hazlehurst (and, as we have heard, by another widow within a stone's throw), after a fashion and on terms which might be imitated to advantage in many a place of much greater size and pretence. If island mutton, wild rabbits, excellent poultry, and certain combinations of blackberries and apples can secure a traveller against famine, he may be sure to find all these, and the means of washing them down with potations of pale ale from the classic sources of Burton-upon-Trent. He may also feel secure, if experience purchased during the last autumn may be regarded as worth having, that the widow's cruse will not fail, even should the means of escape from the island prove as difficult, and the term of imprisonment as long, as they did with us.

Sark is especially remarkable for its rocky coast, honeycombed almost everywhere by caverns, and our first object was to visit some of these. We started with great spirit, taking with us a female guide, whose principal recommendations were, that she understood us very imperfectly and had visited the caverns about eighteen years before. Passing the picturesque parsonage and a little plantation crowded with magnificent hydrangeas and fuchsias, opposite the extremely ugly building which serves as church, we came to the grounds of the Seigneurie. Nothing can be imagined more striking than the contrast afforded by the high cultivation and exquisite taste observable here, compared with the wild tillage and careless neglect of the Sark farmers. Passing by this spot, we soon entered an open common, beyond which all was rock and furze. The ground falls in this direction, and the rest of the island to the north is seen stretched out before the spectator; the sea, far down beneath his feet, visible on three sides, and in the distance Guernsey, Herm, and a number of rocks and islands to the left, the coast of France being just discernible on the right.

The island narrows very rapidly from this point, and the bare granite juts out more and more frequently from the tufts of grass. We soon afterwards come to a part where a narrow gorge cuts the island almost in half; a steep slope, covered with short grass, passing down precipitously to

the right, while to the left a face of naked rock and broken stones, at first quite vertical, and afterwards as steep as the loose stones will stand, terminates in a mass of huge granite boulders, against which the sea dashes with great violence. Half way down the descent is an opening on the side of the gorge to the right, and to this our attention was directed. Down the steep face to the left, our party accordingly soon made its way, holding on first to tufts of grass and then to angular blocks of granite, slipping over soft clay, toppling over heavy stones, and at length reaching the pile of rubbish fallen from the roof of the cave, up which we had to make our way to the cavern that yawned a little above. This difficulty overcome, and the heap mounted and descended, we found ourselves in a vast cleft in the rock, nearly twenty feet in width and certainly fifty in height, the whole floor covered so thickly with huge angular fragments and rounded blocks fallen in from above or rolled in by the sea, that the utmost care was necessary in scrambling down the steep descent to the sea level. This singular cleft continues through the whole of the rest of the island, and may be traversed for more than a quarter of a mile northwards, till it emerges at a small terrace, generally dry at low water, which separates Sark from a rocky islet called the Nose. At the time of our visit, this exit was almost blocked up by great masses of rock several cubic yards in dimensions, with others of smaller size and all shapes jammed in between them, the whole probably driven in during late storms. With some difficulty these were passed, and we stood at the extremity close to the Nose, the sea dashing wildly over the rocks, and lumps of foam, like snow-flakes, almost blinding us as they drifted wildly past into the cave. The long gloomy fissure behind being almost closed by the rocks, and irregular masses of granite in front and on each side cutting off all distant view, the furious vehemence of the sea, as it entered and escaped, seemed unaccounted for; but the scene altogether was one rarely equalled, and hardly to be surpassed.

On our way back, we visited several cross fissures, some being tunnels opening outwards to the sea, and others huge caverns penetrating half across towards the eastern side of the little promontory on which we were.

The colours of the rocks in this group of caverns are very striking. There are blood-red jaspers, and minerals of a bright pea-green colour, together with purple and gray varieties of decomposing granite, and spotted black porphyries, varied in some places by the rich dark brown tints of soft intersecting veins. All these, lighted up from time to time by the fitful gleams of a setting sun on a wild stormy afternoon, formed together a scene of the most singular grandeur and beauty.

Such was our first experience of Sark caverns. An afternoon was well employed in this visit; but we found time also to examine a little more of the west coast, descending into a bay (Seignie Bay) by a zigzag path, down an almost vertical face of cliff at least 300 feet high. The views in this small bay are very different, but not at all less striking, than those obtained within the cavern. A group of three detached rocks

called the Autelets, or Little Altars, stands out in the sea at one extremity of the bay, each rock rising in steps from a large base to a small open, like so many broken irregular pyramids roughly hewn by nature out of the raw material everywhere around. Jet black in colour, owing to the rock of which they are formed, these singular masses are covered in many places with highly tinted lichens, and draped in parts with seaweed. The white marks of the seagull are not wanting to produce an artistic effect, and varieties of light and shade are ensured at all times and seasons by the infinite multiplication of sides and angles in the rock.

Our first day was brought to a conclusion very pleasantly, although it left a distinct impression that the task we had set ourselves of seeing the beauties of the island was, as yet, only commenced. Next morning, accordingly, we started early for a complete day's work, and first descended a charming valley close to the hotel, which opens down into a fine bay on the east side of the island. There is something very singular and characteristic about the wooded scenery of Sark. It is so small—so Liliputian in its nature, and yet so effective. There can hardly be a tree thirty feet high in the island, and in most places the tops are shaved off with that peculiar and ungraceful slope towards the prevalent wind (the south-west) which is so common at all seaside places. But in this little valley, the trees are sheltered and their forms more natural: still all are dwarfs—pretty and interesting, but on a small scale. Baker's valley—the one now referred to, and the most pleasing of the two valleys that Sark boasts—is not very wide or very long, but is remarkably pretty, being well wooded on this minute scale, and ornamented with a picturesque cottage and orchard very well placed.

This valley leads, but can scarcely be said to open out, to a bay, which at first seems very small, but which, even when the water is tolerably high, has access to another and larger bay by a pierced rock. There is, perhaps, no coast so small that has so many of these pierced rocks or natural arches as are found in Sark. One can hardly descend anywhere to the sea without finding them, and a score might easily be quoted, all striking objects, and some of them noble and even grand in their proportions. In this little Baie d'Ixcart, as opened out at low water, there are three such arches, each one penetrating a huge detached mass of rock, larger than a moderate-sized house. Within these rocks are some half-dozen caverns of tolerable dimensions. But d'Ixcart Bay, although very fine and well worth visiting, is not one of the lions of Sark. We reserved our low water for the Gouliot Caves, celebrated in the annals of natural history, and remarkable beyond all others of those oceanic recesses which Neptune has reserved to himself, and has lined with his choicest treasures of animal and vegetable life. To visit these Gouliot Caves there are now every year pilgrimages of eager naturalists armed with knives and possessed of every kind of pot and pan to carry away the objects of their worship. It is only at extreme low water during spring and autumn spring-tides, and even then only under favourable conditions of wind, that one can walk

dryshod into the inner recesses of these temples of Marine Zoology, and many are the occasions when even wading or trusting oneself to the sturdy arms of a guide, who walks the waters without fear of consequences, is insufficient to secure a satisfactory visit.

The descent to the Gouliots is not a very easy task to any one not accustomed to cliffing, and not endowed by nature with a steady head. In this case, however, as in many others, there is little danger when there is no fear; although any person, man or woman, who wants help certainly runs risk. A path has been made on the rocky face of a small inlet, and terminates on some large rocks, covered with black slippery seaweed and little barnacles, that have been thrown by the sea in its angry moments above the reach of ordinary tides. Over these one has to pick one's way into the first great cave, which is a long natural tunnel, something like the Boutiques, penetrating completely through a small promontory that stretches out beyond the middle of the west coast of Sark, being separated from the island of Brechou and the Gouliot rock by small channels, passable at all times of tide. This first cavern is of noble proportions, and the floor is roughly piled with immense boulders, giving many a varied view of a small but picturesque harbour, seen through the opening at the farther extremity. But this cavern, though fine, is, as it were, a mere outer court, preparing us for the glories to be revealed within. Its walls are partly covered with those singular currant-jelly-like animals one sees expanded like living flowers in marine aquaria: deep blood-red is the prevailing colour, but dark olive-green varieties are also common, and numerous yellow and brick-red patches are seen at intervals. A few muscles, and tens of thousands of limpets and barnacles, cover the boulders. Abundance of life is seen, and some of the specimens are as rare as they are beautiful. A branch of the first cavern, in which is a deep pool of water, conducts outwards to the sea; but it is better to wait till low water and creep outside. We then enter a gloomy series of vaults, lighted from the sea, and communicating with each other by natural passages. These are the Gouliot Caves of the aquarium-lover, and contain the soft animals with hard names on which the lips of beauty now love to linger. Here are the Actinia mesembryanthemum, the Bunodes crassicornis, the Alcyonium digitatum, the Caryophyllia Smithii, the Sertularia filicula, and a hundred others.

Fortunately the visitor is not often subjected to an examination *in situ* as to his knowledge of these names, for the eye even of one most familiar with the aquarium could not fail to be struck by the marvellous wealth and prodigality of nature in this treasure-house of life. It is chiefly on the walls of the caverns recently left by the sea that the animals are seen. They attract by colour as well as form: the brightest and richest reds, yellows, blues, and greens cover the wet rocks. Occasionally in rough weather the animals are swept away by the stones drifted into the cavern, so that large naked patches are left; but the same species reappear in the same spots, or at least would do so if left alone by man. The mania of collecting,

however, affects even these poor creatures, and they are cut away and shipped off to England as fast as they can be procured by a certain well-known guide, whose fishing is, no doubt, more profitable in this locality than on the best turbot banks in the Channel.

But a short time is allowed by the tide for this visit: too short a time, indeed, to do justice to its beauties; and as it is not altogether safe to be caught after the water has once begun to rise, the caverns must often be abandoned almost as soon as they are reached. But the lover of wild, grand, rocky scenery, who is also a naturalist, cannot certainly do better than visit Sark, even at the risk of breaking his neck over the precipices, and spraining his ankle among the loose stones, and if he has also a chance of being drowned with sponges, corallines, and sea anemones in the Gouliot Caves.

When we emerged to the outer day from our pilgrimage to these temples, dripping as we were with spray and salt water, we found that the weather, which had been threatening and uncomfortable all the morning, was now worse than ever, heavy rain and blowing winds having set in, with little prospect of improvement. Our party, however, confiding in the notion that they had but three days to spend on the island, and feeling that they had as yet seen but few of the objects of interest, though they had found in each one hitherto examined abundant beauty and grandeur, decided to visit Little Sark in the afternoon. Starting, then, in the rain, which, though it at one time diminished, afterwards settled into a heavy downpour, we went towards the *Coupée*, the name given to a deep cut in the rocks, along which is the only road from Great to Little Sark. Owing to the existence of a wide tract of soft rock between the granite of Little Sark and the equally hard porphyry crossing Great Sark at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the sea on both sides has made deep inroads, and cut out a wide and large open bay towards Guernsey, and a smaller bay towards France, leaving only a narrow neck of land between. The weather wearing the rock down from the top, while the sea was at work below, this neck has been gradually scooped out; and though the operation of rain was slower than that of the sea, the result was equally certain, and the rate sufficiently rapid to form a talus or sloping bank on both sides. Such a bank has naturally acted as a barricade against the farther advance of the sea, and thus the isthmus has been preserved from one cause of destruction by the action of another cause. The road constructed across the Coupée completely preserves the upper surface, and so long as it is kept in good condition the sea does not seem likely to make any fresh inroads. Should the road, however, be neglected, it is likely that a very few years would separate Little from Great Sark.

Not far from the Coupée there is a wonderful descent through a broken natural chimney, called the Pot, to the rocks on the shore of Little Sark. The whole of this chimney is festooned with a tangled mass of ivy and brambles; but as the rain was pouring in torrents during our visit to this place, we were not in a condition to do justice to its wild beauties. The coast of Little Sark is everywhere extremely fine and bold, and there are

several points where, with good climbing, the sea may be reached. There are also some fine caves.

As our party, after descending the Pot, had become so completely soaked that they could hold no more water, it was agreed to return to the hotel, and there, muffled up in such clothes as could be borrowed, we enjoyed our dinner and hoped for better times.

Sunday dawned upon us, and our condition began to be uncomfortable. Both wind and rain set in in the most determined manner, and we were fairly reduced to stay indoors all day. We looked for a change; but matters by no means improved, and night closed in with very little prospect of a fine to-morrow.

Monday was our appointed day of departure, but the state of the weather was such that neither steamboat nor cutter would be likely to leave Guernsey, and certainly could neither safely approach or depart from Sark. A severe gale of wind, accompanied by heavy squalls of rain, had set in from the west, and the only thing we could do was to make the best of our position. This we did effectually; and the rain ceasing for a while in the afternoon, we did not fail to take advantage of the lull.

Our imprisonment commenced from this day, and from hour to hour and day to day we were inquiring when the cutter would go, or when the steamer would come. Three days and nights longer the wind continued to blow so fiercely, the rain was so heavy and frequent, the sky was for the most part so covered, and the ground so impassable, that we were in very bad plight, and departure from the island was simply impossible. No inducement would have been sufficient to induce a boatman to put out a boat; and, indeed, whenever we could look at the wild waste of ocean before us, not a single moving object on the waters was visible. No fish could be obtained: not even the crab and lobster-pots could be reached. During all this time also the stocks of pale ale and sherry were getting low, and at length were all but exhausted, our excellent landlady being reduced to borrow from her neighbours to supply our demand.

During this terrible weather we took all possible opportunities of visiting and examining the odd corners of our prison-house, but, although we really worked hard, we found its resources inexhaustible. In the intervals of dry weather between the heavy squalls of rain, we managed at various times to climb and scramble nearly half-way along the cliff that surrounded the two divisions of the island; and many hours of hard toil, much rough climbing over almost inaccessible rocks, innumerable partial descents and ascents, made frequently "thorough bush, thorough briar," in such a way as greatly to damage the integrity of those only garments we had brought with us, were the results of our attempts. But never did we feel a moment's disappointment at the scenery presented. Always grand and large, notwithstanding the extreme smallness of the island; never without the elements of beauty as well as wildness and stern grandeur; the numerous rocky inlets each had its own characteristic, and the outer net-

work of islands being seen from successive points of view, produced the never-ending variety of the kaleidoscope.

On one occasion we braved the fierce gale, and made our way along a very narrow saddle-shaped ledge of rocks, partly covered with tufty grass and brambles, known as the Hog's Back. Often standing with difficulty against the wind, we crept on to the extremity of this headland. It juts out into the sea a full quarter of a mile—a great distance in Sark, and from the farthest extremity a glorious view is obtained to the left of certain castellated rocks known as the "Point Terrible." This headland stretches out to sea, forming one side of a narrow creek, of which the promontory surmounted by the Hog's Back is the other. This view of the Baie d'Ixcart at our feet, and of the Coupée Bay to the right, with the deep indentation of the rocks forming the Coupée, is very fine, and the sea dashing wildly over the numerous rocks standing out in every direction exposed to its violence, formed a fit termination and frame to this grand scenery.

At another time we made our way down a fisherman's path, to a little landing-place opposite the Creux, called La Loche. A detached rock is here so nearly connected with the main island, that one could almost jump across the chasm that separates them, and a deep vertical gorge enters the land, the sea having worn for itself a path in a soft vein of red clay. The view from the rocks at this point is exceedingly striking. Immediately opposite La Loche the cliffs rise two hundred feet vertically, and no human foot could climb this height. One is the more surprised, therefore, to see a small neat harbour with a breakwater of some twenty yards, almost closing the entrance, and a small cutter or two, or half-a-dozen fishermen's boats, riding outside the breakwater. A few boats may also be recognized securely chained up in small recesses at the bottom of the cliff inside the harbour. No means are visible by which the island can be entered, nor would it be easy to guess at the real access if one did not know the secret. A small dark arch, not unlike the entrance to one of the caves, is, in fact, the opening of a tunnel penetrating a rock that immediately faces La Loche, and juts out to sea in the direction of a picturesque group of rocky islets called Les Burons. On the opposite side, at the emergence of this tunnel, is a good cart road conducting into the island, and connecting with all the other roads; for this, in fact, is *the* harbour of Sark; and, although not now considered quite so convenient for general purposes as another landing a little to the north, it has been, from the time that the tunnel was completed (some three centuries ago), the principal, and indeed the only, place at which passengers are embarked or landed in ordinary weather.*

* So obscure and difficult to perceive is this curious entrance, that the Lords of the Admiralty, lately intending to visit Sark during one of their cruises, came to the breakwater and landed there at high-water without their approach being noticed in the island. The entrance by the tunnel is not visible from this point, and the officer in command, with the First Lord himself, seem to have come to the conclusion that the inhabitants of, and visitors to, Sark, were in the habit of climbing the precipitous cliff by some undiscoverable track. They, therefore, gave up the idea of landing, and went on their way in search of harbours and islands less difficult of approach.

One of our chief excursions was to the "Creux Terrible," certainly one of the grandest natural phenomena of its kind that can be seen, and yet one that has been seldom alluded to in other than general terms. A vast natural shaft about 150 feet deep, and of a perfect oval form, opens in a field not far from the sea. A wild growth of brambles and furze surrounds the opening, the two sides of which are of very different level; to look down requires a steady head, for the walls of the shaft are absolutely vertical, and only overgrown with vegetation round the outer rim. At the bottom is a floor of pebbles, and at high-water the sea rushes in by two large entrances, one wave following another with a rapidity and force only possible where the water rises in a few hours thirty or forty feet, and drives into funnel-shaped bays, completely land-locked except at their narrow entrance. The white foam of the angry water rises high in the cave, and is said in former times, when the entrance was perhaps smaller, to have splashed up almost to the top in severe storms. The roar of the wave, and the disturbance caused by the rolling of the pebble floor over and over at its bottom, reverberates in the shaft. Such is the Creux Terrible at high-water. But it may be visited under other circumstances. It is possible, though not very easy, to make a descent through a narrow winding path overgrown with furze and ivy, to the brink of a precipice, down which by the help of some iron rings fastened in the rock, any one with a clear head and firm, secure foot, can reach the extremity of the bay with which the Creux communicates. A fine wild rocky beach, a vertical cliff abounding with caves, vast piles of boulders of all conceivable shapes and sizes, and presenting a singular variety of interesting minerals and a rich harvest of sea-weeds: such are some of the rewards for the toil and danger, if it can be so called, of the descent. After passing the mouths of several large caverns, we reach one neither larger nor more remarkable in appearance than the others, but on entering it the passage seems more regular. It is one of two natural tunnels or galleries singularly well matched in proportions, and symmetrically placed, through which the sea enters the Creux. The length of the tunnels is about 100 feet, and there is no gloom or closeness about them. We walk along over the well-rounded pebbles and enter a vast amphitheatre, 100 feet long, 50 feet wide, and nearly 150 feet high, roofless, like the great amphitheatres of antiquity, and with walls rough with fragments of rock jutting out in every direction, and coloured as nature only can colour. At the end, the deep rich umber tint of a large soft vein, by the rapid decay of which the Creux was no doubt originally produced, still reveals its origin, and will probably long continue to do so. The walls of this vein are granites of various shades. Some parts are of the deepest black, covered with large white streaks and patches of lichen; some were originally whitish gray, but are now darkened by sea water and weed; some have a purplish tint; but all receive the partial but warm light coming in from above, crossed with the paler gleams entering horizontally through the tunnels. Standing at the farthest extremity, and looking outwards toward

the sea, the eye dwells on the broken castellated rocks of the Point Terrible seen through one tunnel, and a distant glimpse of part of Jersey through the other. At low water the sea is far away, and its sound scarcely disturbs the silence. All is rocky, and broken, and fantastic; not a vestige of cultivation disturbs the wild scene around: nor, indeed, could any effort of man produce a permanent impression in a position so singular and sublime.

Sark contains many of these curious natural shafts, and some of the caverns have originated from the surface by similar pot-holes, and not from below by the sea's action. They are all called "creux," or holes, and there is not one that might not be visited with advantage at various times of tide by the geologist as well as the artist. That one in Little Sark, called the "Pot," already alluded to, is now in the state to which the Creux Terrible will be reduced when a large part of its wall towards the sea shall have fallen in, and the shaft or chimney has become more overgrown with ivy brambles and ferns. Another creux, without a name, has existed close by the Creux Terrible; but here the whole of the wall and tunnels are swept away, and only a deep indentation of the coast can be detected. There are, in fact, two well-marked differences observable as the results of marine and atmospheric action in this island. We have the coupée and the various creux, where the action has been that of rain and storm, summer and winter, acting from above; and the Gouliots and Boutiques, besides a score of other caverns, more or less extensive, where the sea has first worn away holes at the level of the water or between tides, and the roof, having lost its support and fallen down, has been gradually swept away by the tidal and storm waves, so that now there is little trace left of its existence.

After a gale which had now lasted five days and nights without intermission, blowing sometimes so furiously that it was scarcely possible to stand in exposed places, and often accompanied by torrents of rain, though occasionally for a short time there were glimpses of bright sun and blue sky, the weather at length moderated. The fiercest blast of the gale, the murkiest and most threatening sky, were succeeded in a few hours by a thunder-storm, after which the wind dropped suddenly, and one of the loveliest days of early autumn succeeded. An unclouded sky, softened by a slight haze, a breath of air too gentle to be called wind, a pleasant temperature, and a feeling of dryness and tone that seems peculiar to islands in open water, formed a marvellous contrast to the disturbed atmosphere of the days just concluded. The embargo was taken off, and the prisoners were released.

But as after a storm of political excitement has passed away, exiles are invited to return, but hesitate, doubtful whether the calm is not more dangerous than the storm, so did the party assembled in Sark hesitate to take advantage of the means offered them to leave when the prison-doors were opened. Nor were they altogether wrong. For seven long weary hours did the little cutter that left in the morning for Guernsey, hover

afloat in the narrow channel of disturbed waters: the wind almost calm, but quite contrary, and the sea heaving uneasily after the violent enclosement it had recently undergone. Liberty is sweet, and strong was the desire to be again in a port where steamboats ply with regularity; but the dread of this long, uncomfortable transit across so short a space was yet stronger.

One more day was therefore to be passed in Sark. Consultation was held and decision come to concerning the use to be made of this day. Very much of Sark, both great and little, still remained unvisited—far more, indeed, than could possibly have been worked over during the time at our disposal; but all this was left for a future visit, in favour of an excursion to another island adjacent. This other island bears about the same relation to Sark, that the two divisions, Greater and Little Sark, bear to each other; only in the place of an isthmus there is a strait between them. It is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, or thereabouts, and forms a sort of excrescence from the western side of Sark, just as Little Sark does from the southern end. It is called Brechou, and sometimes the Island of Merchants (Ile des Marchands); but why a place where there is certainly no merchandise should be thus designated, it would not be easy to say.

Between Brechou and Sark is a detached rock called the Gouliot Rock, and the celebrated Gouliot caverns already alluded to open under the cliffs that face this rock. The water passage between the Gouliot Rock and Brechou is deep, dark, and dangerous. The current is swift, and varies with the tide, so that at times it would be impossible to row against it. There is, however, depth of water sufficient to float a frigate, and daring sailors, in time of need, have ventured safely to sail through it.

There is only one landing-place at Brechou worthy of the name, but as that is not accessible at all times of tide, even in a rowing-boat, we were put ashore on the steep weed-covered rocks on the opposite side, and thence had to scramble up the cliff to the top. A rough and somewhat risky scramble it proved to some of the party, but with care and a guide there is no great difficulty. The cliffs all round the island are high and exceedingly steep, but the height is inferior to that of Sark. The top of the island is partly cultivated, and there are two farms; the population of the place, at the last census, being seven human beings, a cow, a horse, and a dog, besides several sheep. The whole population turned out in our honour, and the cow was called upon to provide a feast of new milk on the rare occasion of a visit from the outer world to this silent abode.

It is understood that the two establishments of the Island of Merchants are not always on speaking terms with each other, but on the occasion of our visit they fortunately showed no symptoms of enmity. Not unfrequently many weeks have elapsed during winter when no boat could communicate with Sark, and when these two families formed the whole world to each other. But this Robinson Crusoe-like existence does not

seem to be felt as a hardship; although the writer of this article was told by the seigneur of Sark that on one occasion, when a fierce quarrel had existed for a time, and one of the men had succeeded in gaining possession of the only boat then available, and had crossed to lay his complaint before his feudal lord, the other was seen, by the aid of a telescope, wringing his hands in despair at not being able to come over also and obtain a hearing.

Like the larger island adjacent, Brechou is almost intersected by caverns and surrounded by picturesque rocks. Seen from the sea—their jagged and varied forms resembling pinnacles and castles, with cormorants standing sentinel on the flat edges, and gulls perched on the commanding heights—these rocks add greatly to the effect, and contrast finely with the black overhanging precipices of the island itself. But the overfalls and the white foam, also seen in the sea near them, give notice of the hidden dangers that lurk beneath, and remind the boatman of the caution that is needed in threading his way through the narrow channels that alone are safe.

From the highest point of Brechou, where a small cairn has been placed, there is a noble view of Sark in its whole length, with all the detached and often pierced rocks and the entrances to the dark caverns that penetrate its western face. The distance is so short, the position so nearly central, and the level so nearly that which is best adapted for a good *coup d'œil*, that the view is quite panoramic. At a greater distance the surface looks comparatively flat, but here all the principal undulations are seen, and the most striking peculiarities of structure are readily made out.

After scrambling about among the caverns and seeing all that Brechou could afford of novelty and interest, we made our way to the Havre Gosselin, and so back to the hotel. The next day the term of our imprisonment was at an end, and after an hour and a half's sailing in a little cutter, with a stiff but favourable breeze, we were safely landed in Guernsey, at liberty to remove ourselves at pleasure to any other part of her Majesty's dominions.

But although we had been kept at Sark much longer than we had contemplated, it was evident that the imprisonment had been salutary; for none of the party complained that the time had hung heavily on his hands, or that he or she had exhausted all that Sark could afford of interest and amusement. A visit to Sark is, in fact, to the traveller accustomed to distant trips what a microscopic examination of a very minute animal is to the naturalist who has hitherto studied larger organizations. There is just as much to see and examine, just as much that is new and curious and interesting, in the small as in the large object.

The curiosities of this little island are not at all confined to its caverns and cliffs. In Sark alone, within the British dominions, the good old English black rat holds its own still; although the brown Hanoverian monster, who has quite destroyed his predecessor in England, has

approached already so near as to be actually now extirpating the black rat in the island of Brechou. A boat may at any time bring over the founder of a colony, and then the black rat, like the Celt, will give way to the fatal tide of emigration from the north of Germany.

Almost deprived of reptiles, Sark is rich in birds, and not poor in insects. Fishes, too, abound round its shores, and of the lower marine animals the number and variety is beyond count. Nowhere are to be seen such sea anemones, such tubulariæ, such sponges, such madrepores. On land there are ferns and many rare wild-flowers. The people themselves, too, deserve a study. A small population, always intermarrying, they have acquired a peculiar physiognomy, and they retain a peculiar costume. Half boatmen, half farmers, the men are a hardy race, pleasant and intelligent enough to talk to, but not readily accepting improvements. They are good rifle shots, and loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, as may be seen when the seigneur calls out his militia of a hundred men, and they respond dressed in their scarlet tunics to go through their manœuvres.

Sark is governed by feudal customs and peculiar laws. Its language retains many peculiarities of the oldest Norman French mixed up with a good deal of English and a sprinkling of other languages. There is no town or village to be seen; no house can be built without consent of the feudal lord, and no one can live or even land on the island if he object. But with all this apparent tyranny, matters, both public and private, appear to go on very smoothly. Once there was a threat of serious change, when a vein of silver was discovered in Little Sark; but after some 20,000*l.* had been swallowed up in researches with but little satisfactory result, and the seigneur had been totally ruined, the excitement died away, and the inhabitants seem to have undergone wonderfully little alteration by the incursion of Cornish miners. The ruined lord has departed, and the seigneur who now holds sway over this little Barataria finds more delight in improving his house, gardens, and grounds, and making the most of the beauties of his island, than in playing at government or interfering with the pursuits of his subjects. They settle their own disputes, if they have any; and the little prison that has been built recently would certainly be an uncomfortable residence for the prisoner, since it has hardly ever been inhabited, and must be fearfully damp and unwholesome.

Long may it continue in its deserted state, and long may Sark remain a small happy community of hardy boatmen and farmers, receiving the stranger willingly and aiding him in his endeavours to scale the cliffs and enter the caverns, but unspoilt by the vices and disorders that would inevitably follow if it should become a fashionable resort, and if villas, lodging-houses, and hotels should be allowed to attract the herd of tourists and destroy the primitive manners of the people.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER X.

Showing how the Firm invented a New Shirt.

It has already been said that those four men in armour, on the production of whom Robinson had especially prided himself, were dispensed with after the first fortnight. This, no doubt, was brought about through the parsimony of Mr. Brown, but in doing so he was aided by a fortuitous circumstance. One of the horses trampled on a child near the Bank, and then the police and press interfered. At first the partners were very unhappy about the child, for it was reported to them that the poor little fellow would die. Mr. Brown went to see it, and ascertained that the mother knew how to make the most of the occurrence; and so after a day or two did the firm. The Jupiter daily newspaper took the matter up, and lashed out vigorously at what it was pleased to call the wickedness as well as absurdity of such a system of advertising; but as the little boy was not killed, nor indeed seriously hurt, the firm was able to make capital out of the Jupiter, by sending a daily bulletin from Magenta House as to the state of the child's health. For a week the newspapers inserted these, and allowed the firm to explain that they supplied nourishing food, and paid the doctor's bill; but at the end of the week the editor declined any further correspondence. Mr. Brown then discontinued his visits; but the child's fortune had been made by gifts from a generous public, and the whole thing had acted as an excellent unpaid advertisement. Now, it is well understood by all trades that any unpaid advertisement is worth twenty that have cost money.

In this way the men in armour were put down, but they will be long remembered by the world of Bishopsgate Street. That they cost money is certain. "Whatever we do," said Mr. Brown, "don't let's have any more horses. You see, George, they're always a-eating!" He could not understand that it was nothing, though the horses had eaten gilded oats, so long as there were golden returns.

The men in armour, however, were put down, as also was the car of Fame. One horse only was left in the service of the firm, and this was an ancient creature that had for many years belonged to the butter establishment in Smithfield. By this animal a light but large wooden frame was dragged about, painted magenta on its four sides, and bearing on its various fronts different notices as to the business of the house. A boy stood uncomfortably in the centre, driving the slow brute by means of reins which were inserted through the apertures of two of the letters; through another letter above there was a third hole for his eyes, and, shut

up in this prison, he was enjoined to keep moving throughout the day. This he did at the slowest possible pace, and thus he earned five shillings a week. The arrangement was one made entirely by Mr. Brown, who himself struck the bargain with the boy's father. Mr. Robinson was much ashamed of this affair, declaring that it would be better to abstain altogether from advertising in that line than to do it in so ignoble a manner; but Mr. Brown would not give way, and the magenta box was dragged about the streets till it was altogether shattered and in pieces.

Stockings was the article in which, above all others, Mr. Brown was desirous of placing his confidence. "George," said he, "all the world wears stockings; but those who require African monkey muffs are in comparison few in number. I know Legg and Loosefit, of the Poultry, and I'll purchase a stock." He went to Legg and Loosefit and did purchase a stock, absolutely laying out a hundred pounds of ready money for hosiery, and getting as much more on credit. Stockings is an article on which considerable genius might be displayed by any house intending to do stockings, and nothing else; but taken up in this small way by such a firm as that of 81, Bishopsgate Street, it was simply embarrassing. "Now you can say something true in your advertisements," said Mr. Brown, with an air of triumph, when the invoice of the goods arrived.

"True!" said Robinson. He would not, however, sneer at his partner, so he retreated to his own room, and went to work. "Stockings!" said he to himself. "There is no room for ambition in it! But the word 'Hose' does not sound amiss." And then he prepared that small book, with silk magenta covers and silvery leaves, which he called *The New Miracle!*

"The whole world wants stockings," he began, not disdaining to take his very words from Mr. Brown—"and Brown, Jones, and Robinson are prepared to supply the whole world with the stockings which they want. The following is a list of some of the goods which are at present being removed from the river to the premises at Magenta House, in Bishopsgate Street. B., J., and R. affix the usual trade price of the article, and the price at which they are able to offer them to the public.

"One hundred and twenty baskets of ladies' Spanish hose—usual price, 1*s.* 3*d.*; sold by B., J., and R. at 9¾*d.*"

"Baskets!" said Mr. Brown, when he read the little book.

"It's all right," said Robinson. "I have been at the trouble to learn the trade language."

"Four hundred dozen white cotton hose—usual price, 1*s.* 0½*d.*; sold by B., J., and R. at 7¼*d.*

"Eight stack of China and pearl silk hose—usual price, 3*s.*; sold by B., J., and R. for 1*s.* 9¾*d.*

"Fifteen hundred dozen of Balbriggan—usual price, 1*s.* 6*d.*; sold by B., J., and R for 10½*d.*"

It may not, perhaps, be necessary to continue the whole list here; but as it was read aloud to Mr. Brown, he sat aghast with astonishment. "George!" said he, at last, "I don't like it. It makes me quite afeard. It does indeed."

"And why do you not like it?" said Robinson, quietly laying down the manuscript, and putting his hand upon it. "Does it want vigour?"

"No; it does not want vigour."

"Does it fail to be attractive? Is it commonplace?"

"It is not that I mean," said Mr. Brown. "But——"

"Is it not simple? The articles are merely named, with their prices."

"But, George, we haven't got 'em. We couldn't hold such a quantity. And if we had them, we should be ruined to sell them at such prices as that. I did want to do a genuine trade in stockings."

"And so you shall, sir. But how will you begin unless you attract your customers?"

"You have put your prices altogether too low," said Jones. "It stands to reason you can't sell them for the money. You shouldn't have put the prices at all;—it hampers one dreadfully. You don't know what it is to stand down there among them all, and tell them that the cheap things haven't come."

"Say that they've all been sold," said Robinson.

"It's just the same," argued Jones. "I declare last Saturday night I didn't think my life was safe in the crowd."

"And who brought that crowd to the house?" demanded Robinson. "Who has filled the shop below with such a throng of anxious purchasers?"

"But, George," said Mr. Brown, "I should like to have one of these bills true, if only that one might show it as a sample when the people talk to one."

"True!" said Robinson, again. "You wish that it should be true! In the first place, did you ever see an advertisement that contained the truth? If it were as true as heaven, would any one believe it? Was it ever supposed that any man believed an advertisement? Sit down and write the truth, and see what it will be! The statement will show itself of such a nature that you will not dare to publish it. There is the paper, and there the pen. Take them, and see what you can make of it."

"I do think that somebody should be made to believe it," said Jones.

"You do!" and Robinson, as he spoke, turned angrily at the other. "Did you ever believe an advertisement?" Jones, in self-defence, protested that he never had. "And why should others be more simple than you? No man—no woman believes them. They are not lies; for it is not intended that they should obtain credit. I should despise the man who attempted to base his advertisements on a system of facts, as I would the builder who lays his foundation upon the sand. The groundwork of advertising is romance. It is poetry in its very essence. Is *Hamlet* true?"

"I really do not know," said Mr. Brown.

"There is no man, to my thinking, so false," continued Robinson, "as he who in trade professes to be true. He deceives, or endeavours to do so. I do not. No one will believe that we have fifteen hundred dozen of Balbriggan."

"Nobody will," said Mr. Brown.

"But yet that statement will have its effect. It will produce custom,

and bring grist to our mill without any dishonesty on our part. Advertisements are profitable, not because they are believed, but because they are attractive. Once understand that, and you will cease to ask for truth." Then he turned himself again to his work and finished his task without further interruption.

"You shall sell your stockings, Mr. Brown," he said to the senior member of the firm, about three days after that.

"Indeed, I hope so."

"Look here, sir!" and then he took Mr. Brown to the window. There stood eight stalwart porters, divided into two parties of four each, and on their shoulders they bore erect, supported on painted frames, an enormous pair of gilded, embroidered, brocaded, begartered wooden stockings. On the massive calves of these was set forth a statement of the usual kind, declaring that "Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of 81, Bishopsgate Street, had just received 40,000 pairs of best French silk ladies' hose direct from Lyons."

"And now look at the men's legs," said Robinson. Mr. Brown did look, and perceived that they were dressed in magenta-coloured knee-breeches, with magenta-coloured stockings. They were gorgeous in their attire, and at this moment they were starting from the door in different directions. "Perhaps you will tell me that that is not true?"

"I will say nothing about it for the future," said Mr. Brown.

"It is not true," continued Robinson; "but it is a work of fiction, in which I take leave to think that elegance and originality are combined."

"We ought to do something special in shirts," said Jones, a few days after this. "We could get a few dozen from Hedges, in King Street, and call them Eureka."

"Couldn't we have a shirt of our own?" said Mr. Robinson. "Couldn't you invent a shirt, Mr. Jones?" Jones, as Robinson looked him full in the face, ran his fingers through his scented hair, and said that he would consult his wife. Before the day was over, however, the following notice was already in type:—

"MANKIND IN A STATE OF BLISS!

"BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON have sincere pleasure in presenting to the Fashionable World their new KATAKAIRION SHIRT, in which they have thoroughly overcome the difficulties, hitherto found to be insurmountable, of adjusting the bodies of the Nobility and Gentry to an article which shall be at the same time elegant, comfortable, lasting, and cheap.

"B., J., and R.'s KATAKAIRION SHIRT, and their Katakairion Shirt alone, is acknowledged to unite these qualities.

"*Six Shirts for* 39*s.* 9*d.*

"The Katakairion Shirt is specially recommended to Officers going to India and elsewhere, while it is at the same time eminently adapted for the Home consumption."

"I think I would have considered it a little more, before I committed myself," said Jones.

"Ah, yes, you would have consulted your wife; as I have not got one, I must depend on my own wits."

"And are not likely to have one either," said Jones.

"Young men, young men," said Mr. Brown, raising his hands impressively, "if as Christians you cannot agree, at any rate you are bound to do so as partners. What is it that the Psalmist says: 'Let dogs delight, to bark and bite ——'"

The notice as to the Katakairion shirt was printed on that day, as originally drawn out by Robinson, and very widely circulated on the two or three following mornings. A brisk demand ensued, and it was found that Hodges, the wholesale manufacturer, of King Street, was able to supply the firm with an article which, when sold at 39*s.* 6*d.*, left a comfortable profit.

"I told you that we ought to do something special in shirts," said Jones, as though the whole merit of the transaction were his own.

Gloves was another article to which considerable attention was given:—

"BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON have made special arrangements with the glove manufacturers of Worcestershire, and are now enabled to offer to the public English-sewn Worcester gloves, made of French kid, at a price altogether out of the reach of any other house in the trade.

"B., J., and R. boldly defy competition."

When that notice was put up in front of the house, none of the firm expected that any one would believe in their arrangement with the Worcestershire glove-makers. They had no such hope, and no such wish. What gloves they sold, they got from the wholesale houses in St. Paul's Churchyard, quite indifferent as to the county in which they were sewn, or the kingdom from which they came. Nevertheless, the plan answered, and a trade in gloves was created.

But perhaps the pretty little dialogues which were circulated about the town, did more than anything else to make the house generally known to mothers and their families.

"Mamma, mamma, I have seen such a beautiful sight!"

one of them began.

"My dearest daughter, what was it?"

"I was walking home through the City, with my kind cousin Augustus, and he took me to that wonderfully handsome and extraordinarily large new shop, just opened by those enterprising men, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, at No. 81, Bishopsgate Street. They call it 'Nine Times Nine, or Magenta House.'"

"My dearest daughter, you may well call it wonderful. It is the wonder of the age. Brown, Jones, and Robinson sell everything; but not only that,—they sell everything good; and not only that—they sell everything cheap. Whenever your wants induce you to make purchases, you may always be sure of receiving full value for your money at the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson."

In this way, by efforts such as these, which were never allowed to flag for a single hour,—by a continued series of original composition which, as regards variety and striking incidents, was, perhaps, never surpassed,—a great and stirring trade was established within six months of the opening day. By this time Mr. Brown had learned to be silent on the subject of advertising, and had been brought to confess, more than once, that the subject was beyond his comprehension.

"I am an old man, George," he said once, "and all this seems to be new."

"If it be not new, it is nothing," answered Robinson.

"I don't understand it," continued the old man; "I don't pretend to understand it; I only hope that it's right."

The conduct which Jones was disposed to pursue gave much more trouble. He was willing enough to allow Robinson to have his own way, and to advertise in any shape or manner, but he was desirous of himself doing the same thing. It need hardly be pointed out here that this was a branch of trade for which he was peculiarly unsuited, and that his productions would be stale, inadequate, and unattractive. Nevertheless, he persevered, and it was only by direct interference at the printer's, that the publication of documents was prevented which would have been fatal to the interests of the firm.

"Do I meddle with you in the shop?" Robinson would say to him.

"You haven't the personal advantages which are required for meeting the public," Jones would answer.

"Nor have you the mental advantages without which original composition is impossible."

In spite of all these difficulties a considerable trade was established within six months, and the shop was usually crowded. As a drawback to this, the bills at the printer's and at the stationer's had become very heavy, and Robinson was afraid to disclose their amount to his senior partner. But nevertheless he persevered. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he repeated to himself, over and over again,—the fair lady for whom his heart sighed being at this time Commercial Success.

Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum. That should be the motto of the house. He failed, however, altogether in making it intelligible to Mr. Brown.

CHAPTER XI.

JOHNSON OF MANCHESTER.

IT was about eight months after the business had been opened that a circumstance took place which gave to the firm a reputation which for some few days was absolutely metropolitan. The affair was at first fortuitous, but advantage was very promptly taken of all that occurred; no chance was allowed to pass by unimproved; and there was, perhaps, as much genuine talent displayed in the matter as though the whole had been designed from the beginning. The transaction was the more important as it once more brought Mr. Robinson and Maryanne Brown together, and very nearly effected a union between them. It was not, however, written in the book that such a marriage should ever be celebrated, and the renewal of love which for a time gave such pleasure to the young lady's father, had no other effect than that of making them in their subsequent quarrels more bitter than ever to each other.

It was about midwinter when the circumstances now about to be narrated took place. Mr. Brown had gone down to the neighbourhood of Manchester for the purpose of making certain *bonâ-fide* purchases of coloured prints, and had there come to terms with a dealer. At this time there was a strike among the factories, and the goods became somewhat more scarce in the market, and, therefore, a trifle dearer than was ordinarily the case. From this arose the fact that the agreement made with Mr. Brown was not kept by the Lancashire house, and that the firm in Bishopsgate was really subjected to a certain amount of commercial ill-treatment.

"It is a cruel shame," said Mr. Brown—"a very cruel shame; when a party in trade has undertaken a transaction with another party, no consideration should hinder that party from being as good as his word. A tradesman's word should be his bond." This purchase down among the factories had been his own special work, and he had been proud of it. He was, moreover, a man who could ill tolerate any ill-usage from others. "Can't we do anything to them, George? Can't we make them bankrupts?"

"If we could, what good would that do us?" said Robinson. "We must put up with it."

"I'd bring an action against them," said Jones.

"And spend thirty or forty pounds with the lawyers," said Robinson. "No; we will not be such fools as that. But we might advertise the injury."

"Advertise the injury," said Mr. Brown, with his eyes wide open. By this time he had begun to understand that the depth of his partner's finesse was not to be fathomed by his own unaided intelligence.

"And spend as much money in that as with the lawyers," said Jones.

"Probably more," said Robinson, very calmly. "We promised the public in our last week's circular that we should have these goods."

"Of course we did," said Mr. Brown; "and now the public will be deceived!" And he lifted up his hands in horror at the thought.

"We'll advertise it," said Robinson again; and then for some short space he sat with his head resting on his hands. "Yes, we'll advertise it. Leave me for awhile, that I may compose the notices."

Mr. Brown, after gazing at him for a moment with a countenance on which wonder and admiration were strongly written, touched his other partner on the arm, and led him from the room.

The following day was Saturday, which at Magenta House was always the busiest day of the week. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the shop would become thronged, and from that hour up to ten at night nearly as much money was taken as during all the week besides. On that Saturday at about noon the following words were to be read at each of the large sheets of glass in the front of the house. They were printed, of course, on magenta paper, and the corners and margins were tastefully decorated:—

"Brown, Jones, and Robinson, having been greatly deceived by Johnson of Manchester, are not able to submit to the public the 40,000 new specimens of

English prints, as they had engaged to do, on this day. But they beg to assure their customers and the public in general that they will shortly do so, however tremendous may be the sacrifice."

"But it was Staleybridge," said Mr. Brown, "and the man's name was Pawkins."

"And you would have me put up 'Pawkins of Staleybridge,' and thus render the firm liable to an indictment for libel? Are not Pawkins and Johnson all the same to the public?"

"But there is sure to be some Johnson at Manchester."

"There are probably ten, and therefore no man can say that he is meant. I ascertained that there were three before I ventured on the name."

On that afternoon some trifling sensation was created in Bishopsgate Street, and a few loungers were always on the pavement reading the notice. Robinson went out from time to time, and heard men as they passed talking of Johnson of Manchester. "It will do," said he. "You will see that it will do. By seven o'clock on next Saturday evening I will have the shop so crowded that women who are in shall be unable to get out again."

That notice remained up on Saturday evening, and till twelve on Monday, at which hour it was replaced by the following:—

"Johnson of Manchester has proved himself utterly unable to meet his engagement. The public of the metropolis, however, may feel quite confident that Brown, Jones, and Robinson will not allow any provincial manufacturer to practise such dishonesty on the City with impunity."

The concourse of persons outside then became much greater, and an audible hum of voices not unfrequently reached the ears of those within. During this trying week Mr. Jones, it must be acknowledged, did not play his part badly. It had come home to him in some manner that this peculiar period was of vital importance to the house, and on each day he came down to business dressed in his very best. It was pleasant to see him as he stood at the door, shining with bear's grease, loaded with gilt chains, glittering with rings, with the lappets of his coat thrown back so as to show his frilled shirt and satin waistcoat. There he stood, rubbing his hands and looking out upon the people as though he scorned to notice them. As regards intellect, mind, apprehension, there was nothing to be found in the personal appearance of Jones, but he certainly possessed an amount of animal good looks which had its weight with weak-minded females.

The second notice was considered sufficient to attract notice on Monday and Tuesday. On the latter day it became manifest that the conduct of Johnson of Manchester had grown to be matter of public interest, and the firm was aware that persons from a distance were congregating in Bishopsgate Street, in order that they might see with their own eyes the notices at Magenta House.

Early on the Wednesday, the third of the series appeared. It was very short, and ran as follows:—

"Johnson of Manchester is off!"
"The police are on his track!"

This exciting piece of news was greedily welcomed by the walking public, and a real crowd had congregated on the pavement by noon. A little after that time, while Mr. Brown was still at dinner with his daughter upstairs, a policeman called and begged to see some member of the firm. Jones, whose timidity was overwhelming, immediately sent for Mr. Brown; and he, also embarrassed, knocked at the door of Mr. Robinson's little room, and asked for counsel.

"The Peelers are here, George," he said. "I knew there'd be a row."

"I hope so," said Robinson; "I most sincerely hope so."

As he stood up to answer his senior partner he saw that Miss Brown was standing behind her father, and he resolved that, as regarded this occasion, he would not be taunted with want of spirit.

"But what shall I say to the man?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Give him a shilling and a glass of spirits; beg him to keep the people quiet outside, and promise him cold beef and beer at three o'clock. If he runs rusty, send for me." And then, having thus instructed the head of the house, he again seated himself before his writing materials at the table.

"Mr. Robinson," said a soft voice, speaking to him through the doorway, as soon as the ponderous step of the old man was heard descending the stairs.

"Yes; I am here," said he.

"I don't know whether I may open the door," said she; "for I would not for worlds intrude upon your studies."

He knew that she was a Harpy. He knew that her soft words would only bring him to new grief. But yet he could not help himself. Strong, in so much else, he was utterly weak in her hands. She was a Harpy who would claw out his heart and feed upon it, without one tender feeling of her own. He had learned to read her character, and to know her for what she was. But yet he could not help himself.

"There will be no intrusion," he said. "In half an hour from this time, I go with this copy to the printer's. Till then I am at rest."

"At rest!" said she. "How sweet it must be to rest after labours such as yours! Though you and I are two, Mr. Robinson, who was once one, still I hear of you, and——sometimes think of you."

"I am surprised that you should turn your thoughts to anything so insignificant," he replied.

"Ah! that is so like you. You are so scornful, and so proud,—and never so proud as when pretending to be humble. I sometimes think that it is better that you and I are two, because you are so proud. What could a poor girl like me have done to satisfy you?"

False and cruel that she was! 'Tis thus that the basilisk charms the poor bird that falls a victim into its jaws.

"It is better that we should have parted," said he. "Though I still love you with my whole heart, I know that it is better."

"Oh, Mr. Robinson!"

"And I would that your nuptials with that man in Aldersgate Street were already celebrated."

"Oh, you cruel, heartless man!"

"For then I should be able to rest. If you were once another's, I should then know——"

"You would know what, Mr. Robinson?"

"That you could never be mine. Maryanne!"

"Sir!"

"If you would not have me disgrace myself for ever by my folly, leave me now."

"Disgrace yourself! I'm sure you'll never do that. 'Whatever happens George Robinson will always act the gentleman,' I have said of you, times after times, both to father and to William Brisket. 'So he will!' father has answered. And then William Brisket has said—— I don't know whether I ought to tell you what he said. But what he said was this—'If you're so fond of the fellow, why don't you have him?'"

All this was false, and Robinson knew that it was false. No such conversation had ever passed. Nevertheless, the pulses of his heart were stirred.

"Tell me this," said he. "Are you his promised wife?"

"Laws, Mr. Robinson!"

"Answer me honestly, if you can. Is that man to be your husband? If it be so it will be well for him, and well for you, but, above all, it will be well for me, that we should part. And if it be so, why have you come hither to torment me?"

"To torment you, George!"

"Yes; to torment me!" And then he rose suddenly from his feet, and advanced with rapid step and fierce gesture towards the astonished girl. "Think you that love such as mine is no torment? Think you that I have no heart, no feeling; that this passion which tears me in pieces can exist without throwing a cloud upon my life? With you, as I know too well, all is calm and tranquil. Your bosom boils with no ferment. It has never boiled. It will never boil. It can never boil. It is better for you so. You will marry that man, whose house is good, and whose furniture has been paid for. From his shop will come to you your daily meals,—and you will be happy. Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. Adieu."

"Oh, George, are you going so?"

"Yes; I am going. Why should I stay? Did I not with my own hand in this room renounce you?"

"Yes; you did, George. You did renounce me, and that's what's killing me. So it is,—killing me." Then she threw herself into a chair and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Would that we could all die," he said, "and that everything should end. But now I go to the printer's. Adieu, Maryanne."

"But we shall see each other occasionally—as friends?"

"To what purpose? No; certainly not as friends. To me such a trial would be beyond my strength." And then he seized the copy from the table, and taking his hat from the peg, he hurried out of the room.

"As William is so stiff about the money, I don't know whether it wouldn't be best after all," said she, as she took herself back to her father's apartments.

Mr. Brown, when he met the policeman, found that that excellent officer was open to reason, and that when properly addressed he did not actually insist on the withdrawal of the notice from the window. "Every man's house is his castle, you know," said Mr. Brown. To this the policeman demurred, suggesting that the law quoted did not refer to crowded thoroughfares. But when invited to a collation at three o'clock, he remarked that he might as well abstain from action till that hour, and that he would in the meantime confine his beat to the close vicinity of Magenta House. A friendly arrangement grew out of this, which for awhile was convenient to both parties, and two policemen remained in the front of the house, and occasionally entered the premises in search of refreshment.

After breakfast on the Thursday the fourth notice was put up:—

"The public of London will be glad to learn that Brown, Jones, and Robinson have recovered the greatest part of their paper which was in the hands of Johnson of Manchester. Bills to the amount of fifteen thousand pounds are, however, still missing."

It was immediately after this that the second policeman was considered to be essentially necessary. The whole house, including the young men and women of the shop, were animated with an enthusiasm which spread itself even to the light porter of the establishment. The conduct of Johnson, and his probable fate, were discussed aloud among those who believed in him, while they who were incredulous communicated their want of faith to each other in whispers. Mr. Brown was smiling, affable, and happy; and Jones arrived on the Friday morning with a new set of turquoise studs in his shirt. Why men and women should have come to the house for gloves, stockings, and ribbons, because Johnson of Manchester was said to have run away, it may be difficult to explain. But such undoubtedly was the fact, and the sales during that week were so great, as to make it seem that actual commercial prosperity was at hand.

"If we could only keep up the ball!" said Robinson.

"Couldn't we change it to Tomkins of Leeds next week?" suggested Jones.

"I rather fear that the joke might be thought stale," replied Robinson, with a good-natured smile. "There is nothing so fickle as the taste of the public. The most popular author of the day can never count on favour for the next six months." And he bethought himself that, great as he was at the present moment, he also might be eclipsed, and perhaps forgotten, before the posters which he was then preparing had been torn down or become soiled.

On the Friday no less than four letters appeared in the daily Jupiter, all dated from Manchester, all signed by men of the name of Johnson, and all denying that the writer of that special letter had had any dealings whatever with Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of Bishopsgate Street, London.

There was "Johnson Brothers," "Johnson and Co.," "Alfred Johnson and Son," and "Johnson and Johnson;" and in one of those letters a suggestion was made that B., J., and R., of London, should state plainly who was the special Johnson that had gone off with the paper belonging to their house.

"I know we shall be detected," said Mr. Brown, upon whose feelings these letters did not act favourably.

"There is nothing to detect," said Robinson; "but I will write a letter to the editor."

This he did, stating that for reasons which must be quite obvious to the commercial reading public, it would be very unwise in the present state of affairs to give any detailed description of that Mr. Johnson who had been named; but that B., J., and R. were very happy to be able to certify that that Mr. Johnson who had failed in his engagements to them was connected neither with Johnson Brothers, or Johnson and Co.; nor with Alfred Johnson and Son, or Johnson and Johnson. This also acted as an advertisement, and no doubt brought grist to the mill.

On the evening of that same Friday a small note in a scented envelope was found by Robinson on his table when he returned upstairs from the shop. Well did he know the handwriting, and often in earlier days had he opened such notes with mixed feelings of joy and triumph. All those past letters had been kept by him, and were now lying under lock and key in his desk, tied together with green silk, ready to be returned when the absolute fact of that other marriage should have become a certainty. He half made up his mind to return the present missive unopened. He knew that good could not arise from a renewed correspondence. Nevertheless, he tore asunder the envelope, and the words which met his eye were as follows:—

"Miss Brown's compliments to Mr. Robinson, and will Mr. Robinson tea with us in papa's room on Saturday, at six o'clock? There will be nobody else but Mr. and Mrs. Poppins, that used to be Miss Twizzle. Papa, perhaps, will have to go back to the shop when he's done tea. Miss Brown hopes Mr. Robinson will remember old days, and not make himself scornful."

"Scornful!" said he. "Ha! ha! Yes; I scorn her—I do scorn her. But still I love her." Then he sat down and accepted the invitation.

"Mr. Robinson presents his compliments to Miss Brown, and will do himself the honour of accepting her kind invitation for to-morrow evening. Mr. Robinson begs to assure Miss Brown that he would have great pleasure in meeting any of Miss Brown's friends whom she might choose to ask."

"Psha!" said Maryanne, when she read it. "It would serve him right to ask Bill. And I would, too, only——" Only it would hardly have answered her purpose, she might have said, had she spoken out her mind freely.

In the meantime the interest as to Johnson of Manchester was reaching its climax. At ten o'clock on Saturday morning each division of the

window was nearly covered by an enormous bill, on which in very large letters it was stated that—

"Johnson of Manchester has been taken."

From that till twelve the shop was inundated by persons who were bent on learning what was the appearance and likeness of Johnson. Photographers came to inquire in what gaol he was at present held, and a man who casts heads in plaster of Paris was very intent upon seeing him. No information could, of course, be given by the men and women behind the counters. Among them there was at present raging a violent discussion as to the existence or non-existence of Johnson. It was pleasant to hear Jones repeating the circumstances to the senior partner. "Mr. Brown, there's Miss Glassbrook gone over to the anti-Johnsonites. I think we ought to give her a month's notice." To those who inquired of Mr. Brown himself, he merely lifted up his hands and shook his head. Jones professed that he believed the man to be in the underground cells of Newgate.

The bill respecting Johnson's capture remained up for two hours, and then it was exchanged for another :—

"Johnson has escaped, but no expense shall be spared in his recapture."

At four in the afternoon the public was informed as follows :—

"Johnson has got off, and sailed for America."

And then there was one other, which closed the play late on Saturday evening :—

"Brown, Jones, and Robinson beg to assure the public that they shall be put out of all suspense early on Monday morning."

"And what shall we really say to them on Monday?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Robinson. "The thing will be dead by that time. If they call, say that he's in Canada."

"And won't there be any more about it?"

"Nothing, I should think. We, however, have gained our object. The house will be remembered, and so will the name of Brown, Jones, and Robinson."

And it was so. When the Monday morning came the windows were without special notices, and the world walked by in silence, as though Johnson of Manchester had never existed. Some few eager inquirers called at the shop, but they were answered easily; and before the afternoon the name had almost died away behind the counters. "I knew I was right," said Miss Glassbrook, and Mr. Jones heard her say so.

In and about the shop Johnson of Manchester was heard of no more, but in Mr. Brown's own family there was still a certain interest attached to the name. How it came about that this was so, shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

IN the commercial world of London there was one man who was really anxious to know what were the actual facts of the case with reference to Johnson of Manchester. This was Mr. William Brisket, whose mind at this time was perplexed by grievous doubts. He was called upon to act in a case of great emergency, and was by no means sure that he saw his way. It had been hinted to him by Miss Brown, on the one side, that it behoved her to look to herself, and take her pigs to market without any more shilly-shallying,—by which expression the fair girl had intended to signify that it would suit her now to name his wedding-day. And he had been informed by Mr. Brown, on the other side, that that sum of five hundred pounds should be now forthcoming;—or, if not actually the money, Mr. Brown's promissory note at six months should be handed to him, dated from the day of his marriage with Maryanne.

Under these circumstances, he did not see his way. That the house in Bishopsgate Street was doing a large business he did not doubt. He visited the place often, and usually found the shop crowded. But he did doubt whether that business was very lucrative. It might be that the whole thing was a bubble, and that it would be burst before that bill should have been honoured. In such case, he would have saddled himself with an empty-handed wife, and would decidedly not have seen his way. In this emergency he went to Jones and asked his advice. Jones told him confidentially that, though the bill of the firm for five thousand pounds would be as good as paper from the Bank of England, the bill of Mr. Brown himself as an individual would be worth nothing.

Although Mr. Brisket had gone to Jones as a friend, there had been some very sharp words between them before they separated. Brisket knew well enough that all the ready money at the command of the firm had belonged to Mr. Brown, and he now took upon himself to say that Maryanne had a right to her share. Jones replied that there was no longer anything to share, and that Maryanne's future husband must wait for her fortune till her father could pay it out of his income. "I couldn't see my way like that; not at all," said Brisket. And then there had been high words between them.

It was at this time that the first act of Johnson of Manchester's little comedy was being played, and people in Mr. Brisket's world were beginning to talk about the matter. "They must be doing a deal of trade," said one. "Believe me, it is all flash and sham," said another. "I happen to know that old Brown did go down to Manchester and see Johnson there," said the first. "There is no such person at all," said the second. So this went on till Mr. Brisket resolved that his immediate matrimony should depend on the reality of Johnson's existence. If it should appear that Johnson, with all his paper, was a false meteor; that no one had deceived the metropolitan public; that no one had been taken

and had then escaped, he would tell Miss Brown that he did not see his way. The light of his intelligence told him that promissory notes from such a source, even though signed by all the firm, would be illusory. If, on the other hand, Johnson of Manchester had been taken, then, he thought, he might accept the bill and wife.

"Maryanne," he said to the young lady early on that day on which she had afterwards had her interview with Robinson, "what's all this about Johnson of Manchester?"

"I know nothing about your Johnsons, nor yet about your Manchesters," said Miss Brown, standing with her back to her lover. At this time she was waxing wroth with him, and had learned to hate his voice, when he would tell her that he had not yet seen his way.

"That's all very well, Maryanne; but I must know something before I go on."

"Who wants you to go on? Not I, I'm sure; nor anybody belonging to me. If I do hate anything, it's them mercenary ways. There's one who really loves me, who'd be above asking for a shilling, if I'd only put out my hand to him."

"If you say that again, Maryanne, I'll punch his head."

"You're always talking of punching people's heads; but I don't see you do so much. I shouldn't wonder if you don't want to punch my head some of these days."

"Maryanne, I never riz hand to a woman yet."

"And you'd better not, as far as I'm concerned,—not as long as the pokers and tongs are about." And then there was silence between them for awhile.

"Maryanne," he began again, "can't you find out about this Johnson?"

"No; I can't," said she.

"You'd better."

"Then I won't," said she.

"I'll tell you what it is, then, Maryanne. I don't see my way the least in life about this money."

"Drat your way! Who cares about your way?"

"That's all very fine, Maryanne; but I care. I'm a man as is as good as my word, and always was. I defy Brown, Jones, and Robinson to say that I'm off, carrying anybody's paper. And as for paper, it's a thing as I knows nothing about, and never wish. When a man comes to paper, it seems to me there's a very thin wall betwixt him and the gutter. When I buys a score of sheep or so, I pays for them down; and when I sells a leg of mutton, I expects no less myself. I don't owe a shilling to no one, and don't mean; and the less that any one owes me, the better I like it. But, Maryanne, when a man trades in that way, a man must see his way. If he goes about in the dark, or with his eyes shut, he's safe to get a fall. Now about this five hundred pound; if I could only see my way——"

As to the good sense of Mr. Brisket's remarks, there was no difference

of opinion between him and his intended wife. Miss Brown would at that time have been quite contented to enter into partnership for life on those terms. And though these memoirs are written with the express view of advocating a theory of trade founded on quite a different basis, nevertheless, it may be admitted that Mr. Brisket's view of commerce has its charms, presuming that a man has the wherewithal. But such a view is apt to lose its charms in female eyes if it be insisted on too often, or too violently. Maryanne had long since given in her adhesion to Mr. Brisket's theory; but now, weary with repetition of the lesson, she was disposed to rebel.

"Now, William Brisket," she said, "just listen to me. If you talk to me again about seeing your way, you may go and see it by yourself. I'm not so badly off that I'm going to have myself twitted at in that way. If you don't like me, you can do the other thing. And this I will say, when a gentleman has spoken his mind free to a lady, and a lady has given her answer free back to him, it's a very mean thing for a gentleman to be saying so much about money after that. Of course, a girl has got herself to look to; and if I take up with you, why, of course, I have to say, 'Stand off,' to any other young man as may wish to keep me company. Now, there's one as shall be nameless that wouldn't demean himself to say a word about money."

"Because he ain't got none himself, as I take it."

"He's a partner in a first-rate commercial firm. And I'll tell you what, William Brisket, I'll not hear a word said against him, and I'll not be put upon myself. So now I wishes you good morning." And so she left him.

Brisket, when he was alone, scratched his head, and thought wistfully of his love. "I should like to see my way," said he. "I always did like to see my way. And as for that old man's bit of paper——" Then he relapsed once again into silence.

It was within an hour of all this that Maryanne had followed her father to George Robinson's room. She had declared her utter indifference as to Johnson of Manchester; but yet it might, perhaps, be as well that she should learn the truth. From her father she had tried to get it, but he had succeeded in keeping her in the dark. To Jones it would be impossible that she should apply; but from Robinson she might succeed in obtaining his secret. She had heard, no doubt, of Samson and Delilah, and thought she knew the way to the strong man's locks. And might it not be well for her to forget that other Samson, and once more to trust herself to her father's partners? When she weighed the two young tradesmen one against the other, balancing their claims with such judgment as she possessed, she doubted much as to her choice. She thought that she might be happy with either—but then it was necessary that the other dear charmer should be away. As to Robinson, he would marry her, she knew, at once, without any stipulations. As to Brisket—if Brisket should be her ultimate choice—it would be necessary that she should either

worry her father out of the money, or else cheat her lover into the belief that the money would be forthcoming. Having taken all these circumstances into consideration, she invited Mr. Robinson to tea.

Mr. Brown was there, of course, and so also were Mr. and Mrs. Poppins. When Robinson entered, they were already at the tea-table, and the great demerits of Johnson of Manchester were under discussion.

"Now Mr. Robinson will tell us everything," said Mrs. Poppins. "It's about Johnson, you know. Where has he gone to, Mr. Robinson?" But Robinson professed that he did not know.

"He knows well enough," said Maryanne, "only he's so close. Now do tell us."

"He'll tell *you* anything *you* choose to ask him," said Mrs. Poppins.

"Tell me anything! Not him, indeed. What does he care for me?"

"I'm sure he would if he only knew what you were saying before he came into the room."

"Now don't, Polly!

"Oh, but I shall! because it's better he should know."

"Now, Polly, if you don't hold your tongue, I'll be angry! Mr. Robinson is nothing to me, and never will be, I'm sure. Only, if he'd do me the favour, as a friend, to tell us about Mr. Johnson, I'd take it kind of him."

In the meantime Mr. Brown and his young married guest were discussing things commercial on their own side of the room, and Poppins, also, was not without a hope that he might learn the secret. Poppins had rather despised the firm at first, as not a few others had done, distrusting all their earlier assurances as to trade bargains, and having been even unmoved by the men in armour. But the great affair of Johnson of Manchester had overcome even his doubts, and he began to feel that it was a privilege to be noticed by the senior partner in a house which could play such a game as that. It was not that Poppins believed in Johnson, or that he thought that 15,000*l.* of paper had at any time been missing. But, nevertheless, the proceeding had affected his mind favourably with reference to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and brought it about that he now respected them—and, perhaps, feared them a little, though he had not respected or feared them heretofore. Had he been the possessor of a wholesale house of business, he would not now have dared to refuse them goods on credit, though he would have done so before Johnson of Manchester had become known to the world. It may therefore be surmised that George Robinson had been right, and that he had understood the ways of British trade when he composed the Johnsonian drama.

"Indeed, I'd rather not, Mr. Poppins," said Mr. Brown. "Secrets in trade should be secrets. And though Mr. Johnson has done us a deal of mischief, we don't want to expose him."

"But you've been exposing him ever so long," pleaded Poppins.

"Now, Poppins," said that gentleman's wife, "don't you be troubling Mr. Brown. He's got other things to think of than answering your ques-

tions. I should like to know myself, I own, because all the town's talking about it. And it does seem odd to me that Maryanne shouldn't know."

"I don't, then," said Maryanne. "And I do think when a lady asks a gentleman, the least thing a gentleman can do is to tell. But I shan't ask no more—not of Mr. Robinson. I was thinking——But never mind, Polly. Perhaps it's best as it is."

"Would you have me betray my trust?" said Robinson. "Would you esteem me the more because I had deceived my partners? If you think that I am to earn your love in that way, you know but little of George Robinson." Then he got up, preparing to leave the room, for his feelings were too many for him.

"Stop, George, stop," said Mr. Brown.

"Let him go," said Maryanne.

"If he goes away now I shall think him as hard as Adam," said Mrs. Poppins.

"There's three to one again him," said Mr. Poppins to himself. "What chance can he have?" Mr. Poppins may probably have gone through some such phase of life himself.

"Let him go," said Maryanne again. "I wish he would. And then let him never show himself here again."

"George Robinson, my son, my son!" exclaimed the old man.

It must be understood that Robinson had heard all this, though he had left the room. Indeed, it may be surmised that had he been out of hearing the words would not have been spoken. He heard them, for he was still standing immediately beyond the door, and was irresolute whether he would depart or whether he would return.

"George Robinson, my son, my son!" exclaimed the old man again.

"He shall come back!" said Mrs. Poppins, following him out of the door. "He shall come back, though I have to carry him myself!"

"Polly," said Maryanne, "if you so much as whisper a word to ask him, I'll never speak to you the longest day you have to live."

But the threat was thrown away upon Mrs. Poppins, and, under her auspices, Robinson was brought back into the room. "Maryanne," said he, "will you renounce William Brisket?"

"Laws, George!" said she.

"Of course she will," said Mrs. Poppins, "and all the pomps and vanities besides."

"My son, my son!" said old Brown, lifting up both his hands. "My daughter, my daughter! My children, my children!" And then he joined their hands together and blessed them.

He blessed them, and then went down into the shop. But before the evening was over, Delilah had shorn Samson of his locks. "And so there wasn't any Johnson after all," said she.

But Robinson, as he returned home, walked again upon roses.

The First Principle of Physiognomy.

In the paper on Physiognomy which appeared in the last number of this Magazine, it was stated that the want of trustworthy portraits is one of the main causes that have retarded the science, and that henceforth we may hope to have this want adequately supplied by means of the photograph. The remark is open to two objections, which it may be worth while to consider before we go any further. It may be said, that the physiognomist should be independent of portraits, seeing he has living faces to study; and it may be added, that if portraits are indeed essential to the success of his studies, surely it is not to be supposed that the paintings of such men as Titian, Vandyke and Reynolds are unreliable, and to be surpassed by the mechanical tricks of the laboratory.

It cannot be difficult to explain why living faces are not enough for the physiognomist. For the purposes of comparison, he needs marked characters and picked specimens. More is to be learned from the head of a Shakspeare, and from the head of a Shakspeare compared with that of a Goethe, than from the examination of a thousand ordinary men. But how often does a Shakspeare, even of the third-rate order, appear in the history of the world? And how many of the contemporaries of this third-rate Shakspeare ever have a chance of seeing him? The best collection of portraits would no doubt be of little use to the interpreter who is not intimately acquainted with living faces; but to him who has that knowledge, they, and they alone, provide the means of making large and safe generalisations. The sculptures on the temples of Luxor and Karnac prove to us that the Jewish type of face is now what it was three thousand years ago, and assure us of the stability of physiognomical signs. Again, we put together the heads of the chief musicians, and no one can help observing in all the greatest—Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven—the presence of a nervous in remarkable combination with a lymphatic temperament. Yet again we look at the three peoples who are the most famous for musical skill—Italians, Germans, and Jews; it is to note in them generally a temperament half nervous, half lymphatic—in which the nervous volatility is rendered sufficiently passive by abundance of phlegm. To sustain and to verify such generalisations as these, portraiture is absolutely essential; and nothing is more curious than to see the straits to which the older physiognomists, who had no portraits at hand, were driven in order to satisfy the natural craving of the human mind for generalisation of some sort. The only kind of generalisation which they felt quite sure about was this—to classify men's heads according to their resemblance to certain animals—the bull, the ass, the hog, the lion. In tracing this resemblance, they

were doubtless much aided by the spirit of old poetry, which taught men the unity of life throughout the world. In the legendary lore of their childhood, the races of men seemed to claim kindred with the lion, and to seek the friendship of the horse; a churl might any day be turned into a bear, and a cat might any day prove to be a princess. With a lurking sense of this relationship, and with a vivid idea of the differences between beast and beast, the old physiognomist set to work to classify his fellowmen according to their bestial similarities. In one of his chapters, Lavater quotes from a German work published in 1594 a statement to this effect—"A narrow forehead announces a man indocile and voracious." In no small bewilderment he remarks on the oracular announcement—"The first of these assertions is true, but I do not see how voracity can depend on the narrowness of the forehead." Perhaps, also, the reader will be as puzzled as Lavater to discover the connection between indocility, voracity, and the narrow forehead. The connection lies merely in the fancy that people with narrow foreheads are like pigs. They must, therefore, be intractable and gluttonous. The idea is repeated distinctly in this connection by at least half a dozen of the old authors who treat of physiognomy. One of them, quoted afterwards by Lavater himself, says—"A narrow forehead denotes a man indocile, slovenly, voracious, and a glutton; he is like a hog." And so of other characteristics. People with large foreheads are supposed to be dull, because they are like oxen; people with square foreheads magnanimous, because they resemble lions. As far back as Aristotle it was said that those who have a neck small, delicate, and long, are like the stag—timid. These are the only generalisations which the physiognomists, before they had portraits at their command, were able to afford. Not until portraits were multiplied, and by the art of the engraver rendered accessible to all, was the rise of a Lavater possible.

It is equally true that with such portraits and engravings of portraits as we have had, it has been utterly impossible to get beyond the nebulous science of a Lavater. We required the photograph. Certainly it looks a hard thing to say that the great portrait-painters are not to be trusted. Is it to be supposed that these masters did not know their business, and have failed to give us correct likenesses of the persons who sat to them? It must be remembered that to give a general likeness is one of the easiest strokes of art. With half-a-dozen lines the image is complete, as anyone may see in the million wood-engravings of the day; while at the same time it would be difficult to gather from these rough sketches, where two dots go for the eyes and a scratch for the mouth, what is the precise anatomy of any one feature. So while we can accept as in the main truthful the portraits that have come down to us, it is impossible to place perfect reliance on any particular lineament. Take the upper lip, for example. This is perhaps the feature of the face which not only the portrait-painters, but likewise all the copiers of the human form, have most trifled with We can often accept the lower lip that they give, but

the upper is a myth. Then of this upper lip, we can sometimes rest content with the corners, the artist looking chiefly to these for the expression, but of the middle part we can never be certain, except in the knowledge that nineteen times out of twenty it is false. There is a form of this part somewhat like a Cupid's bow, which is considered the most beautiful, and which the painters are always repeating. The centre of its upper line comes down to a sharp point, and the centre of its under line falls into a point rather less sharp, and forming a little ball or drop that sometimes delicately clasps the lower lip, sometimes (especially in Raphael's heads) hangs loose above it, and parted from it. From these two points the lines sweep away on either side in two pairs of ogee curves, which are now and then caricatured (very frequently by Vandyke) in the undulations of the moustache above. Such is Raphael's favourite lip: he hardly ever has a face without it. One would fancy that all the people of Vandyke's acquaintance had it. Kneller is great in it; so is Fuseli. Sir Thomas Lawrence gives it with a vengeance to all his sitters—curling the curves, and making the little drop in the centre almost drip. The painters are never satisfied without it, and give it to all their heads alike—to Cortes as well as to Cervantes, to Descartes as well as to Shakspeare, to Arkwright not less than to Schiller and Goethe. What the painters do badly, the engravers do worse; and so this lovely lip is rendered vulgar and meaningless. Belonging to a few, and that few a defined class, it is represented as the common property of all. Nothing short of the photograph can correct this uncertainty, and make the physiognomist feel that he is on sure ground. The photographs produced by such men as Mayall, Dickenson, Silvy, and Watkin leave little to be desired. Nothing more truthful, and nothing cheaper. A collection of good portraits is now within everybody's means; and everybody is making a collection. Let us hope that something will one day come of these numerous collections

Be our materials what they may, it must be confessed that whereas the first glimpse of them fills us with hope of the science, a second often leads us to despair of it. It is some time before we can fully grasp the first principle of the science, and not till we do grasp it in its entirety can we see anything before us but heaps of details innumerable as the sand on the shore—an infinite chaos of infinitesimal facts. The moment we understand that principle and can follow it out, however dimly, we begin to feel, not indeed that we are physiognomists, not that we have made much way in the science, but that at least we have a solid base beneath our feet, that we have a clue in our hands, and that we can go on sounding our way. That principle is expressed in the statement to which, last month, I made a passing reference, that the human form is in all its features homogeneous. To speak paradoxically, the whole is in every part. Everybody understands that if in a symmetrical countenance a very slight change be made in one of the features, the balance is gone

and the countenance is no more. This is no doubt what Fuseli meant when he said, that if you take from Apollo's nose the tenth part of an inch the god is lost. But people do not ordinarily imagine that what is thus true of regular features is also true of irregular. A very slight alteration will shatter the unity of character and render the physiognomy unmeaning. There are painters who labour under the delusion that they can make up a face in parts, joining this beautiful mouth to that beautiful nose, choosing out the fairest eyes to light them up, and crowning the whole with lovely brows borrowed indifferently from Venus or from the Virgin. The result is a mere caricature, and generally one remarkable for stupidity of expression. Upon this point an anonymous author quoted by Lavater makes an ingenious remark. He calls attention to the fact which everybody must have noticed, that the heads which are drawn by children and persons who have never learned how to use the pencil, are marked not so much by malignity or any other strong feeling, as by an utter want of feeling—the most blessed inanity. It is because they fail to perceive the harmony of features. If they have the power of drawing one feature well, they have not the art of putting another beside it which shall be in keeping; and the result is stupidity of expression.

What Professor Owen can make out of the single bone of an unknown animal is now an old story. His power of constructing the entire animal depends upon a law in comparative anatomy, to which the first principle of physiognomy is the counterpart. If it be true that animal forms generally are homogeneous, so that, given but one tooth, we can describe every bone of the beast to the last joint of the tail, is there any difficulty in going further and declaring that the human form is homogeneous in all its parts? To some extent, indeed, this homogeneousness is universally admitted. Thus, if a hand were stretched out to any of us through a lattice, we could gather from it a good many facts regarding the bust to which it belongs. We might not be so clever as the Chinese physicians, but at least we could make some shrewd and important guesses. In the first place, every shirtmaker knows that the circumference of the wrist is half that of the neck. Here is at once a decisive fact for those who can see in the various sizes of neck, and notably in the bull-neck, indications of character. Next, every artist knows that usually the length of the hand corresponds with that of the face. But if we can obtain in this way the measure of the face, we can be at no loss for the height of the forehead, for the length of the nose, and for the distance of the chin from the nose, inasmuch as most faces may be divided into three equal parts, embracing these three features. Nor is this all. The form of the hand will tell that of the face. The oval hand belongs to an oval face, and the oval face has almost always plump and shapely lips. Yet again, the hand shows the temperament as well as any other part of the body, and knowing the temperament we can state with some nicety the character and colour of the hair, the character and colour of the eyes, the relation of the lips to each other, the nature of the skin, and the general appearance. Probably

from the thumb some other hints might be obtained. Now all this is not enough, but still it is a great deal. It is a great deal to be able to infer so much of the face from a survey of the hand. But the most important of our inferences is to come, and it is that it must be our own faults if we are unable to infer the entire face from the hand. If we have been able to do so much, we ought to do much more. We have said nothing about the indications of the pulse, for instance, in which the medical man can detect ever so many distinct species of throbs. If we had the Chinese doctor here, who has all his life been studying hands, and who has learned to physic the celestials with considerable success, he would add not a few items to our information. Lavater somewhere says that the same power which has arched the skull has also arched the nail of every toe. Can any one who has fairly noted the delicate sensibility and nervous vitality of our finger points see any want of likelihood in the supposition that there is a direct relation between the form of our skulls and that of our finger nails? Of course this is only a supposition, but it well enough illustrates what we have a right to expect.

This law of homogeneousness, which teaches us that the whole is in every part, and that when any one part is given we have the means of predicting every other, is in no respect at variance with the fact that some members are more expressive than others. What it is opposed to is that phrenological method of research which would divide head and face into so many squares, and say, "Here and here alone is the index of wit; there and there alone is the organ of friendship." A small volume has during the past month been placed in my hands, written by a Dr. Redfield, in which the whole face is divided into little freeholds, very much as Gall divided the skull. On the arch of the cheek-bone is the chosen haunt of the medical faculty, and near it is that love of shadow which sick folk cultivate. On the ridge of the nose sits architectural genius, close at hand is the faculty of weaving, next comes the love of clothing, and next again the passion for the sea. If the hairs of your right eyebrow at the inner extremity are turned upwards, I may count on your gratitude; if those of the left eyebrow, I shall only get your respect. Those who have the front upper teeth well developed are republicans whom Robespierre might trust, and those who have the lower canine teeth strong are reformers whom the Reform Club may elect. Henceforth let no one be elected a member of the Reform Club until a dentist pronounces upon the character of his eye-teeth. This is the method of a poor philosophy, which begins in a low idea of the human mind and ends in false knowledge of the human physiognomy. The mind is not to be parted and parcelled in this way. "It moveth altogether if it move at all." When we love, it is the whole mind that loves; when we perceive, it is the whole mind that perceives. And this totality of action displays itself in totality of expression. I give a face on the next page in which my meaning will be evident. The most careless observer must detect in it a singular harmony. The lines repeat each other, and all lead to the same conclusion. The two

most important lines in this, as in every face, are those which represent the cleft of the mouth and the contour of the upper eyelid. They are almost horizontal, and of a similar character are a number of other lines, that of the under chin, that of the under part of the nose, that of the eyebrow, and that of the margin of the hair. We need no magician to tell us, that all through nature horizontal lines are the signs of stability and persistence; and that here we have a character in which steadfastness, verging on obstinacy, is the dominant feature. Now the point chiefly to be noticed is the unity of design in this face, so that while one part may be more expressive than another, they all more or less tell the same tale. The ruling disposition rules everywhere, and not least visibly in the short, wiry hair. But is it illogical to argue from the ruling disposition to the subordinate ones? If the man's pertinacity is expressed more or less in every feature, is it unreasonable to expect that so also should his love, his fidelity, and his judgment? We can trace distinctly the repetitions of the ruling temper, just as in other faces we can in all the features find the loving soul, or the sarcastic bent, or the thoughtful turn; just as in Napoleon's head we can detect the conquering spirit in the jaw, in the chin, in the upper lip, in the nose, in the cheekbone, in the brow; and just as in Shakspeare's countenance we can in all the parts see his dramatic susceptibility. Is it not a fair inference that though we cannot so easily trace them in every feature, the undercurrents of emotion are everywhere present?

Absolute as is this law of homogeneous features, there are three directions in which we must be careful how we apply it. They do not,

properly speaking, suggest limitations or contradictions of the law, but only modifications of it. In the first place, the physiognomies of the very young and of the very old require special treatment. Ordinarily the physiognomist is supposed to be dealing with the form in full bloom. But in watching the budding forms of youth, and the withering forms of age, we meet with signs and the want of signs which our first thought would interpret as contradictions. They are not contradictions, however, and our second thought would explain them by means of the law of latency. In the youth, half his faculties are to come, in the old man, half the faculties have died down; in both they are latent. Take a photograph of the Prince of Wales. Looking at the face, we are struck with a soft, girlish beauty, which reminds one chiefly of the Princess Charlotte, as she appears in Chalon's portrait. When we seek for manly vigour, we are rather disappointed till we come to the hand, and lo! in some of the photographs that hand is in violent contradiction of the face. It is the large, firm, strong fist of a man; and the explanation of the contradiction is that the hand usually arrives at its full development long before the headpiece. Passing to the other extremity of human life, we encounter the fact which Lavater points out, that rarely is a man laden with years to be seen whose physiognomy is frank and open, or exhibits the traits of a prepossessing generosity. Yet old age is not ungenerous, and notoriously it is frank even to garrulity. Strictly speaking, this is a fact, which, if it were of importance, would tell against physiognomy itself rather than against its prime law of homogeneousness; for the contradiction here is not between one feature and another, but between the features as a whole, and the mind of which they are supposed to be the dial plate. I select the fact, because it is perhaps the one most easily appreciable by a majority of readers. Who has not marked the parched, pinched, shut-up, self-absorbed look of age? And who does not see that when the whole body fails, its power of expression may well fail also? Eye, ear, and tongue, cease to do their work; and why should we expect that the wrinkled skin and the unstrung tissues should continue to fulfil their offices? "I knew a man of fifty years, and another of seventy," says Lavater, "both of whom while alive appeared to have no manner of resemblance to their children, and whose physiognomies belonged, if I may so express myself, to a class totally different. Two days after their death, the profile of the one became perfectly conformed to that of his eldest son, and the image of the other father might be distinctly traced in the third of his sons." In almost all old people, as well as in the young, there is a latency like this of hidden resemblance, and we have to explain the shortcomings and contrarieties of their features by constant reference to it.

Half the perplexities of physiognomy arise from studying the faces of the very young or the very old, and bringing to bear upon them unmodified the principles which we have reached in examining the faces of adults in their prime. Or it has been the other way: we have blundered with men's faces because we have been thinking of children's. It

is not generally known that the whole fabric of phrenology arose out of a mistake of this kind. Gall, when at school, observed that the boys who beat him in the class had prominent eyes. When at the University he observed that the youths distinguished in classics, and who had a talent for recitation, had the same prominent eye. He generalised the fact. He said that a protruding eye must be the special sign for a faculty of language; and having made this beginning, he went on finding more faculties, and awarding them little plots of skull for their habitation. He watched the boys who were best at birds'-nesting, and he found the faculty of birds'-nesting in a little lump above the eye, about the size of a split pea. Now the folly of this consists in the fact that the eyes and brows of children are quite different from the eyes and brows of men. All clever children have fine large eyes, and the brows are often so depressed that when the eyelid is shut a fly might have a nice level promenade from the forehead on to the middle of the ball. Mothers gaze upon the lovely large eyes of their babes, and expect to see equally large and lovely orbs when the babes become men and women. Unhappily for their anticipations, the eye sinks, while the dwarfed nose and flat brows of the child come out into the world and begin to assert their rights. I do not attempt to account for the fact. It may or may not be the result of displacement; but of the general law there can be no doubt, that normally the prominence of the eye is in the inverse ratio to that of the eyebone: and that when in its appointed season the frontal sinus begins to form, the nose to rise and the eyebone to project, then the supposed organ of language begins to retire. What the full forward eye of the boy signifies is not the gift of tongues, but perceptive power —his faculty of receiving impressions and acquiring knowledge. Now the faculty of learning languages is part of the boy's power of observation—much of his success depending on the same sort of skill as that which enables him to succeed in birds'-nesting—his sense of locality, how the verb looked upon the page. But depending on his power of observation, it is also the severest test to which that faculty can be subjected. And there is therefore this much truth in Gall's doctrine—that the boy who possesses the large, prominent eye will exhibit such a genius for observation as applied to language, the most difficult of his studies, will lead him to the top of his class. This, however, is very different from saying that the eye is the organ of language, and that it is so in men as well as in boys. The truth is, as above stated, that the eye becomes smaller with advancing years. Thought comes, droops the eyelid and loads the brow. Love comes, blinds the sight and half closes the eye. Action comes, frowns into work, and draws tense the lids and lashes of vision. Age comes with cruel crow feet, and puckers up the corners of the eye, so that at the period of life when the man is most apt to exercise his faculty of speech, and to be even garrulous, his eye is smallest. When Gall chose to see eloquence in the full, open eye of a man, he fell into a mistake similar to one committed by Lavater. The latter speaks of the half-open mouth, as the eloquent mouth. It is quite a mistake. The

half-open mouth is the listening mouth. Lavater seems to have been led away by a word. To speak is to open the mouth; therefore the speaker in repose ought to have an open mouth. This may be good in logic—but at any rate it is false in fact. The orator's mouth is a shut mouth; and the extent to which a mouth is open is merely a measure of the passiveness of character. The idiot, perfectly passive, has his mouth wide open, and his tongue lolling out; while, at the other extreme, the man who is intensely active has his lips compressed until sometimes they appear bloodless. Between these extremes there are infinite degrees, of which all we need say is that the active character of the orator will be indicated in the closing of his lips in repose, and that the half-open mouth indicates the receptive character of the listener. The reason of my dwelling upon the point is, that the half-open mouth goes with a full staring eye, which means precisely the same—impressibility. It represents not faculty (or active power), but capacity (or passive power). If ever we find an orator with the full large eye, we may rest assured that it is the index, not of his power of speech, but of his power of receiving and retaining impressions.

It was stated that in three directions the law of homogeneousness had to be modified, and that the first of these was in the examination of very youthful or very aged countenances. These present anomalies that demand special treatment. We now come to the second class of cases, and I do not think that I can explain what these are better than by taking a particular example, say, the late Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Disraeli, in the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, gives the following description of Peel:

"Sir Robert Peel was a very good-looking man. He was tall, and though of latter years he had become portly, had to the last a comely presence. Thirty years ago, when he was young and lithe, with curling brown

hair, he had a very radiant expression of countenance. His brow was very distinguished; not so much for its intellectual development, although that was of a high order, as for its remarkably frank expression, so different from his character in life. The expression of the brow might even be said to amount to beauty. The rest of the features did not, however, sustain this impression. The eye was not good; it was sly, and he had an awkward habit of looking askance. He had the fatal defect also of a long upper lip, and his mouth was compressed." To assist this description, I give a wood engraving from Lawrence's portrait of Peel, in which, to some extent, the radiant expression of the countenance is tolerably preserved.

Now in Mr. Disraeli's account of Peel's face, several things are to be noticed, but the chief is, that he insists upon a contradiction between the expression of the brow and that of the eye. The brow expressed frankness; the eye, artifice. Supposing this to be the case, the question at once rises, Which reading are we to take, that of the brow or that of the eye, and how are we to account for the contradiction? It will be seen, that according to Mr. Disraeli's view, Peel's brow gave the false, and his eye the true, expression of his character. According to physiognomy, however, the very reverse of this judgment ought to be passed, and I hope to show that physiognomy is right. So far from its being true that the "remarkably frank expression" of Peel's brow was "so different from his character in life," a deeper analysis will show that under a certain constraint of manner and superficial statecraft there was in him an irrepressible open nature. To prove this, we need not quote what the Duke of Wellington said of his perfect truthfulness—it will be enough to quote the testimony of Mr. Disraeli himself. In the same chapter from which has been taken the foregoing description he says of Peel, that "he had a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others. Instead of being cold and wary, as was commonly supposed, he was impulsive and even inclined to rashness. When he was ambiguous, unsatisfactory, reserved, tortuous, it was that he was perplexed, that he did not see his way, that the routine which he had admirably administered failed him, and that his own mind was not constructed to create a substitute for the custom which was crumbling away. Then he was ever on the look-out for new ideas, and when he embraced them he did so with eagerness, and often with precipitancy;" in a word, with a want of art and with a remarkable frankness. Surely we have in this statement a perfect explanation of the character of Peel's brow, and an admission of the fact that it expressed the reality of his nature. But if so far there is established the truthfulness of the brow-expression, we have to account for the contradiction between that and the expression of the eye. "The eye was not good," says Mr. Disraeli, "it was sly, and he (that is, Peel) had an awkward habit of looking askance." Here it is indicated that the slyness of expression was not so much in the form as in the action of the eye. No doubt, the question might fairly be raised whether the cunning expression was habitual or only occasional. I

do not raise it, partly because Mr. Disraeli is a good observer, but chiefly because the contradiction which he has noted sometimes occurs, and is worthy of consideration. If Sir Robert Peel's eye was not cunning, let us suppose that it was. How far does this trench upon the doctrine that the features are homogeneous? The truth is, that sometimes there is a show of contradiction between the solid and the mobile parts of the body, between the bony structure and the fleshy tissue. In this case, as we have seen in regarding Peel's brow, we are to place absolute reliance on the testimony of the solid and permanent structure; and whatever contradiction exists between this and other portions of the countenance may be summed up in the statement, that an opposite characteristic, which is not vital, is apt to show itself partially in the fleshy tissues. Thus if Peel had been essentially a crafty man, craft would have showed itself in all his features, bone and flesh alike. But as craft in him was, according to Mr. Disraeli's own description, but the occasionally superinduced necessity of his position, it left its mark only on one of his features, and that one whose expression is determined by very changeable textures. The law of homogeneousness, therefore, is so far to be modified, that it admits of a contradiction between the bony and the fleshy structures, always provided that in this contradiction the bony structure represents the real and permanent character, and the fleshy part only an occasional cross current. The case was put to Lavater:—Is it not possible to see in a face a courageous nose between timid eyes? Lavater does not answer the question. Suppose we answer it for ourselves. The answer is, that the contradiction is possible, and that the expression of the nose is to be taken as absolutely true. In many a bold fellow's breast, however, the lamb lies down with the lion, and he who never showed faint heart before, shows it where his affections are engaged and his duty runs counter to his desires. That timidity may well declare itself in the eyes, and be in seeming not real contradiction to the courage of the nose.

Thus far, then, we have set forth the law of homogeneousness with two explanations or cautions attached to it. We have still to add a third explanation, from quite a different point of view, and by way of introduction it may be well to continue the examination of Mr. Disraeli's remarks on Peel. "He had the fatal defect of a long upper lip," says Mr. Disraeli, "and his mouth was compressed." That his mouth was compressed sufficiently accords with what has been already stated, as to the character of the eloquent mouth, that it is a closed one. Turn to the other statement as to "the fatal defect." If the long upper lip be, as is commonly supposed, a fatal defect, it is one which belongs to all orators, and to such foremost men as the Shakspeares, Walter Scotts, Goethes, and Schillers. All our best living orators have it, including Mr. Disraeli himself, who has most beautiful lips; and in nearly all the portraits of our great orators the trait is faithfully rendered. It is the lip of all our parliamentary statesmen—whether peers or commoners. The upper lip is far more than is generally supposed the creature of education. I might name an actress, who had such a short upper lip,

that she could never close her mouth, and therefore could not distinctly enunciate certain words. By hard practice under Michelot, in Paris, who was then at the head of his department in the Conservatoire, she managed, with india-rubber balls in her mouth, to elongate her lip, to close her mouth, and to pronounce every possible word, so that now no one speaks more distinctly than she, and her whisper may be heard at the farthest corner of the largest theatre. What this actress did consciously, all great speakers are doing unconsciously. Their practice would elongate the upper lip, if it were not long by nature, and the appearance of the lip (which is a species of the Cupid's bow) suggests, as it falls upon the under one, a process of elongation. The little central drop comes delicately down upon the lower lip, as if in a continual attempt at a nice pronunciation of the *p*'s. Take up the last two volumes of *Lodge's Historical Portraits*, and see this long upper lip coming down to the *p* point in Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, the two Foxes, Lord North, Rockingham, Mansfield, Shelburne, Burke, Sheridan, and many more, down to Grenville, Grey, Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel. If, however, the reader should in his collection of portraits find exception to the foregoing description of the orator's lip, he is not too readily to conclude that the description is false. In nothing, it must be repeated, are portrait painters more unreliable than in the rendering of the upper lip, which they think it necessary to work up to a certain ideal. In Hoppner's likeness of the younger Pitt, the orator is represented with an upper lip so short that the mouth shuts with difficulty. The painter was probably struck with the pride of Pitt's lip, and attempted to embody that above all else. He cannot have done it correctly, however, for earlier pictures represent the heaven-born minister with a much longer lip, and this feature usually does not lessen with age. As to the question whether a long upper lip be or be not a fatal defect, Mozart's ought to give a good answer to it—a beautiful lip in spite of its length, and, like those of the orator and of the Shakspeare class, a species of the Cupid's bow.

The bearing of this introduction may not at first sight be obvious. It will not be obvious at all until one grasps the full meaning of the law of homogeneousness—the key of physiognomical science. There must be no shrinking in the grasp. Even Lavater never fully understood the principle, and hence follow in his pages interminable confusion and indecision. He understood the principle quite well, in so far as it meant that one feature must harmonize with another. He never clearly saw that the very nature of this harmony necessitated the conclusion on which he occasionally insisted, that the whole is in every part. He had a tendency to adopt the phrenological method, to divide the features—to give the nose to one faculty, the mouth to another, and the eyes to a third. He did not see that on the supposition of there being a deep and true harmony in the features, then the nose must suggest everything, the eye everything, and the mouth everything. In his hesitating manner, he tells us in one place that the nose expresses the disdain of the character; in another, he says that it indicates judgment; and yet again he sees in it the sign of taste. Why,

the nose expresses ever so many things. Not only are there disdainful noses, judicious noses, and noses of refined taste,—there are avaricious noses, cruel noses, inquisitive noses, pugnacious noses, comical noses. An organ capable of so many distinct significations, evidently cannot in reason be confined to the expression of one or two dispositions. It may and it does express all. So does the mouth. It is not inconsistent, however, with this view—it is not inconsistent with a determined opposition to the phrenological method of patchwork, to allow that certain features may, in certain points, be particularly expressive. For all that pertains to the gift of speech, we naturally expect that the mouth should give us special information. We look to see the symptoms of work peculiarly denoted in the hand. In the eye, the great organ of observation, it would be strange if we did not see most vividly a man's habit and power of observation. Only this is very different from making a ring fence round any particular feature, and saying, here is to be found such and such a faculty, and nowhere else, and within this ring fence let no other faculty enter. It is but a statement of the fact, that while the whole is in every part, it is not equally so. Sometimes for natural reasons, like those we have referred to in dealing with the lip; sometimes for reasons as yet so little understood, that they seem no more than the caprices of nature, the force of expression shows itself in this individual most vividly in the mouth, in that in the eye. If the principle of these inequalities has not yet been discovered, nevertheless the fact of their existence cannot endanger the law of homogeneousness.

At the Sea-side.

PEOPLE at the sea-side are for the most part intent upon doing nothing, and the object naturally is to do this in as great a variety of ways as possible. A dazzling hot sun glittering upon the waves, and always in one's eyes, and the measured roar of the sea rolling in or rolling out, and perpetually in one's ears, combine to reduce the fatigued cockney, as he reclines upon the sands, and gazes lazily upon the ocean, to a state of the most helpless inactivity. The monotony wearies yet fascinates him; and it is difficult to do otherwise than stare in a vacant manner at the moaning, foaming, sad sea waves. To fling pebbles, at deliberate intervals, into the sea, is an occupation perhaps the best suited to the situation, the effort to throw while one is in a sitting posture taxing to the utmost the physical energy, while the strain upon the attention required in aiming at a particular crest of an advancing wave is as much as the mind can conveniently bear under the circumstances.

Reading is supposed to be a favourite pastime at the sea-side, but this is a mistake; for although there is always a circulating library, and large quantities of novels, magazines, and books of travel are carried down to the beach each day by the ladies, they don't read them. They may open a volume, perhaps, and then they go to sleep for certain. The only pursuit of men and women, besides bathers, is looking at one another, and at the sea. Every time you go out you meet every one else, and you very soon learn the whole population off by heart, which last you lose sometimes, if you are liable to that kind of loss, inasmuch as young ladies go about with their hair—which requires drying, you know, after having been in the sea—streaming about on their shoulders, and in the wind, in the most picturesque and bewitching way.

Perfect repose cannot be looked for even at the most quiet of sea-sides. If you escape the bore, who is probably on the look-out through his telescope, and about to bear down upon you—and happy is the watering-place which contains only one of that species—there is still that ancient and pertinacious mariner who persists in proposing a sail; there is the juvenile vendor of shrimps approaching by sure steps; the brass band of Germans is pressing for payment; and, as sure as Fate, the original bones of the Ethiopian Serenaders will be round with the hat in a moment, praying to be "remembered." When the languid visitor has got rid of these; when he is tired of seeing the bathers bobbing up and down in the sea in an absurd manner; when he is satisfied with the contemplation of the various young couples engaged in sentimental conversation, which, at the sea-side, is always accompanied by a most serious and earnest-looking process of drawing hieroglyphic characters of some sort on the sand with the point of a parasol or walking-cane; when he has considered the question of the game of croquet as played upon the beach in all its bearings; when the subject of donkeys and their riders and drivers is exhausted; when the marine painter who has pitched his easel on the sands, and who is struggling with the difficulties of his art and of seeing through the bodies of the maritime population who surround him, has ceased to excite his curiosity; when he has lost all interest in the perilous adventures of parties landing from their boats; when to his heart's content he has watched the equestrians force their reluctant steeds into the waves; and when the immense but temporary excitement caused by the arrival in the distance of a steamboat has passed away,—let him look on the children playing on the sands, and see if he cannot find pleasure in contemplating their pleasure. For the little people are in their glory here. The sands have been surely made for them. How fresh and handsome they look, the splendid, brave-looking little fellows, in their sailor hats and jackets, the sun shining upon their bright, round, red cheeks, and the pretty little chubby girls with their long hair flying about in the breeze. What intense happiness to dabble up to their ankles in the sea! What delight to dig canals with the little spades, and to build up great castles of sand! What fun to bury one another, and how jolly to dig one another up again, and what a gratification to spoil one another's clothes!

National Character.

It is one of the favourite opinions of a certain school of modern speculators upon political subjects, that differences of race and national character have little to do with the history of mankind, and that the principal features of that history are determined by physical facts, such as differences in climate, in the productions of different countries, the aspect of natural objects, and other circumstances independent of human control, and in particular independent of individual varieties of character. Like most other speculations of the kind, this controversy is quite as much moral as intellectual. The great inducement to adopt the one view is that it is supposed to exalt the importance and the scope of individual energy, whilst it can hardly be unjust to believe that those who take the other are greatly influenced in their choice by the fact that it invests the intellect with a tyrannical supremacy over the other elements of human nature. The sentiment which animates those who propound such doctrines may be supposed to be something like this:—"You, the common herd of men, pique yourselves on being English, French, or Germans, and boast of the qualities of your race and the glories of your nation; but I, who sit above you all, can see that your respective histories really depend on the facts that some of you live on islands, others on a continent. In some cases your imaginations are affected by mountains, in others by plains. Part of you are bound in iron chains by the exuberant fertility with which Nature pours forth abundant supplies of food, readily procured;—others are stimulated to energy by the sternness with which she requires exertion, and the liberality with which she rewards it. In a word, I see how you were made, and know that you are but dust, however cunningly the dust may be compacted."

It is generally desirable to know something of the moral relations of theories before attempting to inquire into their truth; because, until these relations are expressly ascertained and admitted, it is scarcely possible to avoid their influence. A prepossession once explicitly stated may easily be dealt with reasonably, even if it is not in itself reasonable, for it may be recognised as a disturbing force by the mind which entertains it, and it may be admitted that it diminishes the probability that the conclusions reached under its influence will be altogether impartial. The broad statement made above leaves no doubt which would be the popular side in a discussion upon the existence of national character; but the grounds for this popularity are not reasonable in themselves.

It is one question, whether or not there is such a thing as national character; it is quite another, whether history can be treated as a science. It is perfectly possible to answer either question either way without pre-

judging the other. Thus a man might either believe that there is no such thing as distinct national character, and that there is no possibility of treating history in a scientific manner, or he might believe that history may be scientifically treated, and that national character is one of the principal elements of the problems which such a science would involve. Historical science, like all other sciences which are real, must be founded on facts, and the facts on which it is founded must be ascertained like any others. The characteristic temptation of scientific men to overrate the simplicity of nature displays itself as much in days when the history of a great nation is ultimately derived from climate and earthquakes, as in the time when physical nature was supposed to be composed of four elements. No *à priori* reason can be given why peculiarities of race should not be ultimate phenomena as well as the conformation of the earth itself. If there is anything to analyse, analysis must stop somewhere; nor can anything but experience show where that point will be found. There is, indeed, some inconsistency in the prejudice which the necessarian school of historical inquirers appear to feel against admitting the existence of differences of national character. Such differences would fit into their creed with perfect ease. No reasonable person doubts the existence of closely analogous differences amongst animals. Poodles are not bred from mastiffs, nor crows from pigeons; yet no one supposes that such differences as these offer any obstacle to philosophical theories of natural history. On the contrary, they furnish the conditions which such theories, if they are to be valuable, must fulfil; and there is no reason why the same should not ultimately turn out to be true of human beings. There is no more reason why it should not be an ultimate fact that Frenchmen are made in one way and Englishmen in another, than that cats scratch and dogs bite; and the one fact, when once ascertained, would afford just the same kind of foundation for further speculation as the other.

It ought also to be observed, that there is a great difference between theories as to the existence and theories as to the origin of national character. It is quite possible for those who agree upon the first point, to differ as to the second. Whether the natives of particular countries do or do not bring into the world with them as such certain talents and capacities, is one question; whether or not particular characteristics prevail in a particular nation, rather than in others, is quite another; and it is this second question which, for practical purposes, is important. Upon this point it is hardly possible to conceive that any doubt should be seriously raised. That individuals differ is self-evident; and that the natives of every country resemble each other in their differences from the natives of other countries, is a fact of which the whole current of language and observation testifies in innumerable different ways. The existence, therefore, of national character is a fact which ought to find its place in any sound theory of history, and which is not specially favourable to any; and its nature, its origin, the influences to which it is subject, and the degree of precision with which its component parts can be ascertained, may be dis-

cussed, without exposing those who enter upon the discussion to the charge of neglecting or impugning the doctrines of historical philosophy. The first question which suggests itself upon national character is the question, what it is; and this is closely connected with the question, what is the sense in which we use the words? As to what the character of a nation is, there can be little doubt. It is nothing more than the aggregate of the characters of all its members at a given time. But it may at first sight appear to follow from this that every current observation about national character must be taken to be false, and that every one who makes observations on the subject must be held to do so on grounds ludicrously inadequate to the conclusions which they are intended to support. Most of us, for example, have a very vivid, if not a very definite and exhaustive notion of our own national character. We should all be ready to attest in any form, and to maintain with the highest degree of conviction, the assertion that we English are a brave and energetic people; yet who can pretend to have known, say, five hundred individual Englishmen intimately enough to be able to say of each of them whether or no he was brave or energetic—if we had, what are they amongst so many? If we leave out of account the Scotch, the Irish, and the Welsh, there are at least eighteen millions of Englishmen in the proper sense of the word, upon whose character we are passing an opinion; and why are we to argue to the characters of the seventeen million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and five hundred, with whom we are not acquainted, from our imperfect notions of the remaining five hundred, of whom we know a little? Confining ourselves to those whom we do know, it is certain that there will be great differences amongst them. Of the five hundred, a considerable number would probably be cowards, and even more would be sluggards, and courage and energy would be distributed amongst the remainder in very different degrees. Nor does the difficulty stop here. It extends to and infects the words which we use. For example, the word 'energetic'—a far simpler word than 'brave'—means active, inclined to exertion; but the greatest sluggard that ever lived has some inclination to exert himself. The feeblest and most self-indulgent invalid would prefer being occasionally driven out in a carriage, or wheeled about his house, to remaining all day long in the same position. On the other hand, the most active man that ever lived sometimes requires rest, and at times feels a difficulty and hesitation in setting to work. 'Energetic' is therefore a term of degree. It means that the person whom it denotes has a greater degree of energy than others with whom he is compared. Therefore, when a nation is described as energetic, it must, or rather it ought, to be meant (if national character is the aggregate of the characters of all the members of the nation at a given time) that the aggregate amount of energy in England is greater than the aggregate amount of energy usually is in other nations in proportion to their size. Thus, without a common standard of national energy, it would be impossible to predicate it of any nation in particular. The difficulty increases in proportion

to the complication of the qualities ascribed to any particular nation. It would, for example, be far more difficult to say what was meant by predicating courage of a given nation than to say what was meant by ascribing energy to it. Courage is shown in a thousand forms, and is manifested in some or other of them to some extent or other by every human creature. To assert, therefore, that any one nation is brave—that is, that it is brave comparatively speaking—would be upon the supposition under discussion as to the nature of national character—a proposition too intricate to understand, and far too intricate to attempt to prove.

It seems to follow that if common and influential observations upon this subject are supposed to have any meaning and any value at all, they must be understood to proceed upon a different basis. The national character to which they refer must be something else than the aggregate of the individual character of the members of the nation for the time being. What is that something? The answer is curious, not only on account of the singular facts on which it throws light, but also because it affords an instructive specimen of the manner in which people are compelled to think upon questions which they can neither pass over altogether, nor subject to the minute and exhaustive investigations which are indispensable for some scientific purposes. What people really do mean by national character is, the character of an imaginary person or persons, whom they construct in their own minds as representatives of the nation of which they speak. They know, partly by books, partly by observation, and partly by report, something of the people whom they mean to describe. They combine their impressions with more or less skill and completeness into ideal characters, which they invest with the different qualities which have struck them in individuals; and it is this ideal person which they really mean when they speak of England, France, or America, and to which they really ascribe the qualities which they say are inherent in the English, French, or American national characters. Our own every-day experience supplies a good instance of this. We have performed expressly and consciously, for jocular purposes, an operation closely analogous to that which we, in common with the rest of the world, are constantly performing unconsciously and incompletely with more serious objects. We have set up, half in sympathy, half in fun, an ideal Englishman, who, to ourselves and to a great part of the world, represents a considerable part of the national character. This ideal personage is John Bull! We constantly say, John Bull will never stand this; John Bull is not to be bullied; John Bull is easily led by the nose, and is the greatest baby in the world. The French have a somewhat similar way of speaking, though they characteristically prefer the stilted and tragic vein to burlesque. Their John Bull is "La France." "La France" is the soldier of God, the head of European civilisation, and several other things of the same sort; just as John Bull is sometimes the shopkeeper, sometimes the yeoman, and sometimes the prizefighter of that drama of European politics which we act each in our own imagination with puppets which each person constructs for himself for the purpose.

If we subtract the spice of fun from John Bull, and the spice of brag from La France, what remains of those figures of speech which serve as fair specimens of the way in which we are by the nature of the case compelled to speak and think about national character? We no doubt both may and ought to form more serious and moderate notions of nations than these; but there is no other way of forming them, and we cannot dispense with them altogether. That this is so need not surprise any one who reflects on the manner in which all our knowledge upon every subject is gained. We observe, we combine, we use the propositions suggested by our observation as the groundwork of inferences; we compare those inferences with facts, and we then argue back to the premises from the difference between the facts and the conclusion. For example: from observing a variety of facts of various kinds, various physical philosophers were led to imagine that there was such a thing as an electrical fluid, the action of which might be classified under certain rules. From the existence of this creature of their own imaginations, they inferred that certain results ought to follow: when they found that, in fact, other results more or less resembling those which they expected did occur, they modified their notions of the electrical fluid; but without the first imperfect notion on the subject, they would never have arrived at the more correct ones which they afterwards succeeded in reaching. This process is strictly analogous to that which we follow with respect to national character. We observe Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans, as well as we can; we then personify England, France, and America; and we may, if we are wise, apply our personifications to the facts which occur before our eyes, and ask ourselves how far we ought to modify our previous conceptions in order to account for their having happened. Thus, John Bull is our personification of England; but which feature in John Bull's character is it which accounts for the depth and ardour with which philosophical and scientific subjects have at various periods in our history been studied amongst us? It is obvious that to make John Bull a real representative of English character, we must ascribe to him much deeper and more serious qualities than those which are embodied in the caricature; though if the ideal personage is to be like the reality, the points illustrated by the caricature must not be passed over.

If further justification of this mode of judging of national character be required, it may be found in the consideration that it is in principle identical, not only with the common processes by which scientific inquiries are conducted, but in particular with the process by which we judge of the characters of individuals. When we think of a man, that of which we think is not the man himself, but the conception which we have formed of him, partly from his appearance, partly from his manners, partly from what we have seen or heard of his conduct; and this conception is constantly being modified. One of the commonplaces of amatory poetry is the delight of discovering new perfections in the object of love, and one of the most exquisite of what Bentham described as the pleasures of malevo-

lence, is that of seeing deeper and deeper colours come out in an object of detestation. The difference between our conception of individual and our conception of national character, is one of evidence. We have fewer, and in some respects less, satisfactory grounds for the opinion which we form upon the character of a multitude of men than for that which we form upon a single person; but we form each in the same way.

The general result is that the object to be aimed at in inquiries into national character is to ascertain the aggregate of the characters of the individuals of whom the nation consists at a given time; but that when we speak of the national character of a given nation, our words really refer to the character which we have in our own mind assigned to a creature of our own imaginations, who represents to us the nation at large. This character we ought to modify from time to time as our experience is enlarged, in order to make it as correct as possible; but it is only by means of such personification, that we can entertain the subject at all.

Such being the nature of the subject-matter of our inquiries, and of the method by which they are conducted, the next question which arises is, what is the value of our personification of a particular nation considered as evidence of the aggregate characters of the persons who compose it. We personify nations in different ways according to the relations in which we think of them. For some purposes we think of a nation as an individual, for others as a corporation, for others as an aggregate of a number of different persons, classes, and professions; but inasmuch as we usually attribute character only to individuals, real or imaginary, we generally think of a nation as an individual or as a corporation when we ascribe national character to it. What, then, are the parts of a nation which are represented in that personification of it which we invest with a distinctive national character? They are those which we have the most frequent occasion to notice and the greatest inclination to remember. Inclination has much to do with the matter, for the character which we assign to a nation is something between a memorandum and a portrait; and viewed as a portrait it is hardly ever exempt from a certain tendency to depreciation, or at least to caricature. Apart from this bias, what are the parts of a nation which we have most frequent occasion to notice? This differs according to circumstances; but, generally speaking, we notice almost every part of our own nation, for there is hardly any class or district in it which is not brought in some way or other into close relations with all the rest. With regard to foreign countries this is not so. The same set of relations usually prevail between all independent nations. The most important of that number are politics, war, commerce, literature, and society.

It follows from this that the character which we assign to the ideal being who represents to us our own nation may be expected to resemble the aggregate of the characters of the members of the nation more closely than will be the case with respect to foreign countries; but whether our attention is directed to our own nation or to any other, the general principle

on which our estimate is formed will be the same. We take certain parts of the population as the representatives of the rest; we neglect entirely the character of the rest of the population, and we neglect those parts of the characters of the representatives selected which do not appear to us to relate to the purpose which we have in view in forming in our own minds the ideal person or persons to whom national character is to be ascribed. In shorter and simpler language, we mean by the character of a nation an ideal formed out of part of the character of part of the nation. What, then, is the part of the nation which we thus select as representatives of the rest? What are the parts of their characters which we select as representations of the rest of their characters? And what relation do these parts bear to the whole to which they respectively belong? It is obvious that the answer to these three questions taken together would give an account of the degree in which national character represents the aggregate of the characters of the members of a given nation.

First, then, what part of a nation do we habitually select as a representative of the rest for the purpose of estimating national character? The general answer is, that part with which we are habitually brought into contact. Thus a sailor, a merchant, a missionary, or a diplomatist, would probably give very different accounts of the Chinese, according to the different relations in which they had seen them and the different persons with whom they had been brought into contact; but after a time these accounts are brought together, and form a whole, which prevails in a more or less definite shape amongst all those who have competent information on the subject. What, then, is the general nature of the elements out of which that whole is compounded? In the first place, it is obvious that all the observations which are made upon national character are made upon the most prominent members of the class which comes under consideration. A man travels from London to Paris, and on the road meets and has some degree of intercourse with, say, twenty Frenchmen. Probably seventeen or eighteen suggest to him nothing whatever. The guard asks for his ticket, the porter carries his luggage, and his companions on the railway read or talk just like the people to whom he has always been accustomed; but from, perhaps, two or three of the members he hears something unfamiliar, which seems to him striking and characteristic. The seventeen or eighteen commonplace people pass from his mind altogether, and the two or three who have exhibited some peculiarity make an impression, and contribute something to his notion of French character or manners. When a wider range is taken, and the history and the political institutions of a nation are searched, in order to discover its character, the same process is always repeated, though in this case its operation is less easily detected. All history is concerned chiefly with minorities. The utmost that the majority ever do, however violent and unanimous their action may be, is to give their consent to what a small minority proposes. For example, no more tumultuous, and few more important incidents occurred in French history than the taking of the

Bastille: but by whom was it really taken? Not by the vast crowd who happened to be on the spot, brought and kept there, in most cases, either by curiosity or by aimless or delirious excitement, but by the handful of men who made use of the opportunity which presented itself of turning popular passion in that direction. Yet the transaction has always been felt to be strong evidence of the national character of France, because, in speculating on the subject, we select as the representatives of the nation those who have, in point of fact, persuaded the body of the nation to follow their lead. This observation is easily extended to laws, to institutions, and, in some degree, to literature. Laws and institutions are imposed upon the mass of mankind by a few persons superior to the rest in knowledge and activity. Books are written by a minority, numerically altogether inconsiderable, and the members of it are, for the most part, divided from the mass of their fellows by wide differences of pursuits, temper, and talents. It is, however, from the character of these minorities that we usually derive our notions of national character. We say that it is the character of one people to be free, and of another to be servile, and that their institutions prove it, when, in fact, we adopt such a mode of judging of national character as to take those persons only into account by whom the institutions in question were made. Can any reasonable man, competently acquainted with the people of this country, affect to doubt that if, by any calamity, a despotism should be erected amongst us, it would be implicitly submitted to by a large proportion of the population; and that if it were overthrown it would be by the courage and skill of a small minority enlisting on its side the quiet dissatisfaction of the bulk of the people? Yet our institutions are universally regarded as the strongest evidence of our national character. The result is, that our estimate of the character of a nation is formed, not from its average, but, as a rule, from its conspicuous members, and that we therefore are in danger of leaving out of account what must always be the largest, and may be the most important, part of the population.

How far, then, does this cause a divergence between the character which we ascribe to a given nation, and the aggregate characters of the members of that nation at a given time? This will depend to a great extent on the circumstances and character of the nation which is the subject of examination, for there is a great difference between the degree in which the character, the institutions, and the literature of different nations represent the bulk of the people. In some cases there is little sympathy between a nation and its rulers. It would have been a great mistake to assume that the national character of Spain and France in the last century was adequately represented by the governments of those countries; yet the assumption was constantly, and, indeed, unavoidably made. The degradation into which the wretched government of Louis XV. had brought the French institutions entailed upon the nation all sorts of disgrace and defeat, and produced in our own country and elsewhere a very false notion as to the qualities of the mass of the French people. So literature, which is one of

the best of all sources of evidence as to national character, may give a thoroughly false notion of it, for its authors may be thoroughly divided, not only by knowledge, but by sentiment, from the people amongst whom they live. A man would be much misled who took his notion of the ordinary run of Germans from an acquaintance with German literature. Independently, however, of such special considerations, it may be observed generally that the necessity under which we are practically laid, of arguing to the character of the bulk of a nation from the notions which we have formed in our own minds of the character of a part of it, generally leads us to draw a mental picture more striking and impressive than the facts warrant. Remembering the French Revolution, the wars of Napoleon, the harmonious and extensive system of administration which prevails in France, the striking features of French literature, and the important part played by France in European politics, we invest the French national character with all sorts of striking attributes. We put together heroic courage, extreme ardour, a passion for consistency and system, and other qualities of the same kind, and we are thus led to forget that we are idealising some thirty-five million human creatures, the great mass of whom are perfectly tame, commonplace, and free from any particular enthusiasm for anything whatever. In the same way we are never tired of extolling amongst other things the extraordinary energy and perseverance of our own countrymen, nor can any one deny that the assertion has a meaning, but its meaning is not that every Englishman is, or that the majority of Englishmen are, distinguished for energy or perseverance, but that the minority who have done the most noticeable things in our history were men of great energy, and that they gave our affairs a turn which created an unusual demand for energetic men, and gave them unusual opportunities of distinction. There is no want of idleness in this country, but it gives extraordinary prizes to men of energy, and thus the energetic minority win for the nation at large a far higher character in that respect than most of its members deserve.

Our conceptions of national character fall short of the aggregate characters of the members of nations, not merely in noticing only the characters of the active and conspicuous minority, but also in noticing only a part of their character. They notice that part only which is conspicuously shown, and leave out of sight much that is not brought into activity by circumstances, or is not brought under the notice of the persons who form the conception. The best, or at any rate the most familiar illustrations of this are afforded by the estimates which we form of ancient nations, the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans. Nothing can be more distinct than the notion which we have of the character of each of these three races, nor can anything be more partial. We always invest the Jews, whether ancient or modern, with a few striking but most unpleasant attributes, such as stubborn obstinacy, intense national and religious feeling, somewhat narrow shrewdness, and an unsocial exclusive zeal for themselves and their own modes of thought and conduct; and no doubt, if we

view them in their corporate capacity we have a right to paint them in these colours; but we ought to remember that in doing so we paint only those features which the net result of their history has impressed on our minds. We think of the Jews as the recipients of the revelation on which Christianity was founded, and as the people amongst whom the transactions recorded in the Old Testament took place. It is not only a natural, but almost an unavoidable error, to identify them so completely with their and with our own religious belief, as to suppose that their religion coloured and almost absorbed the whole of their life, and that the harsh and solemn features of the portrait which we draw present not only a faithful, but a complete resemblance to the original. It requires little reflection to see how far this impression is from the truth. The Jews lived in Palestine for about fifteen centuries, and were during the greater part of that time a populous and prosperous nation. Hundreds of thousands of them must have known little of the law or of the religion of their nation, and have turned their attention almost exclusively to the common subjects of human interest. Indeed from their whole history it is obvious that they had, as they still have, not merely that ardent love of material prosperity which is certainly included in all our notions of their national character, but also strong family and personal affections, which the common conception of their character does not notice.

As our conception of the Jewish national character is framed principally upon its religious aspect, so our conception of the Greeks relates mainly to their intellect, and our conception of the Romans mainly to their government. There are many sides of the Greek character which our current views of it do not include; for example, their great religious susceptibility and their want of moral principle. Our principal relation to them is through the great writers whose works still form our best models of literary excellence, and we therefore pass over the other phases of their character, or at least we do not habitually call them to mind when we think of the Greeks. The Romans supply an even bteter illustration of the gaps which generally occur in our notions of national character. No character is more widely diffused, or is in itself more definite than that of the ancient Roman. The words have something like a proverbial familiarity, and recal at once the well-known lines—

> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I saw the masters of mankind go by."

Yet no one can read attentively either the literature or the history of Rome without seeing how partial a notion this is, even of that part of the nation to which it has any reference at all. The description is confined to the aristocracy. It leaves unnoticed the great bulk of the people, and it also leaves unnoticed many of the features of the characters of their masters. Let any one, for example, read Cicero's orations, and consider what they imply on the part of the audience. The common theory is, that a Roman senator was one of the most austere, dignified, and impas-

sive of men, sparing the humble, beating down the proud, and contemptuously abandoning to Greeks the prize of eloquence and art. No doubt reasons can be given for this view of the matter; but Cicero's orations prove beyond a doubt that it is not a complete one: they show that the Roman notions of law, dignity, and gravity, did not exclude the most furious excitability and the most intense delight in turgid scolding, which would in the present day be altogether intolerable on this side of the Atlantic, and would cause bowie knives and revolvers to leap from their cases on the other. That the Romans, notwithstanding their graver characteristics, had a full share of the hot blood and excitability which we attribute to modern Italians, is a fact which has not as yet been embodied in the national character with which we usually clothe our ideal Romans.

Though the notions which we frame of national character are thus for the most part defective in two respects—in making a part of the character of a part of the population stand for the whole of the character of the whole of the population—there is one large and most important element of national character to which these observations do not apply. National character, in the strict sense of the words, ought, as has been already observed, to mean the aggregate of all the characters of all the members of the nation at a given time. No full analysis of the elements of individual character has obtained general recognition; but it is probably not altogether incorrect to say that it may be divided into physical, intellectual, and moral qualities on the one hand, and temperament, manners, tastes, and capacity on the other. It is easy to imagine two men equally strong, equally able, equally honest, equally brave, equally temperate, and equally benevolent, who should yet be utterly unlike in body and mind. Thus the one might be of a sanguine, the other of a bilious temperament; one might be simple and reserved in manner, the other open and at the same time elaborate; one might be lively, the other grave; one might like active life, the other speculation; one might habitually direct his mind to great subjects, the other to trifles. Nothing is more common than to hear people say, "He is quite a different sort of man from so and so," though they would not be able to specify any particular moral or intellectual quality in which the difference resided. It is their differences of temperament, tastes, manners, and capacity which impress people most forcibly, which determine the degree of sympathy with which they usually regard each other, and which they recognise most quickly on the best evidence. A man must be very deficient in imagination or observation who can talk with another for half an hour without obtaining a distinct and vivid though an indefinite impression as to what sort of man he is. Even the shape of the figure, the width of the shoulders, the capacity of the chest, the way in which the head is set on the neck, give some information before a word is spoken; whilst the play of the features and the tone of the voice often tell more than volumes of description. Members of the same family will want no further evidence of displeasure or satisfaction than the change of expression and tone, which they would find it

impossible to specify. That these indeterminate elements of character, which are also in many respects the most important of all, are transmitted from parents to their children, and may thus be said to run in the blood and belong to the race, is proved by almost every one's experience. An honest father will often have a rascally son;—an able father will often have a stupid son: but in almost every family a person who has been accustomed to look not merely at books, but at men, will see in the children the parents' ways of doing things, their modes of thought and feeling, their tastes, their manners, and most frequently their sympathies. A father and son may have followed different professions, have lived in different classes of society, have formed opinions upon the most important matters diametrically opposed to each other, and have met with very different measures of success in their pursuits and in their moral conduct; and yet there may be a degree of similarity between them which would enable an observer to say with confidence that if the two men had changed places they would also have changed lives. Indeed, it may be said, though it is a saying which must not be pressed too hard, that the differences between parents and children are more often differences of quantity than of quality; the material and the pattern are for the most part the same, or closely similar, though the quantity of stuff differs indefinitely.

It is to this class of qualities, recognised as they are rather by quick casual observation than by the deliberate examination of books, institutions, or historical events, that most, and the most popular, of our observations on national character refer, and they unquestionably rest on more substantial grounds than our observations on the other and, in one sense, the more important elements of character. It is in one sense a more important question whether a man or a nation is honest than whether he is excitable; and the first question can be brought into a much more definite form, and referred to much more definite tests, than the second; but the evidence as to excitability is far more abundant and trustworthy than the evidence as to honesty. Any man of ordinary habits of observation might satisfy himself on the one point in a short interview;—he might remain in doubt on the other for many years. Putting together the facts that peculiarities of temperament, taste, and manner are for the most part easily identified by passing observation; that they are hereditary; and that the boundaries of nations nearly coincide for the most part with the boundaries of races, and always refer to and are influenced by them,—it will follow that such peculiarities are true national characteristics, that their existence is capable of being easily ascertained upon good evidence, and that they will apply for the most part not merely to a part of the character of a part of the nation, but to the whole of the character of the bulk of the nation.

The general result is, that the national character which we usually ascribe to any given nation is in reality the character of an ideal being whom we form in our own minds as the representative of the nation;

that the moral and intellectual qualities which we ascribe to this creature of our imagination are such of the qualities of the conspicuous minority or minorities of the nation as we have had special reason to notice, and that his temperament and general turn of body, mind, and manner for the most part represent qualities which are common to the bulk of the nation of which he is the representative.

This view of the nature of national character and of the degree in which it represents the aggregate of the individual characters of the members of the nation to which it is ascribed, is capable of almost indefinite illustration. The examination of one or two specific instances will serve to show its application to facts. It is a common observation that the French are a very logical people, and it is hardly less common to assert that they are extremely fickle. The first of these assertions refers to an intellectual quality, the second to a peculiarity of temperament. According, therefore, to the preceding observations the assertion that the French are logical ought to apply to part of the intellectual character of a conspicuous and active minority of the nation. The assertion that they are fickle ought to be true, or at least to be founded upon truth, and to apply to the bulk of the people. First, then, what does the assertion that the French are a very logical people mean, and is it true? What it means is, that the political institutions and the arrangement of the administration in France is systematic, and that their principal writers have always been fond of general speculation. This is no doubt perfectly true; but all these things are emphatically the work of minorities, in some cases of small minorities. That the administration, the laws, and the government of France are harmoniously and systematically arranged, is due not to the fact that the great mass of French people are devotedly attached to order and system, but to the fact that the Revolution afforded a wonderful opportunity of introducing order and system into a chaos to a man who had the genius to use it, and who was not a Frenchman, but an Italian.

France is the oldest country in Europe, and for nearly 1,300 years was one of the least systematic in its laws and government. One of Voltaire's favourite topics was to contrast the regularity of English institutions with the confusion and obscurity of those of France. As to the tendency of French writers to general speculations, it no doubt exists, though not to the extent which the commonplaces current on the subject assume. It is, however, capable of being easily explained by special circumstances, and without resorting to the notion of any marked peculiarity in the French intellect. On many points the French writers resorted to general speculation because the circumstances of their time and country supplied them with no materials for anything else. Rousseau, whose close connection with France entitles the French to claim him as a countryman, theorized about the origin of society and the state of nature, because he found himself opposed to and unrecognised by the actual society and the political institutions by which he was

surrounded. He was driven to general speculation because the special and actual state of things was distasteful to him.

The influence of the central monarchy, of the Roman Catholic creed, and the absence of a general system of law, and of any real legislative authority, all had a marked influence on the few eminent French writers whose works have created the impression that there is something specially logical in the French intellect. It would be an absurd mistake to suppose that ordinary Frenchmen reason either better or more systematically and neatly than other people. They have a sharpness and dexterity of manner which accounts for the impression that they do so; but this is a matter not of understanding but of temperament. It thus appears that the assertion that the French intellect is specially logical, means, in so far as it is true, that we ascribe great logical power to the ideal Frenchman who represents the nation at large in our minds, because a conspicuous and energetic minority of Frenchmen were led for various reasons to do memorable acts adopted by the nation at large in a systematic and what is often, though inaccurately, called a logical manner.

Take next the assertion that the French are a fickle people. This relates to their temperament, and ought, therefore, according to the principles stated above, to be true, or founded on truth, and to rest upon strong and abundant evidence. The first observation that the word suggests is, that it conveys one of those half-latent reproaches from which international criticisms are hardly ever free. Nor ought it to be forgotten that its currency was originally due in a great measure to a scornful misapprehension of the frequent changes of government which have taken place in France during the last seventy years, and which really prove, not the fickleness of the French, but the fact that the great parties between which the nation has been divided were balanced evenly enough to gain alternate victories. Setting aside as false so much of the statement as is due to these impressions, what remains will be found to be equivalent to the statement that the French are not fickle, but,—to use Mr. Miles's correction of the statement—*mobile:* a people whose feelings are easily moved, and readily influence their conduct. Thus qualified, the statement will be found to be not only true, but most important, and its truth will be found to rest on evidence so authentic and abundant that every one might safely bear it in mind, and apply it to his intercourse with almost every Frenchman whom he might happen to meet.

The assertion itself implies, not that the people for whom it is made are changeable, that they sometimes like one class of qualities, and sometimes another, that they will take a liking to a man without a reason, and desert him without a cause;—but that they form their judgments very quickly, act on them very promptly, and are easily moved to enthusiastic feeling, whether of love or hatred. That such feelings are sometimes as enduring as they are rapid, the history both of France and Athens abundantly shows. The Athenians trusted Pericles through defeat, pestilence, and famine with unalterable devotion, and the French soldiers

devoted themselves to Napoleon with an ardent personal attachment, superior to all forms both of danger and suffering. This, no doubt, was due to the fact that these great men constantly, directly, and forcibly appealed to the quick feelings which were so easily excited, and so retained them for many years in the same position. The importance of knowing, and habitually acting on the principle that this is the characteristic of a nation, is self-evident. It would, for example, supply an urgent reason to its rulers for avoiding anything which could shock the national sentiment, even though it might be capable of being justified and explained upon careful consideration. It would enable them to adapt the institutions which they set up (as in the case of the Legion of Honour) to its peculiar tastes. It might, in short, supply endless rules of conduct to every one who had to deal with them, in either public or private affairs. The evidence on which it rests is overwhelming, and applies not to any minority, but to the whole bulk of the nation. The whole history of France shows the existence of the quality in question in vast masses of people, and records instances of the instinctive readiness and complete success with which it was reckoned and acted on by all those who knew most of the French character. It shows itself in the opinions, in the manner, in the looks and gestures of almost every Frenchman on every possible occasion; and hence the assertion, that the French are fickle, which relates to a question of temperament, though it stands in need of correction, because it is not accurately expressed, nevertheless points to a quality which is common to almost all Frenchmen, which it is most important for every one who deals with the French to bear in mind, and which is established by abundant and trustworthy evidence.

This view of the nature of national character, and of the degree in which it represents the aggregate characters of the individual members of a nation, is intended only to show the meaning of the current language on the subject, and its relation to one or two of its most general bearings. Many curious questions suggest themselves as to the mode in which national character is formed and changed, and as to the distinctions to be observed in respect to the words in what it is described; but these are too extensive to be discussed on the present occasion.

A "No."

Oh, love me not! my heart is frail and weak,
  The burden of thy love it cannot bear:
My life stands still to listen if thou speak
  What reason whispers that I must not hear:

Not hear thy words of pledged fidelity,
  Not look upon the bliss thou paint'st for me,
For all my soul goes sorrowing up to see
  How much of grief the Future has for thee!

For thee and me, if these two words should be,
  If these two lives should run in one indeed:
But oh! this cannot, may not, must not be—
  Nay, turn thine eyes away, they shall not plead.

See what a shadow is already cast
  From Love's sad wings upon thy shining brow;—
The darkness of his presence thickens fast;
  He comes, he comes—oh! fly him even now.

Thy voice is faint and weak—it stoops to mine—
  But it must rise to fill a People's ear.
Fly! I am little, little to resign;
  In future years *how* little, will appear.

Thine eyes see nothing but two tearful stars—
  Two tearful stars are all mine eyes can see,
But thine must gaze into futurity;
  Oh, lift them up and mine too will be free!

Free, joyous, to pursue thy shining course,
  Ready to beam with thy reflected light,
Radiant with glory from thy glorious source,
  My feebleness rejoicing in thy might.

Wilt thou not go?—For my sake then, dear friend,
  Depart, depart, for oh! I am so weak,
And love so strong,—yet will I not descend
  To be his slave, despite this burning cheek.

Love bends a rainbow o'er my earthly sea,
  He shall not stand between my God and me;
I must not in the glory that I see,
  Forget the glories of the great "To Be"

E'en for an instant; and full well I know
  Those rainbow tints would fall in misty tears,
And leave me helpless, hopeless, here below,
  With no strength left for all the coming years.

Love is not happiness—our soaring hopes
  Stretch out and think to grasp the Infinite;
The Mortal with the Immortal vainly copes,
  And in the struggle Love dies into night!

The happiest love lies a dull aching load
  On our poor hearts, which heavier grow each beat;
The flower too freely dew-fed will be bowed,
  Will drop, may die, altho' its load be sweet.

And oh! if thou shouldst change, as change thou must,
  For *man's* love is a frail and fleeting thing—
A smiling angel crumbling into dust
  If but a hand be laid upon his wing—

I could not bear it,—oh! I *could* not bear
  That thou shouldst be less loving than thou art.
Thou "wouldst not change? and always, everywhere
  I should reign queen of mind, and soul, and heart?"

If thou shouldst love me for ten thousand days,
  And *one* day scorn me—oh! my life would be
Thenceforth one wildering, dreary, weary maze,
  Too dearly bought by past felicity.

Go, and thou takest with thee my prayers, my tears,
  This kiss upon thy brow: I bid thee go.
I say it now and for all future years
  Ever, for ever and for ever, "No!"

M. AND A.

Cooks.

The brotherhood whose apology I write is a suffering and a noble one. Its members have not their fair share of the rewards of genius: undeserved obloquy, the sneer of the superficial, the derision of the thoughtless, mock their loftiest aspirations, and thwart their happiest impulses. And yet, by the head of Apicius! it is a grand thing to be a Cook. The bauble and the gaud may be the lot of other artists. Painters may receive the *accolade* of British knighthood. Sculptors may wear the cross of the Legion. Pencil and pen, chisel and graver, may win the applause of the millions who grudge a poor wreath of bays to their truest benefactors; but still calm in his conscious merit, the Cook toils on. The science in behalf of whose professors I would plead is of all time—eternal as the hills. Man is a cooking animal, according to the very strictest logical definition; and it is a thing to be proud of. It is more complimentary, I am certain, than definition No. 2, in which man is described as a biped without feathers. Why, poor Jocko the organ-grinder's monkey, capering yonder in his red jacket and laced cap, is a biped too, and as featherless as Socrates.

The whole magic of the kitchen, the art of dressing into a savoury and a wholesome repast what the wolf and the locust devour raw, is older than history itself. The hoariest chronicles make mention of that skill, so necessary, so humanizing. Even amid the mists of Grecian fables we catch glimpses of the culinary artist, meek and thoughtful, among his Homeric roasts, his cauldrons filled with seething flesh—the Cyclopean school of a rude epoch. Yes: though the jealousy or neglect of the poets has denied the Cook a place among the heroes and demigods of Dr. Lempriere's Pantheon, we may be sure that there was other work done in Greece than the braining of Hydras and the deodorization of Augean stables. Hercules would not have plied his club so lustily if Dejanira had been a bad *femme de menage;* and Theseus would scarcely have behaved so shabbily if Ariadne had kept up anything like a decent table at home. Glancing casually at the fact that Homer's warriors, encamped before that older Sebastopol of theirs, were as fond of the banquet as of the battle morning, and feasted right royally on hecatombs of roast meat,—we find the Athenian, in the glow of his glory, a Cook. Among the skilful men of Greece, the Cook had his place and his plaudits. It was not *all* æsthetic, that Athenian existence; not every one of that large-brained race devoted his fiery energy and his nimble fingers to carving Pallas in ivory, to modelling Apollo in electrum, or to hoaxing sparrows with a bunch of painted cherries blushing temptation from the

canvas. The same inventive force which of a block of white Paros marble could mould a woman, tall, queenly, most lovely and delicate, or a sun-god with unshorn hair and matchless limbs, motionless, yet on the threshold of life, it seemed, so perfect was the mockery—that same inventive force gave law and order to the kitchen. Yes, your Cook—that so base a name should designate, in our bluff tongue, so high an office!—your Cook is your true civiliser, and Greece was his birthplace. Aristophanes does not shoot his bitter arrows against Cooks. That keen poet—the Swift of his time—had an evident respect for a good dinner. He, who flouted the sages and bespattered the stilted tragedians of Athens, spoke of banquets and their providers with a decorous respect unusual to that gall-dipped reed of his. Aristophanes belonged to the Country Party—the Athenian Conservatives: he was a fine old Grecian gentleman—or, at the very least, a trencherman and hanger-on of gentlemen of such a kidney; and preferred dinners to democracy. In a republic there have always been two classes of republicans: the school of the platform, and the school of the kitchen. On one hand, your wordy, noisy patriot—your stump-orator—eating his turnips after growing them *à la* Cincinnatus, making his meal of herbs, not always love-seasoned perhaps, and hurrying off to his *caucus* and his speech and his huzzaing crowd:—on the other hand, your elegant citizen, rich, refined, and a *dilettante*, living in Fifth Avenue, and dining sumptuously, with burnished plate and snowy linen, every day of his life. Between these two classes you will seldom find much sympathy. Rose-water republicans shrink away from the greasy, unwashed democrats, reeking of cheap liquor, garlic, and tobacco, who divide with them the popular sovereignty. Whiskyfied Gracchus, on his part, has a poor idea of his dainty compeer, sneers at his fine clothes, carriage, and house, is jaundiced by his savoury dinners, soured by his old wine, and regards him as a traitor to liberty, who has aspirations after gold sticks, and hankers for a monarchy. So Aristophanes and his party—the upper ten thousand (or, more probably, in little Athens, the upper one hundred)—had aspirations after gold sticks, and hankered for a monarchy—a snug system where a benevolent despot should curb that odious brawling *demos*, that manyheaded turbulent vestry, whose uproar scared Athens from its quiet and ruined the digestion of its magnates. They gave dinners, those untitled aristocrats, those aldermen of Athens, and they honoured their Cooks as prudent Amphitryons should. True, the Cook was generally a slave; but what of that? In old Hellas and her colonies—the Virginias and Sydneys she planted—many eminent men were slaves. Æsop was a slave, for instance, and learned the groundwork of his fables in the poultry-yard and goat-pen of his master's farm. It was bad *ton* in Athens to be harsh to a well-conducted slave. A curled fop like Alcibiades might play silly tricks on the servile race; but the respectable old fogies, the steady, reverend seniors of the state, shook their grey heads at any systematic maltreatment of their live chattels. It was the poor freeman,

the needy member of the *demos*, the potwalloper of Athens, so to speak, who gave hard words and blows to the humble *andrapoda*, and treated them as a "Bowery boy" of our day treats a nigger. The Athenian who had nothing to brag of except his freedom was cruel to slaves, no doubt: and alas! cooks were slaves then. We are so accustomed to associate the idea of slavery with a dark skin and a woolly head, that it is hard to imagine a small white town among gray rocks and hills crowned with olives, the masts of the galleys rising haughtily at the port hard by, the handful of shouting citizens hustling and howling out 'winged words' in the *Agora*, the few rich educated householders keeping aloof with a civil sneer at the vulgar turmoil, the swarming slaves as white as teachable, as learned very often as their masters, lolling on those Olympian sofas of theirs amid works of deathless art. Yes: slaves did most of the work of Greece; they cast the bronze and chiselled the alabaster; they frescoed the walls, they built the triremes: theirs was the true credit of the delicate mosaic of those floors glowing with many-coloured marbles; they hewed in the quarry, they painted the canvas, tilled the lands—they spun, they wove, they cooked.

The Cook was a born Cook;—he came from Andros, or Chios, or other of the Isles—he was a Greek, and no barbarian: his mother tongue was the same as his master's almost, only a little softer and more liquid. The Cook was a chattel of price; he was worth as much as a buffoon, and twice as much as a poetaster or a pedagogue. Some of the very best—those whose culinary perceptions were the most exquisite, and who were worth many drachmas in the market—were countrymen of Anacreon. Perhaps the wine inspired them. The vines of the Isles yield sorry stuff now—Ionia can furnish but a very small tap indeed;—but the ruby grape-juice *may* have been better when it warmed the veins of bygone Bacchanals. I believe that Greece was the cradle of Cooks. Nor are Cooks to be sneered at or accounted frivolous, if rightly understood. A good dinner—mind, I am modest, and say a 'good dinner,' not a gluttonous feast—is a mighty civiliser; it brightens the faculties, which brutal excesses stupefy and which want weakens; helps the health, mellows the judgment. Pity the prescription is so costly—needlessly so, as I shall prove anon. Greece kept alive all arts immortal—nursed the studio and the portico and the kitchen—drilled her *hoplites*, manned her triremes, and instructed her Cooks; while Persia wallowed in Oriental pilaffs, and King Artaxerxes had nothing better than kibaubs, and cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and lambs wadded with pistachio nuts, and such like Eastern *pièces de resistance* to furnish forth his royal board. The Orient has always had quite an Israelite taste for greasy cookery, for fleshpots swimming in onions and fat, for dripping and *ghee*. I cannot give the glorious name of Cooks to the compounders of such gruesome medleys, to the presiders over such weird cauldrons as have simmered over Asiatic fires since the dawn of history. Curries have merit, to be sure, but it is a barbaric merit, such as might belong to some wild plaintive cadence droned forth by the reed

flutes of a savage tribe. But when I speak of Cooks—of those whose art is to make food wholesome, palatable, and nutritious, of those who compete with the physician in cures and surpass him in prevention of disease, of those who soften manners and disarm brutality—I allude to practitioners calmly secure in their science, experts in flavour, men who have all things tasted, all things sipped. No: Asia has no real Cooks. Greece alone could supply them; and before the Persian monarchy fell, the great king of that Persepolitan Versailles of his, had gathered together a profusion of Greeks—sculptors, jewellers, singers, cooks—all the best of venal Hellas. It was all very well for Plato and his white-robed disputants to saunter dreamily round the gardens, talking air-drawn logic on a diet of dates and cold water: but jollier Aristotle must dine—Alcibiades, the D'Orsay, the Wharton, the Mirabeau of his day—loved his three courses and dessert: no doubt Demosthenes, that great parliamentary chieftain, and Admiral Nicias and General Parmenio, could assemble their friends at a pleasant banquet enough, even if, like Æneas, their table was a biscuit, and they finished by eating the mahogany. Sparta alone, cross-grained and ascetic, kept the Cook from her soil. Black broths and hard fare were her selection; and for a while her men fought as no others fought. But if the virtue resided in the diet, it soon evaporated; the hectoring brood were thrashed again and again: they, who lived to fight, and passed their lives "in training," according to the phrase of the P.R., were worsted by the Thebans and Athenians, who only fought to live, and found time to do a hundred elegant and useful things betweenwhiles. No: Athens, nurse of Cooks, had the best of it. She never bartered away her birthright for a mess of such horrible black potage as Spartan spoons were dipped in; she fought, and colonised, and feasted, and made merry, pretty much as we in England have been doing this many a year. So far had Athens kept the old traditions alive, so sedulously had she kept the charcoal fires alight and the *casseroles* simmering, that when Rome became the bullying, blatant robber of the world and queen of the nations, the Greeks were as much in fashion as ever were Normans in Saxon Westminster or Frenchmen in Stuart London. None but a 'Græculus'—such was the puny diminutive to which had fallen the name of Homer's countrymen—could be butler, or comptroller, or cupbearer, or cook. See what Cicero says about the mania for Greek servants; read how he lashes Verres in his grand indictment against the oppressor of Sicily, where the word 'Græculi' comes up at intervals like the refrain of a drinking-song. Not that the Greek art remained pure. I fear that the Cooks of Hellas condescended to pamper the gross Roman palates after a fashion that would have revolted the dead and gone dandies of Attica. I am afraid that those banquets of Vitellius, Nero, Commodus—those dreadful messes of nightingales' tongues, and rhinoceros' eyes, and Colchester oysters, and livers of Indian peacocks, and things expensive from every nook of earth—were dressed by Grecian hands for the coarse masters of the world. I daresay that the Syrian *chefs* who came with Heliogabalus helped to

vitiate the national kitchen, and brought with them hideous Mesopotamian recipes and *menus* of enormous gormandizing banquets held by Alexander and his amiable successors. In those shocking imperial feasts at Rome, the traditions of the past nearly died out. To glean curiosities from every corner of the known globe, and then dress them together in monstrous *macédoines*, to spend thousands and thousands of pounds sterling on a single ostentatious meal, was what a Roman emperor too often loved to do. No wonder they drank Falernian by whole amphoras at a time; no wonder they had feathers in their napkins and drugs in their *flacons*, and cultivated that "second hunger" which Juvenal sings of: least wonder of all that there were quack doctors and patent pills in Rome as well as London, and that a stamped pill-box once replenished with antibilious globules was discovered only the other day among the bones at Uriconium.

A few patricians, here and there, contrived to live well and handsomely, to feed their guests and foster their Cooks, without swallowing at one monstrous meal the plunder of a province. Lucullus and Mecænas, be sure, were generous, hospitable gentlemen, not wonder-loving gluttons. They had their faults, of course. Lucullus, like an alchemist of aftertimes, consumed too many precious golden talents in the fumes of his fire; he dined somewhat too pompously when he was the only occupant of his ivory triclinia—Lucullus feasting with Lucullus; but I do not think there were any rhinoceros' eyes and peacocks' livers among the hundred dishes of that bachelor meal. And though Mecænas loved to play the patron, and to take Jove's part among the wits and bards who fed at his table, it is scarcely probable that the friend of Horace and honeyed Virgil and passionate Naso had nothing better to give them than the fins of rare fish, the tongues of Philomel and her sister warblers, and the ambergris of the Baltic.

The dark, stormy middle ages converted cookery into a chaos: principles were ignored, theory was despised. The rude Vikings, our ancestors, were too hungry to wait until their great masses of beef were roasted to a judicious brownness;—they snatched the ribs and sirloins from the spit; they hacked the meat with daggers, tore it piecemeal, gnawed it savagely, like hounds breaking up a fox, and concluded the festive repast by pelting one another, or some butt or prisoner, with their marrowbones and leavings. Was not an archbishop of Canterbury absolutely *boned* to death in this manner by the pagan Danes who held his grace a captive in his own cathedral? That painstaking historian, Monsieur Rapin, affirms it. There is something inexpressibly shocking in the idea of such an end—to perish by ignoble pelting of broken victuals, to be martyred by marrowbones! Olaus Magnus and others tell us that such ill-bred proceedings were not uncommon at a Norse feast; that our forefathers of Holstein, Denmark, Norway, and so forth, were as boisterous and fond of Norse play as so many great unmannerly schoolboys. Nor did they care how tough and underdone

their joints were—joints won by the strong hand, and devoured by teeth as strong and unscrupulous as the winners. Even the honest Saxons were coarse feeders, and content with fat pork and barley bread, until the daintier Norman brought in a more refined style of living. Yes: the Cooks came in with the Conqueror; and if their names do not figure in the Battle roll, it is because they were modest men, keeping aloof from bloodshed and violence, and content to tickle the palates instead of hammering the helmets of mankind. Through all the following centuries we catch glimpses of the Cook, true to his mission: an improver, trying hard to soften, to reclaim, to mellow and tame the wrathful human nature, often disappointed, but falling to rise again—a Sisyphus of the saucepans. The Cook has always had a perception of great truths, has forestalled the theories of modern physicians, has ever known how much of human health and happiness depends on the digestion. To render food tender, wholesome, easy of digestion, to preserve and develop natural flavours, to add aroma to osmazone, to combine the choicest products of the vegetable and the animal world, are the true offices of the genuine Cook. Cooks have been fearfully maligned and traduced: made the victims of misrepresentation. They are not wholly blameless: there have been, there are, false brothers of their craft—unprincipled empirics who follow where they should lead, and who pamper the appetite to the detriment of the liver.

The Cook of the middle ages had not every day an opportunity of carrying his theories into effect. The lady of the feudal epoch, not being in the least accomplished or lettered, and having her own idea of woman's mission, chose to be her own housekeeper. The *dame chatelaine* had her wooden gallery overlooking the kitchen with its great glowing fire and its wide smoke-emitting chimney, its spits, and iron pots and ladles, and scullions smart with grease and lampblack, and its turnspits, canine or human, toiling under fire. There, in that gallery, she stood and scolded—that gentle dame in miniver and wimple, whose life the novelist would fain have us believe to have been passed between an oratory and a tilt-yard, where kerchiefs waved encouragement to the champions bandying thwacks below. Not very great could have been the skill of the lady and her obedient *marmitons*, for salted eels, ham, salt beef and stockfish made up a great part of a winter's bill of fare. There was no grass for cattle in the dreary winters, no roots, no oilcake, no Thorley's patent condiments to keep the herds alive. Kill and salt down! was the cry every autumn, as surely as the woods turned to russet and red; and in summer, though there was a great plenty of salmon and pullets, of venison and of butcher-meat, of pork and of river fish, there was little art in their preparation. If a pasty had a crust neither tough nor doughy, if a wild boar were smothered in a sauce made of "bullace plums," little recked the hawking, fighting baron for aught else. But the monasteries were the nursery of Cooks; they had real artists within their safe walls: lay brethren often, sometimes shavelings of the genuine order of Dominic, or actual Carthu-

sians, or *bonâ fide* Benedictines. The refectory was not the least valued institution of monastic communities; even the Reverend Mr. Tuck, who lived alone in his irregular parsonage, had venison and claret in a snug cupboard, and kept his dried peas to rattle in the ears of a censorious public.

We know that so early as the Norman Conquest, Ely, and Glastonbury, and St. Neots, and lordly St. Albans, were renowned for their dinners and their bounty. It is even on record that humbler Croyland out in the fens, like a lonely haunt of herons rather than a priory of monks, had a coquinarius of note. The monasteries were long famed for good feeding and wholesome diet; although perverse John *did* contrive to kill himself at Swaffham with a villanous mixture—worthy such a monster—of unripe peaches and new ale. Men said a monk of Swaffham poisoned him; but all sudden deaths were set down to poison then. At any rate, in the iron ages we often find a tonsured head beneath the professional white cap; we trace the preservation of cooking, as of classics and medicine, to the men of frock and cowl. When a royal banquet, a civic feast, a grand wedding-dinner in the house of Franklin or Knight of the Shire, was in progress, the Chatelaine resigned her ladle of authority, and Brother Timothy, or Brother Tobias, was invited to leave his cell and wave the baton of the culinary orchestra. Great were the triumphs of Timothy and Toby, translated for the day to the hall-kitchen by the leave of the venerable Lord Abbot Rubicundus. Those astonishing feasts we read of were their handiwork. They built up those fortresses of pie-crust, those gigantic pasties that used to contain whole yardsful of slaughtered poultry, whole boars, heaps of brawn, game, doe venison, pyramids of plums, orchards of apples and damsons, gingerbread, jelly, live dwarfs, and four-and-twenty blackbirds, for aught I know, beneath their tremendous covers: a dainty dish, indeed, to set before such kings as our Plantagenets and Tudors, big, burly, fighting, revelling kings as they were. It was Brother Timothy who gilded the legs of the sacred peacock so daintily, and spread out his glorious tail like a tropic sunset, and sent in the dish by the hands of highborn pages in white satin and cloth of gold, to the hall where knights swore to skewer Soldans and scale castles in honour of the peacock and the ladies. It was Brother Tobias who bruised the four fat wethers to provide gravy for such another noble bird, and who sent up to the table of the Duke of Northumberland, for instance, such hecatombs of sheep and cattle, such piles of birds of all sorts, from swans to sparrows, that the very recital would give a vegetarian the nightmare. Afterwards came whitehanded Dame Juliana Berners, who wrote and imprinted the famous *Boke of St. Albans*, the first English cookery-book worthy of the name; though, indeed, it is an encyclopædia after its kind, and treats of falcons and angling, and all the polite knowledge of the day.

In the seventeenth century works were written to teach mankind to cook; the French, taught by the Italians, and aided by their natural

genius, began to systematise and to refine upon the gross rule-of-thumb of the earlier periods. Louis le Grand, the Regent Duke of Orleans, and the sybarite Louis Quinze, were the most consistent patrons of the art of cookery. The Bourbons have always loved their dinner with a fond constancy of affection. And what great men were their cooks! Ude, Carême, Vatel! names at which every scullion in Europe feels a thrill of pride. Where, now-a-days, shall we find a cook capable of falling on his own sword rather than face the disgrace of a fishless royal dinner, when the courier is late and the dressing-bell has rung, and nothing but death can rescue the artist from shame! What a colossal nature—what a Cato in *bonnet de coton!* England long refused to learn from France. The wooden shoe that Lord Macaulay talks of was eyed askance in the kitchen as well as in the Parliament. We had our own insular ways, our own authorities. We had Hutton, we had Dr. Kitchener, we had honest Mrs. Glasse, who, when she penned that sublime *naïveté* of hers, "first catch your hare," little dreamed of the immortality secured to her by those four monosyllables—little recked of the morals she was to point, the tales she was to adorn, and the Attic salt she was to furnish to wittiest leading articles of journals yet unborn. Through all the long wars that sealed the Continent, our British kitchens defied reform almost as steadily as our House of Commons. Then came the Peace, and the rush to Paris, and the swarming of our countryfolk over the whole of Europe, like bees that had lost their queen. From that time innovations crept in. People could not understand why the Channel should make such a difference at dinner-time. They asked why cooking should be viewed as an art so easy, or so indifferent, as to be left to the most ignorant and obtuse females that twelve pounds a year could tempt. They asked why it was that the French, with stringy meat and bad supplies of fish, could dine so well and wholesomely, while we could only spoil the finest viands of earth and sea. They quoted the old proverb, which avows the infernal origin of Cooks, and declaimed indignantly—in vain! All this clamour did not reach the British cookmaid; or, if it did, that noble female put it by with contempt, and went on boiling meat at "a gallop," half roasting joints, burning greasy chops, and making dumplings of awful tenacity. Then came Soyer, with his lectures and pamphlets, teaching how few were the sauces, how simple the principles of true art; winning womankind to stew rather than boil, and getting up classes for the instruction of girls and matrons in the useful science. Much good has been done; but much remains to do. It is no light matter that our artisans, our workpeople, and the bulk of our lower middle classes dine so ill and wastefully. They might dine well—well and frugally. The things are compatible in France; why not in England? But to lead the van of improvement we require a new, an educated dynasty of Cooks.

Paper.

"The best price given for old rags—inquire at the sign of 'The Black Doll.'" The "Black Dolls," which used to be associated in the minds of fifty-years-old boys with the pirates hanging in chains at Blackwall, and with bogeyism in general:—what has become of those forlorn mothers of Uncle Toms? Have they been taken down and sold to the unlettered portions of our aristocracy for Aunt Sallies; or have the white frocks, in which they were always dressed, become so precious in the rag market that they have been sold off their backs, leaving them in these days of protest against studies from the nude quite unpresentable. They may be of the same complexion as Othello, but, unlike him, their occupation is by no means gone. On the contrary, in the present state of manufacturing knowledge, the best papers can be made most cheaply and readily from linen or cotton rags, or from "waste;" and by the diminution of the waste which occurs in the manufacture of cotton and linen goods the resources of the paper-maker are being curtailed. As machinery is improved the waste becomes smaller, and whilst the consumption of raw cotton is larger than formerly in this country, the waste in working, available for paper, is not only comparatively, but actually less. Again, of that class of rags which are rags from the first—the cuttings and snippings from cloth for new garments—there is a diminished quantity, long-cloths and shirtings being made of varying widths to suit the sizes wanted; so that we no longer have to cut our coat according to our cloth, but the cloth is made to suit the cut of the coat, with as little to spare as possible.

Nor is the advice of the French princess, that if you can't get bread, you should eat buns, available. "Most fibrous substances," it has been justly said, "are capable of being reduced to pulp, and made into paper; but a peculiar and important advantage attending the employment of rags consists in the circumstance that in their conversion from raw vegetable fibre into woven fabrics they have undergone a thorough cleansing and separation from refuse—a result which would otherwise have to be attained at the paper-mill; and the cost of such operation is included in the price paid for the manufactured goods when purchased as articles for dress or other purposes, and no part of the expense attending the process is borne by the paper. Should the paper-maker, however, resort direct to the vegetable substances in their natural state of growth, the whole cost of the conversion of the raw fibre into paper would have to be defrayed by the paper produced."

Considering these things, it seems hard upon the English paper-maker that he should have had to start in his race of open competition with a restriction on him; but such is the case. On the 1st October, 1861,

the customs duty on foreign paper, and the excise duty on that manufactured in England, were alike extinguished, and the consumer has now no hindrance to the purchase of paper from any one who will bring it to him at the lowest price. The principle is the same as that which guided statesmen to the repeal of the corn-laws, viz. that the largest interest—that of the consumer—should be considered first; but the position of the English manufacturer has become peculiar. He has the same natural protection that exists for the English farmer,—he is nearer to his market than the foreigner; but free trade in paper is not to be accompanied by free trade in rags: from some countries these are only to be obtained on payment of a heavy export duty, and from others not at all. How far it would have been possible to have used the one condition as a lever for obtaining the other (from France at all events), Mr. Cobden only knows. Canning once sent a rhyming despatch to our ambassador at the Hague, the pith of which was, that the Dutch had a habit of giving too little and taking too much, upon which the English cabinet determined to hamper the Dutchmen with 20 per cent. But this is precisely what we have *not* done in the recent treaty.

Taking this nation as an entity, and looking at the treaty as a whole, there is probably quite enough in it to afford matter for general congratulation; and when it is considered how important it is to our own commercial success that neighbouring nations should conduct their mercantile operations upon natural and rational principles, the treaty, as an inducement to bring about this result, is worthy of all praise; but from the paper-maker's point of view it must be confessed it has its ragged edges.

The manufacturer is certainly well rid of the incubus of the excise. It is the curse of all that class of taxation that the payer pays more than the receiver gets: that it is a machinery productive of absolute waste. It was one of the glories of Sir Robert Peel that he stopped it upon glass, and on soap a similar relief soon followed. We happen to know that the collection of the duty on glass was attended with such loss and vexation to the manufacturer, that one of the senior officials in the excise itself went into scientific investigations to see whether it was not possible for him to get the tax he wanted without the producer paying it twice over, once in money and once in inconvenience, delay, and waste. We cannot satisfy ourselves that the excise on paper had this feature to any marked degree, although it has been stated in evidence before a committee of the House that the pressure of the excise raised the price of paper one penny a pound over and above the excise duty itself: but doubtless many thousands of tons of paper, such as envelope and stationers' cuttings and bookbinders' parings, have paid duty over and over again, and all for the privilege of going into the dust-heap; and when every room had to be numbered and the processes gone through in it confined to the declaration made about it, there was abundant opportunity for suspicion on one side, and on the other, for vexation, limitation, and loss. But these

speculations are now superfluous; the excise and the customs duty are alike gone for ever, and, leaving the manufacturer to profit by the loss of the one, let us see how he can best dispense with the protection of the other.

We will suppose that the black dolls, not only of Whitechapel and St. Giles, but of Hamburg and Trieste, of Genoa and Leghorn, of Palermo, Syracuse, and Barcelona, of jaunty Galway and meek Calcutta, have worked hard for him, have danced in the air and flapped their petticoats to some purpose, and that his rag warehouse is full. It has become a very savoury place. The author of *Eothen* has a wonderful description of the variety of fleas that beset him when he went to church in Jerusalem. The men they usually fed on had come from all parts of the world, to lay their bones in Jewry; and he beguiled a dull 'eleventhly' in the sermon by guessing at the nationality of the bite; but in the modern rag warehouse there is no prevailing tint of Hebraism to harmonize the torture, and all that can be said about it is, that the nearer you stand to the door the better it will be for you. Still we must have a bundle or two undone. It appears that there are nearly fifty classes of rags, all available for some purposes, and that some of the best are required to be in combination to make the highest class of papers. One thing is very curious—an experienced manufacturer can tell pretty accurately, before a bundle is opened, the sort of rag which will be found there, according to the town from which it comes. In other words, rags are good social barometers. From London and the great cities, or from the pleasure towns, such as Bath and Leamington, a great deal is of the best quality and unpatched. From the agricultural districts the rags are clean but very much darned; from the manufacturing localities they are both dirty and patchy, whilst it is still some parts of Ireland that supply the filthiest rags of all. Some such thought as this must have been in the mind of Fuller in 1662, but he applied it to the paper itself, which he said partook of the character of the countrymen by whom it was made. "The Venetian being neat, subtle, and courtlike; the French, light, slight, and slender; the Dutch, thick, corpulent, and gross, not to say sometimes also bibulous, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof." Mynheer Van Dunck was evidently made of blotting-paper.

But the foreman has spread out four or five little heaps upon the floor. Those white cuttings from the shirtmakers' will be wanted for bank-notes. Those new cotton ends from the bleaching works in Lancashire, called tabs, are valuable for the best writing papers. Here are some of the highest foreign marks: "S. P. F. F. F.;" "Bremens;" "English fines;" "seconds" and "thirds," and "coloured goods." In these last there is a great deal of waste: the "warranted fast" colours which are so desirable to the wearers of magenta or of mauve, are simply objections to the paper-maker, implying, first, a probable deterioration of fibre from the dye which has been fixed upon it, and involving a still further injury by the chloride of lime that is to discharge the colour out.

Amongst the foreign rags those from Germany hold a high place. The exportation from Hamburg is unrestricted, and Mecklenburg supplies some of first-rate quality. Much of the German underclothing is coarse, but it is stout, of good fibre, and it is linen: "all meat," as the makers say, complacently. From a neighbouring country the exportation is prohibited, but rags have been known to cross the frontier (in obedience to that beautiful law under which an arbitrary restriction creates a smuggler), and even a coffin, screwed down and inscribed with the name of some imaginary dear departed, whose relations desired her to be buried in the neighbouring free State, has been found to contain, not *her*, but only her worn-out petticoats and pocket-handkerchiefs. Whether the rag interest itself, as against that of the paper-makers, in the countries where there are restrictions against exportation, will ever be strong enough to demand a freedom of sale for its article, remains to be seen; at present a certain amount of French and Belgian commercial energy has to go into directions that are contraband. The Italian rags from Genoa, Ancona, and Leghorn, are good; so are those from Hungary, which reach us by way of Trieste. The Spanish and Sicilian are rags on rags; those from India are thin and sere, as macerated autumn leaves; whilst some much nearer home are occasionally so dirty that they don't get to the machinery at all, but are tossed into the furnace to be burnt, and are written down a loss.

"The battle of competition has to be fought mainly in the rag-house," we are informed; that is to say, upon the quality of fibre and the judicious selection of the various sorts for special objects, the real goodness of the paper especially depends. Let us follow a bundle of the best to the floor above.

It is a strange thing this valuable capacity of rubbish, and it has been the theme of moralists since paper was first made from it. It is not only the old Shakspearian speculation—

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away;"

but it is clay turned back again into imperial Cæsar. The rags an heiress shrinks from as she sweeps them with her crinoline, come back (hot pressed and woven-cream, of course) to show her the story of Dives and Lazarus upon them; the garment only half worn out that went to the Crimean hospitals to bind up wounds, can be made, by the enchanter's magic that we are about to witness, to carry the history of the good Samaritan into homes where the inmates have been living it all their lives; or, as Addison puts it, "A beau may by this means peruse his cravat, after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass; and a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel, may become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet."

And this is how they do it. In the long room above the rag-store the cutters and sorters, about 120 of them, are at work. They are all women. Men disdain this sort of thing; it appears to be somehow associated in the minds of labouring men with needlework. Each woman or

girl sits or stands before a rough table, the top of which is made of coarse wire netting, so that some of the heavier dirt may drop through. On this table is fixed, standing up with its back towards her, a knife, which looks like a piece of a scythe. She cuts the rags by holding them in both hands, and drawing them towards her across the edge of this knife; and when it gets blunt, to see an old lady take up two pieces of whetstone and dash away at this knife, without cutting her fingers off, is something edifying. By the side of the table is a box, divided into compartments, into which the rags, when shredded into pieces (roughly, about four inches square), are thrown, being partly sorted by the cutter as she works. To these boxes come overlookers, by whom the work is supervised and the sorting finished. The rags are weighed out to the cutters, and the weight of cut rag credited to them. Beginners may perhaps make 5*s*. a week; but in a large wages'-book which we have seen, the better workers stand at 12*s*. or 13*s*. each.

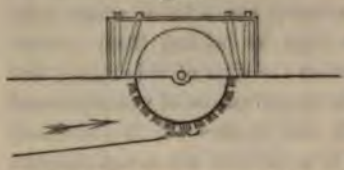
The cutting and sorting for the superior papers has to be put into vigilant hands. For example, dirt in any shape is a great enemy, and rags, of course, are full of it: every seam is a harbour for dirt, and in outer garments, such as old corduroy trousers, the seams about the feet are choked with actual grit; nor are the worn-out sails of coal-ships over cleanly. But the great anxiety of the sorting-house, the ghost that haunts the sorters night and day, is india-rubber. This is now used in such a variety of ways, is so insidiously mackintoshed into cotton or linen fibre, or so ingeniously covered with it, that the young hands don't always know it when they see it; but if ever so little of it should pass through the pulp mills, and travel along the machinery as far as the hot cylinders, it is sure to declare its nature there: it spreads under the action of the heat like a fine film, and does a sad amount of damage. The workpeople are allowed 6*d*. per pound for all they can find; and in the great works where we have been learning our lesson, the average is more than 30lb. per week. All metallic substances, too, that cling about old garments, pins, needles, hooks and eyes, gold and silver thread, &c., have to be watched for and rejected; and all silk and woollen, too: though the caustic ley in which the rags are subsequently boiled will take a tolerable account of those.

From the cutting and sorting house the rags go to the dusters. The dusting mills are wire cylinders, within which long spiky arms are constantly revolving, and the whole apparatus is placed at an inclination which allows the heavier dust to escape at the bottom, the lighter coming through the network of the wire.

From the dusting-house they go to be boiled. They are put into long elliptical boilers, with a strong ley, and the whole machine revolves slowly on an axis, so that all the rags get turned well over, and subjected to the chemical action in due course. Some of these revolving boilers hold a ton of rags. This process well done, all particles of silk and wool, and all grease, are supposed to be destroyed. It is an operation involving a great deal of waste; as much as 50 per cent., it is computed, in working a low-class rag.

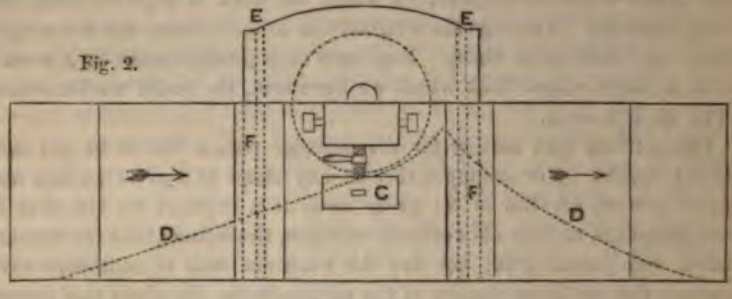
The rags being cooled by the introduction of spring-water, are now ready for the washing-engine; and as the machine for this purpose is an important one, and with some modification is used for beating and pulping also, rough sketches of it are subjoined. The thing to be done is to get the rags between the two sets of teeth shown in fig. 1.

Fig. 1.



In fig. 2 the lower set does not appear, being hidden by the end of its frame at C; and fig. 3 gives a bird's-eye view of the same apparatus,

Fig. 2.



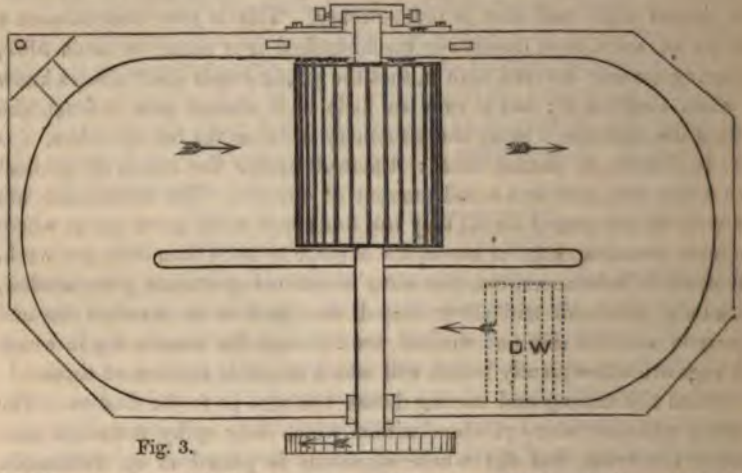


Fig. 3.

the direction in which the rags go round and round being indicated by the arrows. The cylinder can be pressed down upon the bottom plate, to increase the bruising power, and a sketch of this lower plate is given (fig. 4), in order that it may be seen how the ridges do not run quite parallel to the teeth in the cylinder, but diverge about five degrees, to allow of the necessary play and escape. It will be seen by the dotted line D D in fig. 2 that when the rags are approaching the cylinder, they rise up an inclined plane, and after their bruising they go yet a little higher, and are then

Fig. 4.

precipitated down "the backfall." At first, as the rags get torn, and the dirt is stirred up out of them, the dirty water can be allowed to escape by a false bottom, pierced with fine holes; but as the stuff gets broken in, as it is termed, and the regular flow of water in and out is established, it is necessary to provide careful filtration to prevent the waste of valuable stuff. This used to be done by letting the stuff be driven against the wire cloth divisions E E in fig. 2, the water running off by the pipes FF; but this was found to be inefficient, and now, when it is wanted to get rid of the waste water, it passes through the periphery of hollow cylinders, covered with fine wire cloth, which revolve slowly in the pulp, the water being raised by revolving buckets inside the cylinder, and conveyed away by a tube in the centre of the axis. These cylinders are called drum-washers, and are generally placed in that part of the engine which we have indicated by dotted lines in fig. 3 at D W.

The rags, then, having been "broken in," and become "half stuff," go to bleach. In some cases chlorine gas is used, but for high-class papers dilute chloride of lime is preferred; and as material which is subjected to the action of strong bleaching fluid is apt to return, after exposure to the air, to a dingy colour, the art is to wash well and repeat weak doses of bleaching liquor upon materials originally of good colour. The rags are first put into a large vat called the poaching engine, and are thoroughly stirred and incorporated with the hot fluid; they are then removed into stone tanks with perforated false bottoms, and the bleaching liquor filters slowly through the mass; the dose can be renewed again and again, and when the stuff is sufficiently saturated, it is subjected to pressure, and is ready for another washing. In this department the material stands about a good deal in long, classical-looking, double-handled tubs, something the shape of the oil jars that held the "Forty thieves;" and it requires an eye trained in the various gradations of white and yellow to say which should ultimately be made into "blue wove post," and which into "satin-faced cream-laid." Dabs of wet blue paper shreds on the top of some of them (the workmen's private marks) help the eye amazingly, and on one snowy heap we once detected a bright crimson thread, evidently from the top of a stocking, which had somehow managed to escape the action of the poaching engine and hold its own against the chlorine fluid.

The tubs are taken to the draining bins, and the stuff has to be re-washed, in order that all the chlorine should be got out of it. To those who witness the manufacture for the first time, few things can be more notable than the abundant supply and use of water. Most of the paper-mills are situated on running streams, and before the use of steam the water-power was necessary to turn the machinery, and when paper was a less dainty affair than it is now, the same water was doubtless used for washing; but at the mill which we have lately been inspecting, although it is situated on one of the purest chalk streams in Kent, the river water is not good enough, and four artesian wells are worked, 600 gallons of washing water being demanded of them per minute.

The washing process, to get rid of all trace of the chlorine, is performed in what is called the intermediate engine, with blunt tackle; and the stuff is then finally delivered to the mercies of the pulping engine, where the cylinder and its underlying plate, both with sharper cutters, are fitted more closely to each other; but even here the art is to establish an action which will rather tear the stuff than cut it, because it is not a mince of rags that is wanted, but a fibre. In this engine the mouth of the pipe which supplies the water is carefully wrapped in a fine muslin bag, and the drum washer as carefully guards the exit of the water, so that nothing but water can either come or go. If the paper is intended to be blue, it is at this stage of the process the colouring matter is introduced. The artificial ultramarine is largely used, and acts as a stain; but smalt, which is an impalpable, insoluble powder, can be thoroughly worked into the pulp, and is by many preferred. It is easy to detect which has been used, by the look of the paper: if the colour is uniform on both sides, it has been ultramarine; but smalt settles through the paper as it lies on the mould and on the couching felt, and one side of the paper (the upper side) is lighter than the other.

To these processes we may add one more, that of straining the completed pulp through a metal sieve, called a knotter—an implement which prevents all knots from going through; and then, up to this point, we may say the treatment for all good sorts of paper is generically the same. The rags have to be cut and sorted, boiled and washed, bleached and re-washed, beaten into pulp and strained through a knotter. Man is especially a machine-making animal, and, considering the engines we have been describing, there is a sense in which all paper may be said to be machine-made; but what is called hand-made, as distinguished from that made by machine, divides off at the point now reached.

The hand-made papers were the earliest, and they are still the best. The problem is, having got the rags to the condition of fibrous pulp, to collect them again into smooth, flexible, tough paper. Machinery can do almost anything but think, but it cannot imitate sufficiently the indescribable knack with which a skilled workman shakes about a wire tray of dripping pulp, and hands it to his associate to lay out as a sheet of paper. The subjoined is a sketch of paper-making by hand.

Fig. 5.

Paper-making by Hand.

A is the vatman; but before we attend to him, let us see the implements he has to use. B (fig. 7) is a tray or mould of woven wire, on which

the pulp is to settle, and through which the water is to escape. D (fig. 6) is the deckle to frame the pulp as it were, and give the paper an edge. The mode in which the wire tray is made determines the character of the paper. "Cream-laid" or "blue-wove" paper does not mean that the paper itself is either laid or woven, but that the wires are disposed in a

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

way to present a uniform surface to the paper, as at B (woven), or showing horizontal bars of wire strengthened at intervals by vertical ones, thus (fig. 8):—which is laid. The pulp then, having been sufficiently made and strained, flows into the chest E, and is lifted by the Persian wheel F into the vat, before which the man stands. Inside the vat, at the bottom of it, a twelve-inch wheel, called a hog, is going constantly round and round the whole length of it, to keep the stuff constantly stirred, and prevent the fibrous parts from sinking. The vatman, having framed the mould by placing the deckle upon it, dips it into the pulp, lifts it out, allows the water to run freely through the laid or woven wire, and whilst this is doing gives it that mysterious shake which, as it were, locks all the edges of the ragged particles of pulp into one another, and makes in fact *a sheet of paper*. When he has settled the pulp to his satisfaction (and he does his work so systematically that the same man will make ream after ream of paper of precisely the same weight, and another man will make a ream which shall vary from the first, and always vary, a few ounces), he hands the frame without the deckle, to his coadjutor, the coucher C, who rests it up for a moment against the knob G (called the donkey) to strain a little more of the water off, whilst he takes a fine silky-looking felt off the heap at H, and, placing it on a flat board before him, reverses the mould, and lays the sheet on the felt. He then slides the mould back along the edge of the vat, ready for the hand of the vatman, who has been meanwhile preparing

Fig. 8.

a second sheet by means of a second mould; and so the game continues—to the sound of dripping water and the clatter of the empty mould, with a rhythmical punctuality that is very fascinating—until the pile of sheets, the post, is high enough for pressing; it is then hooked away, to be run under an hydraulic press, which squeezes more of the superfluous moisture out, and, the paper being taken out of the felts and made into a pack, the felts are returned for use to the coucher.

Before we leave this department, notice should be taken of the water-mark. If we watch the vatman at his work, we shall find that he has before him on his tray a smooth surface of hardening pulp, which, as it lies there, would appear to be of uniform thickness, but such need not be the case. If, on the surface of the wire netting, other wires are fixed, so as to form raised devices, the pulp must lie thick enough to cover them, but it will not be so thick where they are as in other parts of the sheet; and this is the secret of the water-mark, which ought more properly to be called the light mark, the effect being merely the result of the paper being thinner, and enabling the light to come more freely through. An ordinary water-mark is simply made by wire being fastened on to the mould; but as the use of special devices, difficult of exact imitation without access to the original mould, is found to be a most valuable protection against forgery, complicated water-marks have been ingeniously constructed, all of them based upon the principle of gradation in thickness of paper and consequent transparency: the moulds used for some bank-notes are works of art as well as of commerce, and are sometimes treated like the seals of corporate bodies, kept under lock and key, and only given out when paper is wanted. We have also seen some moulds to produce in paper a similar effect to that of the German biscuit-ware when hung up in the window, or before a strong light. Below we have facsimiles of some of the earliest known water-marks.

Figs. 9, 10, and 11, were used by Caxton and the early printers, the papers being principally Italian and German.

Fig. 9.

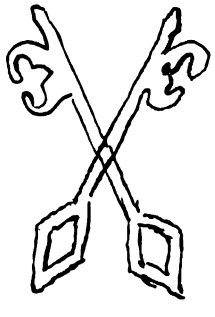


Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 12, with the fleur-de-lys, shows traces of French origin, and is the progenitor of "imperial" and other marks.

Fig. 13, the open hand, surmounted by a star, must have originally furnished the names "small-hand," "lumber-hand," "royal-hand."

Fig. 14 is a cardinal's hat, traced from a sheet of paper made in 1649, there being at that time a paper called "cardinal."

Fig. 15 was the mark of John Tate, the earliest paper-maker in England.

Fig. 13.

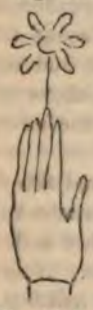


Fig. 14.

Fig. 15.

Fig. 16 is the post-horn almost unaltered.

Fig. 17 is pott, although the flagon has been changed into the royal arms; and

Fig. 18 is undoubtedly an early maker's notion of foolscap.

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

Fig. 18.

The best hand-made paper is made from warm pulp, that for bank-notes being nearly scalding hot.

We left it just delivered from the felts, in the stage called "water-leaf," as porous as blotting-paper; it is, in fact, a sort of blotting-paper, and has next to undergo the operation of sizing, to fill up all the interstices, and prevent the ink from being absorbed or from running. An endless felt revolves slowly through a trough of size, carrying sheets of paper with it. They are placed on at one end by a boy, and received out at the other by a woman; they are again pressed to get out the superfluous size, re-made into a fresh pack to prevent adhesion, and then taken to the drying house. The drying of paper which has been sized is a delicate operation. If the air were admitted freely at first, the size would not sink through to the heart of the paper, but be partly lost in evaporation; and as damp sized paper is very apt to soil or take impressions, it is necessary that the sheets

should be hung on ropes of considerable thickness, made in a special manner, and from cowhair, across which it is found they neither adhere nor lie too close. The drying-man is furnished with an instrument of wood in the shape of the letter T, and with his pack on the left hand he always—though working often in a darkened room—manages to take up the same number of sheets, three or four, called a spur, and hoists them with his T across the rope. The rope-full, the "treble," as it is called, is raised above his head, out of his way, and he fills another, and so on till the drying-room is full. At first the shutters are close shut, and the warm-air tubes below are only moderately heated, because, above all things, the drying must be gradual; but as the process goes on the air is admitted more freely.

The sheets are now ready for examination as to defects, and this is done by women, many of them the wives or daughters of the vatmen and couchers; and at clean tables, with abundant light, and furnished with a little knife, they stand or sit, and must be otherwise all eyes. If any serious blemishes are found, the paper is rejected for remaking; and if the defects are of a lighter character, it goes into a lower class and fetches a cheaper price. Hairs or trifling knots are removed by the knife. Each overlooker has a number, and the work given to her is numbered in the same way, so that, if any complaints from the consumer ultimately reach the maker, number so and so gets fined or dismissed, as the case may be.

This ordeal over, the sheets are subjected to fresh pressure to get a surface on them. This "jacketing," as it is called, is done by putting each sheet between two plates of either zinc or copper, and passing them between rollers, or they are pressed naked between brightly polished steel rollers, or they are hot-pressed between smooth surfaces of heated mill-board. There remains but to fold into sheets, and make up into quires and reams, ready for use.

These, then, are the processes by which the best papers, the hand-made papers, are produced. The size of this sort of paper is limited by the power of the vatman to wield his mould; but many years ago the desirability of having paper larger than any man could handle was so great that attempts were made to produce it. For example, paper for rooms was originally hand-made "elephant," 28 inches by 23, and sixteen or eighteen sheets had to be pasted together to make a piece; now it is furnished in twelve-feet lengths, and might be made twelve yards, or even twelve miles long, if necessary. But whilst machinery has solved the problem of greater width and practically indefinite length, it has not yet rivalled that mysterious knack of the vatman's shake, under which the pulp from the highest class of rags becomes paper of the toughest and finest sort; nor can it give that strong edge, equivalent to the selvage edge in cloth, which is such a protection against tearing in bank-notes; but it can make a sheet of *The Times*, and we must recur to the pulping engine to see how it is done.

As a rule, what is done by hand on flat surfaces is done by machinery on curved ones. From the vat the pulp flows through a straining vessel (the knotter), and is delivered on to an endless wire cloth of the desired width. This represents the "mould" of the hand-maker, and it is furnished with side straps, which supply the place of the deckle. A lateral motion is given to the wire just after the pulp falls on it, it moves slowly forward, the water flows through (into a saveall below, for the sake of any pulp it may bring with it), and as the cloth passes over two oblong boxes from which the air has been partially exhausted, the drying process gets sufficiently forwarded to enable the pulp to receive pressure. Just before it reaches the second air-box the water-mark is made. This is not done, as in hand-made papers, by raising the device on the surface of the mould, because, if devices were fixed on these wire cloths, each fresh mark of paper would require a fresh cloth; but a small roll, called "a dandy roll," having the name or device in relief upon its circumference, revolves with gentle pressure on the pulp, generally near its edge, and makes the necessary difference in thickness. When the pulp is fixed enough to leave the wire cloth, it is delivered on to and between the couching felts: these, in the machinery, are stretched on wheels of large diameter, and pass the paper forward for pressure, first, for getting rid of the remaining moisture, and then for the purpose of giving a facing and good surface. From these rolls it is ready to be wound off upon the reel; but before this is done it is drawn over a metal comb, to relieve it from the very considerable amount of electricity which it has accumulated during its growth.

For some papers a resinous sizing is sufficient, and in such cases, the size is mixed with the pulp before it appears on the wire cloth; and then when the paper has got to the winding reel, it is all ready for cutting, inspecting, folding, and use; but where a gelatinous size is required this cannot be done, and the paper has to be taken from the reel to the sizing tank, and after passing through it, and over a series of skeleton drums in a carefully and gradually warmed chamber, or over wire drums with fans in them, it comes down to the cutting instrument.

This cutting machine is a very beautiful and delicate affair. It receives the paper, holds it strained and taut, cuts off its edges, divides it in the middle at the same time, and then, by a peculiar little convulsion at regular intervals, clasps these lengths between a sort of scissor-knife, and the lengths are divided into sheets of the proper size.

We had the pleasure recently of witnessing the manufacture of some of the paper for *The Times*. It awakens a strange feeling, the look of a printless *Times*. On that vast blank sheet a page of the future history of the world would certainly be impressed, and in its obituary might possibly be found our own. Higher up the same valley in the midst of some of the loveliest scenery in England, we visited another machine-mill belonging to the same proprietor. The still head of water above was full of deep reflections; a single swan (of paper whiteness) brooded on it,

"slept double,—swan and shadow;" from below came the clatter of the wheel and the babble of running water, and inside—was the material for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

This, then, is English paper. But what is to become of the English paper-makers under the pressure of competition with other countries where labour is cheaper, and of the restriction that they are not allowed to bid in an open market for the raw material? When one goes over a large mill, a place employing perhaps 500 hands, organized under the assured methods of captains of labour, and finds the long results of ingenuity and capital all concentrated together; 140 tons of coal consumed per week, thirteen steam-engines at work, six or seven millwrights, and two superintending engineers, it is a grave question, and it is due to such good men and true in the community that it should be gravely considered. The select committee appointed to inquire into it have recently reported "that at the present time the British paper manufacturer is paying a price for rags and other paper-making materials enhanced by means of foreign export duties, while he is called upon at the same time to compete with paper manufactured in countries that prohibit or tax the export of rags." They, therefore, recommend that "the British Government should continue strenuous exertions to effect the removal of all restrictions abroad upon the export of all paper-making materials." Elsewhere they say that "they have directed their especial attention to inquiring as to the possibility of applying any new fibre as a substitute for the refuse material now in use for paper-making purposes, and find that great efforts have been made to discover some material of this nature, but as yet with little success; and although they see no reason to doubt that straw, and other fibrous substances, may form a supplementary part of the material for paper-making, the great comparative expense of chemically reducing these raw fibres presents difficulties to their becoming a substitute for the refuse material now used."

One enthusiast of the future suggests "thistles!" but the paper-maker who should prefer thistles to rags can only go into the same harness with that celebrated donkey who preferred thistles to corn—because he was an ass. One can only approach the question of thistles, or nettles, or anything else, with this sort of questioning:—"The price or value of the article in its native place; its abundance or scarcity; the cost of carriage; the percentage of loss sustained in being converted into pulp; the expense of chemicals and machinery necessary to effect this object; and—the quality of the paper produced therefrom."

We shall not get much assistance if we go into the question historically, into those times when paper had become a necessity, although there were either no rags, or it was not known that they were available. The learned have disputed learnedly as to how the paper made from papyrus was treated, and several reams must have been consumed in settling the meaning of a passage in Pliny; but it would seem that the ancient papers in classical lands were not made of pulp, but of fibrous materials macerated and beaten together, and then filled up with flour and size. The Chinese seem to

have been in possession of the method by pulping, as they were of other secrets, at times when in this country neither rags nor paper were much wanted; and it is quite possible their mode of producing fine paper from the bamboo, the mulberry, the elm, and the cotton-tree will ultimately give us the clue to a profitable manufacture from many substances which at present do not remunerate us for the cost. Indeed, it is thought by some that our knowledge of the conversion of rags into paper is owing to the Chinese; that it was introduced by pilgrims from the far East; that silk was used by the Chinese, and the art brought to Persia in 652, and to Mecca in 706; that the Arabs substituted cotton for silk; that the cotton paper manufacture travelled with them into Africa and Spain; and that linen rags were first used in the latter country, the most ancient papers of this kind being from Valencia and Catalonia. From Spain it is said to have passed to France about 1260, and was made in Germany in 1312. The first paper-mill in England was at Hertford, or at all events the earliest mention of the manufacture occurs in a book printed by Caxton about 1470, the paper of which was made by John Tate, of Seel Mill, Hertford, whose works were considered sufficiently curious to receive a visit from Henry VII.; but a large mill opened at Dartford, in 1588, by John Spielman, a German, jeweller to Queen Elizabeth, and knighted by her, is often called the first.

The trace of many nations is curiously shown in the professional terms in use in the trade. In the valley of the Dart the vatman is often called "the fateman," which is merely a German way of dealing with the *v*, and of drawling a long *a*; sometimes it is "the fassman," in downright Dutch. The coucher, the man who lays the sheets on their felt couches, is evidently from the French *coucher*, and the room where some of the finishing operations are performed is still the "salle."

It would seem, therefore, that the present condition of the art of paper-making is the result of a consensus of the gained knowledge of the whole world. How far the English manufacturer will maintain his present supremacy in the home market remains to be proved; but when we consider that science and enterprise have already enabled him to convert a few floating particles of watery film into paper fit for printing on, in the course of the two minutes during which they traverse the machinery of a single room, we need hardly fear for his future; let us rather go back to the fifth or sixth century, when the duty on the importation into Rome, being excessive, was abolished by Theodoric, the Gothic king of Italy, and join Cassiodorus in congratulating the whole world on the cessation of the imposts on a merchandise "which was (and is) so essentially necessary to mankind."

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Monk's Struggle.

The golden sunshine of the spring morning was deadened to a sombre tone in the shadowy courts of the Capuchin convent. The reddish brown of the walls was flecked with gold and orange spots of lichen; and here and there, in crevices, tufts of grass, or even a little bunch of gold-blooming flowers, looked hardily forth into the shadowy air. A covered walk, with stone arches, inclosed a square filled with dusky shrubbery. There were tall funereal cypresses, whose immense height and scraggy profusion of decaying branches showed their extreme old age. There were gaunt, gnarled olives, with trunks twisted in immense serpent folds, and boughs wreathed and knotted into wild, unnatural contractions, as if their growth had been a series of spasmodic convulsions, instead of a calm and gentle development of Nature. There were overgrown clumps of aloes, with the bare skeletons of former flower-stalks standing erect among their dusky horns or lying rotting on the ground beside them. The place had evidently been intended for the culture of shrubbery and flowers, but the growth of the trees had long since so intercepted the sunlight and fresh air that not even grass could find root beneath their branches. The ground was covered with a damp green mould, strewn here and there with dead boughs, or patched with tufts of fern and lycopodium, throwing out their green hairy roots into the moist soil. A few half-dead roses and jasmines, remnants of former days of flowers, still maintained a struggling existence, but looked wan and discouraged in the effort, and seemed to stretch and pine vaguely for a freer air. In fact, the whole garden might be looked upon as a sort of symbol of the life by which it was surrounded,—a life stagnant, unnatural, and unhealthy, cut off from all those thousand stimulants to wholesome development which are afforded by the open plain of human existence, where strong natures grow distorted in unnatural efforts, though weaker ones find in its lowly shadows a congenial refuge.

We have given the brighter side of conventual life in the days we are describing: we have shown it as often a needed shelter of woman's helplessness during ages of political uncertainty and revolution; we have shown it as the congenial retreat where the artist, the poet, the student, and the man devoted to ideas found leisure undisturbed to develope themselves under the consecrating protection of religion. The picture would be unjust to truth, did we not recognize, what, from our knowledge of human nature, we must expect—a conventual life of far less elevated and refined order. We should expect that institutions which guaranteed to each individual a livelihood, without the necessity of physical labour or

the responsibility of supporting a family, might in time come to be incumbered with many votaries in whom indolence and improvidence were the only impelling motives. In all ages of the world unspiritual are the majority, the spiritual the exceptions. It was to the *multitude* that Jesus said, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did *eat* and were filled:" and the multitude has been much of the same mind from that day to this.

The convent of which we speak had been for some years under the lenient rule of the jolly brother Girolamo; it was an easy, wide-spread, loosely organized body, whose views of the purpose of human existence were decidedly Anacreontic. Fasts he abominated, night-prayers he found unfavourable to his constitution; but he was a judge of olives and good wine, and often in his pastoral visits threw out valuable hints on the cooking of maccaroni, for which he had himself elaborated a savory recipe: indeed the cellar and larder of the convent, during his pastorate, presented so many urgent solicitations to conventual repose, as to threaten an inconvenient increase in the number of brothers. The monks in his time lounged in all the sunny places of the convent like so many loose sacks of meal, enjoying to the full the *dolce far niente* which seems to be the universal rule of southern climates. They ate and drank and slept and snored; they made pastoral visits through the surrounding community which were far from edifying; they gambled, and tippled, and sang most unspiritual songs; and, keeping all the while their own private pass-key to paradise tucked under their girdles, were about as jolly a set of sailors to Eternity as the world had to show. In fact, the climate of Southern Italy and its gorgeous scenery are more favourable to voluptuous ecstasy than to the severe and grave warfare of the true Christian soldier. The sunny plains of Capua demoralized the soldiers of Hannibal, and it was not without a reason that ancient poets made those lovely regions the abode of Sirens whose song maddened by its sweetness, and of a Circe who made men drunk with her sensual fascinations, till they became sunk to the form of brutes. Here, if anywhere, is the lotos-eater's paradise; the purple skies, the enchanted shores, the soothing gales, the dreamy mists, all conspire to melt the energy of the will, and to make existence either a half-doze of dreamy apathy or an awaking of mad delirium.

It was not from dreamy, voluptuous Southern Italy that the religious progress of the Italian race received any vigorous impulses. These came from more northern and more mountainous regions: from the severe, clear heights of Florence, Perugia, and Assisi, where the intellectual and the moral both had somewhat of the old Etruscan earnestness and gloom.

One may easily imagine the stupid alarm and helpless confusion of these easy-going monks, when their new superior came down among them glowing with a white heat from the very hottest furnace-fires of a new religious experience—burning and quivering with the terrors of the world to come;—pale, thin, eager, tremulous, and yet with all the martial vigour of the former warrior, and all the habits of command of a former princely

station. His reforms gave no quarter; sleepy monks were dragged out to midnight-prayers, and their devotions enlivened with vivid pictures of hell-fire and ingenuities of eternal torment enough to stir the blood of the most torpid. There was to be no more gormandizing, no more wine-bibbing; the choice old wines were placed under lock and key for the use of the sick and poor in the vicinity; and every fast of the Church, and every obsolete rule of the order, were revived with unsparing rigour. It is true, they hated their new superior with all the energy which laziness and good living had left them; but every soul of them shook in their sandals before him: for there is a true and established order of mastery among human beings, and when a man of enkindled energy and intense will comes among a flock of irresolute commonplace individuals, he subjects them to himself by a sort of moral paralysis similar to what a great, vigorous gymnotus distributes among a fry of inferior fishes. The bolder ones, who made motions of rebellion, were so energetically swooped upon, and consigned to the discipline of dungeon and bread and water, that less courageous natures made a merit of siding with the more powerful party; mentally resolving to carry by fraud the points which they despaired of accomplishing by force.

On the morning we speak of, two monks might have been seen lounging on a stone bench by one of the arches, looking listlessly into the sombre garden patch we have described. The first of these, Father Anselmo, was a corpulent fellow, with an easy swing of gait, heavy animal features, and an eye of shrewd and stealthy cunning: the whole air of the man expressed the cautious, careful voluptuary. The other, Father Johannes, was thin, wiry, and elastic, with hands like birds' claws, and an eye that reminded one of the crafty cunning of a serpent. His smile was a curious blending of shrewdness and malignity. He regarded his companion from time to time obliquely from the corners of his eyes, to see what impression his words were making, and had a habit of jerking himself up in the middle of a sentence and looking warily round to see if any one was listening, which indicated habitual distrust.

"Our holy superior is out a good while this morning," he observed, in the smoothest and most silken tones; which, however, carried with them such a singular suggestion of doubt and inquiry that they seemed like an accusation.

"Ah!" was the only reply of the other, who, perceiving some intended undertone of suspicion lurking in the words, apparently resolved not to commit himself to his companion.

"Yes," continued the first speaker; "the zeal of the house of the Lord consumes him, the blessed man!"

"Blessed man!" echoed the second, rolling up his eyes, and giving a deep sigh, which shook his portly form, so that it quivered like jelly.

"If he goes on in this way much longer," said Father Johannes, "there will soon be very little of the mortal left; the saints will claim him."

Father Anselmo gave something resembling a pious groan, but darted meanwhile a shrewd observant glance at the speaker.

"What would become of the convent, were he gone?" resumed Father Johannes. "All these blessed reforms which he has brought about would fall back; for our nature is fearfully corrupt, and ever tends to wallow in the mire of sin and pollution. What changes hath he wrought in us all! To be sure, the means were sometimes severe. I remember, brother, when he had you under ground for more than ten days. My heart was pained for you; but I suppose you know that it was necessary, in order to bring you to that eminent state of sanctity where you now stand."

The heavy, sensual features of Father Anselmo flushed up with some emotion, whether of anger or of fear it was hard to tell; but he gave one hasty glance at his companion, which, if a glance could kill, would have struck him dead: then there fell over his countenance, like a veil, an expression of sanctimonious humility, as he replied,—

"Thank you for your sympathy, dearest brother. I remember, too, how I felt for you that week when you were fed only on bread and water, and had to take it on your knees off the floor, while the rest of us sat at table. How blessed it must be to have one's pride brought down in that way! When our dear, blessed superior first came, brother, you were as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; but now, what a blessed change! It must give you so much peace! How you must love him!"

"I think we love him about equally," retorted Father Johannes, his dark, thin features expressing the concentration of malignity. "His labours have been blessed among us. Not often does a faithful shepherd meet so loving a flock. I have been told that the great Peter Abelard found far less gratitude: they tried to poison him in the most holy wine."

"How absurd!" interrupted Father Anselmo, hastily; "as if the blood of the Lord—as if our Lord himself, could be made poison!"

"Brother, it is a fact," insisted the former, in tones silvery with humility and sweetness.

"A fact that the most holy blood can be poisoned?" replied the other, with horror, evidently genuine.

"I grieve to say, brother," affirmed Father Johannes, "that in my profane and worldly days I tried that experiment on a dog, and the poor brute died in five minutes. Ah, brother," he added, observing that his obese companion was now thoroughly roused, "you see before you the chief of sinners! Judas was nothing to me; and yet, such are the triumphs of grace, I am an unworthy member of this most blessed and pious brotherhood: but I do penance daily in sackcloth and ashes for my offence."

"But, Brother Johannes, was it really so? did it really happen?" inquired Father Anselmo, looking puzzled. "Where, then, is our faith?"

"Doth our faith rest on human reason, or on the evidence of our senses, Brother Anselmo? I bless God that I have arrived at that state where I can adoringly say, 'I believe, because it is impossible.' Yea,

brother, I know it to be a fact that the ungodly have sometimes destroyed holy men, like our superior, who could not be induced to taste wine for any worldly purpose, by drugging the blessed cup; so dreadful are the ragings of Satan in our corrupt nature!"

"I can't see into that," Father Anselmo protested, still looking confused.

"Brother," answered Father Johannes, "permit an unworthy sinner to remind you that you must not try to see into anything; all that is wanted of you in our most holy religion is to shut your eyes and believe: all things are possible to the eye of faith. Now, humanly speaking," he added, with a peculiar meaning look, "who would believe that you kept all the fasts of our order, and all the extraordinary ones which it hath pleased our blessed superior to lay upon us, as you surely do? A worldling might think, to look at you, that such flesh and colour must come in some way from good meat and good wine; but we remember how the three children throve on the pulse and rejected the meat from the king's table."

The countenance of Father Anselmo expressed both anger and alarm at this home-thrust. The change did not escape the keen eye of Father Johannes, who went on.

"I directed the eyes of our holy father upon you as a striking example of the benefits of abstemious living, showing that the days of miracles are not yet past in the Church, as some sceptics would have us believe. He seemed to study you attentively. I have no doubt he will honour you with some more particular inquiries,—the blessed saint!"

Father Anselmo turned uneasily on his seat and stealthily eyed his companion, to see, if possible, how much real knowledge was expressed by his words: he then turned to quite another topic.

"How this garden has fallen to decay! We miss old Father Angelo sorely, who was always trimming and cleansing it. Our prior is too heavenly-minded to have much thought for earthly things, and so it goes."

Father Johannes watched this attempt at diversion with a glittering look of stealthy malice, and, seeming to be absorbed in contemplation, broke out again where he had left off on the unwelcome subject.

"I mind me now, Brother Anselmo, that when you came out of your cell to prayers the other night, your utterance was thick, your eyes heavy and watery, and your gait uncertain. One might suppose that you had been drunken with new wine; but we knew it was all the effect of fasting and devout contemplation, which inebriate the soul with holy raptures. I remarked the same to our holy father, and he seemed to give it earnest heed, for I saw him watching you through all the services. How blessed is such watchfulness!"

"The devil take him!" cried Father Anselmo, suddenly thrown off his guard; but, checking himself, he added, confusedly,—"I mean"——

"I understand you, brother," said Father Johannes; "it is a motion of the old nature not yet entirely subdued. A little more of the discipline of the lower vaults, which you have found so precious, will set all that right."

"You would not inform against me?" pleaded Father Anselmo, with an expression of alarm.

"It would be my duty, I suppose," replied Father Johannes, with a sigh: "but, sinner that I am, I never could bring my mind to such proceedings with the vigour of our blessed father. Had I been superior of the convent, as was talked of, how differently might things have proceeded! I should have erred by a sinful laxity. How fortunate that it was he, instead of such a miserable sinner as myself!"

"Well, tell me, then, Father Johannes,—for your eyes are shrewd as a lynx's,—*is* our good superior so perfect as he seems? or does he have his little private comforts sometimes, like the rest of us? Nobody, you know, can stand always on the top round of the ladder to paradise. For my part, between you and me, I never believed all that story they read to us so often about Saint Simon Stylites, who passed so many years on the top of a pillar and never came down."

"I am told to believe, and I do believe," said Father Johannes, casting down his eyes piously. "Dear brother, it ill befits a sinner like me to reprove; but it seemeth to me as if you make too much use of the eyes of carnal inquiry. Touching the life of our holy father, I cannot believe the most scrupulous watch can detect anything in his walk or conversation other than appear in his profession. His food is next to nothing,—a little chopped spinach, or some bitter herb cooked without salt for ordinary days, and on fast days he mingles this with ashes, according to a saintly rule. As for sleep, I believe he does without it; for at no time of the night, when I have knocked at the door of his cell, have I found him sleeping. He is always at his prayers or breviary. His cell hath only a rough, hard board for a bed, with a log of rough wood for a pillow; yet he complains of that as tempting to indolence."

Father Anselmo shrugged his fat shoulders ruefully.

"It's well," he urged, "for those who want to take this hard road to paradise; but why need they drive the flock up with them?"

"True, Brother Anselmo," returned Father Johannes; "but the flock will rejoice in it in the end. I understand he purposes to draw tighter the reins of discipline. We ought to be thankful."

"Thankful? We can't wink but six times a week now," murmured Father Anselmo; "and by-and-by he won't let us wink at all."

"Hist! hush! here he comes," said Father Johannes. "What ails him? he looks wild, like a man distraught."

In a moment more, Father Francesco strode hastily through the corridor, with his deep-set eyes dilated and glittering, and a vivid hectic flush on his hollow cheeks. He paid no regard to the salutation of the obsequious monks; in fact, he seemed scarcely to see them, but hurried, in a disordered manner, through the passages and gained the room of his cell, which he shut and locked with a violent clang.

"What has come over him now?" wondered Father Anselmo.

Father Johannes stealthily followed at some distance, and then stood

with his lean neck outstretched and his head turned in the direction where the superior had disappeared. The whole attitude of the man, with his acute glittering eye, might remind one of a serpent before darting upon his prey. "Something is working within him," he muttered to himself; "what may it be?"

Meanwhile that heavy oaken door had closed on a narrow cell, bare of everything supposed to be convenient in the abode of a human being. A table, of the rudest and most primitive construction, was garnished with a skull, whose empty eyeholes and grinning teeth were the most conspicuous objects in the room. Behind this stood a large crucifix, manifestly the work of no common master, and bearing evident traces in its workmanship of Florentine art: it was, perhaps, one of the relics of the former wealth of the nobleman who had buried his name and worldly possessions in this living sepulchre. A splendid manuscript breviary, richly illuminated, lay open on the table; the fair fancy of its flowery letters, and the lustre of gold and silver on its pages, forming a singular contrast to the squalid nakedness of everything else in the room. This book, too, had been a family heirloom; some lingering shred of human and domestic affection sheltered itself under the protection of religion in making it the companion of his self-imposed life of penance.

Father Francesco had just returned from the scene in the confessional we have already described. That day had brought to him one of those pungent and vivid inward revelations which sometimes overset in a moment some delusion that has been the cherished growth of years. Henceforth the reign of self-deception was past; there was no more self-concealment, no more evasion. He loved Agnes—he knew it: he said it over and over again to himself with a stormy intensity of energy; and in this hour the whole of his nature seemed to rise in rebellion against the awful barriers which hemmed in and threatened this passion. He now saw clearly that all which he had been calling fatherly tenderness, pastoral zeal, Christian unity, and a thousand other evangelical names, was nothing more nor less than a passion that had gone to the roots of his existence and absorbed into itself all that there was of him. Where was he to look for refuge? What hymn, what prayer had he not blent with her image? It was this that he had given to her as a holy lesson; it was that which she had spoken of to him as the best expression of her feelings. This prayer he had explained to her, and he just remembered the beautiful light in her eyes, which were fixed on his so trustingly. How dear to him had been that unquestioning devotion, that tender, innocent humility!—how dear, and how dangerous!

We have read of flowing rivulets wandering peacefully without ripple or commotion so long as no barrier stayed their course, but suddenly chafing in angry fury when an impassable dam was thrown across their waters; so, any affection, however genial and gentle in its own nature, may become an ungovernable, ferocious passion, by the intervention of fatal obstacles in its course. In the case of Father Francesco, the sense of

guilt and degradation fell like a blight over all the past, that had been so ignorantly happy. He thought he had been living on manna, but found it poison. Satan had been fooling him—leading him on blindfold and laughing at his simplicity—and now mocked at his captivity. And how nearly had he been hurried by a sudden and overwhelming influence to the very brink of disgrace! He felt himself shiver and grow cold to think of it. A moment more and he had blasted that pure ear with forbidden words of passion; and even now he remembered, with horror, the look of grave and troubled surprise in those confiding eyes, that had always looked up to him trustingly, as to God. A moment more and he had betrayed the faith he taught her, shattered her trust in the holy ministry, and perhaps imperilled her salvation. He breathed a sigh of relief when he recollected that he had not betrayed himself: he had not fallen in her esteem: he still stood on that sacred vantage-ground where his power over her was so great, and where at least he possessed her confidence and veneration. There was still time for reflection, for self-control, for a vehement struggle: but, alas! how shall a man struggle who finds his whole inner nature surging in furious rebellion against the dictates of his conscience—self against self?

It is true, also, that no passions are deeper in their hold, more pervading and more vital to the whole human being, than those which make their first entrance through the higher nature, and, beginning with a religious and poetic ideality, gradually work their way through the whole fabric of the human existence. From grosser passions, whose roots lie in the senses, there is always a refuge in man's loftier nature: he can cast them aside with contempt and leave them, as one whose lower story is flooded can remove to a higher loft and live serenely with a purer air and wider prospect. But for love that is born of ideality—of intellectual sympathy, of harmonies of the spiritual and immortal nature, of the very poetry and purity of the soul—if it be placed where reason and religion forbid its exercise and expression, what refuge but the grave—what hope but that wide eternity where all human barriers fall, all human relations end, and love ceases to be a crime? A man of the world may struggle against it by change of scene, place, and employment: he may put oceans between himself and the things that speak of what he desires to forget: he may fill the void in his life with the stirring excitement of the battle-field, or the whirl of travel from city to city, or the press of business and care. But what help is there for him whose life is tied down to the narrow sphere of the convent—to the monotony of a bare cell, to the endless repetition of the same prayers, the same chaunts, the same prostrations; especially when all that ever redeemed it from monotony has been that image and that sympathy which conscience now bids him forget?

When Father Francesco precipitated himself into his cell and locked the door, it was with the desperation of a man who flies from a mortal enemy. It seemed to him that all eyes saw just what was boiling within him—that the wild thoughts which seemed to scream their turbulent

importunities in his ears, were speaking so loud that all the world would hear. He should disgrace himself before the brethren whom he had so long been striving to bring to order and to teach the lessons of holy self-control. He saw himself pointed at, hissed at, degraded, by the very men who had quailed before his own reproofs; and scarcely when he had bolted the door behind him, did he feel himself safe. Panting and breathless, he fell on his knees before the crucifix, and, bowing his head in his hands, fell forward upon the floor. As a spent wave melts at the foot of a rock, so all his strength passed away, and he lay awhile in a kind of insensibility—a state in which, though consciously existing, he had no further control over his thoughts and feelings. In that state of dreamy exhaustion his mind seemed like a mirror, which, without vitality or will of its own, simply lies still and reflects the objects that may pass over it. As clouds sailing in the heavens cast their images, one after another, on the glassy floor of the waveless sea, so the scenes of his former life drifted in vivid pictures athwart his memory. He saw his father's palace—the wide, cool, marble halls—the gardens resounding with the voices of falling waters. He saw the fair face of his mother, and played with the jewels upon her hands. He saw again the picture of himself, in all the flush of youth and health, clattering on horseback through the streets of Florence with troops of gay young friends, now dead to him as he to them. He saw himself in the bowers of gay ladies, whose golden hair, lustrous eyes, and siren wiles came back shivering and trembling in the waters of memory in a thousand undulating reflections. There were wild revels—orgies such as Florence remembers with shame to this day. There was intermingled the turbulent din of arms, the haughty passion, the sudden provocation, the swift revenge. And then came the awful hour of conviction: the face of that wonderful man whose preaching had stirred all souls; and then those fearful days of penance—that darkness of the tomb—that dying to the world—those solemn vows, and the fearful struggles by which they had been followed.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, "is it all in vain?—so many prayers? so many struggles?—and shall I fail of salvation at last?"

He seemed to himself as a swimmer, who, having exhausted his last gasp of breath in reaching the shore, is suddenly lifted up on a cruel wave and drawn back into the deep. There seemed nothing for him but to fold his arms and sink.

For he felt no strength now to resist—he felt no wish to conquer; he only prayed that he might lie there and die. It seemed to him that the love which possessed him and tyrannized over his very being, was a doom—a curse sent upon him by some malignant fate, with whose power it was vain to struggle. He detested his work—he detested his duties—he loathed his vows: there was not a thing in his whole future to which he looked forward otherwise than with the extreme of aversion; except that one to which he clung with a bitter and defiant tenacity—the spiritual guidance of Agnes. Guidance!—he laughed aloud, in the bitterness

of his soul, as he thought of this. He was her guide—her confessor; to him she was bound to reveal every change of feeling; and this love that he too well perceived rising in her heart for another—he would wring from her own confessions the means to repress and circumvent it. If she could not be his, he might at least prevent her from belonging to any other; he might at least keep her always within the sphere of his spiritual authority. Had he not a right to do this?—had he not a right to cherish an evident vocation—a right to reclaim her from the embrace of an excommunicated infidel, and present her as a chaste bride at the altar of the Lord? Perhaps, when that was done—when an irrevocable barrier should separate her from all possibility of earthly love, and the awful marriage-rite should have been spoken which should seal her heart for heaven alone—he might recover some of the blessed calm which her influence once brought over him, and these wild desires might cease and these feverish pulses be still.

Such were the vague images and dreams of the past and future that floated over his mind, as he lay in a heavy sort of lethargy on the floor of his cell, and hour after hour passed away. It grew afternoon, and the radiance of evening came on. The window of the cell overlooked the broad Mediterranean, all one blue glitter of smiles and sparkles; the white-winged boats were flitting lightly to and fro, like gauzy-winged insects in the summer air, and the song of the fishermen drawing their nets on the beach floated cheerily upward. Capri lay like a half-dissolved opal in shimmering clouds of mist; Naples gleamed out pearly clear in the purple distance; and Vesuvius, with its cloud-spotted sides, its garlanded villas and villages, its silvery crown of vapour, seemed a warm-hearted and genial old giant lying down in his gorgeous repose and holding all things on his heaving bosom in a kindly embrace.

So was the earth flooded with light and glory, that the tide poured into the cell, giving the richness of an old Venetian painting to its bare and squalid furniture. The crucifix glowed along all its sculptured lines with rich golden hues; the breviary, whose many-coloured leaves fluttered as the wind from the sea drew inward, was yet brighter in its gorgeous tints: it seemed a sort of devotional butterfly perched before the grinning skull, which was bronzed by the enchanted light into warmer tones of colour, as if some remembrance of what once it saw and felt came back upon it. So also the bare, miserable board which served for the bed, and its rude pillow, were glorified. A stray sunbeam, too, fluttered down on the floor like a pitying spirit, to light up that pale, thin face, whose classic outlines had now a sharp, yellow setness, like that of swooning or death; it seemed to linger compassionately on the sunken, wasted cheeks, on the long black lashes that fell over the deep hollows beneath the eyes like a funereal veil. Poor man! lying crushed and torn, like a piece of rock-weed wrenched from its rock by a storm and thrown up withered upon the beach!

From the leaves of the breviary there depends, by a fragment of gold

braid, a sparkling something that wavers and glitters in the evening light. It is a cross of the cheapest and simplest material, that once belonged to Agnes: she lost it from her rosary at the confessional. Father Francesco saw it fall, yet would not warn her of the loss, for he longed to possess something that had belonged to her: he made it a mark to one of her favourite hymns. She never knew where it had gone: little could she dream, in her simplicity, what a power she held over the man who seemed to her an object of such awful veneration. Little did she dream that the poor little tinsel cross had such a mighty charm with it, and that she herself, in her childlike simplicity, her ignorant innocence, her peaceful tenderness and trust, was raising such a turbulent storm of passion in the heart which she supposed to be above the reach of all human changes.

Now, through the golden air, the Ave Maria is sounding from the convent-bells, and answered by a thousand tones and echoes from the churches of the old town; all Christendom gives a moment's adoring pause to celebrate the moment when an angel addressed to a mortal maiden words that had been wept and prayed for during thousands of years. Dimly they sounded through his ear, in that half-deadly trance; not with plaintive sweetness and motherly tenderness, but like notes of doom and vengeance. He felt rebellious impulses within, which rose up in hatred against them, and all that recalled to his mind the faith which seemed a tyranny, and the vows which appeared to him such a hopeless and miserable failure.

But now there came other sounds, nearer and more earthly. His quickened senses perceived a busy patter of sandalled feet outside his cell, and a whispering of consultation; and then the silvery, snaky tones of Father Johannes, which had that oily, penetrative quality that passes through all substances with such distinctness.

"Brethren," it said, "I feel bound in conscience to knock. Our blessed superior carries his mortifications altogether too far. His faithful sons must beset him with filial inquiries."

The condition in which Father Francesco was lying, like many abnormal states of extreme exhaustion, seemed to be attended with a mysterious quickening of the magnetic forces and intuitive perceptions. He felt the hypocrisy of those tones, and they sounded in his ear like the suppressed hiss of a deadly serpent. He had always suspected that this man hated him to the death; and he felt now that he was come with his stealthy tread and his almost supernatural power of prying observation, to read the very inmost secrets of his heart. He knew that he longed for nothing so much as the power to hurl him from his place and to reign in his stead; and the instinct of self-defence roused him. He started up as one starts from a dream, waked by a whisper in the ear, and, raising himself on his elbow, looked towards the door.

A cautious rap was heard, and then a pause. Father Francesco smiled with a peculiar and bitter expression. The raps became louder

and more energetic; stormy at last, intermingled with vehement calls on his name.

Father Francesco rose at length, settled his garments, passed his hands over his brow, and then, composing himself to an expression of deliberate gravity, opened the door and stood before them.

"Holy father," said Father Johannes, "the hearts of your sons have been saddened. A whole day have you withdrawn your presence from our devotions. We feared you might have fainted; your pious austerities so often transcend the powers of Nature."

"I grieve to have saddened the hearts of such affectionate sons," replied the prior, fixing his eye keenly on Father Johannes; "but I have been performing a peculiar office of prayer to-day for a soul in deadly peril, and have been so absorbed therein that I have known nothing that passed. There is a soul among us, brethren," he added, "that stands at this moment so near to damnation that even the most blessed Mother of God is in doubt for its salvation; and whether it can be saved at all God only knows."

These words, rising up from a tremendous groundswell of repressed feeling, had a fearful, almost supernatural, earnestness that made the body of the monks tremble. Most of them were conscious of living but a shabby, shambling, dissembling life, evading in every possible way the efforts of their superior to bring them up to the requirements of their profession; and therefore, when these words were poured out among them with such a glowing intensity, every one of them began mentally feeling for the key of his own private and interior skeleton closet, and wondering which of their ghastly occupants was coming to light now.

Father Johannes alone was unmoved, because he had long since ceased to have a conscience: a throb of moral pulsation had for years been an impossibility to the dried and hardened fibre of his inner nature. He was one of those real, genuine, thorough unbelievers in all religion, and all faith, and all spirituality, whose unbelief grows only more callous by the constant handling of sacred things. Ambition was the ruling motive of his life, and every faculty was sharpened into such acuteness under its action that his penetration seemed at times almost preternatural. While he stood with downcast eyes and hands crossed upon his breast, listening to the burning words which remorse and despair wrung from his superior, he was calmly and warily studying to see what could be made of the evident interior conflict that convulsed him. Was there some secret sin? Had that sanctity at last found the temptation that was more than a match for it? And what could it be?

To a nature with any strong combative force there is no tonic like the presence of a secret and powerful enemy, and the stealthy glances of Father Johannes' serpent eye did more towards restoring Father Francesco to a calm self-mastery than the most conscientious struggles could have done. He grew calm, resolved, determined. Self-respect was dear to him; and no less dear to him was that reflection of self-respect which a

man reads in other eyes. He would not forfeit his conventual honour, or bring a stain on his order, or, least of all, expose himself to the scoffing eye of a triumphant enemy. Such were the motives that now came to his aid, while as yet the whole of his inner nature rebelled at the thought that he must tear up by the roots and wholly extirpate this love that seemed to have sent its fine fibres through every nerve of his being. "No!" he said to himself, with a fierce interior rebellion, "*that* I will not do! Right or wrong, come heaven, come hell, I *will* love her! if lost I must be, lost I will be!" While this determination lasted, prayer seemed to him a mockery. He dared not pray alone now, when most he needed prayer; but he moved forward with dignity towards the convent-chapel to lead the vesper devotions of his brethren. Outwardly he was calm and rigid as a statue; but as he commenced the service, his utterance had a terrible meaning and earnestness that were felt even by the most drowsy and leaden of his flock. It is singular how the dumb, imprisoned soul, locked within the walls of the body, sometimes gives such a piercing power to the tones of the voice during the access of a great agony. The effect is entirely involuntary, and often against the most strenuous opposition of the will; but one sometimes hears another reading or repeating words with an intense vitality, a living force, which tells of some inward anguish or conflict of which the language itself gives no expression.

Never were the long-drawn intonations of the chants and prayers of the Church pervaded by a more terrible, wild fervour than the superior that night breathed into them. They seemed to wail, to supplicate, to combat, to menace—to sink in despairing pauses of helpless anguish, and anon to rise in stormy agonies of passionate importunity; and the monks quailed and trembled, they scarce knew why, with forebodings of coming wrath and judgment.

In the evening exhortation, which it had been the superior's custom to add to the prayers of the vesper-hour, he dwelt with a terrible and ghastly eloquence on the loss of the soul.

"Brethren," he said, "believe me, the very first hour of a damned spirit in hell will outweigh all the prosperities of the most prosperous life. If you could gain the whole world, that one hour of hell would outweigh it all; how much more such miserable, pitiful scraps and fragments of the world as they gain, who, for the sake of a little fleshly ease, neglect the duties of a holy profession! There is a broad way to hell through a convent, my brothers, where miserable wretches go who have neither the spirit to serve the devil wholly, nor the patience to serve God. There be many shaven crowns that gnash their teeth in hell to-night; many a monk's robe is burning on its owner in living fire, and the devils call him a fool for choosing to be damned in so hard a way. 'Could you not come here by some easier road than a cloister?' they ask. 'If you must sell your soul, why did you not get something for it?' Brethren, there be devils waiting for some of us; they are laughing at your paltry shifts and evasions, at your efforts to make things easy; for they know how it will

all end at last. Rouse yourselves! Awake! Salvation is no easy matter: nothing to be got between sleeping and waking. Watch, pray, scourge the flesh, fast, weep, bow down in sackcloth, mingle your bread with ashes, if by any means ye may escape the everlasting fire!"

"Bless me!" cried Father Anselmo, when the services were over, casting a half-scared glance after the retreating figure of the prior as he left the chapel, and drawing a long breath; "it's enough to make one sweat to hear him go on. What has come over him? Anyhow, I'll give myself a hundred lashes this very night: something must be done."

"Well," said another, "I confess I did hide a cold wing of fowl in the sleeve of my gown last fast-day. My old aunt gave it to me, and I was forced to take it for my relation's sake; but I'll do so no more, as I'm a living sinner. I'll do a penance this very night."

Father Johannes stood under one of the arches that looked into the gloomy garden, and, with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his cold, glittering eye fixed stealthily now on one and now on another, listened with an ill-disguised sneer to these hasty evidences of fear and remorse in the monks, as they thronged the corridor on the way to their cells. Suddenly, turning to a young brother who had lately joined the convent, he asked,—

"And what of the pretty Clarice, my brother?"

The blood flushed deep into the pale cheek of the young monk, and his frame shook with some interior emotion, as he answered,—

"She is recovering."

"And she sent for thee to shrive her?"

"My God!" exclaimed the young man, with an imploring, wild expression in his dark eyes, "she did; but I would not go."

"Then nature is still strong," said Father Johannes, pitilessly eyeing the young man.

"When will it ever die?" returned the stripling, with a despairing gesture; "it heeds neither heaven nor hell."

"Well, patience, boy; if you have lost an earthly bride, you have gained a heavenly one. The Church is our espoused in white linen. Bless the Lord, without ceasing, for the exchange."

There was an inexpressible mocking irony in the tones in which this was said, that made itself felt to the finely vitalized spirit of the youth; though, to all the rest, it sounded like the accredited average pious talk which is more or less the current coin of religious conversations.

Now, no one knows through what wanton devilry Father Johannes broached this painful topic with the poor youth; but he had a peculiar faculty, with his smooth tones and his sanctimonious smiles, of thrusting red-hot needles into any wounds which he either knew or suspected under the coarse woollen robes of his brethren. He appeared to do it in all coolness, in a way of psychological investigation.

He smiled, as the youth turned away, and a moment after started, as if a thought had suddenly struck him.

"I have it!" he muttered to himself. "A woman may be the

cause of this discomposure of our holy father; for he is wrought upon by something, to the very bottom of his soul. I have not studied human nature so many years for nothing. Father Francesco hath been much in the guidance of women: his preaching hath wrought upon them, and perchance among them. Aha!" he murmured, as he paced up and down, "I have it! I'll try an experiment upon him!"

CHAPTER XV.

The Serpent's Experiment.

Father Francesco sat leaning his head on his hand by the window of his cell, looking out upon the sea as it rose and fell, with the reflections of the fast coming stars glittering like so many jewels on its breast. The glow of evening had almost faded, but there was a wan, tremulous light from the moon, and a clearness, produced by the reflection of such an expanse of water, which still rendered objects in his cell quite discernible.

In the terrible denunciations and warnings just uttered, he had been preaching to himself; striving to bring a force on his own soul by which he might reduce its interior rebellion to submission. But, alas! when was ever love cast out by fear? He knew not, as yet, the only remedy for such sorrow,—that there is a love celestial and divine, of which earthly love in its purest form is only the sacramental symbol and emblem, and that this divine love can, by God's power, so outflood human affections as to bear the soul above all earthly idols to its only immortal rest. This great truth rises like a rock amid stormy seas; but many is the sailor struggling in salt and bitter waters who cannot yet believe it is to be found. A few saints like Saint Augustin had reached it; but through what buffetings, what anguish!

At this moment, however, there was in the heart of Father Francesco one of those collapses which follow the crisis of some mortal struggle. He leaned on the window-sill, exhausted and helpless.

Suddenly, a kind of illusion of the senses came over him, such as is not infrequent to sensitive natures in severe crises of mental anguish. He thought he heard Agnes singing, as he had sometimes heard her when he had called in his pastoral ministrations at the little garden and paused awhile outside that he might hear her finish a favourite hymn, which, like a shy bird, she sang all the more sweetly for thinking herself alone. Soft and sweet and solemn was the illusion, as if some spirit breathed them with a breath of tenderness over his soul; and throwing himself with a burst of tears before the crucifix, he ejaculated: "O Jesus, where, then, art Thou? Why must I thus suffer? She is not the one altogether lovely; it is Thou—Thou, her Creator and mine! Why, why cannot I find Thee? Oh, take from my heart all other love but Thine alone!"

Yet even this very prayer was blent with the remembrance of Agnes;

for was it not she who first had taught him the lesson of heavenly love? Was not she the first one who had taught him to look upward to Jesus, other than as an avenging judge? Michel Angelo has embodied in a fearful painting, which now deforms the Sistine Chapel, that image of stormy vengeance which a religion degenerated by force and fear had substituted for the tender, good shepherd of earlier Christianity. It was only in the heart of a lowly maiden that Christ had been made manifest to the eye of the monk, as of old he was revealed to the world through a virgin. And how could he, then, forget her, or cease to love her, when every prayer and hymn, every sacred round of the ladder by which he must climb, was so full of memorials of her? While crying and panting for the superior, the divine, the invisible love, he found his heart still craving the visible one; the one so well known, revealing itself to the senses, and bringing with it the certainty of visible companionship.

As he was thus kneeling and wrestling with himself, a sudden knock at his door startled him. He had made it a point, never, at any hour of the day or night, to deny himself to a brother who sought him for counsel, however disagreeable the person and however unreasonable the visit. He therefore rose and unbolted the door, and saw Father Johannes standing with folded arms and downcast head, in an attitude of composed humility.

"What would you with me, brother?" he asked, calmly.

"My father, I have a wrestling of mind for one of our brethren whose case I would present to you."

"Come in, my brother," said the superior. At the same time he lighted a little iron lamp of antique form, such as are still in common use in that region, and, seating himself on the board which served for his couch, made a motion to Father Johannes to be seated also.

The latter sat down, eyeing, as he did so, the whole interior of the apartment, so far as it was revealed by the glimmer of the taper.

"Well, my son," resumed Father Francesco, "what is it?"

"I have my doubts of the spiritual safety of Brother Bernard," said Father Johannes.

"Wherefore?" returned the prior, briefly.

"Holy father, you are aware of the history of the brother, and of the worldly affliction that drove him to this blessed profession?"

"I am," replied the superior, with the same brevity.

"He narrated it to me fully," continued Father Johannes. "The maiden he was betrothed to was married to another during his absence on a long journey, she being craftily made to suppose him dead."

"I tell you I know the circumstances," reiterated the prior.

"I merely recalled them, because—moved, doubtless, by your sermon—he dropped words to me to-night which led me to suppose that this sinful, earthly love was not yet extirpated from his soul. Of late the woman was sick, and nigh unto death, and sent for him."

"But he did not go?" interposed Father Francesco.

Comfort in Grief

Comfort in Grief.

THE

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Philip.

CHAPTER XXV.

INFANDI DOLORES.

PHILIP'S heart beat very quickly at seeing this grim pair, and the guilty newspaper before them, on which Mrs. Baynes' lean right hand was laid. "So, sir," she cried, "you still honour us with your company: after distinguishing yourself as you did the night before last. Fighting and boxing like a porter at his Excellency's ball. It's disgusting! I have no other word for it: disgusting!" And here I suppose she nudged the general, or gave him some look or signal by which he knew he was to come into action: for Baynes straightway advanced and delivered his fire.

"Faith, sir, more bub-ub-blackguard conduct I never heard of in my life! That's the only word for it: the only word for it," cries Baynes.

"The general knows what blackguard conduct is, and yours is that conduct, Mr. Firmin! It is all over the town: is talked of everywhere: will be in all the newspapers. When his lordship heard of it, he was furious. Never, never, will you be admitted into the Embassy again, after disgracing yourself as you have done," cries the lady.

"Disgracing yourself, that's the word.—And disgraceful your conduct was, begad!" cries the officer second in command.

"You don't know my provocation," pleaded poor Philip. "As I came up to him Twysden was boasting that he had struck me—and—and laughing at me."

"And a pretty figure you were to come to a ball. Who could help laughing, sir?"

"He bragged of having insulted me, and I lost my temper, and struck him in return. The thing is done and can't be helped," growled Philip.

"Strike a little man before ladies! Very brave indeed!" cries the lady.

"Mrs. Baynes!"

"I call it cowardly. In the army we consider it cowardly to quarrel before ladies," continues Mrs. General B.

"I have waited at home for two days to see if he wanted any more," groaned Philip.

"Oh, yes! After insulting and knocking a little man down, you want to murder him! And you call that the conduct of a Christian—the conduct of a gentleman!"

"The conduct of a ruffian, by George!" says General Baynes.

"It was prudent of you to choose a very little man, and to have the ladies within hearing!" continues Mrs. Baynes. "Why, I wonder you haven't beaten my dear children next. Don't you, general, wonder he has not knocked down our poor boys? They are quite small. And it is evident that ladies being present is no hindrance to Mr. Firmin's *boxing-matches*."

"The conduct is gross, and unworthy of a gentleman," reiterates the General.

"You hear what that man says—that old man, who never says an unkind word? That veteran, who has been in twenty battles, and never struck a man before women yet? Did you, Charles? *He* has given you his opinion. He has called you a name which I won't soil my lips with repeating, but which you deserve. And do you suppose, sir, that I will give my blessed child to a man who has acted as you have acted, and been called a——? Charles! General! I will go to my grave rather than see my daughter given up to such a man!"

"Good heavens!" said Philip, his knees trembling under him. "You don't mean to say that you intend to go from your word, and——"

"Oh! you threaten about money, do you? Because your father was a cheat, you intend to try and make us suffer, do you?" shrieks the lady. "A man who strikes a little man before ladies will commit any act of cowardice, I daresay. And if you wish to beggar my family, because your father was a rogue——"

"My dear!" interposes the general.

"Wasn't he a rogue, Baynes? Is there any denying it? Haven't you said so a hundred and a hundred times? A nice family to marry into! No, Mr. Firmin! You may insult me as you please. You may

strike little men before ladies. You may lift your great wicked hand against that poor old man, in one of your tipsy fits: but I know a mother's love, a mother's duty—and I desire that we see you no more."

"Great Powers!" cries Philip, aghast. "You don't mean to—to separate me from Charlotte, general! I have your word. You encouraged me. I shall break my heart. I'll go down on my knees to that fellow. I'll—oh!—you don't mean what you say!" And, scared and sobbing, the poor fellow clasped his strong hands together, and appealed to the general.

Baynes was under his wife's eye. "I think," he said, "your conduct has been confoundedly bad, disorderly, and ungentlemanlike. You can't support my child, if you marry her. And if you have the least spark of honour in you, as you say you have, it is you, Mr. Firmin, who will break off the match, and release the poor child from certain misery. By George, sir, how is a man who fights and quarrels in a nobleman's ball-room, to get on in the world? How is a man, who can't afford a decent coat to his back, to keep a wife? The more I have known you, the more I have felt that the engagement would bring misery upon my child! Is that what you want? A man of honour——" ("*Honour!*" in italics, from Mrs. Baynes.) "Hush, my dear!—A man of spirit would give her up, sir. What have you to offer but beggary, by George? Do you want my girl to come home to your lodgings, and mend your clothes?"——"I think I put that point pretty well, Bunch, my boy," said the general, talking of the matter afterwards. "I hit him there, sir."

The old soldier did indeed strike his adversary there with a vital stab. Philip's coat, no doubt, was ragged, and his purse but light. He had sent money to his father out of his small stock. There were one or two servants in the old house in Parr Street, who had been left without their wages, and a part of these debts Philip had paid. He knew his own violence of temper, and his unruly independence. He thought very humbly of his talents, and often doubted of his capacity to get on in the world. In his less hopeful moods, he trembled to think that he might be bringing poverty and unhappiness upon his dearest little maiden, for whom he would joyfully have sacrificed his blood, his life. Poor Philip sank back sickening and fainting almost under Baynes's words.

"You'll let me—you'll let me see her?" he gasped out.

"She's unwell. She is in her bed. She can't appear to-day!" cried the mother.

"Oh, Mrs. Baynes! I must—I must see her," Philip said; and fairly broke out in a sob of pain.

"This is the man that strikes men before women!" said Mrs. Baynes. "Very courageous, certainly!"

"By George, Eliza!" the general cried out, starting up, "it's too bad——"

"Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!" Philip yelled out, whilst describing the scene to his biographer in after days. "Macbeth

would never have done the murders but for that little quiet woman at his side. When the Indian prisoners are killed, the squaws always invent the worst tortures. You should have seen that fiend and her livid smile, as she was drilling her gimlets into my heart. I don't know how I offended her. I tried to like her, sir. I had humbled myself before her. I went on her errands. I played cards with her. I sate and listened to her dreadful stories about Barrackpore and the governor-general. I wallowed in the dust before her, and she hated me. I can see her face now: her cruel yellow face, and her sharp teeth, and her gray eyes. It was the end of August, and pouring a storm that day. I suppose my poor child was cold and suffering up-stairs, for I heard the poking of a fire in her little room. When I hear a fire poked over-head now—twenty years after—the whole thing comes back to me; and I suffer over again that infernal agony. Were I to live a thousand years, I could not forgive her. I never did her a wrong, but I can't forgive her. Ah, my Heaven, how that woman tortured me!"

"I think I know one or two similar instances," said Mr. Firmin's biographer.

"You are always speaking ill of women!" said Mr. Firmin's biographer's wife.

"No, thank Heaven!" said the gentleman. "I think I know some of whom I never thought or spoke a word of evil. My dear, will you give Philip some more tea?" and with this the gentleman's narrative is resumed.

The rain was beating down the avenue as Philip went into the street. He looked up at Charlotte's window: but there was no sign. There was a flicker of a fire there. The poor girl had the fever, and was shuddering in her little room, weeping and sobbing on Madame Smolensk's shoulder. *Que c'était pitié à voir*, madame said. Her mother had told her she must break from Philip; had invented and spoken a hundred calumnies against him; declared that he never cared for her; that he had loose principles, and was for ever haunting theatres and bad company. "It's not true, mother, it's not true!" the little girl had cried, flaming up in revolt for a moment: but she soon subsided in tears and misery, utterly broken by the thought of her calamity. Then her father had been brought to her, who had been made to believe some of the stories against poor Philip, and who was commanded by his wife to impress them upon the girl. And Baynes tried to obey orders; but he was scared and cruelly pained by the sight of his little maiden's grief and suffering. He attempted a weak expostulation, and began a speech or two. But his heart failed him. He retreated behind his wife. *She* never hesitated in speech or resolution, and her language became more bitter as her ally faltered. Philip was a drunkard; Philip was a prodigal; Philip was a frequenter of dissolute haunts, and loose companions. She had the best authority for what she said. Was not a mother anxious for the welfare of her own child? ("Begad, you don't suppose your

own mother would do anything that was not for your welfare, now?" broke in the general, feebly.) "Do you think if he had not been drunk he would have ventured to commit such an atrocious outrage as that at the Embassy? And do you suppose I want a drunkard and a beggar to marry my daughter? Your ingratitude, Charlotte, is horrible!" cries mamma. And poor Philip, charged with drunkenness, had dined for seventeen sous, with a carafon of beer, and had counted on a supper that night by little Charlotte's side: so, while the child lay sobbing on her bed, the mother stood over her, and lashed her. For General Baynes,—a brave man, a kind-hearted man,—to have to look on whilst this torture was inflicted, must have been a hard duty. He could not eat the boarding-house dinner, though he took his place at the table at the sound of the dismal bell. Madame herself was not present at the meal; and you know poor Charlotte's place was vacant. Her father went upstairs, and paused by her bed-room door, and listened. He heard murmurs within, and madame's voice, as he stumbled at the door, cried harshly, "*Qui est là?*" He entered. Madame was sitting on the bed, with Charlotte's head on her lap. The thick brown tresses were falling over the child's white night-dress, and she lay almost motionless, and sobbing feebly. "Ah, it is you, general!" said madame. "You have done a pretty work, sir!" "Mamma says, won't you take something, Charlotte, dear?" faltered the old man. "Will you leave her tranquil?" said madame, with her deep voice. The father retreated. When madame went out presently to get that panacea, *une tasse de thé*, for her poor little friend, she found the old gentleman seated on a portmanteau at his door. "Is she—is she a little better now?" he sobbed out. Madame shrugged her shoulders, and looked down on the veteran with superb scorn. "*Vous n'êtes qu'un poltron, général!*" she said, and swept downstairs. Baynes was beaten indeed. He was suffering horrible pain. He was quite unmanned, and tears were trickling down his old cheeks as he sate wretchedly there in the dark. His wife did not leave the table as long as dinner and dessert lasted. She read Galignani resolutely afterwards. She told the children not to make a noise, as their sister was upstairs with a bad headache. But she revoked that statement as it were (as she revoked at cards presently), by asking the Miss Bolderos to play one of their duets.

I wonder whether Philip walked up and down before the house that night? Ah! it was a dismal night for all of them: a racking pain, a cruel sense of shame, throbbed under Baynes's cotton tassel; and as for Mrs. Baynes, I hope there was not much rest or comfort under *her* old nightcap. Madame passed the greater part of the night in a great chair in Charlotte's bed-room, where the poor child heard the hours toll one after the other, and found no comfort in the dreary rising of the dawn.

At a very early hour of the dismal rainy morning, what made poor little Charlotte fling her arms round madame, and cry out, "*Ah, que je vous aime! ah, que vous êtes bonne, madame!*" and smile almost happily

through her tears? In the first place, madame went to Charlotte's dressing-table, whence she took a pair of scissors. Then the little maid sat up on her bed, with her brown hair clustering over her shoulders; and madame took a lock of it, and cut a thick curl; and kissed poor little Charlotte's red eyes; and laid her pale cheek on the pillow, and carefully covered her; and bade her, with many tender words, to go to sleep. "If you are very good, and will go to sleep, he shall have it in half an hour," madame said. "And as I go downstairs, I will tell Françoise to have some tea ready for you when you ring." And this promise, and the thought of what madame was going to do, comforted Charlotte in her misery. And with many fond, fond prayers for Philip, and consoled by thinking, "Now she must have gone the greater part of the way; now she must be with him; now he knows I will never, never love any but him," she fell asleep at length on her moistened pillow: and was smiling in her sleep, and I daresay dreaming of Philip, when the noise of the fall of a piece of furniture roused her, and she awoke out of her dream to see the grim old mother, in her white nightcap and white dressing-gown, standing by her side.

Never mind. "She has seen him now. She has told him now," was the child's very first thought as her eyes fairly opened. "He knows that I never, never will think of any but him." She felt as if she was actually there in Philip's room, speaking herself to him; murmuring vows which her fond lips had whispered many and many a time to her lover. And now he knew she would never break them, she was consoled and felt more courage.

"You have had some sleep, Charlotte?" asks Mrs. Baynes.

"Yes, I have been asleep, mamma." As she speaks, she feels under the pillow a little locket containing—what? I suppose a scrap of Mr. Philip's lank hair.

"I hope you are in a less wicked frame of mind than when I left you last night," continues the matron.

"Was I wicked for loving Philip? Then I am wicked still, mamma!" cries the child, sitting up in her bed. And she clutches that little lock of hair which nestles under her pillow.

"What nonsense, child! This is what you get out of your stupid novels. I tell you he does not think about you. He is quite a reckless, careless libertine."

"Yes, so reckless and careless that we owe him the bread we eat. He doesn't think of me! Doesn't he? Ah—" Here she paused as a clock in a neighbouring chamber began to strike. "Now," she thought, "he has got my message!" A smile dawned over her face. She sank back on her pillow, turning her head from her mother. She kissed the locket, and murmured: "Not think of me! Don't you, don't you, my dear!" She did not heed the woman by her side, hear her voice, or for a moment seem aware of her presence. Charlotte was away in Philip's room; she saw him talking with her messenger; heard his voice so deep, and so sweet; knew that the promises he had spoken he never would break.

With gleaming eyes and flushing cheeks she looked at her mother, her enemy. She held her talisman locket and pressed it to her heart. No, she would never be untrue to him! No, he would never, never desert her! And as Mrs. Baynes looked at the honest indignation beaming in the child's face, she read Charlotte's revolt, defiance, perhaps victory. The meek child who never before had questioned an order, or formed a wish which she would not sacrifice at her mother's order, was now in arms asserting independence. But I should think mamma is not going to give up the command after a single act of revolt; and that she will try more attempts than one to cajole or coerce her rebel.

Meanwhile let Fancy leave the talisman locket nestling on Charlotte's little heart (in which soft sh ter methinks it were pleasant to linger). Let her wrap a shawl round her, and affix to her feet a pair of stout goloshes; let her walk rapidly through the muddy Champs Elysées, where, in this inclement season, only a few policemen and artisans are to be found moving. Let her pay a halfpenny at the Pont des Invalides, and so march stoutly along the quays, by the Chamber of Deputies, where as yet deputies assemble: and trudge along the river side, until she reaches Seine Street, into which, as you all know, the Rue Poussin debouches. This was the road brave Madame Smolensk took on a gusty, rainy autumn morning, and on foot, for five-franc pieces were scarce with the good woman. Before the Hôtel Poussin (*ah, qu'on y était bien à vingt ans!*) is a l tle painted wicket which opens, ringing, and then there is the passage, you know, with the stair leading to the upper regions, to Monsieur Philippe's room, which is on the first floor, as is that of Bouchard, the painter, who has his atelier over the way. A bad painter is Bouchard, but a worthy friend, a cheery companion, a modest, amiable gentleman. And a rare good fellow is Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretends to be studying law, but whose heart is with the Muses, and whose talk is of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset, whose verses he will repeat to all comers. Near Laberge (I think I have heard Philip say) lived Escasse, a Southern man too—a capitalist—a clerk in a bank, *quoi!*—whose apartment was decorated sumptuously with his own furniture, who had Spanish wine and sausages in cupboards, and a bag of dollars for a friend in need. Is Escasse alive still? Philip Firmin wonders, and that old colonel, who lived on the same floor, and who had been a prisoner in England? What wonderful descriptions that Colonel Dujarret had of *les meess anglaises* and their singularities of dress and behaviour! Though conquered and a prisoner, what a conqueror and enslaver he was, when in our country! You see, in his rough way, Philip used to imitate these people to his friends, and we almost fancied we could see the hotel before us. It was very clean; it was very cheap; it was very dark; it was very cheerful;—capital coffee and bread-and-butter for breakfast for fifteen sous; capital bedroom *au premier* for thirty francs a month—dinner if you would for I forget how little, and a merry talk round the pipes and the grog afterwards—the grog, or the modest *eau sucrée*. Here

Colonel Dujarret recorded his victories over both sexes. Here Colonel Tymowski sighed over his enslaved Poland. Tymowski was the second who was to act for Philip, in case the Ringwood Twysden affair should have come to any violent conclusion. Here Laberge bawled poetry to Philip, who no doubt in his turn confided to the young Frenchman his own hopes and passion. Deep into the night he would sit talking of his love, of her goodness, of her beauty, of her innocence, of her dreadful mother, of her good old father—*que sçais-je?* Have we not said that when this man had anything on his mind, straightway he bellowed forth his opinions to the universe? Philip, away from his love, would roar out her praises for hours and hours to Laberge, until the candles burned down, until the hour for rest was come and could be delayed no longer. Then he would hie to bed with a prayer for her; and the very instant he awoke begin to think of her, and bless her, and thank God for her love. Poor as Mr. Philip was, yet as the possessor of health, content, honour, and that priceless pure jewel the girl's love, I think we will not pity him much; though, on the night when he received his dismissal from Mrs. Baynes, he must have passed an awful time, to be sure. Toss, Philip, on your bed of pain, and doubt, and fear. Toll, heavy hours, from night till dawn. Ah! 'twas a weary night through which two sad young hearts heard you tolling.

At a pretty early hour the various occupants of the crib at the Rue Poussin used to appear in the dingy little salle-à-manger, and partake of the breakfast there provided. Monsieur Menou, in his shirt-sleeves, shared and distributed the meal. Madame Menou, with a Madras handkerchief round her grizzling head, laid down the smoking coffee on the shining oil-cloth, whilst each guest helped himself out of a little museum of napkins to his own particular towel. The room was small: the breakfast was not fine: the guests who partook of it were certainly not remarkable for the luxury of clean linen; but Philip—who is many years older now than when he dwelt in this hotel, and is not pinched for money at all, you will be pleased to hear, (and between ourselves has become rather a gourmand,)—declares he was a very happy youth at this humble Hôtel Poussin, and sighs for the days when he was sighing for Miss Charlotte.

Well, he has passed a dreadful night of gloom and terror. I doubt that he has bored Laberge very much with his tears and despondency. And now morning has come, and, as he is having his breakfast with one or more of the before-named worthies, the little boy-of-all-work enters, grinning, his *plumet* under his arm, and cries "*Une dame pour M. Philippe!*"

"*Une dame,*" says the French colonel, looking up from his paper; "*allez, mauvais sujet!*"

"*Grand Dieu!* what has happened?" cries Philip, running forward, as he recognizes madame's tall figure in the passage. They go up to his room, I suppose, regardless of the grins and sneers of the little boy with the *plumet*, who aids the maid-servant to make the beds; and who thinks Monsieur Philippe has a very elderly acquaintance.

Philip closes the door upon his visitor, who looks at him with so much hope, kindness, confidence in her eyes, that the poor fellow is encouraged almost ere she begins to speak. "Yes, you have reason; I come from the little person," Madame Smolensk said; "the means of resisting that poor dear angel! She has passed a sad night. What? You, too, have not been to bed, poor young man!" Indeed Philip had only thrown himself on his bed, and had kicked there, and had groaned there, and had tossed there; and had tried to read, and, I daresay, remembered afterwards, with a strange interest, the book he read, and that other thought which was throbbing in his brain all the time whilst he was reading, and whilst the wakeful hours went wearily tolling by.

"No, in effect," says poor Philip, rolling a dismal cigarette; "the night has not been too fine. And she has suffered too? Heaven bless her!" And then Madame Smolensk told how the little dear angel had cried all the night long, and how the Smolensk had not succeeded in comforting her, until she promised she would go to Philip, and tell him that his Charlotte would be his for ever and ever; that she never could think of any man but him; that he was the best, and the dearest, and the bravest, and the truest Philip, and that she did not believe one word of those wicked stories told against him by——"Hold, Monsieur Philippe, I suppose Madame la Générale has been talking about you, and loves you no more," cried Madame Smolensk. "We other women are assassins—assassins, see you! But Madame la Générale went too far with the little maid. She is an obedient little maid, the dear Miss!—trembling before her mother, and always ready to yield—only now her spirit is roused; and she is yours and yours only. The little dear, gentle child! Ah, how pretty she was, leaning on my shoulder. I held her there—yes, there, my poor garçon, and I cut this from her neck, and brought it to thee. Come, embrace me. Weep; that does good, Philip. I love thee well. Go—and thy little—It is an angel!" And so, in the hour of their pain, myriads of manly hearts have found woman's love ready to soothe their anguish.

Leaving to Philip that thick curling lock of brown hair, (from a head where now, mayhap, there is a line or two of matron silver,) this Samaritan plods her way back to her own house, where her own cares await her. But though the way is long, madame's step is lighter now, as she thinks how Charlotte at the journey's end is waiting for news of Philip; and I suppose there are more kisses and embraces, when the good soul meets with the little suffering girl, and tells her how Philip will remain for ever true and faithful; and how true love must come to a happy ending; and how she, Smolensk, will do all in her power to aid, comfort, and console her young friends. As for the writer of Mr. Philip's memoirs, you see I never try to make any concealments. I have told you, all along, that Charlotte and Philip are married, and I believe they are happy. But it is certain that they suffered dreadfully at this time of their lives; and my wife says that Charlotte, if she alludes to the

period and the trial, speaks as though they had both undergone some hideous operation, the remembrance of which for ever causes a pang to the memory. So, my young lady, will you have your trial one day, to be borne, pray Heaven, with a meek spirit. Ah, how surely the turn comes to all of us! Look at Madame Smolensk at her luncheon-table, this day after her visit to Philip at his lodging, after comforting little Charlotte in her pain. How brisk she is! How good-natured! How she smiles! How she speaks to all her company, and carves for her guests! You do not suppose she has no griefs and cares of her own? You know better. I daresay she is thinking of her creditors; of her poverty; of that accepted bill which will come due next week, and so forth. The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding.

If Anatole, the boy who scoured the plain at the Hôtel Poussin, with his *plumet* in his jacket-pocket, and his slippers soled with scrubbing brushes, saw the embrace between Philip and his good friend, I believe, in his experience at that hotel, he never witnessed a transaction more honourable, generous, and blameless. Put what construction you will on the business, Anatole, you little imp of mischief! your mother never gave you a kiss more tender than that which Madame Smolensk bestowed on Philip—than that which she gave Philip?—than that which she carried back from him and faithfully placed on poor little Charlotte's pale round cheek. The world is full of love and pity, I say. Had there been less suffering, there would have been less kindness. I, for one, almost wish to be ill again, so that the friends who succoured me might once more come to my rescue.

To poor little wounded Charlotte in her bed, our friend the mistress of the boarding-house brought back inexpressible comfort. Whatever might betide, Philip would never desert her! "Think you I would ever have gone on such an embassy for a French girl, or interfered between her and her parents?" madame asked. "Never, never! But you and Monsieur Philippe are already betrothed before Heaven; and I should despise you, Charlotte, I should despise him, were either to draw back." This little point being settled in Miss Charlotte's mind, I can fancy she is immensely soothed and comforted; that hope and courage settle in her heart; that the colour comes back to her young cheeks; that she can come and join her family as she did yesterday. "I told you she never cared about him," says Mrs. Baynes to her husband. "Faith, no: she can't have cared for him much," says Baynes, with something of a sorrow that his girl should be so light-minded. But you and I, who have been behind the scenes, who have peeped into Philip's bedroom and behind poor Charlotte's modest curtains, know that the girl had revolted from her parents; and so children will if the authority exercised over them is too tyrannical or unjust. Gentle Charlotte, who scarce ever resisted, was aroused and in rebellion: honest Charlotte, who used to speak all her thoughts, now hid them, and

deceived father and mother:—yes, deceived:—what a confession to make regarding a young lady, the *prima donna* of our opera! Mrs. Baynes is, as usual, writing her lengthy scrawls to sister MacWhirter at Tours, and informs the major's lady that she has very great satisfaction in at last being able to announce "that that most imprudent and in all respects ineligible engagement between her Charlotte and *a certain young man*, son of a bankrupt London physician, is come to an end. Mr. F.'s conduct has been so wild, so *gross*, so *disorderly* and *ungentlemanlike*, that the general (and you know, Maria, how soft and *sweet a tempered* man Baynes is) has told Mr. Firmin his opinion in unmistakeable words, and forbidden him to continue his visits. After seeing him every day for six months, during which time she has accustomed herself to his peculiarities, and his often coarse and odious expressions and conduct, no wonder the separation has been a shock to dear Char, though I believe the young man feels nothing who has been *the cause of all this grief*. That he cares but little for *her*, has been my opinion *all along*, though she, artless child, gave him her whole affection. He has been accustomed to throw over women; and the brother of a young lady whom Mr. F. *had courted and left* (and who has made a most excellent match since,) showed his indignation at Mr. F.'s conduct at the embassy ball the other night, on which the young man took advantage of his greatly superior size and strength to begin a *vulgar boxing-match*, in which both parties were severely wounded. Of course you saw the paragraph in *Galignani* about the whole affair. I sent our dresses, but it did not print them, though our names appeared as amongst the company. Anything more singular than the appearance of Mr. F. you cannot well imagine. I wore my garnets; Charlotte (who attracted universal admiration) was in, &c. &c. Of course, the separation has occasioned her a good deal of pain; for Mr. F. certainly behaved with much kindness and forbearance on a previous occasion. But the general will *not hear* of the continuance of the connection. He says the young man's conduct has been too gross and shameful; and when once roused, you know, I might as well attempt to chain a tiger as Baynes. Our poor Char will suffer no doubt in consequence of the behaviour of this brute, but she has ever been an obedient child, who knows how to honour her father and mother. *She bears up wonderfully*, though, of course, the dear child suffers at the parting. I think if *she were to go to you and MacWhirter at Tours for a month or two*, she would be all the better for *change of air*, too, dear Mac. Come and fetch her, and we will pay the *dawk*. She would go to certain poverty and wretchedness did she marry this most violent and disreputable young man. The general sends regards to Mac, and I am," &c.

That these were the actual words of Mrs. Baynes's letter I cannot, as a veracious biographer, take upon myself to say. I never saw the document, though I have had the good fortune to peruse others from the same hand. Charlotte saw the letter some time after, upon one of those not unfrequent occasions, when a quarrel occurred between the two sisters—Mrs. Major

and Mrs. General—and Charlotte mentioned the contents of the letter to a friend of mine who has talked to me about his affairs, and especially his love affairs, for many and many a long hour. And shrewd old woman as Mrs. Baynes may be, you may see how utterly she was mistaken in fancying that her daughter's obedience was still secure. The little maid had left father and mother, at first with their eager sanction; her love had been given to Firmin; and an inmate—a prisoner if you will—under her father's roof, her heart remained with Philip, however time or distance might separate them.

And now, as we have the command of Philip's desk, and are free to open and read the private letters which relate to his history, I take leave to put in a document which was penned in his place of exile by his worthy father, upon receiving the news of the quarrel described in the last chapter of these memoirs:—

"*Astor House, New York, September* 27.

"Dear Philip,—I received the news in your last kind and affectionate letter with not unmingled pleasure: but ah, what pleasure in life does not carry its *amari aliquid* along with it! That you are hearty, cheerful, and industrious, earning a small competence, I am pleased indeed to think: that you talk about being married to a penniless girl I can't say gives me a very sincere pleasure. With your good looks, good manners, attainments, you might have hoped for a better match than a half-pay officer's daughter. But 'tis useless speculating on what might have been. We are puppets in the hands of fate, most of us. We are carried along by a power stronger than ourselves. It has driven me, at sixty years of age, from competence, general respect, high position, to poverty and exile. So be it! *laudo manentem*, as my delightful old friend and philosopher teaches me—*si celeres quatit pennas*——you know the rest. Whatever our fortune may be, I hope that my Philip and his father will bear it with the courage of gentlemen.

"Our papers have announced the death of your poor mother's uncle, Lord Ringwood, and I had a fond lingering hope that he might have left some token of remembrance to his brother's grandson. He has not. You have *probam pauperiem sine dote*. You have courage, health, strength, and talent. I was in greater straits than you are at your age. *My* father was not as indulgent as yours, I hope and trust, has been. From debt and dependence I worked myself up to a proud position by my own efforts. That the storm overtook me and engulphed me afterwards, is true. But I am like the merchant of my favourite poet: I still hope—ay, at 63!—to mend my shattered ships, *indocilis pauperiem pati*. I still hope to pay back to my dear boy that fortune which ought to have been his, and which went down in my own shipwreck. Something tells me I must—I will!

"I agree with you that your escape from Agnes Twysden has been *a piece of good fortune for you*, and am much diverted by your account of her *dusky innamorato!* Between ourselves, the fondness of the Twysdens for money amounted to meanness. And though I always received Twysden

in dear old Parr Street, as I trust a gentleman should, his company was insufferably tedious to me, and his vulgar loquacity odious. His son also was little to my taste. Indeed I was *heartily relieved* when I found your connection with that family was over, knowing their rapacity about money, and that it was your fortune, not you, they were anxious to secure for Agnes.

"You will be glad to hear that I am in not inconsiderable practice already. My reputation as a physician had preceded me to this country. My work on Gout was favourably noticed here, and in Philadelphia, and in Boston, by the scientific journals of those great cities. People are more generous and compassionate towards misfortune here than in our cold-hearted island. I could mention several gentlemen of New York who have suffered shipwreck like myself, and are now prosperous and respected. I had the good fortune to be of considerable professional service to Colonel J. B. Fogle, of New York, on our voyage out; and the colonel, who is a leading personage here, has shown himself not at all ungrateful. Those who fancy that at New York people cannot appreciate and understand the manners of a gentleman, are *not a little mistaken;* and a man who, like myself, has lived with the best society in London, has, I flatter myself, not lived in that society *quite in vain.* The colonel is proprietor and editor of one of the most brilliant and influential journals of the city. You know that arms and the toga are often worn here by the same individual, and———

"I had actually written thus far when I read in the colonel's paper—the *New York Emerald*—an account of your battle with your cousin at the Embassy ball! Oh, you pugnacious Philip! Well, young Twysden was very vulgar, very rude and overbearing, and, I have no doubt, deserved the chastisement you gave him. By the way, the correspondent of the *Emerald* makes some droll blunders regarding you in his letter. We are all fair game for publicity in this country, where the press is free *with a vengeance;* and your private affairs, or mine, or the President's, or our gracious Queen's, for the matter of that, are discussed with a freedom which certainly *amounts to licence.* The colonel's lady is passing the winter in Paris, where I should wish you to pay your respects to her. Her husband has been most kind to me. I am told that Mrs. F. lives in the very choicest French society, and the friendship of this family may be useful to you as to your affectionate father,

"G. B. F.

"Address as usual, until you hear further from me, as Dr. Brandon, New York. I wonder whether Lord Estridge has asked you after his old college friend? When he was Headbury and at Trinity, he and a certain pensioner whom men used to nickname Brummell Firmin were said to be the best dressed men in the university. Estridge has advanced to rank, to honours! You may rely on it, that he will have one of the *very next* vacant garters. What a different, what an unfortunate career, has been his quondam friend's!—an exile, an inhabitant of a small room in a great

hotel, where I sit at a scrambling public table with all sorts of coarse people! The way in which they bolt their dinner, often *with a knife*, shocks me. Your remittance was most welcome, small as it was. It shows my Philip has *a kind heart.* Ah! why, why are you thinking of marriage, who are so poor? By the way, your encouraging account of your circumstances has induced me to draw upon you for 100 dollars. The bill will go to Europe by the packet which carries this letter, and has kindly been cashed for me by my friends, Messrs. Plaster and Shinman, of Wall Street, respected bankers of this city. Leave your card with Mrs. Fogle. Her husband himself may be useful to you and your ever attached

"FATHER."

We take the *New York Emerald* at Bays's, and in it I had read a very amusing account of our friend Philip, in an ingenious correspondence entitled "Letters from an Attaché," which appeared in that journal. I even copied the paragraph to show to my wife, and perhaps to forward to our friend.

"I promise you," wrote the attaché, "the new country did not disgrace the old at the British Embassy ball on Queen Vic's birthday. Colonel Z. B. Hoggins's lady, of Albany, and the peerless bride of Elijah J. Dibbs, of Twenty-ninth Street in your city, were the observed of all observers for splendour, for elegance, for refined native beauty. The Royal Dukes danced with nobody else; and at the attention of one of the Princes to the lovely Miss Dibbs, I observed his Royal Duchess looked as black as thunder. Supper handsome. Back Delmonico to beat it. Champagne so so. By the way, the young fellow who writes here for the *Pall Mall Gazette* got too much of the champagne on board—as usual, I am told. The Honourable R. Twysden, of London, was rude to my young chap's partner, or winked at him offensively, or trod on his toe, or I don't know what—but young F. followed him into the garden; hit out at him; sent him flying, like a spread eagle into the midst of an illumination, and left him there sprawling. Wild, rampageous fellow this young F., has already spent his own fortune, and ruined his poor old father, who has been forced to cross the water. Old Louis Philippe went away early. He talked long with our minister about his travels in our country. I was standing by, but in course ain't so ill-bred as to say what passed between them."

In this way history is written. I daresay about others besides Philip, in English papers as well as American, have fables been narrated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTAINS A TUG OF WAR.

WHO was the first to spread the report that Philip was a prodigal who had ruined his poor confiding father? I thought I knew a person who might be interested in getting under any shelter, and sacrificing even his own son for his own advantage. I thought I knew a man who had done as much already, and surely might do so again; but my wife flew into one of her tempests of indignation, when I hinted something of this, clutched her own children to her heart, according to her maternal wont, asked me was there any power would cause me to belie *them?* and sternly rebuked me for daring to be so wicked, heartless, and cynical. My dear creature, wrath is no answer. You call me heartless and cynic, for saying men are false and wicked. Have you never heard to what lengths some bankrupts will go? To appease the wolves who chase them in the winter forest, have you not read how some travellers will cast all their provisions out of the sledge? then, when all the provisions are gone, don't you know that they will fling out perhaps the sister, perhaps the mother, perhaps the baby, the little, dear, tender innocent? Don't you see him tumbling among the howling pack, and the wolves gnashing, gnawing, crashing, gobbling him up in the snow? O horror—horror! My wife draws all the young ones to her breast as I utter these fiendish remarks. She hugs them in her embrace, and says, "For shame!" and that I am a monster, and so on. Go to! Go down on your knees, woman, and acknowledge the sinfulness of our humankind. How long had our race existed ere murder and violence began? and how old was the world ere brother slew brother?

Well, my wife and I came to a compromise. I might have my opinion, but was there any need to communicate it to poor Philip? No, surely. So I never sent him the extract from the *New York Emerald;* though, of course, some other good-natured friend did, and I don't think my magnanimous friend cared much. As for supposing that his own father, to cover his own character, would lie away his son's—such a piece of artifice was quite beyond Philip's comprehension, who has been all his life slow in appreciating roguery, or recognizing that there is meanness and double-dealing in the world. When he once comes to

understand the fact; when he once comprehends that Tartuffe is a humbug and swelling Bufo is a toady; then my friend becomes as absurdly indignant and mistrustful as before he was admiring and confiding. Ah, Philip! Tartuffe has a number of good, respectable qualities; and Bufo, though an underground odious animal, may have a precious jewel in his head. 'Tis you are cynical. *I* see the good qualities in these rascals whom you spurn. I see. I shrug my shoulders. I smile: and you call me cynic.

It was long before Philip could comprehend why Charlotte's mother turned upon him, and tried to force her daughter to forsake him. "I have offended the old woman in a hundred ways," he would say. "My tobacco annoys her; my old clothes offend her; the very English I speak is often Greek to her, and she can no more construe my sentences than I can the Hindostanee jargon she talks to her husband at dinner." "My dear fellow, if you had ten thousand a year she would try and construe your sentences, or accept them even if not understood," I would reply. And some men, whom you and I know to be mean, and to be false, and to be flatterers and parasites, and to be inexorably hard and cruel in their own private circles, will surely pull a long face to-morrow, and say, "Oh! the man's so cynical."

I acquit Baynes of what ensued. I hold Mrs. B. to have been the criminal—the stupid criminal. The husband, like many other men extremely brave in active life, was at home timid and irresolute. Of two heads that lie side by side on the same pillow for thirty years, one must contain the stronger power, the more enduring resolution. Baynes, away from his wife, was shrewd, courageous, gay at times; when with her he was fascinated, torpid under the power of this baleful superior creature. "Ah, when we were subs together in camp in 1803, what a lively fellow Charley Baynes was!" his comrade, Colonel Bunch, would say. "That was before he ever saw his wife's yellow face; and what a slave she has made of him!"

After that fatal conversation which ensued on the day succeeding the ball, Philip did not come to dinner at madame's according to his custom. Mrs. Baynes told no family stories, and Colonel Bunch, who had no special liking for the young gentleman, did not trouble himself to make any inquiries about him. One, two, three days passed, and no Philip. At last the colonel says to the general, with a sly look at Charlotte, "Baynes, where is our young friend with the mustachios? We have not seen him these three days." And he gives an arch look at poor Charlotte. A burning blush flamed up in little Charlotte's pale face, as she looked at her parents and then at their old friend. "Mr. Firmin does not come, because papa and mamma have forbidden him," says Charlotte. "I suppose he only comes where he is welcome." And, having made this audacious speech, I suppose the little maid tossed her little head up; and wondered, in the silence which ensued, whether all the company could hear her heart thumping.

Madame, from her central place, where she is carving, sees, from the looks of her guests, the indignant flushes on Charlotte's face, the confusion on her father's, the wrath on Mrs. Baynes's, that some dreadful words are passing; and in vain endeavours to turn the angry current of talk. "*Un petit canard délicieux, goûtez-en, madame!*" she cries. Honest Colonel Bunch sees the little maid with eyes flashing with anger, and trembling in every limb. The offered duck having failed to create a diversion, he, too, tries a feeble commonplace. "A little difference, my dear," he says in an under voice. "There will be such in the best regulated families. *Canard sauvage tres bong, madame, avec*——" but he is allowed to speak no more, for——

"What would you do, Colonel Bunch," little Charlotte breaks out with her poor little ringing, trembling voice—"that is, if you were a young man, if another young man struck you, and insulted you?" I say she utters this in such a clear voice, that Françoise, the *femme-de-chambre*, that Auguste, the footman, that all the guests hear, that all the knives and forks stop their clatter.

"Faith, my dear, I'd knock him down if I could," says Bunch; and he catches hold of the little maid's sleeve, and would stop her speaking if he could.

"And that is what Philip did," cries Charlotte aloud; "and mamma has turned him out of the house—yes, out of the house, for acting like a man of honour!"

"Go to your room this instant, miss!" shrieks mamma. As for old Baynes, his stained old uniform is not more dingy-red than his wrinkled face and his throbbing temples. He blushes under his wig, no doubt, could we see beneath that ancient artifice.

"What is it? madame your mother dismisses you of my table? I will come with you, my dear Miss Charlotte!" says madame, with much dignity. "Serve the sugared plate, Auguste! My ladies, you will excuse me! I go to attend the dear miss, who seems to me ill." And she rises up, and she follows poor little blushing, burning, weeping Charlotte: and again, I have no doubt, takes her in her arms, and kisses, and cheers, and caresses her—at the threshold of the door—there by the staircase, among the cold dishes of the dinner, where Moira and Macgrigor had one moment before been marauding.

"*Courage, ma fille, courage, mon enfant! Tenez!* Behold something to console thee!" and madame takes out of her pocket a little letter, and gives it to the girl, who at sight of it kisses the superscription, and then in an anguish of love, and joy, and grief, falls on the neck of the kind woman, who consoles her in her misery. Whose writing is it Charlotte kisses? Can you guess by any means? Upon my word, Madame Smolensk, I never recommend ladies to take daughters to *your* boarding-house. And I like you so much, I would not tell of you, but you know the house is shut up this many a long day. Oh! the years slip away fugacious; and the grass has grown over graves; and many and many joys and

sorrows have been born and have died since then for Charlotte and Philip: but that grief aches still in their bosoms at times; and that sorrow throbs at Charlotte's heart again whenever she looks at a little yellow letter in her trinket-box: and she says to her children, "Papa wrote that to me before we were married, my dears." There are scarcely half-a-dozen words in the little letter, I believe; and two of them are "for ever."

I could draw a ground-plan of madame's house in the Champs Elysées if I liked, for has not Philip shown me the place and described it to me many times? In front, and facing the road and garden, were madame's room and the salon; to the back was the salle-à-manger; and a stair ran up the house (where the dishes used to be laid during dinner-time, and where Moira and Macgrigor fingered the meats and puddings). Mrs. General Baynes's rooms were on the third floor, looking on the Champs Elysées, and into the garden-court of the house below. And on this day, as the dinner was necessarily short (owing to unhappy circumstances), and the gentlemen were left alone glumly drinking their wine or grog, and Mrs. Baynes had gone upstairs to her own apartment, had slapped her boys and was looking out of window—was it not provoking that of all days in the world young Hely should ride up to the house on his capering mare, with his flower in his button-hole, with his little varnished toe-tips just touching his stirrups, and after performing various caracolades and gambadoes in the garden, kiss his yellow-kidded hand to Mrs. General Baynes at the window, hope Miss Baynes was quite well, and ask if he might come in and take a cup of tea? Charlotte, lying on madame's bed in the ground-floor room, heard Mr. Hely's sweet voice asking after her health, and the crunching of his horse's hoofs on the gravel, and she could even catch glimpses of that little form as the horse capered about in the court, though of course he could not see her where she was lying on the bed with her letter in her hand. Mrs. Baynes at her window had to wag her withered head from the casement, to groan out, "My daughter is lying down, and has a bad headache, I am sorry to say," and then she must have had the mortification to see Hely caper off, after waving her a genteel adieu. The ladies in the front salon, who assembled after dinner, witnessed the transaction, and Mrs. Bunch, I daresay, had a grim pleasure at seeing Eliza Baynes's young sprig of fashion, of whom Eliza was for ever bragging, come at last, and obliged to ride away, not bootless, certainly, for where were feet more beautifully *chaussés?* but after a bootless errand.

Meanwhile the gentlemen sate awhile in the dining-room, after the British custom which such veterans liked too well to give up. Other two gentlemen boarders went away, rather alarmed by that storm and outbreak in which Charlotte had quitted the dinner-table, and left the old soldiers together, to enjoy, as was their after-dinner custom, a sober glass of "something hot," as the saying is. In truth, madame's wine was of the poorest; but what better could you expect for the money?

Baynes was not eager to be alone with Bunch, and I have no doubt began to blush again when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with his old friend. But what was to be done? The general did not dare to go up-stairs to his own quarters, where poor Charlotte was probably crying, and her mother in one of her tantrums. Then in the salon there were the ladies of the boarding-house party, and there Mrs. Bunch would be sure to be at him. Indeed, since the Baynes' were launched in the great world, Mrs. Bunch was untiringly sarcastic in her remarks about lords, ladies, attachés, ambassadors, and fine people in general. So Baynes sate with his friend, in the falling evening, in much silence, dipping his old nose in the brandy-and-water.

Little square-faced, red-faced, whisker-dyed Colonel Bunch sate opposite his old companion, regarding him not without scorn. Bunch had a wife. Bunch had feelings. Do you suppose those feelings had not been worked upon by that wife in private colloquies? Do you suppose—when two old women have lived together in pretty much the same rank of life, —if one suddenly gets promotion, is carried off to higher spheres, and talks of her new friends, the countesses, duchesses, ambassadresses, as of course she will—do you suppose, I say, that the unsuccessful woman will be pleased at the successful woman's success? Your knowledge of your own heart, my dear lady, must tell you the truth in this matter. I don't want you to acknowledge that you are angry because your sister has been staying with the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, but you are, you know. You have made sneering remarks to your husband on the subject, and such remarks, I have no doubt, were made by Mrs. Colonel Bunch to *her* husband, regarding her poor friend Mrs. General Baynes.

During this parenthesis we have left the general dipping his nose in the brandy-and-water. He can't keep it there for ever. He must come up for air presently. His face must come out of the drink, and sigh over the table.

"What's this business, Baynes?" says the colonel. "What's the matter with poor Charley."

"Family affairs—differences will happen," says the general.

"I do hope and trust nothing has gone wrong with her and young Firmin, Baynes?"

The general does not like those fixed eyes staring at him under those bushy eyebrows, between those bushy, blackened whiskers.

"Well, then, yes, Bunch, something *has* gone wrong; and given me and—and Mrs. Baynes—a deuced deal of pain too. The young fellow has acted like a blackguard, brawling and fighting at an ambassador's ball, bringing us all to ridicule. He's not a gentleman; that's the long and short of it, Bunch; and so let's change the subject."

"Why, consider the provocation he had!" cries the other, disregarding entirely his friend's prayer. "I heard them talking about the business at Galignani's this very day. A fellow swears at Firmin; runs at him; brags that he has pitched him over; and is knocked down for his

pains. By George! I think Firmin was quite right. Were any man to do as much to me or you, what should we do, even at our age?"

"We are military men. I said I didn't wish to talk about the subject, Bunch," says the general in rather a lofty manner.

"You mean that Tom Bunch has no need to put his oar in?"

"Precisely so," says the other, curtly.

"Mum's the word! Let us talk about the dukes and duchesses at the ball. *That's* more in your line, now," says the colonel, with rather a sneer.

"What do you mean by duchesses and dukes? What do you know about them, or what the deuce do I care?" asks the general.

"Oh, they are tabooed too! Hang it! there's no satisfying you," growls the colonel.

"Look here, Bunch," the general broke out; "I must speak, since you won't leave me alone. I am unhappy. You can see that well enough. For two or three nights past I have had no rest. This engagement of my child and Mr. Firmin can't come to any good. You see what he is—an overbearing, ill-conditioned, quarrelsome fellow. What chance has Charley of being happy with such a fellow?"

"I hold my tongue, Baynes. You told me not to put my oar in," growls the colonel.

"Oh, if that's the way you take it, Bunch, of course there's no need for me to go on any more," cries General Baynes. "If an old friend won't give an old friend advice, by George, or help him in a strait, or say a kind word when he's unhappy, I have done. I have known you for forty years, and I am mistaken in you—that's all."

"There's no contenting you. You say, Hold your tongue, and I shut my mouth. I hold my tongue, and you say, Why don't you speak? Why don't I? Because you won't like what I say, Charles Baynes: and so, what's the good of more talking?"

"Confound it!" cries Baynes, with a thump of his glass on the table, "but what *do* you say?"

"I say, then, as you will have it," cries the other, clenching his fists in his pockets,—"I say you are wanting a pretext for breaking off this match, Baynes. I don't say it is a good one, mind; but your word is passed, and your honour engaged to a young fellow to whom you are under deep obligation."

"What obligation? Who has talked to you about my private affairs?" cries the general, reddening. "Has Philip Firmin been bragging about his——?"

"You have yourself, Baynes. When you arrived here, you told me over and over again what the young fellow had done: and you certainly thought he acted like a gentleman *then*. If you choose to break your word to him now——"

"Break my word! Great powers, do you know what you are saying, Bunch?"

"Yes, and what you are doing, Baynes."

"Doing? and what?"

"A damned shabby action; that's what you are doing, if you want to know. Don't tell *me*. Why, do you suppose Fanny—do you suppose everybody doesn't see what you are at? You think you can get a better match for the girl, and you and Eliza are going to throw the young fellow over: and the fellow who held his hand, and might have ruined you if he liked. I say it is a cowardly action!"

"Colonel Bunch, do you dare to use such a word to me?" calls out the general, starting to his feet.

"Dare be hanged! I say it's a shabby action!" roars the other, rising too.

"Hush! unless you wish to disturb the ladies! Of course you know what your expression means, Colonel Bunch?" and the general drops his voice and sinks back to his chair.

"I know what my words mean, and I stick to 'em, Baynes," growls the other; "which is more than you can say of yours."

"I am dee'd if any man alive shall use this language to me," says the general in the softest whisper, "without accounting to me for it."

"Did you ever find me backward, Baynes, at that kind of thing?" growls the colonel, with a face like a lobster and eyes starting from his head.

"Very good, sir. To-morrow, at your earliest convenience. I shall be at Galignani's from eleven till one. With a friend if possible.—What is it, my love? A game at whist? Well, no, thank you; I think I won't play cards to-night."

It was Mrs. Baynes who entered the room when the two gentlemen were quarrelling; and the bloodthirsty hypocrites instantly smoothed their ruffled brows and smiled on her with perfect courtesy.

"Whist—no! I was thinking should we send out to meet him. He has never been in Paris."

"Never been in Paris?" said the general, puzzled.

"He will be here to-night, you know. Madame has a room ready for him."

"The very thing, the very thing!" cries General Baynes, with great glee. And Mrs. Baynes, all unsuspicious of the quarrel between the old friends, proceeds to inform Colonel Bunch that Major MacWhirter was expected that evening. And then that tough old Colonel Bunch knew the cause of Baynes's delight. A second was provided for the general—the very thing Baynes wanted.

We have seen how Mrs. Baynes, after taking counsel with her general, had privily sent for MacWhirter. Her plan was that Charlotte's uncle should take her for awhile to Tours, and make her hear reason. Then Charley's foolish passion for Philip would pass away. Then, if he dared to follow her so far, her aunt and uncle, two dragons of virtue and circumspection, would watch and guard her. Then, if Mrs. Hely was still of the same

mind, she and her son might easily take the post to Tours, where, Philip being absent, young Walsingham might plead his passion. The best part of the plan, perhaps, was the separation of our young couple. Charlotte would recover. Mrs. Baynes was sure of that. The little girl had made no outbreak until that sudden insurrection at dinner which we have witnessed; and her mother, who had domineered over the child all her life, thought she was still in her power. She did not know that she had passed the bounds of authority, and that with her behaviour to Philip her child's allegiance had revolted.

Bunch then, from Baynes's look and expression, perfectly understood what his adversary meant, and that the general's second was found. His own he had in his eye—a tough little old army surgeon of Peninsular and Indian times, who lived hard by, who would aid as second and doctor too, if need were—and so kill two birds with one stone, as they say. The colonel would go forth that very instant and seek for Dr. Martin, and be hanged to Baynes, and a plague on the whole transaction and the folly of two old friends burning powder in such a quarrel. But he knew what a bloodthirsty little fellow that henpecked, silent Baynes was when roused; and as for himself—a fellow use that kind of language to *me?* By George, Tom Bunch was not going to baulk him!

Whose was that tall figure prowling about madame's house in the Champs Elysées when Colonel Bunch issued forth in quest of his friend; who had been watched by the police and mistaken for a suspicious character; who had been looking up at madame's windows now that the evening shades had fallen? Oh, you goose of a Philip! (for of course, my dears, you guess the spy was P. F. Esq.) you look up at the *premier*, and there is the Beloved in madame's room on the ground floor;—in yonder room, where a lamp is burning and casting a faint light across the bars of the *jalousie*. If Philip knew she was there he would be transformed into a clematis, and climb up the bars of the window, and twine round them all night. But you see he thinks she is on the first floor; and the glances of his passionate eyes are taking aim at the wrong windows. And now Colonel Bunch comes forth in his stout strutting way, in his little military cape—quick march—and Philip is startled like a guilty thing surprised, and dodges behind a tree in the avenue.

The colonel departed on his murderous errand. Philip still continues to ogle the window of his heart (the wrong window), defiant of the policeman, who tells him to *circuler*. He has not watched here many minutes more, ere a hackney-coach drives up with portmanteaux on the roof and a lady and gentleman within.

You see Mrs. MacWhirter thought she as well as her husband might have a peep at Paris. As Mac's coach-hire was paid, Mrs. Mac could afford a little outlay of money. And if they were to bring Charlotte back—Charlotte in grief and agitation, poor child—a matron, an aunt, would be a much fitter companion for her than a major, however gentle. So the pair of MacWhirters journeyed from Tours—a long journey it was

before railways were invented—and after four-and-twenty hours of squeeze in the diligence, presented themselves at nightfall at Madame Smolensk's.

The Baynes' boys dashed into the garden at the sound of wheels. "Mamma—mamma! it's uncle Mac!" these innocents cried, as they ran to the railings. "Uncle Mac! what could bring him? Oh! they are going to send me to him! they are going to send me to him!" thought Charlotte, starting on her bed. And on this, I daresay, a certain locket was kissed more vehemently than ever.

"I say, ma!" cries the ingenuous Moira, jumping back to the house; it's uncle Mac, and aunt Mac, too!"

"*What?*" cries mamma, with anything but pleasure in her voice; and then turning to the dining-room, where her husband still sate, she called out, "General! here's MacWhirter and Emily!"

Mrs. Baynes gave her sister a very grim kiss.

"Dearest Eliza, I thought it was such a good opportunity of coming, and that I might be so useful, you know!" pleads Emily.

"Thank you. How do you do, MacWhirter?" says the grim générale.

"Glad to see you, Baynes, my boy!"

"How d'ye do, Emily? Boys, bring your uncle's traps. Didn't know Emily was coming, Mac. Hope there's room for her!" sighs the general, coming forth from his parlour.

The major was struck by the sad looks and pallor of his brother-in-law. "By George! Baynes, you look as yellow as a guinea. How's Tom Bunch?"

"Come into this room along with me. Have some brandy-and-water, Mac. "Auguste! *O de vie, O sho!*" calls the general; and Auguste, who out of the new comer's six packages has daintily taken one very small mackintosh cushion, says, "*Comment? encore du grog, général?*" and, shrugging his shoulders, disappears to procure the refreshment at his leisure.

The sisters disappear to their embraces; the brothers-in-law retreat to the salle-à-manger, where General Baynes has been sitting, gloomy and lonely, for half an hour past, thinking of his quarrel with his old comrade, Bunch. He and Bunch have been chums for more than forty years. They have been in action together, and honourably mentioned in the same report. They have had a great regard for each other; and each knows the other is an obstinate old mule, and, in a quarrel, will die rather than give way. They have had a dispute out of which there is only one issue. Words have passed which no man, however old, by George! can brook from any friend, however intimate, by Jove! No wonder Baynes is grave. His family is large; his means are small. To-morrow he may be under fire of an old friend's pistol. In such an extremity he knows how each will behave. No wonder, I say, the general is solemn.

"What's in the wind now, Baynes?" asks the major, after a little drink and a long silence. "How is poor little Char?"

"Infernally ill—I mean behaved infernally ill," says the general, biting his lips.

"Bad business! Bad business! Poor little child!" cries the major.

"Insubordinate little devil!" says the pale general, grinding his teeth. "We'll see which shall be master!"

"What! you have had words?"

"At this table, this very day. She sat here and defied her mother and me, by George! and flung out of the room like a tragedy queen. She must be tamed, Mac, or my name's not Baynes."

MacWhirter knew his relative of old, and that this quiet, submissive man, when angry, worked up to a white heat as it were. "Sad affair; hope you'll both come round, Baynes," sighs the major, trying bootless commonplaces; and seeing this last remark had no effect, he bethought him of recurring to their mutual friend. "How's Tom Bunch?" the major asked, cheerily.

At this question Baynes grinned in such a ghastly way that MacWhirter eyed him with wonder. "Colonel Bunch is very well," the general said, in dismal voice; "at least, he was, half an hour ago. He was sitting there;" and he pointed to an empty spoon lying in an empty beaker, whence the spirit and water had departed.

"What has been the matter, Baynes?" asked the major. "Has anything happened between you and Tom?"

"I mean that, half an hour ago, Colonel Bunch used words to me which I'll bear from no man alive: and you have arrived just in the nick of time, MacWhirter, to take my message to him. Hush! here's the drink."

"*Voici, Messieurs!*" Auguste at length has brought up a second supply of brandy-and-water. The veterans mingled their jorums; and whilst his brother-in-law spoke, the alarmed MacWhirter sipped occasionally *intentusque ora tenebat.*

The Tormentors and the Tormented.

To grind or be ground—to torment or be tormented—is the fate of considerably more than half of the human race. It has been so ever since the world began, and is likely to be so as long as that world endures. "The thing which has been shall be."

Now there is an immense amount of torture inflicted hourly, yet without malice, by the strong on the weak, by the weak on the strong, and by ourselves on ourselves. But apart from all this, there exists everywhere a separate and peculiar class of beings who are tormentors by nature, by custom, and by education. The individuals who belong to it are well known, much feared, and mostly hated; but, on the whole, people more often essay to propitiate than to exterminate them. "We love a man that damns us," says Selden, "and we run after him again to save us." We propose to chronicle a few of the characteristics of these social Tormentors, their plans of operation and their weapons of offence: to describe, as well as may be, the mechanism of their moral rack, and the principle and method of its working, so as to instruct those who desire to make themselves acquainted, either for the purpose of aggression or defence, with what has been termed the "art of ingeniously tormenting."

No Job ever yet came to grief that a Bildad was not forthcoming to cry—

> "As the old crow said to the young crow—
> 'Did I not tell thee so?'"

And the love of tormenting, as well as the capacity for being tormented, are so universal, that it is to be supposed the seeds thereof are sown deep in human nature. Owing to this fact, a tormentor is always sure of a numerous array of victims; and, what is of equal importance to him, a circle of attentive lookers on. Almost every one can torment his friend or enemy in a humble way, if he be so inclined; therefore none need despair: but those whom Nature destines to rise to greatness in the art, are distinguished by possessing that which is said to be the true attribute of genius, *i. e.* a character finely compounded of the masculine and the feminine. The tormentor who has a true call to the office, possesses either a calm, cool strength and keenness, or a hard, biting, sarcastic humour, together with the selfishness also pre-eminently characteristic of the class: as Eugène Sue describes it—"ce n'est pas chez lui une fonction, c'est une sacerdoce:" combined with these he has the lynx-like attention to minute details, the fine instinct for discerning the slightest sign of pain or suffering, the tenacity of purpose, the ingenuity of expedient, the swift thought, the swifter speech, and, lastly, the elastic cruelty of a woman. Genius is of no sex—or, as some say, of both sexes; therefore it is to be understood that wherever we use the word *he*, the reader may at his own

pleasure substitute for it the pronoun *she*, whenever the occasion seems to require it.

The Tormentor appears as one who speaks his mind.—As life is with him a problem how far he may stick his knees and toes into his neighbour's back without being turned out of this world-theatre, so it invariably happens that his mind is a disagreeable one to speak. You are ashamed not to appear able to bear telling the truth, and so submit; or perhaps you try to laugh it off. Laughter is some men's mode of crying; and to produce a spasmodic laugh of this kind is definite enjoyment to the professional tormentor. "He that hath ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton wool," writes a philosopher too well known to need naming. "She thought it her duty to speak her mind, as it is called," says another writer; "and there is in this operation, when performed between women, especially where a man is more or less concerned, often a certain enjoyment."

It is recorded how a certain number of people weather-bound in a country house, and the women largely preponderating over the other sex, once proposed and agreed by unanimous resolution "to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," to each other. They called their abode the Palace of Truth, and they did as they said, with an energy and ingenuity wonderful to behold. Every sense was quickened; each eye was sharpened; daily their observations on each other's faults and infirmities grew more caustic and trenchant: they did indeed speak their minds, and those minds became more plain and direct in acid censure, until the state of discord and unpleasantness in this new crystal palace of candour was appalling, and the practice was perforce discontinued, lest the fair philosophers should let their words bring forth fruits, and so be in danger of forgetting Dr. Watts' pretty hymn—

> "Your little hands were never made
> To tear each other's eyes."

Without advocating *une société pour l'admiration mutuelle*, it would be a better thing than the league above described.

It is hardly necessary to point out to the physically strong in how many modes he may oppress and annoy others. Such a tormentor will smoke, for instance, on all occasions, but especially when he knows the smell renders any unlucky individual ill; in a party of pleasure he will over-walk every one else, cheering them on as long as possible if they will accommodate their pace to his, and then, if they break down when they can do no more, he triumphs over them for being so weak, and taunts them with reproaches, or offensive pity for not being stronger. If he discerns signs of timidity in a rider, it will be a great opportunity for the exercise of his art: he will recount the most terrible equestrian disasters, and when he has reduced his victim to a state of ungraceful terror, he will smilingly declare he was only joking. If it be a lady, he will intimate that ill-health only springs from self-indulgence, or that nervousness is

usually put on, and is simply affectation; by which means the thong is laid on pretty sharply, and the victim affords great sport; if the unfortunate be a man—and men are more often afraid than is generally supposed can be noticed by a lady at her leisure,—he will remark how ugly and mean a thing fear is in a man; and so increase the victim's discomfiture. But the physically strong cannot thus oppress the physically weak to the utmost extent, unless the latter be morally weak likewise: and in this case there is indeed a fair field for the varied exercise of their peculiar talent. A woman is doubly powerful in this department, because she is great in that in which her sex are generally deficient. There are people born with a capacity for being tormented, and if they abide in the vicinity of one of the race of Tormentors, hardly anything can make life tolerable to them.

The Tormentor appears as one physically weak.—Almost every one can remember how at one time or other all enjoyment was marred, a day's pleasure spoiled, and a whole party made uncomfortable, by some tormentor who "stood on his or her infirmity:" how every one was suffocated because some one feared a draught, or caught cold because an individual threatened to faint; how lovers were separated, and little plans demolished; how those were compelled to walk or drive who wished to do neither; or to hurry or wait, to eat or refrain, to shiver or be roasted, at the caprice of some one of Uriah Heep-like propensities: one who "did not wish to incommode any one—oh, no: they only knew that the doctor had said they would die, or faint, or never recover it;" or, "mamma would, they felt sure, decidedly disapprove." Have we none of us ever known an invalid who reigned undisputed tyrant of the household This line is naturally a *spécialité* with women. When we say, "*Elle se pose en victime*," there is nothing more to be urged: we may give up the point with a good or a bad grace; but give it up we must, under penalty of appearing a brute. Sometimes the stronger sex also play this game. We knew a malignant little cripple who was the bully of a whole school on account of the unscrupulous fashion with which he dealt blows with his crutch (which was iron-bound and a formidable weapon). If any lad were provoked to retaliation, the amiable youth would throw himself down and howl, exclaiming, "What! strike a poor cripple; and when he's down, too? Shame on you!"

The Tormentor appears in the guise of a warning friend.—If a man be about to undertake any work, tormentors will be at hand to prophesy all sorts of misfortune: they will suggest a variety of unkind and injurious criticism, and if they succeed in making one blench, they will add that he is not the right kind of stuff to work well since he cannot endure the ordeal of hearing the probable opinion of others; which they have, indeed, at the cost of their own feeling, deemed it their duty to tell him in all kindness. They will artfully or ostentatiously praise a man for that in which he knows he is deficient; but this only if he be of a humble-minded and distrustful disposition—instinct telling them that it would otherwise be the most subtle flattery. On this account, deserved praise can

rarely be addressed to women, who often prefer admiration for that which they least possess. Thus you shall see a witty woman anxious to be thought a beauty, and a fair woman glad to have the reputation of being talented or intellectual. A tormentor will welcome instances of special depravity in order to point his remarks, and will fairly hug to his heart a warning of the kind as an instructive type of what such a one will come to. Thus Palmer may be humorously brought in as a burr by which to irritate sinners on the turf; or Redpath be pleasantly alluded to in order to aggravate members of particular societies. A tormentor will poison a dinner with his cynicisms, or render a poor girl's first ball a purgatory by relating all he has ever heard adduced against such amusements. Perhaps he will describe his own shocked sensibilities at first beholding a waltz; carefully adding that all this is changed now, and thus leaving it to be inferred that as his high tone of morals has deteriorated, hers will share a like fate. "I was present at Miss So-and-so's first ball," he will remark, compassionately. "I beheld her first waltz; and now see what she is—a flirt, a coquette!" Thus will he pile up his warnings and denunciations. If he rides out, he questions the propriety of equestrian exercise for females, and inveighs much against masculine habits. If he converses with a young lady on other topics, it is to examine her principles, and discover (of course) that they are all wrong: "No: he cannot say *she* has gone wrong yet;" but he candidly assures her that "she might, at any moment, for anything her principles were worth to save her." And the poor thing, who up to that time has been a good happy girl at home, as many have been before—neither from a deep stern sense of religion, nor from a high transcendental doctrine of progressive perfection, but from the feminine and laudable desire of being loved and making those around her happy—unperplexed by casuistry, and not wretched by a morbid habit of self-anatomy, is shocked into believing herself a mindless and unprincipled impostor: for the moment only, let us hope; for youth is fortunate in that, though easily tormented, it soon forgets—being more easily impressionable than impressible.

The Tormentor will appear as a reformer, come into the world to set it straight according to his own ideas. These are the most troublesome, inasmuch as they are sometimes, though not always, conscientious in their disagreeable ways. They have a chronic inability to distinguish between one person and the other, and consider their mission unperformed unless they can make all people travel on one line. Of this sort are the people who are for ever calling for new police regulations, who would allow no shaving on Sundays, and would annihilate street organs; the milliners who insist on particular fashions being worn; the Sabbatarians who would stop trains and shut up gardens, and who lament over the post-office delivery:—in short, all those who would compel others to be happy in only their particular way on earth.

The Tormentor assumes to be a philosophic critic.—Meeting with one who has a straightforward tale which he wishes to relate; if he does not take it out of his mouth, he overwhelms him with inquiry into details;

and if he finds the narrative deficient therein, he will courteously express much regret—asserting that these very details are essential to the matter, the authenticity, the point, or the moral; or he will choke the anecdote with corroborative testimony of such a sort and amplitude as to make the little tale appear of very minor importance: either way the tale-teller will find himself absolutely snuffed out. He will declaim against anything that recommends itself by novelty or originality, and clamour for a rigorous uniformity; insisting that the thing which has been done shall be done again, and done in the same fashion, or he will predict for it all manner of misfortunes of the kind most likely to intimidate and distress the victim according to his temper and organisation. Thus, to conscientious men he will point out how in aiding some they must injure others (as, indeed, must inevitably happen in all reforms), making carefully of no account the largeness of the proportion of one as compared with the smallness of the other. To timid people he will foretel a storm of odium, misinterpretation and ingratitude; or, to the ambitious, he foreshadows sneers, so as, if possible, to tempt them to some more gigantic and perilous enterprise, in which, if they fail, the ruin shall be complete: when, we need hardly add, the tormentor will be at hand to give his philanthropy an airing, and complete his mission by a heavy battery of recapitulated warnings and loud offensive pity. To the vain and susceptible he will promise certain ridicule and contempt; and these vague generalities will become special to their affrighted vision. Variety of torment is essential to these operations, for the tormentor might otherwise degenerate into a bore; he will add, therefore, a subtle injustice exceedingly difficult to oppose. He will call unsatisfied sympathy, mortified vanity; interpret silence to be stupidity; and stigmatize a thoughtful man as idle. And for the neglected ones of this world, who comfort themselves by the belief that unacknowledged merit has always existed and always will, he hastens to deprive them of this poor and harmless consolation, by assuring them that there is no such thing: that real talent *must* rise, and that genius may be known by its power of conquering all men and obstacles—with other arguments of the like nature. So he leaves the neglected ones more sore-hearted and desolate than they were before; for he has taken away the content of their discontent. Can perverse human ingenuity go beyond this?

The Tormentor appears in the shape of a moving human guide-post, which shifts as you shift, and is ever in advance. There is no passing it, or hiding from it, or pretending not to observe it: it warns, and instructs, and points, and insists, until you succumb in sheer despair; feeling that you are carrying out indeed your own plan, but not as you would like to do, nor by the means you originally intended. That domineering guide-post is like a bad dream; but, being human, it cannot be broken and cast into a ditch, or yet burnt for firewood. *He is also a retrospective guide-post or beacon*, and will perpetually remark—"I *told* you so." "I *said* how it would be." "Do you not remember, in such a place, or on such a day, I foretold all this?" And he will recal to your mind his

warning with irritating accuracy, insisting upon an audible assent to each proposition. He will repeat to you—if possible, in public, or, at any rate, when and where you least desire it—the observations and criticisms of other people, provided they be unpleasant enough, and make a merit of doing it,—remarking that he does so in the character of a true friend; consequently, if you happen to be of a generous disposition, you are so perplexed and pained, and so anxious by your good temper to prove how grateful you can be to this good, kind man—who has all your life been your true friend without your being aware of it—so wishful to subdue original sin and appear amiable, or, at any rate, so desirous to fume inwardly if fume you must, that you will afford great sport to your tormentor. The more serious, unjust, and hurtful the charges are, the more he will din them into your ears; and after doing this until you are nearly driven wild, he will go forth professing that he has done so expressly, and at great personal inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of contradicting the falsehoods: indeed if he be permitted, he will surely return with a distressing account of the unbelief of the world in innocence, and of the derision with which his defence in your behalf was received. Even complimentary criticism may be made an engine of torment; for it is quite true that some people largely endowed with self-esteem and secretiveness dislike being made the subject of special articles, even though they be of commendatory tendency. The tormentor will never cease worming out what the intentions and hopes of such people are, and will then suggest alterations, disasters, and trivial but vexatious misconstructions; or he will praise exactly that feature which least deserves it, and will often be loudest in his admiration of a defective point, the weakness of which will have secretly vexed the other man to the soul, even before it was thus dragged into notice. He will contrive to throw a shadow even over great success; for as all good men are anxious about what shall come after them—not blotting out the past, nor sacrificing the future for the present—so it will be represented to such that their theory, though greedily welcomed now, and perhaps not altogether unsuitable, is one which will of necessity be a curse to posterity, and that as the authors of such a scheme they will in future ages be held up to scorn and contempt. In this mode many a promising scheme is knocked on the head, an aspiration is quenched, a hope dies out, or a chronic abscess is set up which may at any time be stimulated into an open sore; and so the game goes on.

It is a curious instance of contrast between the somatic and the psychical world, that whereas gangrene or mortification of the flesh is absolutely painless, and is generally the harbinger of the sleep that knows no waking, mortification of the mind is the very reverse: it is such torture that most of us would do anything to escape from it. The knowledge of this fact comes to the tormentor by instinct; and when he singles out any one whose mental constitution betrays to his practised eye a predestined victim, he hastens, by the application of corrosive applications of his own to set up a train of little ulcers which in the end mortify, having

first caused the usual amount of suffering. One might suppose that the victim would generally fly the tormentor, but it is not so: no moth buzzes about the flame more perseveringly than he returns to his torture. He seems to be subject to the same law which governs the relations between the bird and the rattlesnake, between the lizard and the fly. We have all seen the little exhibition, so common in our public gardens, of a small ball, bound within a light trellis, compelled to frolic on a fountain of water. It dances frantically round in its iron cage, beating its weary sides against it; then it hovers above a little, and as it alights on the cold spout of water it essays a faint struggle or two, causing a silver shower; an instant after, it is elevated rapidly and unsteadily on a slender stream, and tossed about a little, seeming very giddy and odd, and then losing its balance, down it falls, to be again thrown up, all weary as it is. This, or something very like it, is the fate of those who have a capacity for being tormented. The rack belonged to past ages, but the extent to which mental torture can be practised is a feature of the present time; and this arises from many causes: as, for instance, the greater publicity which is given to a man's failures or mistakes owing to the cheap press and the increase of readers. At any moment an enormous fire of disapprobation can be directed on a man for something in which, if he could only make it known, his motives were pure and good; but he wakes some morning and finds himself the subject of two or three leading articles and the mark for all sorts of scorn and intemperate abuse; and before he can collect his faculties to defend himself, he discovers that he is already forgotten, and that his appeal to public opinion would be deemed a bore and an impertinence. When this conviction comes home to him, he naturally feels injured and angry, or hurt and humiliated; and then the tormentor steps in, making the most of it if the man is utterly spirit-broken, or urging him to another effort of angry defiance if he have some fight left in him, or as much as shall suffice to get him a ruinous fall.

Tormentors are conductors or non-conductors according to circumstances: they conduct heat only when that heat is born of wrath: they are sensitive conductors of animosities, grudges, slanders, mistakes and mortifications; but to the opposite things they are non-conductors, stolid as the glass legs of a stool. Under like conditions they are radiators, reflecting gloom, discomfort, and storms; but they are blank as a stone wall when it is a question of genial mirth, happiness, or cheap and easily-obtained pleasures. They ever stir the posset of human affairs the wrong way, and thus produce curds for those to swallow who prefer their cream smooth.

The Tormentor appears as a suggester of discord.—To make people disagree is not a very difficult task on certain occasions, such as meetings of the members of any particular craft, art, or science—those of the musical, the medical, and the ministerial professions being perhaps the most acid sensitive; at appointments at the chambers of the lawyers, where, says a modern philosopher, "the most miserable and humiliating moments

of a man's life are often passed;" or reading the last will and testament to a party of surviving relatives, and, in general, all family gatherings, of whatever description. The tormentor will produce at such a time some stock subject of dispute, toss it lightly up like a pancake, and not a few are sure to seize it as it comes down; the hotter it is the harder they set their teeth into it, and the burning they get does but make them so much the more savage with each other: for wrath mistaken in its object is generally the most unappeasable. By the pancake being hot you are to understand that the subject is generally one evolving heat; of this nature are all personal matters which threaten to affect the vanity or the purse in religious matters: in regard to which a zealous, one-sided, earnest mind has in its composition somewhat of the nature of a persecutor. Old sores, ancient quarrels, family feuds—all these are pancakes for the tormentor's bill of fare, provided he can collect around him a few hungry and unwary human beings. He will suggest to the husband that his wife is unreasonable, and to the wife that the husband deems her incapable of logic; by this means the poor lady feels herself impelled forthwith to assert her forensic talent and to assign reasons for all she does, lest she should be thought incompetent to the task. The husband has his eye sharpened—perhaps his tongue also; they enter on a disquisition on "pure reason," which would have driven the calm-minded Kant to distraction; and for many a long day there is no peace in that household. If a man refuses to be tormented in the ordinary way, he may still be roused by means of a particular sort: even a hare will fight in defence of her young, and a very patient, gentle disposition, that cannot be goaded into an expression of feeling by a personal attack, may be stirred up by seeing injustice or cruelty towards others; perhaps, though shrinking and ashamed, doing violence to a nature constitutionally averse to exhibition. Such a one fires up and speaks hurriedly and warmly; then the game is out of its cover: the tormentor "is surprised, grieved, or amused," he says, "to find that he is supposed to be in earnest, and to be so misinterpreted as to have a slight word—a mere jest, in fact,—thus taken in earnest." He hastens to make the *amende honorable;* for he never lacks the gift of apologizing gracefully when that apology can make one or two people uncomfortable, or put them, as schoolboys say, in the wrong pair of shoes.

The Tormentor appears as an index to the infirmities and weakness of all people.—In this employment he will exercise the greatest care and perseverance, and, whether the knowledge be acquired under the guise of friendship or otherwise, the ungenerous use to which it is put is always the same: an exposure of slight personal infirmities is a trait of temper in which the young generally come to grief, and for this species of torture they have a painful aversion. If mental trouble or incidental mortification have made a man look pale and harassed, or a girl haggard and *souffrante,* who so glad to step in with his impertinent pity or noisy sympathy as your genuine tormentor? A man may snore frightfully, or dance out of time, or miss his bird, or crane at his fence, or stammer in his speech:

the tormentor will say, with an air of pleasantry: "He is more musical by night than by day;" or, "Yes, he did not shoot very well to-day—a young hand, you know;" or, "Our eyesight begins to fail:" (this accordingly as it is designed to aggravate the young who wish to be old, or the old who desire to be young). "Yes, don't hurry to speak, my dear fellow. I think you told me once it always caused you to stammer more." Or a girl shall have a shabby or unsuitable costume, or squint a little when she is nervous, or ill, or cross; or she dreads the cold wind, or the sun, or the fire, for reasons which appertain to the complexion. Then it will be:—"Ah! do come and sit down among us all; we shall be very glad to have a long talk: you are wiser than many here. You are *décolletée*, or not (as the case may be). No, my dear friend, don't sit there: let me have that place. I know that the fire scorches your face such a terrible colour." Perhaps the poor girl's lover is there, and her heart is wrung with mortification shamefully great for so small a defect. He will anticipate a joke, or a tale, or a *bonmot;* or if he does not do that, he will laugh so loudly and immoderately as to take people's attention off the joke, and make them think there is something funnier in it than meets the ear; and when they pray to be enlightened, they come back disgusted by the smallness of the joke and almost resentful towards the unlucky fellow who tried to amuse them. He will occasionally smile with so much significance as to disconcert even well-bred people, and lead them to distrust and misunderstand each other. At other times, especially in a party of pleasure, he will affect supreme indifference to all that delights other persons; unceasingly ridiculing any display of taste for scenery, antiquities, &c., professing that the one is affectation and the other childishness. And if the majority of those present be not strong-minded enough to bear him down and bid him hold his peace, he will succeed in quenching a good deal of innocent enthusiasm, and throwing a damp over the party: but generally gratifying himself.

If the Tormentor have a wife: but no! our heart fails us at the idea of laying bare the probable amount and variety of the sufferings which she will endure. He will sharpen his fangs upon her daily, hourly, momentarily. Let that suffice.

Lastly, he will appear as a condoler: and this is the most dreadful of all, for his condolence is always the wrong way of the grain. With ostentatious pity he invites you to the consolation of auricular confession; and under the guise of sympathy, he will make your *amour propre* bleed at every pore. In his hands you become the interesting point of a *comédie larmoyante*. He frets about you till his tears excoriate your skin; he weeps over you until you are ready to weep for yourself that you should be thus marked out for public compassion. And the most odious part of the torment is, that you cannot repel it, as your spirit longs to do, without laying yourself open to a charge of churlishness and ingratitude.

The passion for that which is usually called sport—*i. e.* the love of hunting, pursuing, and oppressing—is so deeply inherent in man's nature

that any one who absolutely refuses to run and be made game of, does, strange to say, draw on him a certain, though almost invisible enmity, even from his friends; according to that psychological law which declares that "there is in the misfortunes of our best friends something not wholly displeasing to us." We stir up a bear with a long pole, and he won't growl; we send the dogs into the wood, and the fox refuses to break cover; we uncouple the greyhounds, and the hare sits in her form, and will neither be put up nor kicked out. Judicious bear! wise fox! sensible hare! If you, reader, know a tormentor—and we are quite sure you do—let no fear of discomfort prevent your defending yourself by those instruments and shelters with which nature has endowed you. Remember he is a crab in its shell, and you are like—a jelly-fish, we were going to say, but a jelly-fish is not very sensitive to pain:—no, you are like a crab without its shell.

There are three ways of baffling this odious race. The first is by that genuine humility which, never supposing itself capable of any excellence, is never hurt to find itself despised. But this is rather a lamentable mode, and only advisable where the mental constitution does not admit of anything else; for it leaves, after all, a considerable margin for torment: the most humble-minded person in existence is also generally the kindest hearted, and to such a one the unconsidered or studiously misinterpreted self-sacrifice, the unaided struggle, the unesteemed forbearance, are hard trials to carry off cheerfully; and he is, further, represented to others, and almost self-condemned as having been officious where he hoped to be useful, silent when he should have been sympathising, stupid when eloquence was required. No humility can save that man from being very wretched in his mind under these circumstances; and, as he is generally unskilful in concealment, he betrays it all, to the great pleasure of the tormentor. He perhaps makes some plaint or defence: it is the best thing he can do; for, as the Greek proverb has it, "Who does not speak, him they bury alive." But he commonly defends himself in small type, and is replied to in large. *Cui bono?* The second mode, and a far better one, is the careful cultivation of a habit of good, useful self-reliance. It will in time become an attitude of the mind, and will reflect itself in your demeanour; and when you have once exchanged vanity for self-esteem, and have learned to prefer the approbation of your conscience to that of your audience, the tormentor will have little power over you. Hold your own, and slight your slights; for your humility, as has been shown, cannot save you. You may call on your friend, but he may not be there; or, if there, he may be unable to deliver you. But easy self-assurance is always at hand. Lastly, there is war to the knife. You may do everything by the timely display of a frank and fearless spirit, an uncompromising hostility, and the free exercise of a ready and caustic tongue. But, if you possess these things, we need advise you no further, for you may be sure that the tormentor will not trouble you. At such a one his first is generally also his parting shot.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WISDOM OF POPPINS.

GEORGE ROBINSON again walked upon roses, and for a while felt that he had accomplished bliss. What has the world to offer equal to the joy of gratified love? What triumph is there so triumphant as that achieved by valour over beauty?

> "Take the goods the gods provide you.
> The lovely Thais sits beside you."

Was not that the happiest moment in Alexander's life? Was it not the climax of all his glories, and the sweetest drop which Fortune poured into his cup? George Robinson now felt himself to be a second Alexander. Beside him the lovely Thais was seated evening after evening; and he, with no measured stint, took the goods the gods provided. He would think of the night of that supper in Smithfield, when the big Brisket sat next to his love, half hidden by her spreading flounces, and would remember how, in his spleen, he had likened his rival to an ox prepared for the sacrifice with garlands. "Poor ignorant beast of the field!" he had said, apostrophizing the unconscious Brisket, "how little knowest thou how ill those flowers become thee, or for what purpose thou art thus caressed! They will take from thee thy hide, thy fatness, all that thou hast, and divide thy carcase among them. And yet thou thinkest thyself happy! Poor foolish beast of the field!" Now that ox had escaped from the toils, and a stag of the forest had been caught by his antlers, and was bound for the altar. He knew all this, and yet he walked upon roses and was happy. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," he said to himself. "The lovely Thais sits beside me. Shall I not take the goods the gods provide me?"

The lovely Thais sat beside him evening after evening for nearly two months, up in Mr. Brown's parlour, but as yet nothing had been decided as to the day of their marriage. Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Poppins would be there smiling, happy, and confidential; and sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Jones, careworn, greedy, and suspicious. On those latter evenings the hours would all be spent in discussing the profits of the shop and the fair division of the spoils. On this subject Mrs. Jones would be very bitter, and even the lovely Thais would have an opinion of her own which seemed to be anything but agreeable to her father.

"Maryanne," her lover said to her one evening, when words had been rather high among them, "if you want your days to be long in the land, you must honour your father and mother."

"I don't want my days to be long, if we're never to come to an understanding," she answered. "And I've got no mother, as you know well, or you wouldn't treat me so."

"You must understand, father," said Sarah Jane, "that things shan't go on like this. Jones shall have his rights, though he don't seem half man enough to stand up for them. What's the meaning of partnership, if nobody's to know where the money goes to?"

"I've worked like a horse," said Jones. "I'm never out of that place from morning to night—not so much as to get a pint of beer. And, as far as I can see, I was better off when I was at Scrimble and Grutts. I did get my salary regular."

Mr. Brown was at this time in tears, and as he wept he lifted up his hands. "My children, my children!" said he.

"That's all very well, father," said Maryanne. "But whimpering won't keep anybody's pot a-boiling. I'm sick of this sort of thing, and, to tell the truth, I think it quite time to see some sort of a house over my head."

"Would that I could seat you in marble halls!" said George Robinson,

"Oh, bother!" said Maryanne. "That sort of a thing is very good in a play, but business should be business." It must always be acknowledged, in favour of Mr. Brown's youngest daughter, that her views were practical, and not overstrained by romance.

During these two or three months a considerable intimacy sprang up between Mr. Poppins and George Robinson. It was not that there was any similarity in their characters, for in most respects they were essentially unlike each other. But, perhaps, this very difference led to their friendship. How often may it be observed in the fields that a high-bred, quick-paced horse will choose some lowly donkey for his close companionship, although other horses of equal birth and speed be in the same pasture! Poppins was a young man of an easy nature and soft temper, who was content to let things pass by him unquestioned, so long as they passed quietly. Live and let live, were words that were often on his lips; by which he intended to signify that he would overlook the peccadillos of other people, as long as other people overlooked his own. When the lady who became afterwards Mrs. Poppins had once called him a rascal, he had not with loud voice asserted the injustice of the appellation, but had satisfied himself with explaining to her that, even were it so, he was still fit for her society. He possessed a practical philosophy of his own, by which he was able to steer his course in life. He was not, perhaps, prepared to give much to others, but neither did he expect that much should be given to him. There was no ardent generosity in his temperament; but then, also, there was no malice or grasping avarice. If in one respect he differed much from our Mr. Robinson, so also in another respect did

he differ equally from our Mr. Jones. He was at this time a counting-house clerk in a large wharfinger's establishment, and had married on a salary of eighty pounds a year.

"I tell you what it is, Robinson," said he, about this time: "I don't understand this business of yours."

"No," said Robinson; "perhaps not. A business like ours is not easily understood."

"You don't seem to me to divide any profits."

"In an affair of such magnitude the profits cannot be adjusted every day, nor yet every month."

"But a man wants his bread and cheese every day. Now, there's old Brown. He's a deal sharper than I took him for."

"Mr. Brown, for a commercial man of the old school, possesses considerable intelligence," said Robinson. Throughout all these memoirs, it may be observed that Mr. Robinson always speaks with respect of Mr. Brown.

"Very considerable indeed," said Poppins. "He seems to me to nobble everything. Perhaps that was the old school. The young school ain't so very different in that respect. Only, perhaps, there isn't so much for them to nobble."

"A regular division of our profits has been arranged for in our deed of partnership," said Robinson.

"That's uncommon nice, and very judicious," said Poppins.

"It was thought to be so by our law advisers," said Robinson.

"But yet, you see, old Brown nobbles the money. Now, if ever I goes into partnership, I shall bargain to have the till for my share. You never get near the till, do you?"

"I attend to quite another branch of the business," said Robinson.

"Then you're wrong. There's no branch of the business equal to the money branch. Old Brown has lots of ready money always by him now-a-days."

It certainly was the case that the cash received day by day over the counter was taken by Mr. Brown from the drawers and deposited by him in the safe. The payments into the bank were made three times a week, and the checks were all drawn by Mr. Brown. None of these had ever been drawn except on behalf of the business; but then the payments into the bank had by no means tallied with the cash taken; and latterly —for the last month or so—the statements of the daily cash taken had been very promiscuous. Some payments had of course been made both to Jones and Robinson for their own expenses, but the payments made by Mr. Brown to himself had probably greatly exceeded these. He had a vague idea that he was supreme in money matters, because he had introduced "capital" into the firm. George Robinson had found it absolutely impossible to join himself in any league with Jones, so that hitherto Mr. Brown had been able to carry out his own theory. The motto, *Divide et impera*, was probably unknown to Mr. Brown in those words,

but he had undoubtedly been acting on the wisdom which is conveyed in that doctrine.

Jones and his wife were preparing themselves for war, and it was plain to see that a storm of battle would soon be raging. Robinson also was fully alive to the perils of his position, and anxious as he was to remain on good terms with Mr. Brown, was aware that it would be necessary for him to come to some understanding. In his difficulty he had dropped some hints to his friend Poppins, not exactly explaining the source of his embarrassment, but saying enough to make that gentleman understand the way in which the firm was going on.

"I suppose you're in earnest about that girl," said Poppins. Poppins had an offhand, irreverent way of speaking, especially on subjects which from their nature demanded delicacy, that was frequently shocking to Robinson.

"If you mean Miss Brown," said Robinson, in a tone of voice that was intended to convey a rebuke, "I certainly am in earnest. My intention is that she shall become Mrs. Robinson."

"But when?"

"As soon as prudence will permit and the lady will consent. Miss Brown has never been used to hardship. For myself, I should little care what privations I might be called on to bear, but I could hardly endure to see her in want."

"My advice to you is this. If you mean to marry her, do it at once. If you and she together can't manage the old man, you can't be worth your salt. If you can do that, then you can throw Jones overboard."

"I am not in the least afraid of Jones."

"Perhaps not; but still you'd better mind your P's and Q's. It seems to me that you and he and the young women are at sixes and sevens, and that's the reason why old Brown is able to nobble the money."

"I certainly should be happier," said Robinson, "if I were married, and things were settled."

"As to marriage," said Poppins, "my opinion is this; if a man has to do it, he might as well do it at once. They're always pecking at you; and a fellow feels that if he's in for it, what's the good of his fighting it out?"

"I should never marry except for love," said Robinson.

"Nor I neither," said Poppins. "That is, I couldn't bring myself to put up with a hideous old hag, because she'd money. I should always be wanting to throttle her. But as long as they're young, and soft, and fresh, one can always love 'em;—at least I can."

"I never loved but one," said Robinson.

"There was a good many of them used to be pretty much the same to me. They was all very well; but as to breaking my heart about them,—why, it's a thing that I never understood."

"Do you know, Poppins, what I did twice—ay, thrice—in those dark days?"

"What; when Brisket was after her?"

"Yes; when she used to say that she loved another. Thrice did I go down to the river bank, intending to terminate this wretched existence."

"Did you, now?"

"I swear to you that I did. But Providence, who foresaw the happiness that is in store for me, withheld me from the leap."

"Polly once took up with a sergeant, and I can't say I liked it."

"And what did you do?"

"I got uncommon drunk, and then I knocked the daylight out of him. We've been the best of friends ever since. But about marrying:—if a man is to do it, he'd better do it. It depends a good deal on the young woman of course, and whether she's comfortable in her mind. Some women ain't comfortable, and then there's the devil to pay. You don't get enough to eat, and nothing to drink; and if ever you leave your pipe out of your pocket, she smashes it. I've know'd 'em of that sort, and a man had better have the rheumatism constant."

"I don't think Maryanne is like that."

"Well, I can't say. Polly isn't. She's not over good, by no means, and would a deal sooner sit in a arm-chair and have her victuals and beer brought to her, than she'd break her back by working too hard. She'd like to be always a-junketing, and that's what she's best for, as is the case with many of 'em."

"I've seen her sportive as a young fawn at the Hall of Harmony."

"But she ain't a young fawn any longer; and as for harmony, it's my idea that the less of harmony a young woman has the better. It makes 'em give themselves airs, and think as how their ten fingers were made to put into yellow gloves, and that a young man hasn't nothing to do but to stand treat, and whirl 'em about till he ain't able to stand. A game's all very well, but bread and cheese is a deal better."

"I love to see beauty enjoying itself gracefully. My idea of a woman is incompatible with the hard work of the world. I would fain do that myself, so that she should ever be lovely."

"But she won't be lovely a bit the more. She'll grow old all the same, and probably take to drink. When she's got a red nose and a pimply face, and a sharp tongue, you'd be glad enough to see her at the wash-tub then. I remember an old song as my father used to sing, but my mother couldn't endure to hear it:

> 'Woman takes delight in abundance of pleasure,
> But a man's life is to labour and toil.'

That's about the truth of it, and that's what comes of your Halls of Harmony."

"You would like woman to be a household drudge."

"So I would—only drudge don't sound well. Call her a ministering angel instead, and it comes to the same thing. They both of 'em means much of a muchness;—getting up your linen decent, and seeing that you

have a bit of something hot when you come home late. Well, good-night, old fellow. I shall have my hair combed if I stay much longer. Take my advice, and as you do mean to do it, do it at once. And don't let the old 'un nobble all the money. Live and let live. That's fair play all over." And so Mr. Poppins took his leave.

Had anybody suggested to George Robinson that he should go to Poppins for advice as to his course of life, George Robinson would have scorned the suggestion. He knew very well the great difference between him and his humble friend, both as regarded worldly position and intellectual attainments. But, nevertheless, there was a strain of wisdom in Poppins' remarks which, though it appertained wholly to matters of low import, he did not disdain to use. It was true that Maryanne Brown still frequented the Hall of Harmony, and went there quite as often without her betrothed as with him. It was true that Mr. Brown had adopted a habit of using the money of the firm, without rendering a fair account of the purpose to which he applied it. The Hall of Harmony might not be the best preparation for domestic duties, nor Mr. Brown's method of applying the funds the best specific for commercial success. He would look to both these things, and see that some reform were made. Indeed, he would reform them both entirely by insisting on a division of the profits, and by taking Maryanne to his own bosom. Great ideas filled his mind. If any undue opposition were made to his wishes when expressed, he would leave the firm, break up the business, and carry his now well-known genius for commercial enterprise to some other concern in which he might be treated with a juster appreciation of his merits.

"Not that I will ever leave thee, Maryanne," he said to himself, as he resolved these things in his mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISTRESS MORONY.

It was about ten days after the conversation recorded in the last chapter between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Poppins that an affair was brought about through the imprudence and dishonesty of Mr. Jones, which for some time prevented that settlement of matters on which Mr. Robinson had resolved. During those ten days he had been occupied in bringing his resolution to a fixed point; and then, when the day and hour had come in which he intended to act, that event occurred which, disgraceful as it is to the annals of the Firm, must now be told.

There are certain small tricks of trade, well known to the lower class of houses in that business to which Brown, Jones, and Robinson had devoted themselves, which for a time may no doubt be profitable, but which are very apt to bring disgrace and ruin upon those who practise them. To such tricks as these Mr. Jones was wedded, and by none of the arguments which he used in favour of a high moral tone of

commerce could Robinson prevail upon his partner to abandon them. Nothing could exceed the obstinacy and blindness of Mr. Jones during these discussions. When it was explained to him that the conduct he was pursuing was hardly removed—nay, was not removed—from common swindling, he would reply that it was quite as honest as Mr. Robinson's advertisements. He would quote especially those Katakairion shirts which were obtained from Hodges, and of which the sale at 39*s.* 6*d.* the half-dozen had by dint of a wide circulation of notices become considerable. "If that isn't swindling, I don't know what is," said Jones.

"Do you know what Katakairion means?" said Robinson.

"No; I don't," said Jones. "And I don't want to know."

"Katakairion means 'fitting,'" said Robinson; "and the purchaser has only to take care that the shirt he buys does fit, and then it is Katakairion."

"But we didn't invent them."

"We invented the price and the name, and that's as much as anybody does. But that is not all. It's a well understood maxim in trade, that a man may advertise whatever he chooses. We advertise to attract notice, not to state facts. But it's a mean thing to pass off a false article over the counter. If you will ticket your goods, you should sell them according to the ticket."

At first, the other partners had not objected to this ticketing, as the practice is now common, and there is at first sight an apparent honesty about it which has its seduction. A lady seeing 21*s.* 7*d.* marked on a mantle in the window, is able to contemplate the desired piece of goods and to compare it, in silent leisure, with her finances. She can use all her power of eye, but, as a compensation to the shopkeeper, is debarred from the power of touch; and then, having satisfied herself as to the value of the thing inspected, she can go in and buy without delay or trouble to the vendor. But it has been found by practice that so true are the eyes of ladies that it is useless to expose in shop-windows articles which are not good of their kind, and cheap at the price named. To attract customers in this way, real bargains must be exhibited; and when this is done, ladies take advantage of the unwary tradesman, and unintended sacrifices are made. George Robinson soon perceived this, and suggested that the ticketing should be abandoned. Jones, however, persevered, observing that he knew how to remedy the evil inherent in the system. Hence difficulties arose, and, ultimately, disgrace, which was very injurious to the Firm, and went near to break the heart of Mr. Brown.

According to Jones's plan, the articles ticketed in the window were not, under any circumstances, to be sold. The shopmen, indeed, were forbidden to remove them from their positions under any entreaties or threats from the customers. The customer was to be at first informed, with all the blandishment at the shopman's command, that the goods furnished within the shop were exact counterparts of those exposed. Then the shopman was to argue that the arrangements of the window

could not be disturbed. And should a persistent purchaser after that insist on a supposed legal right, to buy the very thing ticketed, Mr. Jones was to be called; in which case Mr. Jones would inform the persistent purchaser that she was regarded as unreasonable, violent, and disagreeable; and that, under such circumstances, her custom was not wanted by Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The disappointed female would generally leave the shop with some loud remarks as to swindling, dishonesty, and pettifogging, to which Mr. Jones could turn a deaf ear. But sometimes worse than this would ensue; ladies would insist on their rights; scrambles would occur in order that possession of the article might be obtained; the assistants in the shop would not always take part with Mr. Jones; and, as has been before said, serious difficulties would arise.

There can be no doubt that Jones was very wrong. He usually was wrong. His ideas of trade were mean, limited, and altogether inappropriate to business on a large scale. But, nevertheless, we cannot pass on to the narration of a circumstance as it did occur, without expressing our strong abhorrence of those ladies who are desirous of purchasing cheap goods to the manifest injury of the tradesmen from whom they buy them. The ticketing of goods at prices below their value is not to our taste, but the purchasing of such goods is less so. The lady who will take advantage of a tradesman, that she may fill her house with linen, or cover her back with finery at his cost, and in a manner which her own means would not fairly permit, is, in our estimation,——a robber. It is often necessary that tradesmen should advertise tremendous sacrifices. It is sometimes necessary that they should actually make such sacrifices. Brown, Jones, and Robinson have during their career been driven to such a necessity. They have smiled upon their female customers, using their sweetest blandishments, while those female customers have abstracted their goods at prices almost nominal. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, in forcing such sales, have been coerced by the necessary laws of trade; but while smiling with all their blandishments, they have known that the ladies on whom they have smiled have been——robbers.

Why is it that commercial honesty has so seldom charms for women? A woman who would give away the last shawl from her back will insist on smuggling her gloves through the Custom-house! Who can make a widow understand that she should not communicate with her boy in the colonies under the dishonest cover of a newspaper? Is not the passion for cheap purchases altogether a female mania? And yet every cheap purchase—every purchase made at a rate so cheap as to deny the vendor his fair profit is, in truth, a dishonesty;—a dishonesty to which the purchaser is indirectly a party. Would that women could be taught to hate bargains! How much less useless trash would there be in our houses, and how much fewer tremendous sacrifices in our shops!

Brown, Jones, and Robinson, when they had been established some six or eight months, had managed to procure from a house in the silk trade a few black silk mantles of a very superior description. The lot had been

a remnant, and had been obtained with sundry other goods at a low figure. But, nevertheless, the proper price at which the house could afford to sell them would exceed the mark of general purchasers in Bishopsgate Street. These came into Mr. Jones' hands, and he immediately resolved to use them for the purposes of the window. Some half dozen of them were very tastefully arranged upon racks, and were marked at prices which were very tempting to ladies of discernment. In the middle of one window there was a copious mantle, of silk so thick that it stood almost alone, very full in its dimensions, and admirable in its fashion. This mantle, which would not have been dearly bought for 3*l.* 10*s.* or 4*l.*, was injudiciously ticketed at 38*s.* 11½*d.* "It will bring dozens of women to the shop," said Jones, "and we have an article of the same shape and colour, which we can do at that price uncommonly well." Whether or no the mantle had brought dozens of women into the shop, cannot now be said, but it certainly brought one there whom Brown, Jones, and Robinson will long remember.

Mrs. Morony was an Irishwoman who, as she assured the magistrates in Worship Street, had lived in the very highest circles in Limerick, and had come from a princely stock in the neighbouring county of Clare. She was a full-sized lady, not without a certain amount of good looks, though at the period of her intended purchase in Bishopsgate Street, she must have been nearer fifty than forty. Her face was florid, if not red, her arms were thick and powerful, her eyes were bright, but, as seen by Brown, Jones, and Robinson, not pleasant to the view, and she always carried with her an air of undaunted resolution. When she entered the shop, she was accompanied by a thin, acrid, unmarried female friend, whose feminine charms by no means equalled her own. She might be of about the same age, but she had more of the air and manner of advanced years. Her nose was long, narrow and red; her eyes were set very near together; she was tall, and skimpy in all her proportions; and her name was Miss Biles. Of the name and station of Mrs. Morony, or of Miss Biles, nothing was of course known when they entered the shop; but with all these circumstances, B., J., and R. were afterwards made acquainted.

"I believe I'll just look at that pelisse, if you plaze," said Mrs. Morony, addressing herself to a young man who stood near to the window in which the mantle was displayed.

"Certainly, ma'am," said the man. "If you'll step this way, I'll show you the article."

"I see the article there," said Mrs. Morony, poking at it with her parasol. Standing where she did she was just able to touch it in this way. "That's the one I main, with the price;—how much was it, Miss Biles?"

"One, eighteen, eleven and a halfpenny," said Miss Biles, who had learned the figures by heart before she ventured to enter the shop.

"If you'll do me the favour to step this way I'll show you the same

article," said the man, who was now aware that it was his first duty to get the ladies away from that neighbourhood.

But Mrs. Morony did not move. "It's the one there that I'm asking ye for," said she, pointing again, and pointing this time with the hooked end of her parasol. "I'll throuble ye, young man, to show me the article with the ticket."

"The identical pelisse, if you please, sir," said Miss Biles, "which you there advertise as for sale at one, eighteen, eleven and a halfpenny." And then she pressed her lips together, and looked at the shopman with such vehemence that her two eyes seemed to grow into one.

The poor man knew that he was in a difficulty, and cast his eyes across the shop for assistance. Jones, who in his own branch was ever on the watch—and let praise for that diligence be duly given to him—had seen from the first what was in the wind. From the moment in which the stout lady had raised her parasol he felt that a battle was imminent; but he had thought it prudent to abstain awhile from the combat himself. He hovered near, however, as personal protection might be needed on behalf of the favourite ornament of his window.

"I'll throuble you, if you plaze, sir, to raich me that pelisse," said Mrs. Morony.

"We never disturb our window," said the man, "but we keep the same article in the shop."

"Don't you be took in by that, Mrs. Morony," said Miss Biles.

"I don't main," said Mrs. Morony. "I shall insist, sir——"

Now was the moment in which, as Jones felt, the interference of the general himself was necessary. Mrs. Morony was in the act of turning herself well round towards the window, so as to make herself sure of her prey when she should resolve on grasping it. Miss Biles had already her purse in her hand, ready to pay the legal claim. It was clear to be seen that the enemy was of no mean skill and of great valour. The intimidation of Mrs. Morony might be regarded as a feat beyond the power of man. Her florid countenance had already become more than ordinarily rubicund, and her nostrils were breathing anger.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Jones, stepping up and ineffectually attempting to interpose himself between her and the low barrier which protected the goods exposed to view, "the young man has already told you that we cannot disarrange the window. It is not our habit to do so. If you will do me the honour to walk to a chair, he shall show you any articles which you may desire to inspect."

"Don't you be done," whispered Miss Biles.

"I don't main, if I know it," said Mrs. Morony, standing her ground manfully. "I don't desire to inspect anything,—only that pelisse."

"I am sorry that we cannot gratify you," said Mr. Jones.

"But you must gratify me. It's for sale, and the money's on it."

"You shall have the same article at the same price;" and Mr. Jones, as he spoke, endeavoured to press the lady out of her position.

"But positively you cannot have that. We never break through our rules."

"Chaiting the public is the chief of your rules, I'm thinking," said Mrs. Morony; "but you'll not find it so aisy to chait me. Pay them the money down on the counter, Miss Biles, dear." And so saying, she thrust forth her parasol, and succeeded in her attempt to dislodge the prey. Knowing well where to strike her blow and obtain a hold, she dragged forth the mantle, and almost got it into her left hand. But Jones could not stand by and see his firm thus robbed. Dreadful as was his foe in spirit, size, and strength, his manliness was too great for this. So he also dashed forward, and was the first to grasp the silk.

"Are you going to rob the shop?" said he.

"Is it rob?" said Mrs. Morony. "By the powers, thin, ye're the biggest blag-guard my eyes have seen since I've been in London, and that's saying a long word. Is it rob to me? I'll tell you what it is, young man,—av you don't let your fingers off this pelisse that I've purchased, I'll have you before the magisthrates for stailing it. Have you paid the money down, dear?"

Miss Biles was busy counting out the cash, but no one was at hand to take it from her. It was clear that the two confederates had prepared themselves at all points for the contest, having, no doubt, more than once inspected the article from the outside,—for Miss Biles had the exact sum ready, done to the odd halfpenny. "There," said she, appealing to the young man who was nearest to her, "one, eighteen, eleven, and a halfpenny." But the young man was deaf to the charmer, even though she charmed with ready money. "May I trouble you to see that the cash is right." But the young man would not be troubled.

"You'd a deal better leave it go, ma'am," said Jones, "or I shall be obliged to send for the police."

"Is it the police? Faith, thin, and I think you'd better send! Give me my mantilla, I say. It's bought and paid for at your own price."

By this time there was a crowd in the shop, and Jones, in his anxiety to defend the establishment, had closed with Mrs. Morony, and was, as it were, wrestling with her. His effort, no doubt, had been to disengage her hand from the unfortunate mantle; but in doing so, he was led into some slight personal violence towards the lady. And now Miss Biles, having deposited her money, attacked him from behind, declaring that her friend would be murdered.

"Come, hands off. A woman's a woman always!" said one of the crowd who had gathered round them.

"What does the man mean by hauling a female about that way?" said another.

"The poor crathur's nigh murthered wid him intirely," said a country-woman from the street.

"If she's bought the thingumbob at your own price, why don't you give it her?" asked a fourth.

"I'll be hanged if she shall have it!" said Jones, panting for breath. He was by no means deficient in spirit on such an occasion as this.

"And it's my belief you will be hanged," said Miss Biles, who was still working away at his back.

The scene was one which was not creditable to the shop of English tradesmen in the nineteenth century. The young men and girls had come round from behind the counter, but they made no attempt to separate the combatants. Mr. Jones was not loved among them, and the chance of war seemed to run very much in favour of the lady. One discreet youth had gone out in quest of a policeman, but he was not successful in his search till he had walked half a mile from the door. Mr. Jones was at last nearly smothered in the encounter, for the great weight and ample drapery of Mrs. Morony was beginning to tell upon him. When she got his back against the counter, it was as though a feather bed was upon him. In the meantime the unfortunate mantle had fared badly between them, and was now not worth the purchase-money which, but ten minutes since, had been so eagerly tendered for it.

Things were in this state when Mr. Brown slowly descended into the arena, while George Robinson, standing at the distant doorway in the back, looked on with blushing cheeks. One of the girls had explained to Mr. Brown what was the state of affairs, and he immediately attempted to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"Wherefore all this noise?" he said, raising both his hands as he advanced slowly to the spot. "Mr. Jones, I implore you to desist!" But Mr. Jones was wedged down upon the counter and could not desist.

"Madam, what can I do for you?" And he addressed himself to the back of Mrs. Morony, which was still convulsed violently by her efforts to pummel Mr. Jones.

"I believe he's well nigh killed her; I believe he has," said Miss Biles.

Then, at last, the discreet youth returned with three policemen, and the fight was at an end. That the victory was with Mrs. Morony nobody could doubt. She held in her hand all but the smallest fragment of the mantle,—the price of which, however, Miss Biles had been careful to repocket,—and showed no sign of exhaustion, whereas Jones was speechless. But, nevertheless, she was in tears, and appealed loudly to the police and to the crowd as to her wrongs.

"I'm fairly murthered with him, then, so I am,—the baist, the villain, the swindhler. What am I to do at all, and my things all desthroyed? Look at this, thin!" and she held up the cause of war. "Did mortial man iver see the like of that? And I'm beaten black and blue wid him, —so I am." And then she sobbed violently.

"So you are, Mrs Morony," said Miss Biles. "He to call himself a man indeed, and to go to strike a woman!"

"It's thrue for you, dear," continued Mrs. Morony. "Policemen, mind, I give him in charge. You're all witnesses, I give that man in charge."

Mr. Jones, also, was very eager to secure the intervention of the police,—much more so than was Mr. Brown, who was only anxious that everybody should retire. Mr. Jones could never be made to understand that he had in any way been wrong. "A firm needn't sell an article unless it pleases," he argued to the magistrate. "A firm is bound to make good its promises, sir," replied the gentleman in Worship Street. "And no respectable firm would for a moment hesitate to do so." And then he made some remarks of a very severe nature.

Mr. Brown did all that he could to prevent the affair from becoming public. He attempted to bribe Mrs. Morony by presenting her with the torn mantle; but she accepted the gift, and then preferred her complaint. He bribed the policemen, also; but, nevertheless, the matter got into the newspaper reports. The daily Jupiter, of course, took it up,—for what does it not take up in its solicitude for poor British human nature?—and tore Brown, Jones, and Robinson to pieces in a leading article. No punishment could be inflicted on the firm, for, as the magistrate said, no offence could be proved. The lady, also, had certainly been wrong to help herself. But the whole affair was damaging in the extreme to Magenta House, and gave a terrible check to that rapid trade which had already sprung up under the influence of an extended system of advertising.

CHAPTER XV.

Miss Brown names the Day.

George Robinson had been in the very act of coming to an understanding with Mr. Brown as to the proceeds of the business, when he was interrupted by that terrible affair of Mrs. Morony. For some days after that the whole establishment was engaged in thinking, talking, and giving evidence about the matter, and it was all that the firm could do to keep the retail trade going across the counter. Some of the young men and women gave notice, and went away; and others became so indifferent that it was necessary to get rid of them. For a week it was doubtful whether it would be possible to keep the house open, and during that week Mr. Brown was so paralyzed by his feelings that he was unable to give any assistance. He sat upstairs moaning, accompanied generally by his two daughters; and he sent a medical certificate to Worship Street, testifying his inability to appear before the magistrate. From what transpired afterwards we may say that the magistrate would have treated him more leniently than did the young women. They were aware that whatever money yet remained was in his keeping; and now, as at the time of their mother's death, it seemed fitting to them that a division should be made of the spoils.

"George," he said one evening to his junior partner, "I'd like to be laid decent in Kensal Green! I know it will come to that soon."

Robinson hereupon reminded him that care had killed a cat; and promised him all manner of commercial greatness if he could only rouse himself to his work. "The career of a merchant prince is still open to you," said Robinson, enthusiastically.

"Not along with Maryanne and Sarah Jane, George!"

"Sarah Jane is a married woman, and sits at another man's hearth. Why do you allow her to trouble you?"

"She is my child, George. A man can't deny himself to his child. At least I could not. And I don't want to be a merchant prince. If I could only have a little place of my own, that was my own; and where they wouldn't always be nagging after money when they come to see me."

Poor Mr. Brown! He was asking from the fairies that for which we are all asking,—for which men have ever asked. He merely desired the comforts of the world, without its cares. He wanted his small farm of a few acres, as Horace wanted it, and Cincinnatus, and thousands of statesmen, soldiers, and merchants, from their days down to ours; his small farm, on which, however, the sun must always shine, and where no weeds should flourish. Poor Mr. Brown! Such little farms for the comforts of old age can only be attained by long and unwearied cultivation during the years of youth and manhood.

It was on one occasion such as this, not very long after the affair of Mrs. Morony, that Robinson pressed very eagerly upon Mr. Brown the special necessity which demanded from the firm at the present moment more than ordinary efforts in the way of advertisement.

"Jones has given us a great blow," said Robinson.

"I fear he has," said Mr. Brown.

"And now, if we do not put our best foot forward it will be all up with us. If we flag now, people will see that we are down. But if we go on with audacity, all those reports will die away, and we shall again trick our beams, and flame once more in the morning sky."

It may be presumed that Mr. Brown did not exactly follow the quotation, but the eloquence of Robinson had its desired effect. Mr. Brown did at last produce a sum of five hundred pounds, with which printers, stationers, and advertising agents were paid or partially paid, and Robinson again went to work.

"It's the last," said Mr. Brown, with a low moan, "and would have been Maryanne's!"

Robinson, when he heard this, was much struck by the old man's enduring courage. How had he been able to preserve this sum from the young woman's hands, pressed as he had been by her and by Brisket? Of this Robinson said nothing, but he did venture to allude to the fact that the money must, in fact, belong to the firm.

This is here mentioned chiefly as showing the reason why Robinson did not for awhile renew the business on which he was engaged when Mrs. Morony's presence in the shop was announced. He felt that no private matter should be allowed for a time to interfere with his renewed

exertions; and he also felt that as Mr. Brown had responded to his entreaties in that matter of the five hundred pounds, it would not become him to attack the old man again immediately. For three months he applied himself solely to business; and then, when affairs had partially been restored under his guidance, he again resolved, under the further instigation of Poppins, to put things at once on a proper footing.

"So you ain't spliced yet," said Poppins.

"No, not yet."

"Nor won't be—not to Maryanne Brown. There was my wife at Brisket's, in Aldersgate Street, yesterday, and we all know what that means."

"What does it mean?" demanded Robinson, scowling fearfully. "Would you hint to me that she is false?"

"False! No! she's not false that I know of. She's ready enough to have you, if you can put yourself right with the old man. But if you can't—why, of course, she's not to wait till her hair's gray. She and Polly are as thick as thieves, and so Polly has been to Aldersgate Street. Polly says that the Jones's are getting their money regularly out of the till."

"Wait till her hair be gray!" said Robinson, when he was left to himself. "Do I wish her to wait? Would I not stand with her at the altar to-morrow, though my last half-crown should go to the greedy priest who joined us? And she has sent her friend to Aldersgate Street—to my rival! There must, at any rate, be an end of this!"

Late on that evening, when his work was over, he took a glass of hot brandy-and-water at the "Four Swans," and then he waited upon Mr. Brown. He luckily found the senior partner alone. "Mr. Brown," said he, "I've come to have a little private conversation."

"Private, George! Well, I'm all alone. Maryanne is with Mrs. Poppins, I think."

With Mrs. Poppins! Yes; and where might she not be with Mrs. Poppins? Robinson felt that he had it within him at that moment to start off for Aldersgate Street. "But first to business," said he, as he remembered the special object for which he had come.

"For the present it is well that she should be away," he said. "Mr. Brown, the time has now come at which it is absolutely necessary that I should know where I am."

"Where you are, George?"

"Yes; on what ground I stand. Who I am before the world, and what interest I represent. Is it the fact that I am the junior partner in the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson?"

"Why, George, of course you are."

"And is it the fact that by the deed of partnership drawn up between us, I am entitled to receive one quarter of the proceeds of the business?"

"No, George, no; not proceeds."

"What then?"

"Profits, George; one quarter of the profits."

"And what is my share for the year now over?"

"You have lived, George; you must always remember that. It is a great thing in itself even to live out of a trade in these days. You have lived, you must acknowledge that."

"Mr. Brown, I am not a greedy man, nor a suspicious man, nor an idle man, nor a man of pleasure. But I am a man in love."

"And she shall be yours, George."

"Ay, sir, that is easily said. She shall be mine, and in order that she may be mine, I must request to know what is accurately the state of our account?"

"George," said Mr. Brown in a piteous accent. "You and I have always been friends."

"But there are those who will do much for their enemies out of fear, though they will do nothing for their friends out of love. Jones has a regular income out of the business."

"Only forty shillings or so on every Saturday night; nothing more, on my honour. And then they've babbies, you know, and they must live."

"By the terms of our partnership I am entitled to as much as he."

"But then, George, suppose that nobody is entitled to nothing! Suppose there is no profits. We all must live, you know, but then it's only hand to mouth; is it?"

How terrible was this statement as to the affairs of the firm, coming, as it did, from the senior partner, who not more than twelve months since entered the business with a sum of four thousand pounds in hard cash! Robinson, whose natural spirit in such matters was sanguine and buoyant, felt that even he was depressed. Had four thousand pounds gone, and was there no profit? He knew well that the stock on hand would not even pay the debts that were due. The shop had always been full, and the men and women at the counter had always been busy. The books had nominally been kept by himself; but who can keep the books of a concern, if he be left in ignorance as to the outgoings and incomings?

"That comes of attempting to do business on a basis of capital!" he said in a voice of anger.

"It comes of advertising, George. It comes of little silver books, and big wooden stockings, and men in armour, and cats-carrion shirts; that's what it's come from, George."

"Never," said Robinson, rising from his chair with energetic action. "Never. You may as well tell me that the needle does not point to the pole, that the planets have not their appointed courses, that the swelling river does not run to the sea. There are facts as to which the world has ceased to dispute, and this is one of them. Advertise, advertise, advertise! It may be that we have fallen short in our duty; but the performance of a duty can never do an injury." In reply to this, old Brown merely shook his head. "Do you know what Barlywig has spent on his Potion; Barlywig's Medean Potion? Forty thousand a-year for the last ten years,

and now Barlywig is worth,—I don't know what Barlywig is worth; but I know he is in Parliament."

"We haven't stuff to go on like that, George." In answer to this, Robinson knew not what to urge, but he did know that his system was right.

At this moment the door was opened, and Maryanne Brown entered the room. "Father," she said, as soon as her foot was over the threshold of the door; but then seeing that Mr. Brown was not alone, she stopped herself. There was an angry spot on her cheeks, and it was manifest from the tone of her voice that she was about to address her father in anger. "Oh, George; so you are there, are you? I suppose you came, because you knew I was out."

"I came, Maryanne," said he, putting out his hand to her, "I came —to settle our wedding day."

"My children, my children!" said Mr. Brown.

"That's all very fine," said Maryanne; "but I've heard so much about wedding days, that I'm sick of it, and don't mean to have none."

"What; you will never be a bride?"

"No; I won't,—what's the use?"

"You shall be my bride;—to-morrow if you will."

"I'll tell you what it is, George Robinson; my belief of you is, that you are that soft, a man might steal away your toes without your feet missing 'em."

"You have stolen away my heart, and my body is all the lighter."

"It's light enough; there's no doubt of that, and so is your head. Your heels too were, once, but you've given up that."

"Yes, Maryanne. When a man commences the stern realities of life, that must be abandoned. But now I am anxious to commence a reality which is not stern,—that reality which is for me to soften all the hardness of this hardworking world. Maryanne, when shall be our wedding day?"

For a while the fair beauty was coy, and would give no decisive answer; but at length under the united pressure of her father and lover, a day was named. A day was named, and Mr. Brown's consent to that day was obtained; but this arrangement was not made till he had undertaken to give up the rooms in which he at present lived, and to go into lodgings in the neighbourhood.

"George," said she, in a confidential whisper, before the evening was over, "if you don't manage about the cash now, and have it all your own way, you must be soft." Under the influence of gratified love, he promised her that he would manage it.

"Bless you, my children, bless you," said Mr. Brown, as they parted for the night. "Bless you, and may your loves be lasting, and your children obedient."

Competitive Examinations.

One of the characteristics of the present day is the introduction, into political and semi-political discussions, of a tone which it is not easy to catch in those of earlier times. The moral relations of measures are generally invested with far greater prominence than was formerly the case. Many of the most important movements of the day have owed their success to the fact, that they were what may be called, in cumbrous though in this instance not inappropriate slang, moral demonstrations. The Exhibition of 1851, for example, was greatly indebted to the moral apparatus with which it was surrounded. The prayers and speeches about universal and eternal peace, which, to use another slang phrase, inaugurated ten of the most warlike years in the history of modern Europe, went nearly as far towards securing its results as the mercantile advantages connected with it. Like most other things this tendency has its good and its bad side. Its good side is obvious. Its bad side is, that it exposes those who adopt it to temptations to hypocrisy, or, at best, to pedantry, strong enough to make it highly desirable that every political proposal which appeals to public support on the strength of its good moral tendency, rather than on the common ground of its political advantages, should be strictly though impartially criticised.

Competitive examinations are amongst the subjects which at present occupy the position in question. They are put forward with great zeal as providing a new profession for modest and unacknowledged merit, as a stimulus to general education, as a remedy for political jobbery, and as a means of securing efficiency in the public service. Of these recommendations the two last are, as a lawyer would say, good on the face of them. That is, if they are made out, they amply justify the adoption of the system proposed, though it must be avowed that their authors, like those of all self-denying ordinances, owe the world some explanation for their excessive virtue. The other two, though not perhaps to be described as bad upon the face of them, are nevertheless suspicious. They have about them an air so smooth and bland as to suggest at once harshness and pedantry within. Great questions, however, are not to be settled by impressions. It would be the height of folly to allow a good measure to be injured by the bad manners of those who propose it, or to miss a substantial advantage because its authors exaggerate its importance.

The present popularity, therefore, of the system of competitive examinations, is a sufficient reason for an impartial inquiry into the whole of the subject. The forms of political discussion with which we are familiar are not favourable either to completeness or to impartiality. The great

characteristic of speeches and newspaper articles is that they handle some one point of a large subject as effectively as possible within a limited space; and thus, instead of showing the different parts of a system in their relation to each other, hammer, as it were, at one nail, so that the impression which they produce at last is slight and one-sided, instead of being general, systematic, and qualified.

Competitive examinations may be divided into two great classes, scholastic and official. As the origin of the official examinations is distinctly traceable to the popularity of the scholastic examinations, the latter may properly be considered first, as they throw great light on the use and on the proper sphere of the former. Scholastic competitive examinations are at present universal in all places of education in this country, and are even more popular and more rigorous in some parts of the continent; this is especially the case in France, where, at the Polytechnic, and at some of the military schools, the two classes run into each other, scholastic victories being the best, if not the only passport, to some kinds of official employment. In England competitive examinations for scholastic purposes are comparatively modern. At Oxford, the system, as applied to degrees, is not yet fifty years old. At Cambridge it is considerably older, but within the last forty years it has taken altogether a new position, and at present forms the great motive power by which the whole of the education given at the university is imparted. Cambridge affords a much more perfect illustration than Oxford of the working of the system, as it carries it to its extreme consequences. In most of the Oxford examinations, especially in the examinations for degrees, the candidates are classified, so that the competition is not between man and man, but for admission to a class. At Cambridge, on the other hand, (though the system has lately been somewhat modified,) the competition is, as a general rule, individual. The candidates are not only arranged in classes, but they are arranged in order of merit in those classes, so that each man has his share of personal victory or defeat, gained at the expense of his neighbour. He has a direct interest in his neighbour's failure, and receives distinct and definite loss from his success. The Cambridge system thus affords the best precedent for an inquiry into the probable results of the system of competition proper as applied to political purposes.

What, then, is the nature, and what are the moral and intellectual results of the system? Whatever those results may be at the universities, and especially at the university in which they are most strongly developed and most conspicuously displayed, they will be in the public offices, subject always to this observation, that they will be displayed in a much stronger shape, and will not be obviated by a variety of influences which belong to a university life. One moral effect of competition has been a familiar subject of declamation since the time, at least, of Cowper. In his elegant, though feeble, poem on public schools, he says, speaking of emulation:—

"The spur is powerful, and I grant its force."

And after a fanciful description of its effects, he goes on :—

> "Weigh for a moment classical desert
> Against a mind depraved and feelings hurt."

In short, it was Cowper's opinion, and it is still the opinion of a considerable number of persons, that the consequence of personal competition is to produce malice and ill-will between those who engage in it. Any one who is at all familiar with the temper which prevails amongst students at the universities, will see at once that whatever other objections may be urged against the system of competitive examinations, this one, at any rate, is either altogether groundless, or is, at least, of no sort of practical importance. When it is once fully settled that the prospect of obtaining such advantages as a public body has it in its power to give, is contingent upon any test impartially applied by a recognized authority, the award is submitted to with a degree of good-humour which would surprise those who have not had the opportunity of seeing how uniformly it exists. The feelings of a man beaten in what he himself recognizes as a fair examination, are just like those of a person who comes off a loser in any other trial of strength and skill. It is a feeling altogether free from bitterness or ill-will against the successful person; although, no doubt, the loser may, and perhaps will, feel some degree of bitterness against the system which has been unfavourable to him. This, however, is a feeling which exists in tenfold force where no test is applied except that of personal discretion. There are, no doubt, other moral considerations more or less connected with these, which affect the question of the regulation of promotion in offices as distinguished from admission to them by competitive examinations. They are considered below. In the whole, however, the experience of the universities, and especially that of the University of Cambridge, seem to afford decisive evidence that such examinations would not produce ill-will between the successful and unsuccessful candidates.

The intellectual results of competitive examinations are a wider and more difficult subject of inquiry. They can hardly be fully understood without some reference to the nature of education. The general object of all the processes which can be included under that name is twofold: the development of the powers of the mind itself, and the communication of specific knowledge to the person educated; and, though these two objects are and must always be communicated by one and the same process, there can be no doubt that they are essentially distinct, and that the first is infinitely the more important part of the two, though the second has been for many years, and to some extent is still, unduly neglected, especially in respect to some branches of knowledge of great practical importance. Considered as an instrument for promoting the acquisition of specific knowledge there can be little doubt that competitive examinations are extremely efficient. No more effectual mode of inducing a person to learn a particular thing accurately, and to be able to reproduce his knowledge of it neatly on demand, can be imagined, than that of offering a large reward to the person who succeeds in proving that he has done so

most thoroughly. This general remark must, however, be accompanied by a very material observation.

It is of the essence of every examination that its subject must be definite and specific, and that the knowledge of that subject displayed by the person examined must also be specific, and be capable of being accurately measured. It is thus the effect of competitive examinations to concentrate the attention of the persons to be examined on a specific subject for a specific purpose. There can be no doubt that for most of the practical purposes of life this discipline is invaluable. The great obstacle with which teachers of all classes have usually to contend is a childish impatience of exertion and indifference to all the objects for which education exists. Children and boys live almost entirely in the present, and must be acted on, if at all, by the prospect of immediate rewards and punishments, and by the stimulus of immediate personal competition. This state of mind is partially succeeded by one rather less immature, in which the temptation to apathy is often succeeded by a temptation to vagueness and inefficiency. It is not an uncommon thing for lads to read and think extensively but diffusely and incoherently, never bringing their knowledge to a point, or assuring themselves that it is real knowledge and not a mere shifting set of inaccurate impressions. For such a state of mind as this competitive examinations are an excellent cure. In a few words, they are very useful means for exciting languid minds to obtain knowledge, and compelling diffuse and wandering minds to make their impressions accurate.

On the other hand, the effect of competitive examinations on the communication of specific knowledge is limited to that specific knowledge which is the subject of the examination. Their effect upon the acquisition of other knowledge is not only not good, but is distinctly bad. They are useful tonics for languid and commonplace minds, but to those which are active and original they are—even as regards the mere acquisition of knowledge—of very questionable advantage, and they are likely to become distinctly injurious unless they are very sparingly used. There is only one motive in the world which will give a man any amount of knowledge worth having for its own sake, and that is the love of knowledge, and a perception of its beauty and dignity. Any one who considers what it is that he really knows, and how he came to know it, will acknowledge the truth of this. Everyone who has any claims at all to be a man of active mind has some favourite pursuit, his knowledge of which is the really important and characteristic part of his mental furniture. In every walk of life, from the highest to the lowest, the successful and remarkable people are those who like their employment, and who would enjoy no other occupation so much, even if they were not compelled to adopt it. It is the fault of all systems of education, and the especial fault of those which are worked by means of competitive examinations, that they entirely lose sight of this principle, and that they proceed on the assumption that the persons to be educated will learn nothing unless they are driven to do so

by stimulants and compulsion. The result is that they directly hamper and discourage a love of knowledge for its own sake pursued by an independent mind. It is absolutely essential to the growth of such a feeling that it should be free, and this is incompatible with a course of study rigidly prescribed by others and enforced from stage to stage by a system of competitive examinations. Suppose a young man goes to college with his head full of thoughts and speculations upon all sorts of subjects, and with a knowledge of Greek and Latin which would enable him to reach sufficiently well, though not with minute accuracy, the sense of the classics. He might naturally enough feel the greatest curiosity about the writings of the great Greek and Roman authors, and be anxious to acquaint himself with them by every means in his power. In doing this he will, no doubt, if he is wise, obtain from those who are older and wiser what advice he can; but if he is to get any good from such advice he must assimilate it, and act upon it from his own individual conviction that it is conducive to the end which he has in view. To convert the reading of such a youth into a preparation, however thorough and complete, for a set of examinations in a specific set of books—in the choice of which he has no discretion whatever, and with the contents of which he has no motive for obtaining any other acquaintance than such as would be useful in an examination—is equivalent to destroying his independent interest in his studies, and to reducing them to a mere struggle to obtain the money rewards which are given to proficiency.

Much is said, and justly, about the evils of cramming, but it is not usually observed that it is only one form of an evil, not incidental but essential to competitive examinations, which may be described by the change of a single letter as cramping. A good examiner can devise questions which will effectually disconcert cram in the common sense of the words. Cramming will no more enable a man to work a mathematical problem neatly and correctly, or to construe with accuracy a difficult passage from a classical author, than it will enable him to draw a spirited sketch, or to compose an air. Though, however, judicious examination will go a long way to ensure, on the part of a considerable number of the persons examined, an ascertainable amount of sound and accurate knowledge on specific subjects; it is at least equally clear that the effect of a system of education kept at work entirely or mainly by such means will be to substitute, in a large number of cases, the fulfilment of a test for the attainment of the result which the test was meant to secure. The theory upon which competitive examinations must proceed is this. The fact that a man has acquired specific knowledge on certain prescribed subjects is evidence both of the inclination and of the power to acquire knowledge in general. Competitive examinations test the fact that specific knowledge in prescribed subjects has been attained; therefore they are evidence of the inclination and the power on the part of the persons examined to acquire knowledge in general. It is also asserted that whatever encourages people to acquire

specific knowledge increases their taste and their capacity for acquiring knowledge for its own sake, and that as competitive examinations have the one effect they have the other also. If "specific" knowledge means knowledge specified and prescribed by others, which is obviously its true sense in connection with competitive examinations, these statements are fallacious; for it frequently, and perhaps generally, happens that the very qualities which predispose a man to enter with interest and success into a contest of which the terms are prescribed to him by others, will indispose him to care about knowledge for its own sake. It is quite true that a man of powerful and original mind will in a competitive examination beat a dunce, just as a very good horse will beat a bad one in a race; but it is equally true, and not less important, that the qualities specially favoured by a competitive examination, like those specially favoured by a race, are by no means the most important qualities. The best man will beat the worst, but he is almost sure to be beaten by many intermediate persons inferior to himself, and that because they are inferior. The capital defect of competitive examinations, whether they are considered as a mode of communicating knowledge, or with reference to their effect on the intellectual powers, is that they reward and tend to multiply second-rate knowledge, second-rate men, and second-rate qualities; whilst they distinctly discourage the higher qualities of the mind and are unfavourable to the acquisition of deep or wide knowledge brought home to, and assimilated by, the mind which receives it.

The great requisites for success in a competitive examination are accuracy, neatness, docility, and plasticity. A man who beats every one else hopelessly in examinations—and every one who knows much of university life will remember at once the small class of public school heroes to whom the description applies—has almost always the same set of qualities. He is quick, industrious, regular, and accurate. He goes quietly through the routine prescribed to him without turning to the right hand or the left, or allowing his attention to be diverted to any collateral subject whatever. Any definite piece of knowledge can be put into his mind as neatly as if it was a bandbox, and he can always reproduce it in as perfect a state as a lady's bonnet when it comes out of the bandbox. Any accomplishment which requires delicacy and dexterity of mind he will acquire with marvellous precision. Just as the Japanese will send back a fac-simile of a lock or a pistol sent to them for repair, accurate enough to deceive the owner himself, a good specimen of this sort of man will write Greek, Latin, or English on demand in almost any required style, and with a finish and ease which for a long time conceals the fact, that what he writes has absolutely nothing in it, and is such stuff as themes are made of. He will even learn to think in a sort of way, and will appropriate current platitudes to his own use till he really believes that he found them out for himself. Any definite test, measurable by marks, will be satisfied by a man of this kind infinitely better than by a man who really thinks about what is told him, and even about some things which are not told

him; for he will take infinitely greater interest in the result of his examinations, and will give much more undivided attention to preparation for them, whilst he will have far less to contend against in his own mind. In short, a useful hack is easier to drive than a thorough-bred horse, and most people will travel with them both faster and farther.

It is, however, a great mistake and a great misfortune to arrange systems of education on this principle. The moral, metaphysical, and literary speculations of an undergraduate are often, no doubt, crude and presumptuous enough. Reading, thinking, and talking about books on such subjects will always interfere wofully with his success in competitive examinations; but crude, and to a mature mind, ridiculous as such things may seem, they are as directly connected with future power and depth of character as the restlessness and mischief of the child with the spirit and vivacity of the boy. To do one thing at a time, and to do it thoroughly, is no doubt the indispensable condition of success; but the question, In what am I to succeed? is far more important than the question, How am I to succeed in my present objects? especially if those present-objects are nothing more than a high place in a class-test, with a prospect of a fellowship.

Early youth is not the time for results. It is a sort of profanation to look upon a liberal education, solely or principally, as a means of giving a man a better chance and a better start than his neighbours in a general scramble for wealth and honour. Its true object is to render him independent of such things, by opening his mind to the truth that they are but accidents, and that the qualities which deserve and command them are the substance: that it is better to be wise, just, and truthful, than to be a judge; to be calm, brave, and ready, than to be a field-marshal; that honours and success are valuable only in so far as they are evidence of the qualities by which they ought to be won, and that if obtained by other means they are contemptible mockeries.

The result is, that the experience of competitive examinations afforded by the universities, and especially by that university which carries them to the highest point, proves that success in them is not only not a complete test of that, of which they were intended to prove the existence, —namely, general superiority—but is, to some extent, a test of the reverse. The best man on the whole will not be first in an examination on specific subjects. Given equal abilities, docility will carry the day; and independence and originality, and above all, interest in other matters besides the subject of examination, will be dead weights, positively injurious to their possessors. When a man, radically inferior to the other examinees, is first in an examination, he generally wins not by superior special ability, but by reason of his not having been led away from his point by originality or independence. Some years since, a man obtained high university distinction in the following way: he was a timid, nervous lad, who had had no advantages of birth or education, and came to college with a taste for mathematics, with absolutely no taste for anything else, (many years

afterwards, his ignorance of the commonest historical events was a standing joke,) and with retired, harmless habits. He made no acquaintances; he never did anything except take a short walk, and read mathematical books. The consequence was that, in the course of upwards of three years, he had read and understood a great many, and he had his reward in a very high degree and a fellowship. This was, no doubt, an extreme, but it was also a typical case, and it was one which, with variations, is exceedingly common.

It is not in competitive examinations only that this principle applies. It applies wherever indefinite qualities are brought to a definite test. Horse-racing is an excellent illustration. It is often said, that it improves the breed of horses; and this may be true, because it directs attention to the subject and causes it to be studied, and because the breeding of racehorses forms a very small part of the occupation of breeding horses in general. It would, however, be a very great absurdity to suppose that the relative general goodness of a number of young horses depended on their places in a race run when they were three-year-olds. What the result of the Derby tends to ascertain is, which of a certain number of horses, of the same age, is able to run fastest for a certain distance. Even this result is not completely obtained, for a great deduction has to be made for the various circumstances attendant on the particular race,—such as the health of the horses, the state of the ground and the weather, the payment of the riders, and various other circumstances of the same kind. Every test, of course, fails to this extent; but after allowing for this, it still remains to be observed, that the substantial result of the test is altogether wide of the object which it might be supposed to attain. It decides not the relative goodness of the horses, but one question bearing upon their goodness; and as the goodness either of a horse or of a man is a very complicated matter, the determination of one question more or less connected with it is of very little importance as evidence of its existence.

The particular point, however, upon which the parallel between horse-racing and competitive examinations is most instructive lies in their respective results. Each system has a direct tendency to convert the examination from being a test to being a substantive object. To win prizes becomes a profession in itself, and the horse is bred and trained for that purpose to the exclusion of all other purposes. A more utterly useless creature than a racehorse, except for the single purpose of running races, cannot be imagined. He is able in a given time and place, and under given circumstances, to pass over a certain distance in a miraculously short time; and speed, no doubt, is evidence of strength and the other good qualities of a horse; but if the owner of the horse, which, by any means and by any sacrifice of all other qualities, attains a maximum of speed, is enormously rewarded and put on a sort of pinnacle of glory, the inevitable consequence will be, that great numbers of horses will be devoted exclusively to the purpose of satisfying the test imposed, without reference to any other consideration whatever.

With respect to horses, such a consequence is not of much importance. We can afford to sacrifice a certain number, even a certain breed of animals, to the public amusement—and a racehorse is certainly a finer animal than a learned pig. But even with regard to races, it may be doubted whether a less artificial and professional system would not give quite as much amusement, exercise a much better influence over the breed of horses, and avoid a good deal of gambling and blackguardism. With regard to men, it is quite another matter. The goodness of a system of education depends entirely on the goodness of the effects which it produces on those who are subjected to it. Now the really valuable qualities either of the heart or the head, are indefinite; nor can they, from the nature of the case, be measured by definite tests. Certain other qualities, more or less connected with these, can be so measured by the application of such tests; and to give great rewards for the fulfilment of such tests, must give an artificial value to those qualities which can be definitely measured, and discourage and diminish the estimation of those which cannot. Even with respect to those qualities which are encouraged, such a system has a direct tendency to narrow them, because it encourages them only in so far as it rewards the production of one specific proof of them. It rewards, not accuracy in general, but the possession of accurate knowledge of one particular thing. This might be, and sometimes is, attained, not by the cultivation of the habit of accuracy in many things, but by fixing the mind upon the subject of examination, to the exclusion of every other department of human knowledge. In short, competitive examinations are subject, in the highest degree, to the danger which besets every test or external sign, of gradually superseding and excluding the thing to be tested or signified.

The general result of this account of the nature of competitive examinations, considered as instruments of education, is, that they afford a convenient way of overcoming the childish apathy which is the first obstacle that teachers have to deal with; that they are useful for the purpose of correcting the languor and vagueness which hang about the inferior class of students at a more mature age; but that as regards the higher class of students, they are open to the objection that they not only give the second-rate men an advantage over their superiors, but have a tendency to enervate those who succeed in them; and that they have also a tendency to discourage the higher in comparison with the lower qualities, both in those who do and those who do not succeed in them. On the other hand, they certainly can be made both fair and approximately complete tests of the relative power of the candidates to do certain specific things.

Without understanding the nature of the scholastic effects of competitive examinations, it is hardly possible to understand the bearing and value of the common arguments about their use in reference to appointments in the public service. The arguments in favour of the adoption of the system in reference to all, or almost all, appointments, are, as has

already been said, four in number, two of which are properly political, and the other two collateral. The collateral arguments are, that the system would give a great stimulus to general education, and that they would provide a new profession for obscure and unacknowledged merit. The political arguments are, that they would prevent jobbery and promote the efficiency of public servants. Considerable light is thrown on each of these four allegations by the view just given of the effects of competitive examinations on education. Their bearing on the collateral arguments is most direct, and therefore they may conveniently be considered first.

The first argument is, that the distribution of political appointments by competitive examinations would give a great stimulus to general education. There can be no doubt that, in a certain sense, and subject to certain observations, this is perfectly true. The prospect of obtaining scholarships or other prizes, gives its character to the whole course of education in our universities and public schools, and the whole framework of society, as it is at present constituted, renders parents in every class of life intensely anxious to secure for their children any sort of permanent and honourable employment. These two facts, taken together, leave no room for doubt that if the prospect of obtaining civil appointments as the reward of success in competitive examinations were held out to all the places of education in the kingdom, high and low, it would exercise a most powerful influence over them. Whether this is to be desired is another question, and it can only be solved by reference to the general character of the institutions to be influenced, and the sort of instruction which they give. The elaborate Report, and the immense mass of materials from which it was composed, which have been published by the Education Commissioners, show, amongst other things, that almost every one in the country, down to the very lowest, receives some amount of instruction, and goes during some part of his life to some school or other; and they describe, with minute and elaborate detail, the general character and the nature of the instruction given in all the schools which are resorted to by the children of mechanics, labourers, and the poorer class of small shopkeepers. The nature of the education given in public schools and universities is matter of general notoriety, and it may be assumed that private schools intended for the education of boys who are intended for the universities will be of a similar kind. Considerable light has been thrown on the character of the schools which are intermediate between these classes by the Oxford middle-class examinations. It is, therefore, possible to make broad statements about schools of all classes, with a considerable degree of confidence. Of the education provided for the more intelligent youths of the higher classes, it may be affirmed that it has long since reached, and even passed, the point at which more competition than exists at present can possibly be useful. The remarks already made suggest the question whether there is not too much already; and if this were the proper place to do so, much evidence might be given in support of this view. If, therefore, the Government were to increase

largely the influence of competitive examinations in the education of these classes, they would do an injury to education instead of conferring a benefit upon it. The state of education amongst the middle classes seems to be worse than in any other part of the community. The worst schools in the country are those which are above the national schools and below the classical public schools. Their defect lies, beyond all doubt, in the ignorance of the teachers. Teachers for the poor are trained at a vast expense, and with a care which, if it errs at all, errs on the side of excess. Teachers for the rich have usually gone through the public schools and universities—a course of instruction which, with all its defects, is perhaps the most searching, and, certainly, one of the longest, most elaborate, and most instructive in the world. Teachers of middle-class schools are, for the most part, destitute of any regular training whatever for their profession. They take it up as a mere matter of business, and often as a makeshift rendered necessary by failure in other pursuits. Thus their characteristic fault, which, of course, is reflected in the education which they give, is that they degrade a liberal profession into a mere trade. This state of feeling would be confirmed and perpetuated if a large number of prizes were offered to the pupils of such schools, to be distributed by public competition. The prospect of obtaining such prizes would be regarded as the principal use of the education given in the schools, and the fact that a certain number of pupils had obtained them would furnish their proprietors with the most seductive, and the most delusive, of all possible advertisements. Nothing would be easier than to raise the character and tone of these institutions by a measure which would be perfectly simple, which would cost nothing, and which would have many obvious collateral advantages. Let the universities examine the teachers as well as the pupils, and give them distinctive degrees, according to their merits, and they will raise the tone of the whole profession, and greatly strengthen themselves in the position which, happily, they are quickly recovering in the esteem of the public at large.

It thus appears that the education of the upper and middle classes would be injured rather than promoted by any system of competitive examinations wide enough to affect them perceptibly; but with the lower classes the case is different. There can be no doubt that the education given in schools for the poor is still far below the point at which competitive examinations could become injurious. A very small per-centage of the children stay after they are twelve years old. In the country, the great mass attend only up to ten; and even in towns, those who stay till they are twelve form the exception. Up to that age, the simplest forms of childishness and apathy, backed by indifference on the part of ignorant parents, are the great obstructions to education, and competitive examinations are excellent remedies for these faults. On the other hand, the teachers are the strong point of schools for the poor. Most of them have been regularly educated for their business, and the Government grants, especially as they will be administered under the new Minute, which has

excited so much attention, give a strong guarantee that the general character of the school will not be allowed to be sacrificed to the interests of a few favourite pupils. The effect, therefore, of competition in these schools would probably be very good, and would certainly be very strong. In all the great Government establishments, such as dock-yards and arsenals, numbers of boys are employed, and such employment is keenly sought for. In some instances part of the employment is allotted by the result of competitive examinations, with the best result both to the public service and to the popular education of the place. An account of the working of this system at Plymouth may be seen in Mr. Patrick Cumin's Report to the Education Commissioners. It is to be found in vol. iii. p. 63, of their Report and Appendix.

The next point to be considered is the argument that an extensive system of competitive examinations would provide a new profession for modest and unassisted merit, and would enable obscure men of ability to raise themselves in the world. The first observation that suggests itself upon this is, that there never was any time or country in which obscure men of ability had greater advantages than they have in England at the present day. Excellent elementary education is provided at the cheapest possible rate for every one who chooses to take it. There is no child so poor, and no adult so neglected, that if either of them feels the smallest wish to be educated, they will find the least difficulty in gratifying that wish. A lad who is able to read, write, and cypher well, has an almost boundless field open to him; and the real reason why so few people rise in the world, is not that there are few openings, but that in reality there is little ambition, and that the great mass of mankind, though they may occasionally grumble, are not really sufficiently dissatisfied with their position in life to make any considerable sustained effort to improve it. No one, of course, would contend that it is an easy thing for a friendless labouring boy to become lord chancellor (though such an event has actually happened within the last ten years); but it is no very difficult matter for him to become, say, a station-master on a railway. The steps are as plain as possible. A good boy, in a national school, would easily get employment as a telegraph clerk; a well-conducted telegraph clerk might, as he got older, aspire to becoming a guard; and a well-conducted guard is not an unlikely person to become a station-master. There are many counties where an able-bodied man of good character and fair education might make sure, with a very little trouble, of becoming a policeman. An active policeman has before him the prospect of becoming a sergeant, an inspector, a superintendent, and possibly the governor of a gaol. A saving journeyman may become a master; nay, a navvy may take work on contract, and may, as several of them have, earn hundreds of thousands of pounds, before he know how to write his own name. In short, in every walk of life whatever, those who know how to take care of their interests and to use their opportunities will find abundance of ways to what, in their original rank, they would have regarded as exceedingly

enviable positions. This being so, why should the public go out of their way to add one more to the many avenues to money and rank which already exist? and would the avenue which it is proposed to open be a wholesome one?

There are the strongest reasons for supposing that it would not. In the first place, what sort of class would such a system tend to produce? It would tend to produce a set of professional passers of examinations, men whose prospects in life would depend entirely on their success in reproducing, for the satisfaction of examiners, the subjects they had got up out of books. The observations already made on the effects on education of competitive examinations show that the qualities which might be expected in such men would be anything but high.

In the next place, the public service would by these means be put before the world in a totally false light. The public offices are places for work, they are not temples of fame, entrance into which is to be considered as the reward of virtue. The relation between the Government and its clerks is the ordinary relation between master and servant. No doubt the Government is quite right in taking whatever may be the most effectual means for getting good servants, but it would be altogether absurd to erect it into a sort of Lord Bountiful, rewarding humble virtue and patronizing the liberal arts. Governments should mind their own business, and not aspire to the honour of being national schoolmasters with a spice of the clergyman superadded. They will only spoil what they try to foster.

The real want at which the argument in question points, and the way to supply it, are essentially different from those at which the argument itself is levelled. In every society there always will be a certain proportion of persons who are fitted by natural refinement of mind or energy of intellect for a higher and larger training than they are likely to receive in the position in which they are born. In so far as a great system of Government competition affected such persons at all, it would be a misfortune. Any one who knows what the inside of a public office is like, knows that a clerkship is about the last place which a man of this sort ought to wish or would wish to hold, if it were not invested with artificial splendour by being described as a reward for merit. The real want of such persons is a high education, not a secure provision for life, and the means of satisfying that want would be provided not only sufficiently but in splendid profusion if the charitable endowments of the country were properly managed. The whole of this most curious and interesting subject is discussed with conspicuous ability in the fifth part of the Report of the Education Commissioners (pp. 456–540; see especially the observations on Christ's Hospital, pp. 496–503).

The third argument in support of a general system of distributing appointments by the result of competitive examinations is, that it would put an end to political jobbery. This is perfectly true, and is undoubtedly the strongest recommendation of the system. No one can

affect to deny that the appointments to the less conspicuous offices under Government, offices which almost any one can discharge respectably, were and are generally made from personal reasons, and are to that extent jobbed, if the word is restricted to appointments made with a view to private and not to public advantage, without implying that they are positively corrupt or improper. No doubt this system is accompanied by disadvantages, and tends to diminish the efficiency of the public service, though it is of less importance than is usually supposed, as less depends on the efficiency of subordinate officers than many people think. No doubt a system of appointment by competitive examinations would effectually exclude jobbery from every appointment to which it extended; and it must be further observed, that the effects of the measure would extend far beyond the limits of its direct operation. It would be universally and not unjustly regarded as a pledge on the part of the Government to act with uprightness and impartiality in the distribution of its patronage; this would, no doubt, be a great advantage, not merely in a political but also in a moral point of view, over and above the positive advantages of the removal of jobbery itself, and of the relief of official men from the temptations to which they are at present exposed by the importunities of those who have claims upon them. These, no doubt, are great advantages, and are worthy of attentive consideration.

The last, the most important, and also the most hotly disputed of the arguments in favour of the system, is, that it would raise the level of efficiency amongst public servants. The argument in the negative is, that there are many qualities of great importance in public servants which competitive examinations do not test. And the qualities generally referred to in support of this assertion are those which relate to the manners or morals of the candidate. On the other side this is admitted, but it is answered that the probability is that men who do possess the qualities tested by competitive examinations will possess a larger share of the qualities not tested by them than an equal number of persons selected by chance. A man who has given some evidence of accuracy and the power of sustained attention is more likely, or at the very least is not less likely, to be honourable, trustworthy, and gentlemanlike, than a man who has given no evidence whatever of anything. No doubt this is true, and it disposes of the question as far as regards appointments made at random, or (which practically comes to the same thing) from purely personal considerations. But this observation must be taken in connection with the remarks made above as to the qualities which enable men to succeed in competitive examinations; so that the conclusion will be, that a system of competitive examinations would secure for the public offices a supply of men distinguished by those intellectual qualities which are required by success in competitive examinations; and, to say the very least, on a par, in moral qualifications and gentlemanly manners, with persons otherwise appointed. When, however, this result is obtained, and we come to apply the principle to the actual state of the

public offices, an entirely new question arises. Are such men wanted in the public offices, and for what purposes? In order to solve this question it is necessary to say something of the general character of the business which they transact.

Most of the public offices are framed on much the same mould. Some of the duties to be done require high qualities, originality, force of character, varied knowledge both of books and men. An Under-Secretary of one of the great Departments of State may have duties not much less various or less difficult than those of a judge; though the range of his duties depends in a great measure on the inclination, the knowledge, and the industry of the Head of the Department. This, however, is altogether the exception. The duties of the great mass of public officers involve very little discretion, and absolutely no responsibility beyond that which attaches to obedience to a prescribed routine. Even when he rises to the very highest point which he can hope to reach, a Government clerk is occupied almost exclusively in collecting materials for the use, and preparing drafts for the approval, of his superiors. He is hardly ever called upon to act upon his own responsibility, or to think for himself. The great majority of the offices in the gift of the Crown have two great advantages. They relieve the holders from all anxiety as to their future prospects, and the duties are, as a rule, moderate in amount and not uninteresting in kind. Some of them are exceedingly interesting.

This broad division between those offices which do, and those which do not involve discretion, indicates plainly the limit within which competitive examinations would be useful. The sort of man who succeeds in a competitive examination is just the sort of man who makes a good clerk. The presumption is that he is regular, clear-headed, docile, plastic, and that he has the temper, and therefore the manners, which usually go with such a turn of mind. On the other hand, his success raises no presumption in favour of his originality or independence of mind, and is even to some extent evidence to the contrary. The result is, that competitive examinations might be expected to raise the efficiency of the less important class of public servants, but that if they were used for any other purpose, the result would be the general exclusion of first-rate men from the higher offices, to which, at present, they are not unfrequently appointed. This would be an evil which would almost infinitely overbalance any advantage which could be derived from the increased efficiency of the inferior officers. A priggish and timid under-secretary would do more harm in a week than any number of irreproachably regular clerks would set to rights in ten years.

In practice this is universally admitted. No one proposes to appoint any officer by competitive examination whose position is conspicuous or important enough to afford in itself a guarantee that the appointment will not be jobbed. No chancellor would venture to make a briefless dependant into a judge, and no Secretary of State would ever think of jobbing the

appointment of Under-Secretary, so long as he valued his own comfort and cared to discharge the duties of his office with reputation. The result is, that such offices as these are, in a large proportion of cases, filled by men of considerable talents and force of mind. Even for offices much less conspicuous than these, competitive examinations are rarely, if ever, proposed. For example: how would the public at large, and the clergy in particular, like to see inspectors of schools appointed by such means? What school manager would adopt them to guide him in the selection of a schoolmaster? Would any one listen to the proposal to extend the system to county court judgeships and police magistracies, even though these posts, important as they are, are occasionally jobbed?

These questions are generally slurred over, or left on one side, by the advocates of competitive examinations. They say that no one proposes to apply the system to such cases; that it is not suited for them; that grown men cannot be expected to submit to such examinations, and that in fact they would not do so. All this is perfectly true; but what does it prove? Why will not grown men submit to such tasks? and why is not the system as well suited to judges as to clerks? If the best lad in Westminster School can be selected by a competitive examination, why not the ablest man in Westminster Hall? The plain answer is, that the more important qualities, those which distinguish grown men from each other, and on which happiness and usefulness principally depend, are in their very nature incapable of being brought to a definite test. It would be as absurd to try to express in marks the difference between a good judge and a bad one, as to try to measure a mountain with a two-foot rule. If it is admitted that competitive examinations will not apply to grown men for the reason stated, it will follow that they will not apply to boys or youths, in so far as the same reason holds. It will follow that a boy of mature character, of manly habits of thought, of original and independent mind, will, by reason of his possession of those qualities, be at a disadvantage in a competitive examination, for reasons very like those which would ensure the defeat in a short foot-race of a powerful man of thirty by a slender lad of eighteen.

It may be asked whether competitive examinations might not be so contrived as to test originality and force of character. The answer is, that they could not, because the repugnancy between the two things lies in the essence of each. A competitive examination must be definite, and it must imply a course of special preparation imposed externally. No one knows what are the elements which constitute originality, power of character, and capacity of understanding. We attribute those qualities to particular men, differing widely from each other in a thousand ways, because we feel that there is a deep, though subtle, resemblance between them, which we can describe but cannot define, and which, if we try to define it, eludes our grasp altogether. Such qualities are therefore indefinite, and will always continue to be so, unless our knowledge of

human nature should be inconceivably increased. It is a contradiction in terms to propose a definite test for indefinite qualities.

Another reason for the same conclusion is, that it would be impossible to find examiners whose judgment would be worth having. Men are easily to be found who will command perfect confidence when they say, "I certify that the merit of the answers of A to the questions contained in this paper of mathematical problems, is to that of the answers of B as 95 to 36;" but who would care to know that two or three gentlemen sitting at Whitehall had conversed with A and B, and set them essays to write, and that they found that A had greater originality than B, and B greater capacity than A. The answer would be, that no doubt there was some evidence for their opinion; and so the fact that a man is seen walking along the Strand in the morning is some evidence that he committed a murder in Smithfield in the afternoon, for it shows that he was near the place, and might have been there. An ardent advocate of competitive examinations once observed that he had examined several candidates for a fellowship, and that he was satisfied that he had exactly gauged the mental powers and calibre of each of them. Those who knew both the examiner and the examinees could not doubt that, vivid as the gentleman's impressions might be, they could not possibly be complete, as there was not room enough in the one man for complete pictures of the others.

These principles show how far competitive examinations may be usefully employed in the public service, and suggest several observations on the subject, which are often forgotten, and should always be borne in mind. Being favourable to second-rate men, and second-rate men being required for the subordinate positions in the service, they will, no doubt, supply the ablest second-rate men who are to be had; but it should be carefully recollected that they are childish expedients, intended for second-rate people, and a door should be left open by which abler men may be introduced into the service at a more mature age over the heads of those who have come in by competition. There is great danger that if the entrance to the public offices comes to be regarded as a reward of distinguished ability—and the public at large cannot be expected to draw nice distinctions as to the sort of ability which is so distinguished—the persons who enter upon such terms will look upon the honours of that service as their right, and will resent their being given to others. "Why," they will ask, "after choosing us for our merits, do you prefer others to us who have proved no merits at all?" The answer ought to be, "The merits for which you were rewarded were not those of a distinguished man, but those of a good boy. You chose at an early age to discount your prospects, and to accept a quiet and secure occupation as a relief from the anxieties and trials of open professions. You must not now expect to be treated as if you had chosen a more adventurous course. Clerks you are, and clerks you will remain; when we want statesmen we shall look elsewhere." To come to maturity late is the characteristic of great and

enduring power of mind and body; and to tie the public service down to officers who distinguished themselves at twenty, would be to exclude from it those very men who can least easily be spared.

This does not apply to those branches of the public service in which special definite knowledge, capable of being accurately tested, must be acquired at an early age, and in which, from the nature of the case, every candidate must enter young. The scientific branches of the army precisely fulfil these conditions. As promotion is by seniority, the service must be entered at an early age. As special definite knowledge is indispensable, its presence may be tested, and superiority in it may be fairly rewarded by competitive examinations. To some extent, the same observations apply to India. Men must go there young if they are to live; and there are so many unpleasant circumstances connected with life in India, that the mere wish to go there is evidence of a certain degree of originality and vigour of character. A mere prize getter is hardly likely to carry his dexterity to so rough a market. At the same time there were advantages about the old system which appear to have been needlessly thrown away by the new one. Haileybury gave a common object of interest, and in some respects a common character, to the students who passed through it, which no one will undervalue who knows the power of traditions at places of education, and the freemasonry which exists between men brought up at the same school or college. The author of the present essay saw much of Haileybury during the last three years of its existence; and though the system had obvious defects, it was impossible not to admire the *esprit de corps*, and the spirited, courageous tone of the place. The names of the civilians who sustained our empire through the mutiny with a desperate heroism not exceeded by the military themselves, were household words at Haileybury, and their exploits produced throughout the whole place an effort like that which the success in after life of an Eton man produces at Eton. No one could see the enthusiasm of the gallant youths at the fall of Delhi without feeling that when the opportunity arose they would fight not only for the honour of England, but for the honour of Haileybury, and for the sake of the happy days they had passed, and the kind friends they had known there. If the college had been maintained, admission to it being made by competition, every advantage of the new system would have been gained, and those of the old system would not have been lost.

A second observation is, that though competitive examinations may regulate admission to an office, they ought not to affect promotion within it. Every one who cares to be well served must care for the interests of those who serve him, and the one great advantage which official life gives in exchange for the retirement and subjection which it imposes is its security. A clerk anxious about his future prospects is in as woful a condition as any innocent human being can occupy. What must be the state of an office in which some twenty or thirty men are shut up as in a cockpit, with periodical cock-fights, the result of which determines their

position and prospects in life? What degree of zeal and good feeling in the discharge of his duty could be expected of the father of a rising and increasing family, who saw that his prospect of increased comfort and dignity depended on his succeeding in beating in a competitive examination some young man fresh from college. His whole comfort would be destroyed by such a prospect, and he would be deprived of that degree of composure and security which is essential to the satisfactory transaction of business. Here and there, no doubt, a case might occur in which the younger members of an office might be usefully stimulated by a competition for some specific purpose; but such exceptions apart, it is universally true that competitive examinations should be restricted to admission to offices, and should have no effect upon promotions within them.

Another observation which must not be overlooked is, that there are cases large enough to form a class, in which competitive examinations would deprive the public of useful and sometimes of transcendently useful servants. The opponents of the system constantly point to Clive and Wellington as illustrations of the futility of the tests proposed. Would they, it is asked, have won a prize in competition? The answer always relied upon is:—Yes, they would; for if they had not been able to get commissions without winning them in an examination, they would have won them as they won their battles in after life. The answer does not meet the objection. The observations made above show that the qualities by which battles are won are very often the very qualities by which competitive examinations are lost. An imperious, wayward, self-willed, naughty boy, like Clive, would never have gone to India at all if he had had to pass a competitive examination before he got there. He would not have submitted to the discipline. Wellington seems to have been an illustration of the class of men already referred to—men who come to their maturity late. There is no evidence at all that he was ever what would be called a clever boy; even as a young man he was not distinguished, though those who knew him intimately saw what great qualities lay under a careless and trifling exterior. Competitive examinations will not alter human nature. They will not make the oak grow like a poplar, nor give the bulldog the docility of the spaniel. It is the easiest thing in the world to deter such men as Clive or Wellington from entering on particular walks of life; indeed, nothing is more singular than the slightness of the grounds by which the choice of a profession is determined. Whilst a man is uncertain as to the nature and extent of his talents, the least thing will turn him away from a profession in which he must have succeeded if he had persevered. It must never be forgotten that the exclusion of a single Clive or Wellington is a far greater loss than the admission of almost any number of drones.

There is another class of persons who, though not illustrious, would be very useful, and who would be excluded from the public service by any system of competitive examinations. This class is particularly numerous in the army and navy. It is commonly objected that com-

petitive examinations would be unfavourable to bodily strength and activity; and to this it is usually replied—first, that there is no opposition between bodily and mental power, but the reverse; and secondly, that where bodily powers are required, the attainment of a certain standard of strength may be made a condition precedent to the competition. The first of these arguments is extremely popular for a variety of reasons. The consistency between mental and bodily excellencies, and even their intimate relation, is asserted with passion by those who are in the habit of insisting on the connection between religion and common life, the essential manliness of Christianity, and other well-known topics of the same kind. For obvious reasons, such views are particularly welcome to schoolmasters and others engaged in education, and the wide popularity and influence of such a book as *Tom Brown's School-days* is a good illustration of their nature and origin.

An impartial examination of the matter will, probably, suggest a considerable modification of them. It is hardly possible to doubt that fitness and inclination for study, especially amongst lads who have not come to their full maturity, is almost entirely a question of temperament. Take two boys of equal mental capacity, and equal dexterity, one of whom has a good deal of nervous energy, little muscular strength, a slow circulation of the blood, and little animal spirits; whilst the other is of sanguine temperament, great muscular strength, full of life to the tips of his fingers; and can any one doubt that in any scholastic competition the first will beat the second, though the second would, in all probability, make an infinitely better soldier or sailor than the first? If objection is taken to setting the mind in opposition to the body, it must surely often be admitted to be true that, as a general rule, excellence of some bodily functions is not usually found in connection with the excellence of some others. A very large and powerful man is seldom very active. A very quick man is seldom very powerful. In the same way, as a general rule, the strength, activity, and hardihood which fit a man for active out-door pursuits, are not usually found in connection with those peculiarities of the brain and nervous system which incline their possessor to mental exertion.

No doubt exceptions to this rule do occur. There is a small class of men, of peculiarly vigorous make, who are equally fit for bodily and mental labour; and there are professions—the bar is one of them—in which such a constitution is the greatest possible assistance towards success, if it is not a condition of it. It is to their possession of this great gift that many of the fifteen judges owe their elevation. It is, however, a very rare gift indeed. As a general rule, a hardy sportsman will soon be knocked up by late hours, bad air, short nights, and constant exertion of the eyes and the brain; and on the other hand, the man with a student's constitution will be quite unequal to deer-stalking, mountaineering, or campaigning. No one doubts that the qualities which make a horse a very good cart-horse, unfit him for running races; or that those which fit him for the Derby, disqualify him for drawing an omnibus.

The proposal to give ordinary commissions by competition is just like a proposal to test cart-horses, not by drawing but by running. It may be said, why not examine into the qualities which you wish to reward? The answer has been given already. It is impossible, because the qualities (daring, prudence, spirit, and the like,) are indefinite; the test must be definite, and the power of satisfying such a definite test as would be proposed, is generally found in connection with other qualities than those which are required. The proposal to make a certain standard of strength condition of competing, does not meet the objection that the examination would be unfavourable to a whole class who ought not to be excluded. The object is to include those who would be excluded, not to exclude some of those who would otherwise be included.

The general result of the whole is that, considered as instruments of education, competitive examinations are useful, but that they are useful in proportion to the immaturity, the languor, and the absence of the higher qualities of mind in the persons examined; and that there is a point, which is soon reached, at which they become positively injurious to students of a higher kind. Considered as tests for the distribution of political offices, they are useful as pledges of the sincerity of Government, and of their wish to distribute their patronage on pure principles: they are also useful as a rough but effectual cure for jobbery; they would raise the standard of efficiency amongst Government officers of an inferior kind, and for others of a superior kind, under certain special circumstances. On the other hand, they would be unfavourable to men of the highest order, and also to useful men of a lower order, who are required for rough purposes. In a word, they would favour a rather low level of mediocrity, to the exclusion of all other persons.

These observations have no reference to pass examinations. They may frequently be useful either as tests upon entrance to an office, or as barriers to be passed before particular rank within an office can be attained.

Entertainment.

A Popular Entertainment.

CONCERT HALLS and such like places of public entertainment have lately become so like taverns, or taverns have become so like concert halls and such like places of public entertainment that it is not easy to say where one begins and the other leaves off. A great want must surely have been met when promoters and managers of the People's amusements first conceived the happy thought of combining singing and tumbling, and eating and drinking, and smoking—of blending, as it were, brandy-and-water with sentimental songs, and Bounding Brothers, and low prices. It must be very much better than a play,—if we may form an opinion from the numbers who crowd to these places,—to be able to sit, with a little table before one, with, for instance, a bottle of beer upon it, to have one eye turned upon an acrobat, the other gazing affectionately at the drink, a cigar hanging lazily from the mouth, from which curls of smoke come forth leisurely and languidly, for one's ears to imbibe the while the brilliant but violent vocalization of modern Italy, or the refined comic song of our own land, happy with either, and considering each song, dance, or other performance with an impartial look of contentment, the sense of smoke, and of drink, and of general enjoyment, producing a hazy, sleepy, stolid, stupid look of perfect happiness.

There are many gentlemen present who have very much the air of being at home, and as if they did that kind of thing every night,—and perhaps they do; many others who have the appearance of having come from the country, and who seem under the impression that they are seeing life,—and no doubt they are seeing it as far as the smoke permits; and there are others who, from various outward symptoms, look as if they had what is called a foreign origin,—and very likely they have.

They are all, no doubt, very fond of music; and if they are not, it is very pleasant to think that the entertainments are so various, that there is a chance of everybody's taste being satisfied—that if people are not pleased with one thing they may be with another; and that if the ear is not charmed with music, astonishment may be excited, and ladies and gentlemen may be roused to enthusiasm by seeing the wondrous feats that may be accomplished on the tight-rope, and the extraordinary contortions of which the human acrobat is capable on the earth or in the air.

When Song, and Comic Dance, and smoke, and eating, and drinking, or Dramatic Scenes, or Nigger Serenaders, or Infant Prodigies, lose their charm, the public may still be drawn in thousands, and will overflow nightly to witness any performance in which the personal danger to the performer is sufficiently great, that the feelings of spectators are likely to be "arrowed up," and a reasonable prospect exists, that, in case of any slip or accident, that serious danger to limb, if not instant death, is likely to be the result.

On a further Reconstruction of the Navy.

During the great war with France, in which our most brilliant naval victories were won, his Majesty George the Third visited Portsmouth dockyard, and was surprised to find the master-builder of that establishment enlarging one of the docks on his own responsibility. "And why," asked the king, "have you presumed to do this without authority?" "Please your Majesty," he replied, "I learnt that the French were building a ship too large to come into the dock as it was:" and the king was thoroughly satisfied with the explanation. It is a mere matter of fact to add, that the French ship was captured very soon afterwards, and brought into the dock so thoughtfully provided for her.

It is impossible to recal this incident without contrasting the state of things in George the Third's day with that which now exists, and has existed for several years past. That consciousness of superiority on the sea which then kept us tranquil in the midst of war, has, of late years, given place to apprehensions which have kept us agitated in the midst of peace. During the last session of Parliament, for example, the representative of our Admiralty in the House of Commons was continually reminding us of the great naval power of France; our Prime Minister pleaded more than once for *defensive* works; and the close of the session was signalized by an acclamatory vote designed to secure further *protection* for us. We need hardly add, that this decline of confidence in ourselves has caused the confidence of others in us to decline, until our *prestige* on the Continent has sunk very low. When naval matters are now talked of there, it is no longer of England, but of "the Emperor" that men think first; and the great name of Palmerston, once so profoundly respected throughout Europe, is now more prominently associated with mid-water forts at Spithead than with mighty fleets floating there.

The sole cause of these humiliating changes is our culpable delay, twice repeated, in adopting great mechanical improvements. First, we allowed the French to outstrip us in the application of steam propulsion to line-of-battle ships; and even before we recovered our due eminence in this respect, we permitted the same Government to gain a second great advantage over us, by plating ships with iron. Thus did we twice risk our reputation as the first naval power in the world, and, on both occasions, by neglecting agencies and resources peculiarly our own. It is quite true that we have recovered our superiority of strength as regards our steam navy, and the splendid performances of the *Warrior* promise so well for the iron-cased fleets which we are now building, that we may hope to be first in the new competition ere long. But, in both instances,

we have had to make extraordinary financial and other sacrifices; and in both instances we have also compromised, for a series of years, the glorious reputation which our forefathers won, and which is so essential to the permanent integrity of our wide-spread empire.

Our fault has not lain, be it observed, in failing to *invent* new mechanical agencies, but in refusing to apply them promptly when invented, and when other powers had resolved to use them. It would, perhaps, be an unwise policy for us, who always have so much wealth invested in existing ships, to cast about for changes which should render those ships valueless, or even less valuable. But when a change has become inevitable, it is our clear duty to sink no more money in the old system, but to apply all our resources to the development of the new one. Thus, although it may have been no part of our business to invent steam war-ships, it was manifestly our duty, after such ships once came into profitable use, to secure as many of them as possible for the sums which we expended. And precisely the same thing may be said in regard of iron-cased ships.

We impress these considerations carefully upon the reader, because it is one of our main objects in this article to show that we are at the present moment still pursuing a system which has already cost us so much in money and reputation. Having allowed France to show us how the destructive fire of shells may be resisted, and how practical invulnerability to shot may at the same time be secured, we are now building immense and costly ships, merely as a defence against the French vessels, and are neglecting altogether to apply the improvement to the remainder of our vast war navy. Any uninitiated person would suppose that, while wooden line-of-battle ships are subject to speedy destruction by shells, wooden frigates and corvettes are, for some mysterious reason, incombustible, so confidently have we continued to build them up to the present moment.

We have here, truly, a most momentous subject. Our *Warriors*, and *Black Princes*, and *Royal Alfreds*, are virtually line-of-battle ships—the only line-of-battle ships, probably, that will be thought of five or ten years hence. We cannot well send them to protect our foreign commerce, or to quiet our troubles in Japan, or New Zealand, or Mexico; nor could we even afford to keep many of them cruising for a year or two along the coasts of the United States, if our cousins should demand our hostile services. These are purposes for which frigates, corvettes, sloops, brigs, despatch-vessels, and gun-boats, are required; and, unfortunately, all the vessels of these classes which we at present possess and are building are as combustible as those timber line-of-battle ships which we have for ever superseded. Here, then, is a further reconstruction of our navy to be made, as great and as inevitable as any we have made hitherto.

There are, we would observe, weighty reasons of a financial nature for making this new change as speedily as possible. Hitherto the iron-cased ship question has been discussed, both in and out of Parliament, with but little regard to financial economy; so little, in fact, that we are already committed to an expenditure, for ships and docks together, of not

less, probably, than ten millions sterling, without the slightest obstruction having been offered by Parliament to the proposals of the Admiralty. But the apprehension of a French attack is now subsiding, and when the House of Commons assembles again the unanimity with which extraordinary sums of money were voted last year will be gone, and Economy will lift up her voice once more. Moreover, the country will not be blessed, we fear, with that abundance and contentment which prevailed a year ago, and the burden of taxation will be found harder to bear. With these prospects before us, we ought carefully to remember that every month's delay in applying the iron-cased principle to the smaller ships that we build, will add to our financial difficulties sooner or later. Every unprotected wooden ship that we launch is another added to a fleet already virtually condemned; and the sure result of building such vessels will be an extraordinary demand hereafter for millions of money to repair another great deficiency occasioned by neglect.

We believe the Admiralty are mindful of the great importance of these considerations, and although they have not yet begun to build small iron-cased ships, are anxious to do so as soon as they see how to give such ships the necessary qualities. We infer this not only from the enlightened character of the gentlemen now at the Board, but also from the fact, that the successful trials of Captain Coles' cupola shields at Shoeburyness, on board the *Trusty*, were succeeded by honest endeavours on the part of the Admiralty to render them available, if possible, in small ships of war. There are great mechanical difficulties in the way of this ; but the Admiralty have certainly exerted themselves to bring the shields into use.

In view of these facts, we propose in this paper to clear away some of those obstructions which have blocked up the path of the naval designer in this matter of iron war ships, and to show that it is perfectly practicable to build excellent iron-cased ships of much smaller dimensions, and, therefore, at much less cost, than any heretofore constructed. In order to treat the subject intelligibly, and so as to convince the judgments of all thoughtful readers, we must make a few preliminary remarks which will materially assist in the development of our views.

In the first place, we avow our confident belief, that the very best basis we can have for our safety at home and our authority abroad, is a plentiful supply of thoroughly efficient and sea-going ships of war. We are not about to denounce fixed coast defences in the abstract, nor shall we even condemn here the outlay which the Government and Parliament have undertaken to make upon permanent fortresses at Spithead and elsewhere. We have resolved to spend ten or twelve millions of money upon these works, and have commenced to spend them with a calm confidence that falls little short of the sublime. It is quite true that recent experiments have shown that the *Warrior* and similar ships are practically impervious to the fire of artillery, even when salvos of the heaviest shot are deliberately concentrated upon a single spot, at a distance of only

200 yards; it is equally true that these ten or twelve millions of money, if expended upon ships, would give us the power of securely blockading every port in France. But in the face of these facts, the fortresses are, we fear, to be built, and it would, perhaps, be unphilosophical, therefore, not to put some little trust in them.

But against the oft-proposed construction of costly ships, to act merely as coast defences, and unadapted for sea service, we must, and will protest, for we have seen the folly of building such vessels demonstrated, over and over again, in our own navy. Our harbours and dockyards are encumbered at the present moment with one set of wooden floating batteries and another set of iron, which never were of any but the most trivial service to us, and are little likely to prove of real value. Yet they cost considerable sums of money, and will probably cost more, before the Admiralty venture to break them up. Then, again, we spent large sums upon those miserable steam block-ships, which never yet did us a shilling's worth of service, and which the Admiralty so entirely ignore that one is never able to discover them in any official return of our naval strength. These, also, were originally fitted as coast-defence vessels, but we know no one who has a good word to speak for them. The truth is, coast-defence vessels are the most unsatisfactory things that can possibly be made. Their prime function is to be perfectly useless, except in most rare and extreme circumstances. If the cost of such vessels were small in proportion to their chance of proving serviceable, it might, we admit, be well to build them. But they really cost nearly as much as sea-going ships, and the very sight of them is therefore an intolerable offence to a people whose commerce extends over every sea, and whose possessions abound in every clime. Whenever we can afford to spend a large sum of money upon ships unfit for sea, we can afford to spend a little more in making them seaworthy, and capable of performing service all over the world.

In the next place, we affirm that iron is preferable to wood as a material for the hulls of fast ocean steam-ships, which have necessarily to bear the strains of enormous engines. It is capable of more rigid combination than wood, and is undoubtedly much more durable when subjected to the wear and tear of gigantic steam forces. The soundness of these opinions is acknowledged by the Admiralty designers, for they have adopted iron as the best material for the hulls of all their iron-cased ships, except in the few instances in which they have converted existing wooden hulls for the purpose, in order to economize time and material.

But iron bottoms have two most serious defects, which have hitherto been thought to render them wholly unfit for ships of war destined for foreign service over long periods. First, they are locally very weak, and yield readily to the blow of a rock when they strike one (whereas wooden ships will sometimes thump uninjured for days together); and, secondly, they get rapidly foul with weeds and barnacles, especially in warm climates. The bottom of the *Warrior*, like that of every other existing iron vessel,

is exposed to both these evils. It has certainly been made as strong as frames placed behind plates can make it; and it has been covered with the best-known material for checking the adhesion of marine substances to it. But, notwithstanding these precautions, if she should strike upon a rock, she would most probably come to grief; and if sent abroad for a year or two, she would foul so seriously as to reduce her speed by several knots.

These difficulties, however, like many others that appall people, only require to be dealt with boldly in order to be overcome. In fact, the mode of overcoming them seems to us perfectly obvious. One simple device sweeps them both away together. We have but to deal with the bottoms of iron ships as we have already dealt with their sides, and coat them with a suitable resisting material. We have had to apply iron to their sides to keep out shell and shot; let us similarly apply wood to their bottoms to keep out rocks; and let us coat this wood with copper, or mixed metal, to keep it clean, just as we coat the bottoms of wooden ships. Thus we can at one stroke, and by the simplest means possible, remedy these two great evils perfectly. There may be—in truth, there are—certain mechanical difficulties to be dealt with; but these are of a trifling nature, and the scientific shipbuilders who designed the *Warrior* could remove them in a single day. We will throw out but one suggestion on the point, viz. that it would probably be well to put the iron plating of the bottom inside the frames, and bring the timber covering immediately against them upon the outside. We really hope that henceforth we shall hear no more of the unfitness of iron ships for foreign service on this ground, seeing that they can be made fit by such a ready process as we have pointed out.

It now becomes necessary to advert to some of the principal features of the iron-cased ships at present built or building in this country. And first we may remark, that in nearly all those which have iron hulls it has been found impossible to protect the entire ship with armour. Those who read our article on the *Warrior* and *La Gloire*, published in February last, will understand the causes of this, and will know how it has happened that in order to completely coat the hull we have been driven, in the new (*Minotaur*) class of ship, to dimensions considerably greater than those first adopted. The *Minotaur*, and her two sister ships will, in fact, be no less than 1,000 tons displacement larger than the *Warrior;* and, notwithstanding their increased size, will be subject (owing to the weight of plating on their extremities) to the disadvantage of plunging heavily in a sea-way, and thus becoming very "wet ships." In addition to this, they will also be necessarily much slower than the *Warrior*, if 1,250 horse-power engines only are put into them; and if, on the other hand, engines large enough to secure the estimated speed of fourteen knots are given them, then the supply of fuel which they carry must be seriously reduced. The choice of these two evils must be made. What we more particularly wish to point out, however, is that in seven

out of ten of our iron ships, we have contented ourselves with a *limited armour*, and have left large portions of the hulls unprotected in five of them.

Again: in the *Hector*, *Valiant*, *Defence* and *Resistance*, we have been unable, even with this limited armour, to secure a speed of more than about 12 knots, although none of them is of much less than 6,000 tons displacement, and two of them are of considerably more. The *Defence* and *Resistance* will scarcely attain 11 knots. The plated wooden ships now in progress will, we may hope, attain 12; but in order to do so, they require engines of 1,000 horses power, although they are but little larger than the *Hector* class.

Further: if we direct our attention to the number of guns protected in these iron-cased ships, we find that with a displacement of 8,850 tons the *Warrior* and her sister-ships have each a broadside of only 13 guns, or one broadside protected gun to 680 tons of displacement; the *Minotaur*, and other ships of her class, will probably have about one such gun to 500 tons; the *Hector* class, about one to 420 tons; the *Defence* class about one to 835; and the *Royal Alfred* class, say one to 420. In no instance are the guns carried at a greater height than nine feet six inches above the water; in most cases they are no more than seven feet six inches; and in all the wooden ships they will be only seven feet high.

We now see, then, that in the existing iron-cased ships of her Majesty's navy, the Admiralty have been satisfied in most cases with "limited armour;" a comparatively small number of protected guns; a speed of not more, say, than 12 knots; and a battery only 7 feet 6 inches above the water. And in order to obtain even these, they have had to resort in all cases to ships of very nearly 6,000 tons displacement (or weight), and in most cases to ships very much larger than this; and they have likewise had to fit engines of at least 1,000 horses power in every instance where a speed of 12 knots was to be obtained.

Now, we propose to show, upon the evidence of investigations and calculations carried out by ourselves, that by a new application of the principle of "limited armour," it is possible to build iron-cased ships of about one-third the size of the *Minotaur*—or little more than half the size of the smallest of the existing ships—and which shall steam at from 12 to 12½ knots; shall have a goodly number of the largest naval guns protected; shall carry their ports 10 feet above the water; shall be wholly invulnerable at and below the water line; and shall be fit for service all over the world, being fully manned, rigged, and equipped for sea, and, at the same time, lighter and less encumbered with their armour than any one of all the fifteen iron-cased ships which we have built or are building.

The manner in which this may be done will be best explained after considering first what degree of protection from shot we really require in an iron-cased ship. In our belief, all that can be wisely demanded (in view of the great desirability of keeping the weights as small as possible),

is, that the immersed portion of the ship shall be invulnerable throughout; that the men at the guns shall be surrounded by an invulnerable wall or shield; and that the battery thus defended shall be in safe communication with the magazines, &c. below. It will be remembered, that in every ship of war, what are called the vital parts—such as engines, boilers, magazines, and shell-rooms—are all situated below the water, so that if the immersed portion of the ship is made invulnerable, all these are secure from injury. This degree of invulnerability—which is more than some of our ships possess—we certainly consider desirable, and we propose to obtain it by plating the hull of the ship (which we would build wholly of iron) with a belt of thick iron, extending entirely round her in the region of the water line, and by covering a deck, placed at the height of this belt at top, with iron of sufficient thickness to keep out shell and shot. The iron belt on the side will require to be about six inches in average thickness, but that on the deck may be even less than one inch thick, because it will lie in a horizontal position, and can only be struck by shot that have first passed through the side above the water. These two masses of metal—the belt and the deck covering—will give us the invulnerability which we require for the immersed part of the ship.

The next thing to be done is to plant a battery wherever we may deem best, and wall it in with thick iron plates. The best position for the battery will usually be near amidships, and it will be only necessary, in order to defend it, to plate the side along the range of a given number of ports, and then to cross the ship at the ends of the thick plating with iron walls, to protect the gunners from a raking fire. Where it is desirable to economize weight to the utmost, it is advantageous to build these walls at the end of the battery, not directly across the ship, but inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees to the side, in order that they may be brought as close as possible to the extreme guns, and yet not interfere with the training of them. By forming a port in each of these inclined walls, and fitting a moveable topside immediately in the wake of them, provision may be made for increasing either broadside with two guns brought from the opposite side of the battery. If a shot-proof trunk, descending from the interior of the shot-proof battery down to a hatchway through the plated deck below, be now built, we thus complete all the protection for which we can prudently ask. We may, indeed, with advantage add a little thick iron in a few places—around the funnel at the lower part, for example; but we need not dwell here upon these minor features.

On such a ship as this going into action, all the officers and men not engaged at the battery, or in working the ship, might be kept below out of harm's way, provision being made for their rushing up to repel boarders when necessary. The men at the guns would be well protected at their work; supplies of ammunition would be passed up safely through the trunk; and all hands would have the satisfaction of knowing, not only that they had under them a hull that could not possibly be sunk, but

also that no exhausting labour at the pumps would be required of them either during the action or after it was fought out. A large part of the ship would, of course, be exposed to all the injury that shot or shell can do to an ordinary iron hull; but this vulnerable part would be entirely above the water, instead of being partly below it, as in the *Warrior*, *Defence*, and *Hector* classes of ship, and any damage which it might sustain would therefore be of comparatively little importance. The officers and men on the upper deck would be no more exposed than they are in any other ship of war.

It would be of little avail, however, to make these general statements, if we were not prepared to put them to the test of actual calculation. Thousands of people conceive plausible notions upon questions of this kind every year, but no sooner are their schemes tested by an appeal to figures than they vanish at once into thin air. In this instance, however, we have applied the test. By aid of the invaluable set of tables which Mr. Lloyd, the able superintendent of the steam department of the navy, has had compiled from results of trials made in her Majesty's screw vessels, we have been able to determine with accuracy the dimensions of a ship which, with 600 horse-power engines, shall steam at from twelve to twelve and a half knots per hour. By detailed calculations, we find that an iron corvette about 240 feet long, forty-five broad, and with twenty feet mean draught of water, will do this; and with a displacement of but little more than 3,500 tons will carry a protected battery of six or eight of the heaviest 68-pounders, five or six of which may be fought on one side; and, in addition to these, will mount also either two or four pivot guns at the bow and stern, to which protection can be applied in a simple way if desired. This ship, as we have before intimated, may be rigged, manned, provisioned, and otherwise equipped for sea service with as complete efficiency as any corvette now in the navy. She would carry her guns ten feet above the water, and would, therefore, be able to engage an enemy in weather rough enough to compel every iron-cased ship yet in existence to close her ports. With eleven protected guns in her broadside, she would have one gun to about 300 tons of displacement.

It is not desirable, we think, to speak at greater length, or in more detail, of this system of construction at present. It will, no doubt, receive due attention from the Board of Admiralty, and from their professional advisers; and no one who is cognisant of the distinguished ability with which the construction branch of the navy is now managed could desire anything better than this for an improvement in naval architecture. Our high opinion of the naval architects at Whitehall was expressed in February last, when we had the satisfaction of predicting (in opposition to popular suspicions) the great successes which the *Warrior* has since so fully accomplished; and we are glad to know that that opinion has since been officially confirmed by the bestowal of a Companionship of the Bath upon Mr. Isaac Watts, the chief constructor of the navy, and the responsible designer of the ship. We mention the official recognition of

the scientific skill displayed in the *Warrior* with the more pleasure, inasmuch as it is a mark of respect for a profession which has been too much slighted in times past.

But although we are perfectly willing to leave these suggestions in the hands of the proper authorities, it is our duty to say here—because the fact is essential to our main argument—that the system of construction under consideration is by no means limited to any particular size or class of ship. It is applicable, if we mistake not, to vessels of all classes, down even to gunboats, and at least opens the way to the necessary reconstruction of all our smaller descriptions of ships. It is scarcely possible, we believe, to overrate its value even in this respect. But it may have another effect of still greater importance; it may relieve us from the necessity of adding any further to the number of immense and very costly vessels which the iron-cased principle has hitherto imposed upon us. No one can doubt that two or three such ships as the iron-cased corvette which we have described, and which would be fit for service in any quarter of the globe, would also give even a better account of the *Gloire* than the *Warrior* itself—unless, indeed, actions are for the future to be fought by boarding only; and even in that case the smaller vessels would not necessarily lose their advantage. The economy of building vessels thus adapted for all kinds of services, instead of for one special service only, need not be pointed out.

We will not, however, further divert the reader from the great argument which we are anxious above all things to enforce, viz., that since all the ships which we are now building, from frigates down to gunboats, are as combustible as our abandoned line-of-battle ships, we are undoubtedly exposing ourselves to the certainty of having to replace them all with iron ships, at an immense cost in money, if not in reputation. It would be vain to blink the obvious considerations which enforce this conclusion. If this change be not imperative, then was not the introduction of iron-cased ships of any kind imperative; for if shell-fire will not burn small ships, it will not burn large ones.

It is quite true that we are not at present threatened with fleets of foreign iron-cased ships of the smaller sort (although both the French and the Americans have made beginnings in this respect); but our duty in the matter is not the less clear or immediate on this account. When the necessity of building such ships is once established, every thousand pounds spent upon new ships of the condemned kind is a thousand pounds all but thrown away, and a thousand pounds that will probably have to be replaced by the nation. It is on this ground that we suggest the instant adoption of the iron-cased principle in our smaller ships, if the mode of construction which we have described be practicably available, as we think it is, or if any better mode of accomplishing the object can be devised. No extraordinary votes of money are required to give effect to our suggestion; on the contrary, our prime object is to avoid the necessity for such votes, by beginning at once what we know must be done. It is in order

that the money which the House of Commons will, ere long, be called upon to vote for new ships, may not be expended upon ships built of a material already condemned, that we urge the immediate commencement of this further reconstruction of the navy.

Nor is it on financial grounds only that we advocate the great change from wood to iron throughout all classes of her Majesty's ships. It is at the further peril of our reputation that we dare neglect it. How can we retain the character which is yet left us, or recover that which we have lost, if we persist in building combustible ships, when we know perfectly well how to build incombustible ones, and know also that, while the material for the former has to be brought from afar, that for the latter lies in abundance at our feet? On the other hand, how great a stimulus will be given to that respect which the world still feels for us, if the announcement goes forth that henceforward the fleets of England, from the largest ship to the smallest, will be made impervious to that terrible shell-fire which has justly caused such terror since the burning of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, and before which our own ships of the line recoiled at Sebastopol! Nothing short of this complete reconstruction of our navy can do justice to us, either as a scientific, a manufacturing, or a commercial people; nor can anything less preserve us from another national humiliation, should the French Emperor be pleased to inflict it upon us.

It would be a great misapprehension to suppose that we put forward these representations with the view of influencing the measures of the Admiralty, rather than of convincing the public judgment. On the contrary, the new Controller of the Navy is a highly enterprising officer, and there are other officers at the Board of Admiralty equally alive, we believe, to the necessities of the times. In truth, we are fast approaching a period when the Admiralty are likely to be in advance of public opinion on questions of this kind. Already it is both an unquestionable and a painful fact, that some of the wisest and most enlightened measures adopted in reference to the navy, are made the occasion of most embarrassing criticisms on the part of men who might be expected to gladly support them. Even the *Warrior* herself—at once the most gigantic and most successful step ever taken in naval architecture—has, by some persons of influence, been made a subject of bitter reproach, both to the Board of Admiralty who ordered her, and to the naval architects who exhibited unrivalled skill in her design, her distinguishing merits being in almost every instance the most offensive parts of her. This is an evil which it is incumbent upon all who wish well to the State to guard against; and we know of no better method of doing this than that of enlightening the public as fully as possible. It is with this view that we put forward the facts and arguments contained in this article, and it is with this view also that we commend them to the most serious attention of our readers.

Mare Mediterraneum.

A LINE of light! It is the inland sea,
The least in compass, and the first in fame;
The gleaming of its waves recals to me
Full many an ancient name.

As through my dreamland float the days of old,
The forms and features of their heroes shine;
I see Phœnician sailors bearing gold
From the Tartessian mine.

Seeking new worlds, storm-toss'd Ulysses ploughs
Remoter surges of the winding main;
And Grecian captains come to pay their vows,
Or gather up the slain.

I see the temples of the "violet crown"
Burn upward in the hour of glorious flight;
And mariners of uneclipsed renown,
Who won the great sea-fight.

I hear the dashing of a thousand oars,
The angry waters take a crimson dye,
A thousand echoes vibrate from the shores
With Athens' battle cry.

Again the Carthaginian rovers sweep
With sword and commerce on from shore to shore
In visionary storms the breakers leap
Round Syrtes, as of yore.

And hear their praises murmur'd through the lips
Of the fair maids of Fra

Across the deep another music swells,
On Adrian bays a later splendour smiles,
Power hails the marble city where she dwells,
Queen of a hundred isles

But the light fades, the vision wears away ;
I see the mist above the dreary wave ;
Blow, winds of Freedom, give another day
Of glory to the brave.

CETTE,
July, 1861.

The Excursion Train.

FROM the moment when we turn our backs on the half-way house, toil over the hill, and descend into the valley of old age, we are astonished to find how space and bulk seem to have diminished. The street which we remember in our youth so broad and imposing has shrunk into a close alley; the river has become a ditch, the square a hen-walk, and the stately mansion which we once looked upon with awe, a dwarfed hut which we now feel bound to despise.

Our views seem to grow wider as we grow older, our desires less simple, and we wonder how we could ever have been happy while so cabined, cribbed, and confined. We laugh at the humble pleasures of our grandfathers, and are ready to welcome any toy that is startling and new. We throw ourselves into the arms of competing railway companies, because they can give us excitement, novelty, and change. As the rocking-horse is to the infant, as the pony or the flying swing is to the youth, so is the excursion train to the man. He enters it for a few pence, and swifter than the genii bore Aladdin from city to city, he is carried from town to country, or from country to town. Clerk, shopman, servant, costermonger or sweep, can cling to the long tail of the fiery steed, and ride rough-shod over the laws of time and space. What kings have sighed for, what poets have dreamed of, what martyrs may have been burnt for predicting the coming of, is now as common as blackberries and threepenny ale. The magic Bronze Horse is now snorting at every man's door. He is a fine animal, if only properly managed, and may be driven by a child; but woe upon you, if you let him break the reins. He has battered down stone walls; hurled hundreds over precipices; devoured thousands of stage-coaches, stage-coachmen, Thames' watermen, whistling

waggoners, country carriers, and Gravesend hoys. This is one side of the account. On the other side he has joined mother to son, husband to wife, brother to sister, friend to friend. He has cheapened food, and fire, and clothing for rich and poor; he has made many a death-bed happy, and many a wedding-party glad; he has improved Richard Turpin, and all his followers, off the face of the earth, and has even taught the slouching gipsy that there is a cheaper way of travelling than going on the tramp.

A Mile an Hour.

We are now all fond of excursion trains, more or less. At first, we regarded them with aversion; we then approached them timidly; we were lifted on to them by friends and teachers; we trotted them out slowly, holding our breath, and by degrees we saw that we could keep our seat, and yet glide past mountains, hedges, and trees. We then applied the spur, and were shot through dark tunnels on to the sea-shore, in a whirlwind of thunder and white steam. Familiarity breeds contempt. We learned to despise short distances, and twenty miles an hour. We asked for more. Our tastes grew artificial, as our palate was destroyed

by highly-seasoned food. We deserted our old pleasures and our old friends. Our withered tea-gardens on the borders of the city beckoned to us in vain, and looked at us reproachfully as we hurried past on our mad steed. Our old taverns pined for our presence; our fishing-punts, on the London rivers, rotted with neglect; the backwoods of Hornsey were no longer haunted by our footsteps, and the slopes of Hampstead became a desert. We pushed forward, farther and farther still, into the bowels of the earth. Like the wild huntsman, in the German ballad, we

A Mile a Minute.

glared upon passers-by, and straightway they became infected with the same restless activity. The whole town was on the move. Barbers, pot-boys, and milkmen disappeared for a few hours, and came back with strange stories of mountains, lakes, and caverns. Our boys were no longer content to read of inland wonders; they saved up their stray money, and went to the "Devil's Hole," and the "Dropping Well of Knaresborough." Children taunted each other in the street with the distances they had travelled, sitting upon the laps of their mothers, as if

in a dream. Surly cathedral cities were hustled by cockney crowds and Stonehenge was turned into a cool summer-house for Bethnal Green gipsy parties. All this, and more, has been done within the last twenty years, and in an age which is too wise to believe in miracles!

Let us peep inside one of these excursion trains, going to Dover and back for half-a-crown, and take a few portraits of the travellers as they sit in a row.

The magic bronze horse has slackened his speed, and the long tail of carriages is dragging along at the rate of a mile an hour. The young commercial traveller in the corner soon grows weary of a few minutes' delay, even though it may save him from a damaging collision, for he has been born in an age of high-pressure speed, and has fed upon express trains almost from his cradle. He has been spending the Sunday in town amongst his friends, and is now going down to join his samples by a cheap Monday's excursion train. His gaping has a sympathetic effect upon the female a little farther up on the same side, and they both yawn in unison.

The second traveller, nursing his hat with a painful expression of face, has fixed his eyes on an advertising placard stuck on the roof of the carriage. This placard gives a picture of a man suffering from violent tic doloureux, and tells the passengers where they may apply for an infallible remedy. This mode of advertising is dismal but effective, and as the traveller gives an unconscious imitation of the picture with his agonized face, he inwardly resolves to become a customer for the remedy.

The next passenger, with the bald head and the drawn down cheeks, is one of those deceptive men whom you meet with in every society. He looks like a banker, a manager of an insurance company, or a lecturer upon political economy. You suppose him to be a perfect cyclopædia of exact information—a man who has no end of statistics in his shiny head, and you assume that his taciturnity is the result of deep thought on some of the great problems of existence. You will be surprised to learn that he lives upon the severity of his appearance, and is nothing more than a head-waiter at a sea-side tavern.

The sour-looking old gentleman, twiddling his thumbs at the farther end of the carriage, whose broad hat nearly shuts out our view of the drifting shower, has no business in a train of pleasure. He has joined the company at a side station on the road, and is going to get out at another side station to dun some poor tenants for back rent. This may be a very necessary thing to do, but a holiday train is hardly the proper vehicle to help him to do it.

The pace changes, and the magic bronze horse is tearing along at the rate of a mile a minute.

The old gentleman in another carriage leans on his umbrella, and blinks as he feels his cheeks buffeted by the fresh air, laden as it is with the scent of new hay. The young woman next to him, who is running

down on a flying visit to her mother, nurses her plump boy, and tells him to look out for grandma over the hills. The cheerful passenger at her side draws his face into a hundred wrinkles as he watches the trees, stations, and churches whirling past the window; the fat gentleman laughs, and shakes like a jelly, as he proves the speed by his substantial watch; and the Jewish-looking gentleman in the corner settles down into a self-satisfied smirk, as he feels that he is getting the fullest value for his half-crown ticket.

In another carriage we are amused by the agreeable man. He knows the name of every station we pass, how far it is from London, and what it is famous for. He has travelled a good deal on railways, and is full of anecdotes. He advises some of the passengers where to go for a comfortable dinner when they get to Dover, and tells them all the points worth seeing in that ancient town. He pulls up the window to oblige the ladies, and is particular in asking how high he shall fix it. He carries a number of travelling appliances with him, some of the most ingenious kind, and is never without a pocket corkscrew. He even carries a shoehorn enclosed in a leathern case, a folding cap in a pouch, and a few sweet lozenges to please the children. He is always ready to listen to a story or to make a joke, and to take advantage of anything he may meet with on the journey.

"Everybody's sauce?" we may hear him say, as he draws attention to a well-known advertising placard. "I never heard of such impudence! We may stand some people's sauce—people we have a respect for—but I don't think we can stand everybody's sauce. What do you say, sir?"

This last remark is purposely addressed to the disagreeable man, who sits with his good-humoured wife opposite, and who has been sulking ever since the train started. The disagreeable man is not happy in his mind. He objects to excursion trains, and yet he uses them. He cannot imagine why so many people go to Dover—he cannot see anything in Dover himself, but chalk and soldiers; certainly nothing to run after at such a pace. He thinks every town much finer than the one he is going to; every day much pleasanter than the one he is travelling on; and every carriage much more comfortable than the one he is sitting in. He cannot think that hard benches are half so snug as the old stage-coaches, or that being shut up in a close varnished compartment is equal to riding on the box-seat. His round-faced pleasant wife tries to persuade him that everything is for the best, but he is not open to conviction. Poor fellow! he merits some little compassion as he sits in an excursion train, for he is a broken-down proprietor of a stage coach run off the road by a branch line of railway.

As we draw near our journey's end we peep into another carriage, and find there a most obtrusive traveller. We can give him no better title than the cheap swell, because he is a Frankenstein raised by the cheap tailor. He looks like a living advertisement for "popular" dress and jewellery; for coloured shirts with Greek names; for the latest style of cheap coat, and the latest extravagance in cheap trowsers. He is like a picture taken out of a certain handbook of East-end fashion, and usually labelled "in this

The Agreeable Man.

The Disagreeable Man.

The Cheap Swell.

The Two Bottles.

style, forty-two and six." He smokes a bad, rank, cheap cigar, in preference to an honest pipe, and smokes it regardless of ladies or fellow-passengers. He lives for appearance, for external show, for seeming what he is not, and comes to the country chiefly to astonish villagers with his town manners. He firmly believes that he will marry an heiress of unbounded wealth, who will dote upon his turned-up nose and tobacco-scented hair. Under this impression he will show himself on the parade when he gets to Dover, with his hooked stick in his teeth, and his shoes fresh-polished by a boy at the station. He leans out of the carriage-window, as soon as the train arrives within sight of the sea, as if the prospect was intended for him and no other passenger.

Facing this cheap swell are two females, one young and the other middle-aged, who may be distinguished by the title of the two bottles. They are mother and daughter; but while the old lady is stout, flushed, vulgar, and not above carrying the meat and beer-bottle, the youngest wears tight kid gloves, an Eugenie hair front, and refreshes herself now and then with a sniff of Eau-de-Cologne. The old lady has given her daughter a showy education, with a view of making her a "better woman than her mother," and has only produced a piece of affected gentility,—almost as repulsive as the cheap swell—who thinks herself too good for her company.

These are only a few of the commonplace passengers—amiable and unamiable, grateful and ungrateful—who ride on the magic bronze horse, day after day, and are so crammed with wonders that they think nothing of it.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XVI.

Elsie pushes her Scheme.

The good Father Antonio returned from his conference with the cavalier with many subjects for grave pondering. This man, as he conjectured, so far from being an enemy either of Church or State, was, in fact, in many respects in the same position with his revered master,—as nearly so as the position of a layman was likely to resemble that of an ecclesiastic. His denial of the Visible Church, as represented by the Pope and cardinals, sprang not from an irreverent, but from a reverent spirit.

His kind and fatherly heart was interested in the brave young nobleman. He sympathized fully with the situation in which he stood, and he even wished success to his love; but then how was he to help him with Agnes, and, above all, with her old grandmother, without entering on the awful task of condemning and exposing that sacred authority which all the Church had so many years been taught to regard as infallibly inspired? Long had all the truly spiritual members of the Church who gave ear to the teachings of Savonarola, felt that the nearer they followed Christ the more open was their growing antagonism to the Pope and the cardinals; but still they hung back from the responsibility of inviting the people to an open revolt.

Father Antonio felt his soul deeply stirred with the news of the excommunication of his saintly master; and he marvelled, as he tossed on his restless bed through the night, how he was to meet the storm. He might have known, had he been able to look into a crowded assembly in Florence about this time, and hear the unterrified monk thus meet the news of his excommunication:—

"There have come decrees from Rome, have there? They call me a son of perdition. Well, thus may you answer:—He to whom you give this name hath neither favourites nor concubines, but gives himself solely to preaching Christ. His spiritual sons and daughters, those who listen to his doctrine, do not pass their time in infamous practices: they confess, they receive the communion, they live honestly. This man gives himself up to exalt the Church of Christ: you to destroy it. The time approaches for opening the secret chamber; we will give but one turn of the key, and there will come out thence such an infection, such a stench of this city of Rome, that the odour shall spread through all Christendom, and all the world shall be sickened."

But Father Antonio was of himself wholly unable to come to such a courageous result, though capable of following to the death the master who should do it for him. His was the true artist nature, as unfit to deal with rough human forces as a bird that flies through the air is unfitted to a

hand-to-hand grapple with the armed forces of the lower world. Yet there is strength in these artist natures. Curious computations have been made of the immense muscular power that is brought into exercise when a swallow skims so smoothly through the blue sky; but the strength is of a kind unadapted to mundane uses, and needs the ether for its display. Father Antonio could create the beautiful; he could warm, could elevate, could comfort; and when a stronger nature went before him, he could follow with an unquestioning tenderness of devotion: but he wanted the sharp, downright power of mind that could cut and cleave its way through the rubbish of the past, when its institutions, instead of a commodious dwelling, had come to be a loathsome prison. Besides, the true artist has ever an enchanted island of his own; and when this world perplexes and wearies him, he can sail far away and lay his soul down to rest, as Cytherea bore the sleeping Ascanius far from the din of battle, to sleep on flowers and breathe the odour of a hundred undying altars to Beauty.

Therefore, after a restless night, the good monk arose in the first purple of the dawn, and instinctively betook him to a review of his drawings for the shrine, as a refuge from troubled thought. He took his sketch of the Madonna and Child into the morning twilight and began meditating thereon, while the clouds that lined the horizon were glowing rosy purple and violet with the approaching day.

"See there!" he said to himself, "yonder clouds have exactly the rosy purple of the cyclamen which my little Agnes loves so much;—yes, I am resolved that this cloud on which our Mother standeth shall be of a cyclamen colour. And there is that star, like as it looked yesterday evening, when I mused upon it. Methought I could see our Lady's clear brow, and the radiance of her face, and I prayed that some little power might be given to show forth that which transports me."

And as the monk plied his pencil, touching here and there, and elaborating the outlines of his drawing, he sang,—

"Ave, Maris Stella,
Dei mater alma,
Atque semper virgo,
Felix cœli porta!

"Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos!

"Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum
Semper collætemur!" *

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* "Hail, thou Star of Ocean,
Thou for ever virgin,
Mother of the Lord!
Blessed gate of Heaven,
Take our heart's devotion!

"Virgin one and only,
Meekest mid them all,
From our sins set free,
Make us pure like thee,
Freed from passion's thrall!

"Grant that in pure living,
Through safe paths below,
For ever seeing Jesus,
Rejoicing we may go!"

As the monk sang, Agnes soon appeared at the door.

"Ah! my little bird, you are there!" he said, looking up.

Agnes, coming forward, looked over his shoulder at his work, and returning his greeting, asked,—

"Did you find that young sculptor?"

"That I did: he's a brave boy, too, who will row down the coast and dig us marble from an old heathen temple, which we will baptize into the name of Christ and his Mother," said the monk, stepping into his little sleeping-room; "this lily he sent you; see, I have kept it in water all night."

"Poor Pietro, that was good of him!" said Agnes. "I would thank him if I could. But, uncle," she added, in a hesitating voice, "did you see anything of that—other one?"

"That I did, child; and talked long with him."

"Ah, uncle, is there any hope for him?"

"Yes, there is hope—great hope. In fact, he has promised to receive me again, and I have hopes of leading him to the sacrament of confession; after that——"

"And then the Pope will forgive him!" said Agnes, joyfully.

The face of the monk suddenly fell; he was silent, and went on retouching his drawing.

"Do you not think he will?" asked Agnes, earnestly. "You said the Church was ever ready to receive the repentant."

"The True Church will receive him," answered the monk, evasively; "yes, my little one, there is no doubt of it."

"And it is not true that he is captain of a band of robbers in the mountains?" pursued Agnes. "May I tell Father Francesco that it is not so?"

"Child, this young man hath suffered a grievous wrong and injustice; for he is lord of an ancient and noble estate, out of which he has been driven by the cruel injustice of a most wicked and abominable man, the Duke di Valentinos,* who hath caused the death of his brothers and sisters, and ravaged the country around with fire and sword, so that he hath been driven with his retainers to a fortress in the mountains."

"But," said Agnes, with flushed cheeks, "why does not our blessed Father excommunicate this wicked duke? Surely this knight hath erred; instead of taking refuge in the mountains, he ought to have fled with his followers to Rome, where the dear Father of the Church hath a house for all the oppressed. It must be so lovely to be the father of all men, and to take in and comfort all those who are distressed and sorrowful, and to right the wrongs of all that are oppressed, as our dear Father at Rome doth!"

The monk looked up at Agnes' clear glowing face with a sort of wondering pity.

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* Cæsar Borgia was created Duc de Valentinois by Louis XII. of France.

"Dear little child," he said, "there is a Jerusalem above which is the mother of us all, and these things are done there.

'Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem,
Beata pacis visio,
Quæ celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris,
Sponsæque ritu cingeris
Mille angelorum millibus!'"

The face of the monk glowed as he repeated this ancient hymn of the Church,* as if the remembrance of that general assembly and church of the first-born gave him comfort in his depression.

Agnes felt perplexed, and looked earnestly at her uncle as he stooped over his drawing: she saw that there were deep lines of anxiety on his usually clear, placid face,—a look as of one who struggles mentally with some untold trouble.

"Uncle," she said, hesitatingly, "may I tell Father Francesco what you have been telling me of this young man?"

"No, my little one, it were not best. In fact, dear child, there be many things in his case impossible to explain, even to you. But he is not so altogether hopeless as you thought; in truth, I have great hopes of him. I have admonished him to come here no more, but I shall see him again this evening."

Agnes wondered at the heaviness of her own little heart, as her kind old uncle spoke of his coming there no more. Awhile ago she dreaded his visits as a most fearful temptation, and thought perhaps he might come at any hour; now she was sure he would not, and it was astonishing what a weight fell upon her.

"Why am I not thankful?" she asked herself. "Why am I not joyful? Why should I wish to see him again, when I should only be tempted to sinful thoughts, and when my dear uncle, who can do so much for him, has his soul in charge? And what is this which is so strange in his case? There is some mystery, after all,—something, perhaps, which I ought not to wish to know. Ah, how little can we know of this great wicked world, and of the reasons which our superiors give for their conduct! It is ours humbly to obey, without a question or a doubt. Holy Mother, may I not sin through a vain curiosity or self-will! May I ever say, as thou didst, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord! be it unto me according to His word!'"

And Agnes went about her morning devotions with fervent zeal, and did not see the monk as he dropped the pencil, and, covering his face with his robe, seemed to wrestle in some agony of prayer.

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* This very ancient hymn is the fountain-head from which through various languages have trickled the various hymns of the Celestial City, such as—

"Jerusalem, my happy home!"

and Quarles's—

"O mother dear, Jerusalem!"

"Shepherd of Israel," he said, "why hast Thou forgotten this vine of Thy planting? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, the wild beasts of the field doth devour it. Dogs have encompassed Thy beloved; the assembly of the violent have surrounded him. How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge?"

"Now, really, brother," said Elsie, coming towards him, and interrupting his meditations in her bustling, business fashion, yet speaking in a low tone that Agnes should not hear, "I want you to help me with this child in a good common-sense fashion: none of your high-flying notions about saints and angels, but a little good common talk for every-day people that have their bread and salt to look after. The fact is, brother, this girl must be married. I went last night to talk with Antonio's mother, and the way is all open as well as any living girl could desire. Antonio is a trifle slow, and the high-flying hussies call him stupid, but his mother says a better son never breathed, and he is as obedient to all her orders now as when he was three years old. She has laid up plenty of household stuff for him, and good hard gold pieces to boot: she let me count them myself, and I showed her that which I had scraped together, and she counted it, and we agreed that the children of such a marriage would come into the world with something to stand on. Now Agnes is fond of you, brother, and perhaps it would be well for you to broach the subject. The fact is, when I begin to talk she gets her arms round my old neck and falls to weeping and kissing me at such a rate as makes a fool of me. If the child would only be rebellious, one could do something; but this love takes all the stiffness out of one's joints: she tells me she does not want a husband, and she will be content to live with me all her life. The saints know it isn't for my happiness to put her out of my old arms; but I can't last for ever: my old back grows weaker every year; and Antonio has strong arms to defend her from all those roystering fellows who fear neither God nor man, and swoop up young maids as kites do chickens. Then he is as gentle and manageable as a this-year ox; Agnes can lead him by the horn: she will be a perfect queen over him; for he has been brought up to mind the women."

"Well, sister," asked the monk, "hath our little maid any acquaintance with this man? Have they ever spoken together?"

"Not much. I have never brought them to a very close acquaintance; and that is what is to be done. Antonio is not much of a talker; to tell the truth, he has not so much to say as our Agnes: but the man's place is not to say fine things, but to do the hard work that shall support the household."

"Then Agnes hath not even seen him?"

"Yes, at different times I have bid her regard him, and said to her, 'There goes a proper man and a good Christian—a man who minds his work and is obedient to his old mother: such a man will make a right good husband for some girl some day.'"

"And did you ever see that her eye followed him with pleasure?"

"No, neither him nor any other man; for my little Agnes hath no thought of that kind; but, once married, she will like him fast enough. All I want is to have you begin the subject, and get it into her head a little."

Father Antonio was puzzled how to meet this direct urgency of his sister. He could not explain to her his own private reasons for knowing that any such attempt would be utterly vain, and only bring needless distress on his little favourite. He therefore answered,—

"My good sister, all such thoughts lie so far out of the sphere of us monks, that you could not choose a worse person for such an errand. I have never had any communings with the child than touching the beautiful things of my art, and concerning hymns and prayers, and the lovely world of saints and angels, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage; and I should only spoil your enterprise, if I should put my unskilful hand to it."

"At any rate," persisted Elsie, "don't you approve of my plan?"

"I should approve of anything that would make our dear little one safe and happy; but I would not force the matter against her inclinations. You will always regret it, if you make so good a child shed one needless tear. After all, sister, what need of haste? 'Tis a young bird yet. Why push it out of the nest? When once it is gone, you will never get it back. Let the pretty one have her little day to play and sing and be happy. Does she not make this garden a sort of paradise with her little ways and her sweet words? These all belong to you now, my sister; but once she is given to another, there is no saying what may come. One thing only may you count on with certainty; that these happy days, when she is all day by your side and sleeps in your bosom all night, are over: she will belong to you no more, but to a strange man who hath neither toiled nor wrought for her; and all her pretty ways and dutiful thoughts must be for him."

"I know it, I know it," said Elsie, with a sudden wrench of that jealous love which is ever natural to strong, passionate natures. "I'm sure it isn't for my own sake I urge this. I grudge him the girl. After all, he is but a stupid head. What has he ever done, that such good fortune should befall him? He ought to fall down and kiss the dust of my shoes for such a gift; but I doubt me much if he will ever think to do it. These men think nothing too good for them. I believe, if one of the crowned saints in heaven were offered them to wife, they would think it all quite natural, and not a whit less than their requirings."

"Well, then, sister," returned the monk, soothingly, "why press this matter? why hurry? The poor little child is young; let her frisk like a lamb, and dance like a butterfly, and sing her hymns every day like a bright bird. Surely the Apostle saith, 'He that giveth his maid in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not doeth better.'"

"But I have opened the subject already to old Meta," pleaded Elsie, "and if I don't pursue it, she will take it into her head that her son is

lightly regarded; and then her back will be up, and one may lose the chance: on the whole, considering the money and the fellow, I don't know a safer way to settle the girl."

"Well, sister, as I have remarked," pursued the monk, "I could not order my speech to propose anything of this kind to a young maid; I should so bungle that I might spoil all. You must even propose it yourself."

"I would not have undertaken it," said Elsie, "had I not been frightened by that hook-nosed old kite of a cavalier that has been sailing and perching round. We are two lone women here, and the times are so unsettled, one never knows that hath so fair a prize but she may be carried off, and no redress from any quarter."

"You might lodge her in the convent," suggested the monk.

"Yes; and then, the first thing I should know, they would have got her away from me entirely. I have been well pleased to have her much with the sisters hitherto, because it kept her from hearing the foolish talk of girls and gallants; for such a flower would have had every wasp and bee buzzing round it. But now the time is coming to marry her, I much doubt these nuns. There's old Jocunda is a sensible woman, who knew something of the world before she went there; but the Mother Theresa knows no more than a baby; and they would take her in, and make her as white and as thin as that moon yonder. Little good should I have of her then, for I have no vocation for the convent; it would kill me in a week. No; she has seen enough of the convent for the present. I will even take the risk of watching her myself. Little has this gallant seen of her, though he has tried hard enough! But to-day I may venture to take her down with me."

Father Antonio felt a little conscience-smitten in listening to these triumphant assertions of old Elsie; for he knew that she would pour all her vials of wrath on his head, did she know, that, owing to his absence from his little charge, the dreaded invader had managed to have two interviews with her grandchild, on the very spot that Elsie deemed the fortress of security; but he wisely kept his own counsel. In truth, the gentle monk lived so much in the unreal and celestial world of beauty, that he was by no means a skilful guide for the straits of common life. Love, other than that ethereal kind which aspires towards paradise, was a stranger to his thoughts, and he constantly erred in attributing to other people natures and purposes as unworldly and spiritual as his own. Thus had he fallen, in his utter simplicity, into the attitude of a gobetween, protecting the advances of a young lover with the shadow of his monk's gown; and he became awkwardly conscious that, if Elsie should find out the whole truth, there would be no possibility of convincing her that what had been done in such sacred simplicity on all sides was not the basest manœuvring.

Elsie took Agnes down with her to the old stand in the gateway of the town. On their way, as had probably been arranged, Antonio met them. We may have introduced him to the reader before, who likely enough has forgotten by this time our portraiture; so we shall say again that the man

was past thirty, tall, straight, and well-made, even to the tapering of his well-formed limbs, as are the generality of the peasantry of that favoured region. His teeth were white as sea-pearl; his cheek, though swarthy, had a deep, healthy flush; and his great black eyes looked straight out from under their long silky lashes, just as do the eyes of the beautiful oxen of his country, with a languid, changeless tranquillity, betokening a good digestion, and a well-fed, kindly animal nature. He was evidently a creature that had been nourished on sweet juices and developed in fair pastures, under kindly influences of sun and weather; one who would draw patiently in harness, if required, without troubling his handsome head how he came there, and, his labour being done, would stretch his healthy body to ruminate, and rest with unreflecting quietude.

He had been duly lectured by his mother, this morning, on the propriety of commencing his wooing, and was coming towards them with a bouquet in his hand.

"See there," said Elsie; "there is our young neighbour Antonio coming towards us. There is a youth whom I am willing you should speak to; none of your ruffling gallants, but steady as an ox at his work, and as kind at the crib. Happy will the girl be that gets him for a husband!"

Agnes was somewhat troubled and saddened this morning, and absorbed in cares quite new to her life before; but her nature was ever kindly and social, and it had been laid under so many restrictions by her grandmother's close method of bringing up, that it was always ready to rebound in favour of anybody to whom she allowed her to show kindness.

So, when the young man stopped and shyly reached forth to her a knot of scarlet poppies intermingled with bright vetches and wild blue larkspurs, she took it graciously, and, beaming a kind smile into his face, frankly said—

"Thank you, my good Antonio!" Then fastening them in front of her bodice,—"There, they are beautiful!" she said, looking up with the simple satisfaction of a child.

"They are not half so beautiful as you are," was the naïve reply of the young peasant; "everybody likes you."

"You are very kind, I am sure," returned Agnes. "I like everybody, as far as grandmamma thinks right."

"I am glad of that," said Antonio, "because then I hope you will like me."

"Oh, yes, certainly I do; grandmamma says you are very good, and I like all good people."

"Well, then, pretty Agnes," said the young man, "let me carry your basket."

"Oh, no; it does not tire me."

"But I should like to do something for you," insisted the young man, blushing deeply.

Agnes consented, and began to wonder at the length of time her grandmother allowed this conversation to go on without interrupting it, as she

generally had done when a young man was in the case. Quite to her astonishment, her venerable relative, instead of sticking as close to her as her shadow, was walking forward very fast without looking behind.

"Now, Holy Mother," said that excellent matron, "do help this young man to bring this affair out straight, and give an old woman, who has had a world of troubles, a little peace in her old age!"

Agnes found herself, therefore, quite unusually situated, alone in the company of a handsome young man, and apparently with the consent of her grandmother. Some girls might have felt emotions of embarrassment, or even alarm, at this new situation; but the sacred loneliness and seclusion in which Agnes had been educated had given her a confiding fearlessness, such as voyagers have found in the birds of bright foreign islands which have never been invaded by man. She looked up at Antonio with a pleased, admiring smile; much such as she would have given, if a great handsome stag, or other sylvan companion, had stepped from the forest and looked a friendship at her through his large liquid eyes. She seemed, in an innocent, frank way, to like to have him walking by her, and thought him very good to carry her basket; though, as she told him, it did not tire her in the least.

"Nor does it tire me, pretty Agnes," said he, with an embarrassed laugh. "See what a great fellow I am—how strong! Look—I can bend an iron bar in my hands! I am as strong as an ox; and I should like always to use my strength for you."

"Should you? How very kind of you! It is very Christian to use one's strength for others, like the good Saint Christopher."

"But I would use my strength for you because—I love you, gentle Agnes!"

"That is right, too," replied Agnes. "We must all love one another, my good Antonio."

"You must know what I mean," said the young man. "I mean that I want to marry you."

"I am sorry for that, Antonio," replied Agnes, gravely; "because I do not want to marry you. I am never going to marry anybody."

"Ah, girls always talk so, my mother told me; but nobody ever heard of a girl that did not want a husband," said Antonio, with simplicity.

"I believe girls generally do, Antonio; but I do not: my desire is to go to the convent."

"To the convent, pretty Agnes? Of all things, what should you want to go to the convent for? You never had any trouble. You are young, and handsome, and healthy, and almost any of the fellows would think himself fortunate to get you."

"I would go there to live for God and pray for souls," said Agnes.

"But your grandmother will never let you; she means you shall marry me. I heard her and my mother talking about it last night; and my mother bade me come on, for she said it was all settled."

"I never heard anything of it," protested Agnes, now for the first time

feeling troubled. "But, my good Antonio, if you really do like me and wish me well, you will not want to distress me?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, it *will* distress me very, very much, if you persist in wanting to marry me, and if you say any more on the subject."

"Is that really so?" inquired Antonio, fixing his great velvet eyes with an honest stare on Agnes.

"Yes, it is so, Antonio; you may rely upon it."

"But look here, Agnes, are you quite sure? Mother says girls do not always know their mind."

"But I know mine, Antonio. Now you really will distress and trouble me very much, if you say anything more of this sort."

"I declare I am sorry for it," said the young man. "Look ye, Agnes —I did not care half as much about it this morning as I do now. Mother has been saying this great while that I must have a wife, that she was getting old; and this morning she told me to speak to you. I thought you would be all ready—indeed I did."

"My good Antonio, there are a great many very handsome girls who would be glad, I suppose, to marry you. I believe other girls do not feel as I do. Giulietta used to laugh and tell me so."

"That Giulietta was a splendid girl," said Antonio. "She used to make great eyes at me, and try to make me play the fool; but my mother would not hear of her. Now she has gone off with a fellow to the mountains."

"Giulietta gone?"

"Yes; haven't you heard of it? She's gone with one of the fellows of that dashing young robber-captain that has been round our town so much lately. All the girls are wild after these mountain fellows. A good, honest boy like me, that hammers away at his trade, they think nothing of; whereas one of these fellows with a feather in his cap has only to twinkle his finger at them, and they are off like a bird."

The blood rose in Agnes' cheeks at this very unconscious remark; but she walked along for some time with a countenance of grave reflection.

They had now gained the street of the city, where old Elsie stood at a little distance waiting for them.

"Well, Agnes," asked Antonio, "so you really are in earnest?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well, then, let us be good friends, at any rate," said the young man.

"Oh, to be sure I will," replied Agnes, smiling with all the brightness her lovely face was capable of. "You are a kind, good man, and I like you very much. I will always remember you kindly."

"Well, good-bye, then," said Antonio, offering his hand.

"Good-bye," returned Agnes, cheerfully giving hers.

Elsie, beholding the cordiality of this parting, comforted herself that all was right, and ruffled all her feathers with the satisfied pride of a matron whose family plans are succeeding.

"After all," she said to herself, "brother was right; best let young folks settle these matters themselves. Now see the advantage of such an education as I have given Agnes! Instead of being betrothed to a good, honest, forehanded fellow, she might have been losing her poor silly heart to some of these lords or gallants who throw away a girl as one does an orange when they have sucked it. Who knows what mischief this cavalier might have done, if I had not been so watchful? Now let him come prying and spying about, she will have a husband to defend her. A smith's hammer is better than an old woman's spindle, any day."

Agnes took her seat with her usual air of thoughtful gravity, her mind seeming to be intensely preoccupied; and her grandmother, though secretly exulting in the supposed cause, resolved not to open the subject with her till they were at home or alone at night.

"I have my defence to make to Father Francesco, too," she said to herself, "for hurrying on this betrothal against his advice; but one must manage a little with these priests—the saints forgive me! I really think sometimes, because they can't marry themselves, they would rather see every pretty girl in a convent than with a husband. It's natural enough, too. Father Francesco will be like the rest of the world: when he can't help a thing, he will see the will of the Lord in it."

Thus prosperously the world seemed to go with old Elsie. Meantime, when her back was turned, as she was kneeling over her basket, sorting out lemons, Agnes happened to look up, and there, just under the arch of the gateway, where she had seen him the first time, sat the cavalier on a splendid horse, with a white feather streaming backward from his black riding-hat and dark curls.

He bowed low and kissed his hand to her, and before she knew it her eyes met his, which seemed to flash light and sunshine all through her; and then he turned his horse and was gone through the gate, while she, filled with self-reproach, was taking her little heart to task for the instantaneous throb of happiness which had passed through her whole being at that sight. She had not turned away her head, nor said a prayer, as Father Francesco told her to do, because the whole thing had been sudden as a flash; but now it was gone, she prayed, "My God, help me not to love him!—let me love Thee alone!" But many times in the course of the day, as she twisted her flax, she found herself wondering whither he could be going. Had he really gone to that enchanted cloud-land, in the old purple Apennines, whither he wanted to carry her—gone, perhaps, never to return? That was best. But was he reconciled with the Church? Was that great soul that looked out of those eyes to be for ever lost, or would the pious exhortations of her uncle avail? And then she thought he had said to her, that if she would go with him, he would confess and take the sacrament, and be reconciled with the Church, and so his soul be saved.

She resolved to tell this to Father Francesco. Perhaps he would—— No—she shivered as she remembered the severe, withering look with

which the holy father had spoken of him, and the awfulness of his manner —he would never consent. And then her grandmother——No, there was no possibility.

Meanwhile Agnes' good old uncle sat in the orange-shaded garden, busily perfecting his sketches; but his mind was distracted, and his thoughts wandered, and often he rose, and, leaving his drawings, would pace up and down the little place, absorbed in earnest prayer.

The thought of his master's position was hourly growing upon him. The real world with its hungry and angry tide was washing each hour higher and higher up on the airy shore of the ideal, and bearing the pearls and enchanted shells of fancy out into its salt and muddy waters.

"Oh, my master, my father!" he said, "is the martyr's crown of fire indeed waiting thee? Will God desert His own? But was not Christ crucified?—and the disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. But surely Florence will not consent. The whole city will make a stand for him; they are ready, if need be, to pluck out their eyes and give them to him. Florence will certainly be a refuge for him. But why do I put confidence in man? In the Lord alone have I righteousness and strength."

Here the old monk raised the psalm, "*Quare fremunt gentes*," and his voice rose and fell through the flowery recesses and dripping grottoes of the old gorge, sad and earnest like the protest of the few and feeble of Christ's own against the rushing legions of the world. Yet, as he sang, courage and holy hope came into his soul from the sacred words; just such courage as they afterwards brought to Luther, and to the Puritans in later times.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MONK'S DEPARTURE.

THE three inhabitants of the little dovecot were sitting in their garden after supper, enjoying the cool freshness. The place was perfumed with the smell of orange-blossoms, brought out by gentle showers that had fallen during the latter part of the afternoon, and all three felt the tranquillizing effects of the sweet evening air. The monk sat bending over his drawings, resting the frame on which they lay on the mossy garden-wall, so as to get the latest advantage of the rich golden twilight which now glowed in the sky. Agnes sat by him on the same wall, now glancing over his shoulder at his work, and now leaning thoughtfully on her elbow, gazing pensively down into the deep shadows of the gorge, or out where the golden light of evening streamed under the arches of the old Roman bridge, to the wide, bright sea beyond.

Old Elsie bustled about with unusual content in the lines of her keen wrinkled face. Already her thoughts were running on household furnishing and bridal finery. She unlocked an old chest which, from its heavy,

quaint carvings of dark wood must have been some relic of the fortunes of her better days, and, taking out of a little till of the same a string of fine silvery pearls, held them up admiringly to the evening light: a splendid pair of pearl earrings also were produced from the same receptacle.

She sighed at first, as she looked at these things, and then smiled with rather an air of triumph, and, coming to where Agnes reclined on the wall, held them up playfully before her.

"See here, little one!" she said.

"Oh, what pretty things! where did they come from?" asked Agnes, innocently.

"Where did they? Sure enough! Little did you or any one else know old Elsie had things like these! But she meant her little Agnes should hold up her head with the best. No girl in Sorrento will have such wedding finery as this?"

"Wedding finery, grandmamma?" repeated Agnes, faintly, "what does that mean?"

"What does that mean, slyboots? Ah, you know well enough! What were you and Antonio talking about all the time this morning? Did he not ask you to marry him?"

"Yes, grandmamma; but I told him I was not going to marry. You promised me, dear grandmother, the other night, that I should not marry till I was willing; and I told Antonio I was not willing."

"The girl says but true, sister," put in the monk; "you remember you gave her your word that she should not be married till she gave her consent willingly."

"But, Agnes, my pretty one, what can be the objection?" old Elsie urged, coaxingly. "Where will you find a better made man, or more honest, or more kind? and he is handsome, and you will have a home that all the girls will envy."

"Grandmamma, remember, you promised me,—you *promised* me," persisted Agnes, looking distressed, and speaking earnestly.

"Well, well, child! but can't I ask a civil question, if I did? What is your objection to Antonio?"

"Only that I don't want to be married."

"Now you know, child," returned Elsie, "I never will consent to your going to a convent. You might as well put a knife through my old heart as talk to me of that. And if you don't go, you must marry somebody; and who could be better than Antonio?"

"Oh, grandmamma, am I not a good girl? What have I done that you are so anxious to get me away from you?" pleaded Agnes. "I like Antonio well enough, but I like you ten thousand times better. Why cannot we live together just as we do now? I am strong, and can work a great deal harder than I do. You ought to let me work more, so that you need not work so hard and tire yourself; but let me carry the heavy basket, and dig round the trees."

"Pooh! a pretty story!" cried Elsie. "We are two lone women,

and the times are unsettled; there are robbers and loose fellows about, and we want a protector."

"And is not the good Lord our protector? has He not always kept us, grandmother?" returned Agnes.

"Oh, that's well enough to say; but folks can't always get along so: it's far better trusting the Lord with a good strong man about, like Antonio, for instance. I should like to see the man that would dare be uncivil to *his* wife. But go your ways; it's no use toiling away one's life for children, who, after all, won't turn their little finger for you."

"Now, dear grandmother," pleaded Agnes, "have I not said I would do everything for you, and work hard for you? Ask me to do anything else in the world, grandmamma; I will do anything to make you happy, except marry this man; that I cannot."

"And that is the only thing I want you to do. Well, I suppose I may as well lock up these things; I see my gifts are not cared for."

And the old soul turned and went in quite testily, leaving Agnes with a grieved heart, sitting still by her uncle.

"Never weep, little one," said the kind old monk, when he saw the silent tears falling one after another; "your grandmother loves you, after all, and will come out of this, if we are quiet."

"This is such a beautiful world," said Agnes, "who would think it would be such a hard one to live in?—such battles and conflicts as people have here!"

"You say well, little heart; but great is the glory to be revealed; so let us have courage."

"Dear uncle, have you heard any ill tidings of late?" asked Agnes. "I noticed this morning you were cast down, and to-night you look so tired and sad."

"Yes, dear child, heavy tidings have indeed come. My dear master at Florence is hard beset by wicked men, and in great danger; in danger, perhaps, of falling a martyr to his holy zeal for the blessed Jesus and his Church."

"But cannot our holy father, the Pope, protect him? You should go to Rome directly and lay the case before him."

"It is not always possible to be protected by the Pope," replied Father Antonio, evasively. "But I grieve much, dear child, that I can be with you no longer. I must gird up my loins and set out for Florence, to see with my own eyes how the battle is going for my holy master."

"Ah, must I lose you, too, my dear, best friend?" asked Agnes. "What shall I do?"

"Thou hast the same Lord Jesus, and the same dear Mother, when I am gone. Have faith in God, and cease not to pray for His Church—and for me too."

"That I will, dear uncle! I will pray for you more than ever; for prayer now will be all my comfort. But," she added, with hesitation, "oh, uncle, you promised to visit *him!*"

"Never fear, little Agnes; I will do that. I go to him this very night—now even—for the daylight waxes too scant for me to work longer."

"But you will come back and stay with us to-night, uncle?"

"Yes, I will; but to-morrow morning I must be up and away with the birds; I have laboured hard all day to finish the drawings for the lad who shall carve the shrine, that he may busy himself thereon in my absence."

"Then you will come back?"

"Certainly, dear heart, I will come back; of that be assured. Pray God it be before long, too."

So saying, the good monk drew his cowl over his head, and, putting his portfolio of drawings under his arm, began to wend his way towards the old town.

Agnes watched him departing, her heart in a strange flutter of eagerness and solicitude. What were these dreadful troubles which were coming upon her good uncle?—who those enemies of the Church that beset that saintly teacher he so much looked up to? And why was lawless violence allowed to run such riot in Italy, as it had in the case of the unfortunate cavalier? As she thought things over, she was burning with a repressed desire to *do* something herself to abate these troubles.

"I am not a knight," she said to herself, "and I cannot fight for the good cause. I am not a priest, and I cannot argue for it. I cannot preach and convert sinners. What, then, can I do? I can pray. Suppose I should make a pilgrimage? Yes; that would be a good work; and I will. I will walk to Rome, praying at every shrine and holy place; and then, when I come to the Holy City, whose very dust is made precious with the blood of the martyrs and saints, I will seek the house of our dear father the Pope, and entreat his forgiveness for this poor soul. He will not scorn me, for he is in the place of the blessed Jesus, and the richest princess and the poorest maiden are equal in his sight. Ah, that will be beautiful! Holy Mother," she said, falling on her knees before the shrine, "here I vow and promise that I will go praying to the Holy City. Smile on me and help me!"

And by the twinkle of the flickering lamp which threw its light upon the picture, Agnes thought surely the placid face brightened to a tender maternal smile, and her enthusiastic imagination saw in this an omen of success.

Old Elsie was moody and silent this evening; vexed at the thwarting of her schemes. It was the first time the idea had ever gained a foothold in her mind, that her docile and tractable grandchild could really have for any serious length of time a will opposed to her own, and she found it even now difficult to believe it. Hitherto she had shaped her life as easily as she could mould a biscuit, and it was all plain sailing before her. The force and decision of this young will rose as suddenly upon her as the one rock in the middle of the ocean which a voyager unexpectedly discovered by striking on it.

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for the daylight [illegible]
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ill; but [illegible] is one
ave laboured [illegible] into it,
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u will come back?" [illegible] nd towards
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[illegible] as did the holy Apostles:
[illegible] I feel a heavy presage.
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[illegible], with a start of surprise.
[illegible] lies between here and Rome, and
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[illegible] shall, as well as for me. They cannot harm

But Elsie by no means regarded the game as lost. She mentally went over the field, considering here and there what was yet to be done.

The subject had fairly been broached. Agnes had listened to it, and parted in friendship from Antonio. Now his old mother must be soothed and pacified; and Antonio must be made to persevere.

"What is a girl worth that can be won at the first asking?" quoth Elsie. "Depend upon it, she will fall to thinking of him, and the next time she sees him she will give him a good look. The girl never knew what it was to have a lover; no wonder she doesn't take to it at first: there's where her bringing up comes in, so different from other girls'. Courage, Elsie! Nature will speak in its own time."

Thus soliloquizing, she prepared to go to the cottage of Meta and Antonio, which was situated at no great distance.

"Nobody will think of coming here this time o' night," she said; "and the girl is in for a good hour at least with her prayers, so I think I may venture. I don't really like to leave her; but it's not a great way, and I shall be back in a few moments. I want just to put a word into old Meta's ear, that she may teach Antonio how to demean himself."

And so the old soul took her spinning and away went, leaving Agnes absorbed in her devotions.

The solemn starry night looked down steadfastly on the little garden. The evening wind creeping with gentle stir among the orange-leaves, and the falling waters of the fountain dripping their distant, solitary way down from rock to rock through the lonely gorge, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

The monk was the first of the two to return; for those accustomed to the habits of elderly cronies on a gossiping expedition of any domestic importance will not be surprised that Elsie's few moments of projected talk lengthened imperceptibly into hours.

Agnes came forward anxiously to meet her uncle. He seemed wan and haggard, and trembling with some recent emotion.

"What is the matter with you, dear uncle?" she asked. "Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, child, nothing. I have only been talking on painful subjects; deep perplexities, out of which I can scarcely see my way. Would to God this night of light were past, and I could see morning on the mountains!"

"My uncle, have you not, then, succeeded in bringing this young man to the bosom of the True Church?"

"Child, the way is hedged up, and made almost impassable by difficulties you little wot of. They cannot be told to you; they are enough to destroy the faith of the very elect."

Agnes' heart sank within her, as the monk, sitting down on the wall of the garden, clasped his hands over one knee and gazed fixedly before him.

The sight of her uncle,—generally so cheerful, so elastic, so full of

bright thoughts and beautiful words—thus utterly cast down, was both a mystery and a terror to Agnes.

"Oh, my uncle," she said, "it is hard that I must not know, and that I can do nothing, when I feel ready to die for this cause! What is one little life? Ah, if I had a thousand to give, I could melt them all into it, like little drops of rain in the sea! Be not utterly cast down, good uncle! Does not our dear Lord and Saviour reign in the heavens yet?"

"Sweet little nightingale!" said the monk, stretching his hand towards her. "Well did my master say that he gained strength to his soul always by talking with Christ's little children!"

"And all the dear saints and angels, they are not dead or idle either," pursued Agnes, her face kindling; "they are busy all around us. I know not what this trouble is you speak of; but let us think what legions of bright angels and holy men and women are caring for us."

"Well said, well said, dear child! There is, thank God, a Church Triumphant; a crowned queen, a glorious bride; and the poor, struggling Church Militant shall rise to join her! What matter, then, though our way lie through dungeon and chains, through fire and sword, if we may attain to that glory at last?"

"Uncle, are there such dreadful things really before you?"

"There may be, child. I say of my master, as did the holy Apostles: 'Let us also go, that we may die with him.' I feel a heavy presage. But I must not trouble you, child. Early in the morning I will be up and away. I go with this youth, whose pathway lies a certain distance along mine, and whose company I seek for his good as well as my pleasure."

"You go with *him?*" exclaimed Agnes, with a start of surprise.

"Yes; his refuge in the mountains lies between here and Rome, and he hath kindly offered to bring me on my way faster than I can go on foot; and I would fain see our beautiful Florence as soon as may be. O Florence, Florence, Lily of Italy! wilt thou let thy prophet perish?"

"But, uncle, if he die for the faith, he will be a blessed martyr. That crown is worth dying for," said Agnes.

"You say well, little one; you say well! '*Ex oribus parvulorum.*' But one shrinks from that in the person of a friend which one could cheerfully welcome for one's self. Oh, the blessed cross! never is it welcome to the flesh; and yet how joyfully the spirit may walk under it!"

"Dear uncle, I have made a solemn vow before our Holy Mother this night," said Agnes, "to go on a pilgrimage to Rome, and at every shrine and holy place to pray that these great afflictions which beset all of you may have a happy issue."

"My sweet heart, what have you done? Have you considered the unsettled roads, the wild, unruly men that are abroad, the robbers with which the mountains are filled?"

"These are all Christ's children and my brothers," said Agnes; "for them was the most holy blood shed, as well as for me. They cannot harm one who prays for them."

"But, dear heart of mine, these ungodly brawlers think little of prayer; and this beautiful, innocent little face will but move the vilest and most brutal thoughts and deeds."

"Saint Agnes still lives, dear uncle; and He who kept her in worse trial. I shall walk through them all pure as snow; I am assured I shall. The star which led the wise men and stood over the young Child and his Mother will lead me, too."

"But your grandmother?"

"The Lord will incline her heart to go with me. Dear uncle, it does not beseem a child to reflect on its elders, yet I cannot but see that grandmamma loves this world and me too well for her soul's good. This journey will be for her eternal repose."

"Well, well, dear one, I cannot now advise. Take advice of your confessor, and the blessed Lord and his holy Mother be with you! But come now, I would soothe myself to sleep; for I have need of good rest to-night. Let us sing together our dear master's hymn of the Cross."

And the monk and the maiden sang together:—

"Jesu, sommo conforto,
Tu sei tutto il mio amore,
E 'l mio beato porto,
E santo Redentore!
O gran bontà!
Dolce pietà!
Felice quel che teco unito sta!

"Deh! quante volte offeso
T' ha l' alma e 'l cor meschino!
E tu sei in croce steso
Per salvarmi rapino!

"Jesu, fussio confitto
Sopra quel duro ligno,
Dove ti vedo afflitto,
Jesu, Signor benigno!

"O croce, fammi loco,
E le mie membre prendi,
Che del tuo dolce foco
Il cor e l' alma accendi!

"Infiamma il mio cor tanto
Del amor tuo divino,
Ch' io arda tutto quanto
Che paia un serafino!

"La croce e 'l crocifisso
Sia nel mio cor scolpito,
Ed io sia sempre affisso
In gloria ov' egli è ito!" *

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* Jesus, best comfort of my soul,
Be thou my only love,
My sacred Saviour from my sins,
My door to heaven above!
O lofty goodness, love divine,
Blest is the soul made one with thine!

Alas, how oft this sordid heart
Hath wounded thy pure eye!
Yet for this heart upon the cross
Thou gav'st thyself to die!

Ah, would I were extended there,
Upon that cold, hard tree,
Where I have seen thee, gracious Lord,
Breathe out thy life for me!

Cross of my Lord, give room! give room!
To thee my flesh be given!
Cleansed in thy fires of love and pain,
My soul, rise pure to heaven!

Burn in my heart, celestial flame,
With memories of him,
Till from earth's dross refined I rise
To join the seraphim!

Ah, vanish each unworthy trace
Of earthly care or pride,
Leave only, graven on my heart,
The Cross, the Crucified!

As the monk sang, his soul seemed to fuse itself into the sentiment with that natural grace peculiar to his nation. He walked up and down the little garden, apparently forgetful of Agnes or of any earthly presence, and in the last verses stretched his hands towards heaven with streaming eyes and a fervour of utterance indescribable.

The soft and passionate tenderness of the Italian words must exhale in an English translation, but enough may remain to show that the hymns with which Savonarola at this time sowed the mind of Italy often mingled the Moravian quaintness and energy with the Wesleyan purity and tenderness. One of the great means of popular reform which he proposed was the supplanting of the obscene and licentious songs, which at that time so generally defiled the minds of the young, by religious words and melodies. The children and young people brought up under his influence were sedulously stored with treasures of sacred melody, as the safest companions of leisure hours, and the surest guard against temptation.

"Come now, my little one," said the monk, after they had ceased singing, as he laid his hand on Agnes's head. "I am strong now; I know where I stand. And you, my little one, you are one of my master's 'Children of the Cross.' You must sing the hymns of our dear master, that I have taught you, when I am far away. A hymn is a singing angel, and goes walking through the earth, scattering the devils before it. Therefore he who creates hymns imitates the most excellent and lovely works of our Lord God, who made the angels. These hymns watch our chamber-door, they sit upon our pillow, they sing to us when we awake; and therefore our master was resolved to sow the minds of his young people with them, as our lovely Italy is sown with the seeds of all coloured flowers. How lovely has it often been to me, as I sat at my work in Florence, to hear the little children go by, chanting of Jesus and Mary; and young men singing to young maidens, not vain flatteries of their beauty, but the praises of the One only Beautiful, whose smile sows heaven with stars like flowers! Ah, in my day I have seen blessed times in Florence! Truly was she worthy to be called the Lily City!—for all her care seemed to be to make white her garments to receive her Lord and Bridegroom. Yes, though she had sinned like the Magdalen, yet she loved much, like her. She washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. Oh, my beautiful Florence, be true to thy vows, be true to thy Lord and Governor, Jesus Christ, and all shall be well!"

"Amen, dear uncle!" said Agnes. "I will not fail to pray day and night, that thus it may be. And now, if you must travel so far, you must go to rest. Grandmamma has gone long ago. I saw her steal by as we were singing."

"And is there any message from my little Agnes to this young man?" asked the monk.

"Yes. Say to him that Agnes prays daily that he may be a worthy son and soldier of the Lord Jesus."

"Amen, sweet heart! Jesu and His sweet Mother bless thee!"

Roundabout Papers.—No. XVII

A MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

THIS initial group of dusky children of the captivity is copied out of a little sketch-book which I carried in many a round-about journey, and will point a moral or adorn a T as well as any other sketch in the volume. Yonder drawing was made in a country where there was such hospitality, friendship, kindness shown to the humble designer, that his eyes do not care to look out for faults, or his pen to note them. How they sang; how they laughed and grinned; how they scraped, bowed, and complimented you and each other, those negroes of the cities of the southern parts of the then United States! My business kept me in the towns; I was but in one negro plantation-village, and there were only women and little children, the men being out a-field. But there was plenty of cheerfulness in the huts, under the great trees—I speak of what I saw—and amidst the dusky bondsmen of the cities I witnessed a curious gaiety; heard amongst the black folk endless singing, shouting, and laughter; and saw on holydays black gentlemen and ladies arrayed in such splendour and comfort as freeborn workmen in our towns seldom exhibit. What a grin and bow that dark gentleman performed, who was the porter at the colonel's, when he said, "You write you name, mas'r, else I will forgot." I am not going into the slavery question, I am not an advocate for "the institution," as I know, madam, by that angry toss of your head, you are about to declare me to be. For

domestic purposes, my dear lady, it seemed to me about the dearest institution that can be devised. In a house in a Southern city you will find fifteen negroes doing the work which John, the cook, the housemaid, and the help, do perfectly in your own comfortable London house. And these fifteen negroes are the pick of a family of some eighty or ninety. Twenty are too sick, or too old for work, let us say: twenty too clumsy: twenty are too young, and have to be nursed and watched by ten more.* And master has to maintain the immense crew to do the work of half-a-dozen willing hands. No, no; let Mitchel, the exile from poor dear enslaved Ireland, wish for a gang of "fat niggers;" I would as soon you should make me a present of a score of Bengal elephants, when I need but a single stout horse to pull my brougham.

How hospitable they were, those Southern men! In the North itself the welcome was not kinder, as I, who have eaten Northern and Southern salt can testify! As for New Orleans, in spring-time,—just when the orchards were flushing over with peach-blossoms, and the sweet herbs came to flavour the juleps—it seemed to me the city of the world where you can eat and drink the most and suffer the least. At Bordeaux itself, claret is not better to drink than at New Orleans. It was all good—believe an expert Robert—from the half-dollar Médoc of the public hotel table, to the private gentleman's choicest wine. Claret is, somehow, good in that gifted place at dinner, at supper, and at breakfast in the morning. It is good: it is superabundant:—and there is nothing to pay. Find me speaking ill of such a country! When I do, *pone me pigris campis:* smother me in a desert, or let Mississippi or Garonne drown me! At that comfortable tavern on Pontchartrain we had a *bouillabaisse* than which a better was never eaten at Marseilles; and not the least headache in the morning, I give you my word; on the contrary, you only wake with a sweet refreshing thirst for claret and water. They say there is fever there in the autumn: but not in the spring-time, when the peach-blossoms blush over the orchards, and the sweet herbs come to flavour the juleps.

I was bound from New Orleans to Saint Louis; and our walk was constantly on the Levee, whence we could see a hundred of those huge white Mississippi steamers at their moorings in the river: "Look," said my friend Lochlomond to me, as we stood one day on the quay—"look at that post! Look at that coffee-house behind it! Sir, last year a steamer blew up in the river yonder, just where you see those men pulling off in the boat. By that post where you are standing a mule was cut in two by a fragment of the burst machinery, and a bit of the chimney stove in that first-floor window of the coffee-house killed a negro who was cleaning knives in the top room!" I looked at the post, at the coffee-house window,

* This was an account given by a gentleman at Richmond of his establishment. Six European servants would have kept his house and stables well. "His farm," he said, "barely sufficed to maintain the negroes residing on it."

at the steamer in which I was going to embark, at my friend, with a pleasing interest not divested of melancholy. Yesterday, it was the donkey, thinks I, who was cut in two: it may be *cras mihi*. Why, in the same little sketch-book, there is a drawing of an Alabama river steamer which blew up on the very next voyage after that in which your humble servant was on board! Had I but waited another week, I might have . . . . These incidents give a queer zest to the voyage down the life stream in America. When our huge, tall, white, pasteboard castle of a steamer began to work up stream, every limb in her creaked, and groaned, and quivered, so that you might fancy she would burst right off. Would she hold together, or would she split into ten million of shivers? O my home and children! Would your humble servant's body be cut in two across yonder chain on the Levee, or be precipitated into yonder first-floor, so as to damage the chest of a black man cleaning boots at the window? The black man is safe for me, thank goodness. But you see the little accident *might* have happened. It has happened; and if to a mule, why not to a much more docile animal? On our journey up the Mississippi, I give you my honour we were on fire three times, and burned our cook-room down. The deck at night was a great firework—the chimney spouted myriads of stars, which fell blackening on our garments, sparkling on to the deck, or gleaming into the mighty stream through which we laboured—the mighty yellow stream with all its snags.

How I kept up my courage through these dangers shall now be narrated. The excellent landlord of the Saint Charles Hotel, when I was going away, begged me to accept two bottles of the very finest Cognac, with his compliments; and I found them in my state-room with my luggage. Lochlomond came to see me off, and as he squeezed my hand at parting, "Roundabout," says he, "the wine mayn't be very good on board, so I have brought a dozen-case of the Médoc which you liked;" and we grasped together the hands of friendship and farewell. Whose boat is this pulling up to the ship? It is our friend Glenlivat, who gave us the dinner on Lake Pontchartrain. "Roundabout," says he, "we have tried to do what we could for you, my boy; and it has been done *de bon cœur*" (I detect a kind tremulousness in the good fellow's voice as he speaks). "I say,—hem!—the a—the wine isn't too good on board, so I've brought you a dozen of Médoc for your voyage, you know. And God bless you; and when I come to London in May I shall come and see you. Hallo! here's Johnson come to see you off, too!"

As I am a miserable sinner, when Johnson grasped my hand, he said, "Mr. Roundabout, you can't be sure of the wine on board these steamers, so I thought I would bring you a little case of that light claret which you liked at my house. *Et de trois!* No wonder I could face the Mississippi with so much courage supplied to me! Where are you, honest friends, who gave me of your kindness and your cheer? May I be considerably boiled, blown up, and snagged, if I speak hard words of you. May claret turn sour ere I do!

Mounting the stream it chanced that we had very few passengers. How far is the famous city of Memphis from New Orleans? I do not mean the Egyptian Memphis, but the American Memphis, from which to the American Cairo we slowly toiled up the river—to the American Cairo at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. And at Cairo we parted company from the boat, and from some famous and gifted fellow-passengers who joined us at Memphis, and whose pictures we had seen in many cities of the South. I do not give the names of these remarkable people, unless, by some wondrous chance, in inventing a name I should light upon that real one which some of them bore; but if you please I will say that our fellow-passengers whom we took in at Memphis were no less personages than the Vermont Giant and the famous Bearded Lady of Kentucky and her son. Their pictures I had seen in many cities through which I travelled with my own little performance. I think the Vermont Giant was a trifle taller in his pictures than he was in life (being represented in the former as, at least, some two stories high): but the lady's prodigious beard received no more than justice at the hands of the painter; that portion of it which I saw being really most black, rich, and curly—I say the portion of beard, for this modest or prudent woman kept I don't know how much of the beard covered up with a red handkerchief, from which I suppose it only emerged when she went to bed, or when she exhibited it professionally.

The Giant, I must think, was an overrated giant. I have known gentlemen, not in the profession, better made, and I should say taller, than the Vermont gentleman. A strange feeling I used to have at meals; when, on looking round our little society, I saw the Giant, the Bearded Lady of Kentucky, the little Bearded Boy of three years old, the Captain (this I *think;* but at this distance of time I would not like to make the statement on affidavit), and the three other passengers, all with their knives in their mouths, making play at the dinner—a strange feeling I say it was, and as though I was in a castle of ogres. But, after all, why so squeamish? A few scores of years back, the finest gentlemen and ladies of Europe did the like. Belinda ate with her knife; and Saccharissa had only that weapon, or a two-pronged fork, or a spoon, for her pease. Have you ever looked at Gilray's print of the Prince of Wales, a languid voluptuary, retiring after his meal, and noted the toothpick which he uses? . . . . You are right, madam, I own that the subject is revolting and terrible. I will not pursue it. Only—allow that a gentleman, in a shaky steamboat, on a dangerous river, in a far-off country, which caught fire three times during the voyage—(of course I mean the steamboat, not the country), seeing a giant, a voracious supercargo, a bearded lady, and a little boy, not three years of age, with a chin already quite black and curly, all plying their victuals down their throats with their knives—allow, madam, that in such a company a man had a right to feel a little nervous. I don't know whether you have ever remarked the Indian jugglers swallowing their knives, or seen, as I have, a whole table of people performing the same

trick, but if you look at their eyes when they do it, I assure you there is a roll in them which is dreadful.

Apart from this usage which they practise in common with many thousand most estimable citizens, the Vermont gentleman, and the Kentucky whiskered lady—or did I say the reverse?—whichever you like, my dear sir—were quite quiet, modest, unassuming people. She sate working with her needle, if I remember right. He, I suppose, slept in the great cabin, which was seventy feet long at the least, nor, I am bound to say, did I hear in the night any snores or roars, such as you would fancy ought to accompany the sleep of ogres. Nay, this giant had quite a small appetite, (unless, to be sure, he went forward and ate a sheep or two in private with his horrid knife—oh, the dreadful thought!—but *in public*, I say, he had quite a delicate appetite,) and was also a tea-totaller. I don't remember to have heard the lady's voice, though I might, not unnaturally, have been curious to hear it. Was her voice a deep, rich, magnificent bass; or was it soft, fluty, and mild? I shall never know now. Even if she comes to this country, I shall never go and see her. I *have* seen her, and for nothing.

You would have fancied that, as after all we were only some half-dozen on board, she might have dispensed with her red handkerchief, and talked, and eaten her dinner in comfort: but in covering her chin there was a kind of modesty. That beard was her profession: that beard brought the public to see her: out of her business she wished to put that beard aside as it were: as a barrister would wish to put off his wig. I know some who carry theirs into private life, and who mistake you and me for jury-boxes when they address us: but these are not your modest barristers, not your true gentlemen.

Well, I own I respected the lady for the modesty with which, her public business over, she retired into private life. She respected her life, and her beard. That beard having done its day's work, she puts it away in a handkerchief; and becomes, as far as in her lies, a private ordinary person. All public men and women of good sense, I should think, have this modesty. When, for instance, in my small way, poor Mrs. Brown comes simpering up to me, with her album in one hand, a pen in the other, and says, "Ho, ho, dear Mr. Roundabout, write us one of your amusing, &c. &c.," my beard drops behind my handkerchief instantly. Why am I to wag my chin and grin for Mrs. Brown's good pleasure? My dear madam, I have been making faces all day. It is my profession. I do my comic business with the greatest pains, seriousness, and trouble: and with it make, I hope, a not dishonest livelihood. If you ask Mons. Blondin to tea, you don't have a rope stretched from your garret window to the opposite side of the square, and request Monsieur to take his tea out on the centre of the rope? I lay my hand on this waistcoat, and declare that not once in the course of our voyage together did I allow the Kentucky Giant to suppose I was speculating on his stature, or the Bearded Lady to surmise

that I wished to peep under the handkerchief which muffled the lower part of her face.

And the more fool you, says some cynic. (Faugh, those cynics, I hate 'em!) Don't you know, sir, that a man of genius is pleased to have his genius recognized; that a beauty likes to be admired; that an actor likes to be applauded; that stout old Wellington himself was pleased, and smiled when the people cheered him as he passed? Suppose you had paid some respectful elegant compliment to that lady? Suppose you had asked that giant, if, for once, he would take anything at the liquor-bar? you might have learned a great deal of curious knowledge regarding giants and bearded ladies, about whom you evidently now know very little. There was that little boy of three years old, with a fine beard already, and his little legs and arms, as seen out of his little frock, covered with a dark down. What a queer little capering satyr! He was quite good-natured, childish, rather solemn. He had a little Norval dress, I remember: the drollest little Norval.

I have said the B. L. had another child. Now this was a little girl of some six years old, as fair and as smooth of skin, dear madam, as your own darling cherubs. She wandered about the great cabin quite melancholy. No one seemed to care for her. All the family affections were centred on Master Esau yonder. His little beard was beginning to be a little fortune already, whereas Miss Rosalba's was of no good to the family. No one would pay a cent to see *her* little fair face. No wonder the poor little maid was melancholy. As I looked at her, I seemed to walk more and more in a fairy tale, and more and more in a cavern of ogres. Was this a little fondling whom they had picked up in some forest, where lie the picked bones of the queen, her tender mother, and the tough old defunct monarch, her father? No. Doubtless, they were quite good-natured people, these. I don't believe they were unkind to the little girl without the mustachios. It may have been only my fancy that she repined because she had a cheek no more bearded than a rose's.

Would you wish your own daughter, madam, to have a smooth cheek, a modest air, and a gentle feminine behaviour, or to be—I won't say a whiskered prodigy, like this Bearded Lady of Kentucky—but a masculine wonder, a virago, a female personage of more than female strength, courage, wisdom? Some authors, who shall be nameless, are, I know, accused of depicting the most feeble, brainless, namby-pamby heroines, for ever whimpering tears and prattling commonplaces. *You* would have the heroine of your novel so beautiful that she should charm the captain (or hero, whoever he may be,) with her appearance; surprise and confound the bishop with her learning; outride the squire, and get the brush, and, when he fell from his horse, whip out a lancet and bleed him; rescue from fever and death the poor cottager's family whom the doctor had given up; make 21 at the butts with the rifle, when the poor captain only scored 18; give him twenty in fifty at billiards

and beat him; and draw tears from the professional Italian people by her exquisite performance (of voice and violoncello) in the evening;—I say, if a novelist would be popular with ladies—the great novel readers of the world—this is the sort of heroine who would carry him through half-a-dozen editions. Suppose I had asked that Bearded Lady to sing? Confess, now, miss, you would not have been displeased if I had told you that she had a voice like Lablache, only ever so much lower.

My dear, you would like to be a heroine? You would like to travel in triumphal caravans; to see your effigy placarded on city walls; to have your levées attended by admiring crowds, all crying out, "Was there ever such a wonder of a woman?" You would like admiration? Consider the tax you pay for it. You would be alone were you eminent. Were you so distinguished from your neighbours—I will not say by a beard and whiskers, that were odious—but by a great and remarkable intellectual superiority—would you, do you think, be any the happier? Consider envy. Consider solitude. Consider the jealousy and torture of mind which this Kentucky lady must feel, suppose she is to hear that there is, let us say, a Missouri prodigy, with a beard larger than hers? Consider how she is separated from her kind by the possession of that wonder of a beard. When that beard grows grey, how lonely she will be, the poor old thing! If it falls off, the public admiration falls off too; and how she will miss it—the compliments of the trumpeters, the admiration of the crowd, the gilded progress of the car. I see an old woman alone in a decrepit old caravan, with cobwebs on the knocker, with a blistered ensign flapping idly over the door. Would you like to be that deserted person? Ah, Chloe! To be good, to be simple, to be modest, to be loved, be thy lot. Be thankful thou art not taller, nor stronger, nor richer, nor wiser than the rest of the world!

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